News Compendium

Volume 6 - 2005 AD

Introduction

If you're reading this you almost certainly don't need to read this. You know what Something Awful was and you sought out this document in some way. Now that Lowtax is dead and the site has been sold it's future is more precarious. The Internet Archive has copies of this content in their Wayback Machine, but that too can be deleted with a legal letter or other threat. More and more we live in a world where the only certainty is your own hard drive, your own backups in your own house. My hope is, if you enjoyed this material as much as I did, you will download and archive it yourself. In fact, my real hope is you will then print out this volume as well as the other ones, 21 in total, one for each year from 2000 to 2020, and then bind them in finest calf skin with embossed spines and shelve them in your capacious library where you can retreat and drink brandy and seek solace in the wit of ages past.

Can we really blame the current state of the internet and the world at large on Something Awful? The answer is a definite "maybe", which is infinitely worse than a resounding "no".

In the early days it was possible to read the entire internet, or at least the interesting parts, every day. Most of the web was 3 page corporate placeholder sites created by companies that didn't really believe in this computer malarkey, but wanted to stake a claim in case it turned lucrative. The rest were slow and tame forums for nerdy hobbies, of which only Slashdot survives. It's important to remember how conservative the early internet was. The general human fear of anything new was amplified by clueless warnings about identity theft and social regret, published in legacy media, TV and print, who were reacting instinctively to the real threat posed to themselves by instant publishing, even as they scoffed at its future. Most people policed themselves far more than they do now.

The real action was taking place in email lists and Usenet, where the limited lifespan of the content enabled users to express themselves freely. But, once you'd exhausted alt.tasteless and maybe Rotten.com and The Onion, where did you go? Something Awful was there for you. I was never brave enough to join the forums, I was never a goon, but I always read the publicly available sections. It was the essence of the site, finessed and presented to the world without fear, inspirational in those days. As a wordy chap the News was my favourite. It evolved out of an afterthought into a masterpiece of surreal and savage humour that still holds up, can still astonish and impress. As Lowtax grew bored of writing he relinquished the task to a growing cadre of talented amateurs, who created series and eventually spun off entire books and novels, now forgotten to all but the scholars. This node of creativity flourished as the web grew and changed, until finally dying away in a series of steadily rarer updates and more perfunctory entries, as such things tend to do.

You'll notice that I'm tactfully avoiding the matter of the way Lowtax chose to exit his existence. That would be because I don't care. The "death of the author" means we don't need to care about the ethics of the human who wrote the words in the order we find them. In fact most other writers contributed more to the News than he did.

I'm releasing the LaTeX source so more talented individuals might work with it to improve the aesthetics. The formatting and fonts are mostly native LaTeX which are considered perfect by all cultured people. Someday I hope to stumble upon this in the wild, perhaps being sold by some unscrupulous vendor in the form of an instant print paperback, or tucked away in the private collection of a rogue AI nesting in the disused servers of a defunct game. More likely it will be buried and devalued by the avalanche of slop generated by tame AIs trained on the data of the original site, and tweaked by detailed research into human neural architecture to produce far more tantalizing and addictive prose. That can't be helped. This shit was written by humans and deserves to survive.

Copyright

All work remains the copyright of the original authors, or perhaps it was sold to Somethingawful and then transferred to the mysterious entity which now owns the site, or perhaps it never existed. Who knows?

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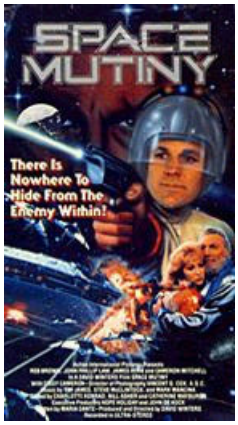
Chapter 1

January

1.1 2005: A Space Odyssey

Saturday, Jan 01, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)



RANDOM SPACE FACT: 86% of the accidents which occur in the home occur in space

The dawn of a new year is upon us. This is an ideal time to dream about what the future may hold, and nothing says "the future" like outer space (with the possible exception of a futuristic robot that says "THE FUTURE!" in a booming voice when you try to take his hover-purse). I'm always thinking about space. From a very early age people have been yelling things at me like "Dennis, get your head out of that book about space!" or "Get your head out of that astronaut helmet that you found in the back yard!" or "Get your head out of that honey pot!", but they don't understand me the way you do. I'm something of an authority on the topic because I made a little badge out of cardboard that says "space chief" right on it in undeniable red crayon. Or maybe it's burnt sienna, I don't know. I'm not as good with colors as I am with space.

It really bothers me when other people think they know about space. Well let me tell you, brother, the version of space portrayed in such landmark films as the Sci Fi channel's Giant Crocodile In Space, Giant Crocodile In Space 2: Gianter Crocodiles As In More Than One Crocodile, and Wing Commander is way off. For one thing, ship engines and explosions always seem to have impressive sound effects in these movies, but sound doesn't carry in space. The reason for this is that space is a vacuum, and if you've ever tried to watch tv while your girlfriend vacuums then you know that you can't hear shit. Many false impressions have been propagated by films such as these and by poorly managed public schools, so allow me to quickly go over some misconceptions and correct them before we continue.

Misconception #1
The Earth's atmosphere extends 435 miles from the planet's surface, at which point outer space begins

The truth: Our atmosphere actually ends at a height of roughly ten feet. This is the only logical explanation for the Harlem Globetrotters, who literally trotted across the globe by jumping via trampoline from one game to another. No form of terran travel could possibly be fast enough to account for transport to all of these games in addition to the team's numerous appearances on Scooby-Doo, the A-Team, and Dallas. This also explains why once you let go of a balloon, it is gone forever.

Misconception #2
Airplane pilots are best suited to becoming astronauts

The truth: Space travel is completely different from air travel because there are three dimensions to worry about: up, down, left, and right. Although some pilots are indeed able to grasp this concept, a large percent are rendered mad and given jobs as fluffers in the porn industry.

Misconception #3
The temperature in outer space can reach -270 centigrade

The truth: In winter it does get pretty cold, but it's not all that bad for the most part. I'd suggest a sweater and an undershirt.

Misconception #4
There is no oxygen in outer space

> The truth: There is plenty of oxygen. Our sun is essentially an enormous ball of fire, correct? Last I checked, fire needs oxygen. This myth was most probably spread by NASA in order to scare private citizens away from space travel, and was later co-opted by astronaut suit/oxygen tank conglomerates to make more money.

What I like most about space is that it's a pretty big place where your dreams can come true as long as you dream of looking at a lot of darkness. You can do whatever you want in space without being mocked, even pee your pants. I'm not saying I pee my pants, but it's a personal decision and we shouldn't judge people who decide to do it. How can we call ourselves an advanced society if we persecute those who are different from ourselves? What sort of sick world is it when I have to go to outer space to wet myself without fear of reprisal?

RANDOM SPACE FACT: Brett Favre is 35 years old

You also never know what you're going to discover in space. Some people speculate that there are wormholes, essentially very large warp pipes from Super Mario Brothers that take you to another dimension instead of a room full of coins. Come to think of it, the room full of coins sounds pretty sweet. I wouldn't be too disappointed with a wormhole since you'd surely come across coins on Alternate Earth, only they might feature Whoopi Goldberg's face on them. If you decided to make Alternate Earth your home you'd try to sell your Earth currency on eBay, only it'd be called eBuy or something slightly different, and the whole thing would just be a hassle. I guess I changed my stance on wormholes.

Beyond all of that, I understand that space travel is essential to our very survival. Eventually our sun will die and mankind will be forced to seek out another planet or create a space vessel to act as a permanent home. I don't know about you, but 12 billion years from now I plan to be safely on board a space cruiser instead of stranded on a floating chunk of the earth's crust. How close are we to having such a self-sustaining environment? The closest project we have is the "international" space station, a habitat run by a measly 5 countries. If the Iraq Coalition had 32 countries and was branded as unilateral, then it's crystal clear that the U.S. is going it alone in space. I hope that in 2005 this crucial project will expand and key countries such as Djibouti and Scandinavia will get involved.

I hope you've taken something meaningful from my article today. The universe which lies just ten feet above our feet is an exciting and potentially annoying one, and with any luck your resolution in this new year will be to learn all you can about this big huge thing we live in.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.2 The Best Gas Chamber Threads of 2004

Sunday, Jan 02, 2005 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

This guy wanted us to know about a really funny email message that was forwarded to him by his mother.

My favorite forum on Something Awful is without a doubt the Comedy Gas Chamber. Here you will find threads posted by people who just couldn't get the hang of communicating with a large number of people on an internet message board. These people tried so hard and got so far. But in the end it did not even matter. I personally check the Gas Chamber everyday for exciting bathroom reading material. There is no better entertainment than reading threads by forum rejects. The majority of users who get gassed consist of teenage males who have not quite gotten the hang of life and have absolutely no clue what they are doing. Did someone wrong you and you need some quick ideas on how to get back at them? Take it elsewhere, because we sure as hell don't want to hear about it. Is your dad going to take away the keys to the Lexus unless you bring up your grade point average to a 2.0? Go jump off a cliff. Got an awesome website that you know we just absolutely love to see? Please feel free to drown yourself in your bathtub. Feel the need to tell us about a really insignificant detail in your life? Go back to Fark. God I love the Gas Chamber. As someone who gasses hundreds of threads every single day it makes me feel like an American hero everytime I press that magic button.

But no matter how great the Gas Chamber is I suspect that it may not be getting the attention it deserves. Many people are too lazy to scroll their browser all the way to the bottom of the forums index and consequently the Gas Chamber does not get the traffic it should be getting. I want to change all this. Today I am featuring some of my favorite gassed threads of 2004. This fits in the whole New Year's theme. It also means I don't have to write as much myself because I'm lazier than a guy who is really, really, really... oh fuck it. Please enjoy today's article because if you don't Lowtax will beat me.

- We begin with **IcedFlame**, who really loves his anime.

> *It is very easy for someone to fall in love with these chacters. They way they are set up and how they act is something that I believe is very hard not to admire. I have seen the minigoddess series and I will more then likly never watch it again I have to admit that Oh My Goddess is the reason I started to really enjoy anime OMG is my number 1 anime.*

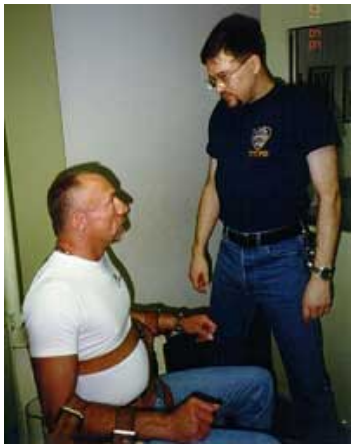
Apart from being batshit insane this guy apparently loves anime characters. Let me ask you, would you really want to be friends with a guy like this? I'd hate to sound mean but I avoid people like this like the plague. I don't understand how they can function in any type of social relationship. They just love their anime characters too much. I went out with this girl once who said she needed to be home by 7PM to feed her Sailor Moon doll. Creepy.

- **Captain Goatse** was given 25 to life for impersonating a mail carrier.

> *The illuminati will stamp me anti-semite for bringing this up, but really, what is the deal*

> *with the jew agenda in Spielberg / Lucas movies? I'm really really sorry that Hitler fried you granpa, but seriously do you people have to remind us about it every day?*
>
> The jew agenda won't make any difference what so ever. People kill people and mass murderers continue to exist. I think the jew collective should take an example from the Russians who worship the guy who killed over 30 million of them. Any how many were the jew? Rite, didn't think so.
>
> Now we get to my point, why to retards like Spielberg and Lucas wrap the jew issue into every single movie they make (with the exeption of Jurassic Park), AI, Starwars, Indiana Jones and the list goes on. Do they really feel that violated or are they trying to separate their race from the scum by heightening their sorrow?

Oh boy. You know, if this were posted by anybody else I would shrug it off as a joke. But let me tell you, I know Captain Goatse in person and this dude is a real anti-semite. He has all sorts of anti-Jewish propaganda adorned on his walls. He has written books on why Jewish people should ride a different bus than the "normals". This guy is a real lunatic.



Here is a never before seen picture of Lowtax gassing a Something Awful Forums member.

■ Pmarker forgot to take his Ritalin and posted this hum-dinger of a thread.

> *Send PICS of the dumbest shit you are doing from now until midnight tomorrow night!*
>
> We know you will be drinking so lets not be original and post PICS of beer cans or a group hugging each other while drinking!!!!!! Everyone will be doing that!
>
> RULES:
>
> There are no rules. It's the end of the year dammit. "pss, I heard that if you break a forum rule, they start you off on a clean slate at the new year."
>
> The following msg. above is "bullshit". Please abide by forum rules.
>
> Serious stuff below.....
>
> We may be having fun in our part of the world but we need to remember those in Asia.....

This guy sounds like a moron from one of the many forums featured on Weekend Web who runs off at the mouth like an A.D.D. suffering bastard child. There is a part of the brain that tells people when to shut up. Pmarker apparently lacks this skill. I understand the part where he asks people to post images of themselves doing outrageous things on New Year's Eve. That part I get. What I don't understand is the part about the forum rules, and the quip about the tsunami in Asia. What do either of these things have to do with his underlying idea? It's as if I posted a thread about a robotic vacuum and said, "Even though we are having fun with robotic vacuums in our part of the world we should remember those who died in the 9-11 tragedy." What does that have to do with anything?

■ **The Evil Knight** has a question about Half-Life 2.

> *I heard when Half Life2 was in development that it would be better then Halo2 by far. Is Half Life2 worth the $55 plus the monthly fee?*

Oh boy, misinformation and a rotting brain full of dead mice. A winning combination!

Medikit got in before the clock struck midnight.

> *This thread is for people who barely made the year of their regdate. It's for people like me who barely avoided 03. It's also for people who just registered today so you can be 'd before it's too late. My first post on SA was an img I grabbed from CNN of a mistake made on their front page. Then a lot of people yelled at me and told me how stupid I was and said something like "Way to barely miss 03". Feel free to talk about your first SA posting experience, review 2003, or make fun of me. Happy New Years Eve everyone.*

I imagine a lot more people are going to yell at you and tell you how stupid you are. I don't understand this obsession with the registration date. No matter which date you registered you will still be a bleeding faggot!

SoheilsX wants more useless shit.

> *Hi guys, i really need opinions on what to ask for from my parents for my b-day.*
>
> I am a gamer, and am into electronic gadgets, but they have to be useful. Stuff that i would basically think to myself "oh sweet!" if i saw someone else with it out and about.
>
> Max price is around 350-400 canadian at the max.
>
> Thanks in advance for your ideas.

I have an idea. If you don't know what you want, why ask your parents to waste their money to buy you shit? HEY MOM AND DAD GoKu55569XSSJ SUGGESTED YOU BUY ME A SCOOTER! PLEASE BUY ME A SCOOTER! Shit! What's wrong with these kids? How about you greedy little pissants ask for nothing and just thank your parents for putting up with your miserable ass? If you get a present for any reason just be glad someone else thought of you. If you really want something go get a job and work for it.

prettiegin is big hit at parties.

> *This is totally going to get some sneers, but whatever.*
>
> Here I go(in order of hotness):
>
> 1) Lulu -Final Fantasy 10
> 2) Nina Williams -Tekken 4
> 3) Quistis -Final Fantasy 8
>
> And the guys:
>
> 1) SCORPION FROM MORTAL KOMBAT 2) Jin - Tekken 3/4/5
> 3) Squall - Final Fantasy 8

Oh boy, more lusting after pretend characters. Is it so hard to go outside and meet new people that you have to post threads about all kinds of "hot" video game characters? These people have got to be the whitest things that have ever existed.

SubaruSam forgot to grow up.

> *I got my final grades from the this semester, that including a B one C an audit and an F. Now that my dad found out he is superpissed and has stoped finishing up my 65 mercury cyclone which is almost done except for the interiot, which we have, and repaint and posibbly 3 dueces and a triangle intake and teardrop hood. Either way im pissed, also i have to stop smoking pot because he suspects me of it and he told me not to get drunk tommarow night. ALl this bullshit goes away after next semester if pass all my classes and raise my gpa. and retake biology in the summer. but he told me that if i got drunk tonite it woudl mean lots of trouble.*
>
> now, as i am 20 years old, he cant realy tell me to do shit, but he pays my way totally, so i do mostly listen to him, but not because he gives me money but because he is my dad and the source of infinite knowledge and wisdom. but damnit, this is bullshit, im probably going to get drunk tommarow night. what do you goons think?

How do these people get through life? This is why I never want to have kids. I never want to have to deal with a mooching piece of shit like this in my life.

These forum members abused a telephone relay service for the deaf. Now look at them! Ha ha!

nightmaredns has one hell of a deal for you! Take advantage of this now!

> *It's the christmas season and I need money. My landlord for some reason is charging me $300 extra for rent this month because my check bounced. I have until tomorrow to come up with $850 or I get kicked out and charges filed. Yay.*
>
> I only need $200 tops. If 200 people could help me out this christmas season and donate a dollar each, I'll give all donators free email for life. I don't have much else that I could give to 200 people, but if someone donates more I'd up emails space you get. That's about all I can offer.
>
> SA is one of my last resources. Help a brotha out. Paypal a dollar to
>
> Thanks kindly. Hopefully I'm not out ten bucks for this.

You mean if I pay you a dollar you'll give me completely 100 percent ***FREE*** EMAIL?!?! Holy shit! This is the deal of a lifetime! I can't wait. If it's free then you can't lose! Here's 300 dollars. Give me 300 free email accounts please. Oh man!

TheJunkyardGod is very thankful.

> *Yeah I know it's stupid.*

> But I would just like to thank those in charge for not banning me for all my stupid posts. I really enjoy this site and i'm glad I paid to join.
>
> Happy Holidays everyone.

Well, you're welcome! We do our very best here at the Something Awful Forums and we are glad that we havn't decided to ban you yet. Don't worry though, it'll happen eventually. Happy Arbor Day!

rognaroo got into mama's liquor cabinent again.

> *Walker TX Ranger - y'know where GTWs from an all... no blood no guts stupider than, well, the RIAA or something.. that's my take, any takers?*

What could this mean? Is the RIAA planning to send Chuck Norris after those who download illegally shared files? Maybe!

Easy is out of the loop.

> *Man, I'm tired of all the false media and stupid rumors that go around. I recently discovered this kickass site below and feel I should share it with you all.* http://www.snopes.com/

Thanks for this! I've never heard of this site before! It's really awesome! Oh god my dick is so hard right now!

joshy doesn't like his father very much.

> *My dad's birthday is coming up in like a year (as does everyone else's) and I want to build him a boat. He has always wanted to sail around the world in a catamaran. I want to make it special by building it my self. One problem, I don't have any plans. Do any of you know how to build one or where a site is that will tell me how to build one?*

Here's another reason I don't want to have kids. They'll inevitably build me a crappy boat and send me on a trip around the world knowing full well it will sink and I will drown. Goddamn kids.

HAmbONE is really angry about his shopping experience.

> *I bought a used copy of Kingdom Hearts over a month ago from EB games*
>
> I told them up front that I was concerned with the scratches in the disc
>
> They failed to mention Kingdom Hearts would be re-released in a month
>
> My copy glitches out in the final fucking cinema
>
> My receipt doesn't work cause it is "too worn"
>
> Fuck them

I am pretty sure you are the one who got fucked! Ha ha!

Goku is lost. GameFAQs is that way.

> *I mean it's harder to get a good framerate because you need amazing system right? And also there is perfect dark goldeneye etc. on the console and just countersrtike on PC? Why do peopl ehate console shooters. :?*

Oh Goku, I don't know why people play first-person-shooters on the PC. They are simply lost souls who don't know the true way.

- **powerofknow** thinks that BUSH = HITLER!!!

> *HELP W SEE HE'S NOT WANTED*
> *Knowing that there is a chance W might win and take a second term, I am personally calling all Bush haters to join in making him look like the pile of shit he is. If indeed this world is punished with a second term, Bush should receive the same welcome he got in his first inaugural parade.*
> *DEMONSTRATIONS AND PROTESTS IF BUSH IS RE-ELECTED*
> *In his first presidential parade he was forced to ride the length of his parade inside the bullet-proof limo. On International television the world watched as the most powerful man in the world was booed and disgraced. Let's make last year look like a warm welcome. Eggs, fruit, potatoes – be creative – don't let him walk that road with being pelted by shit.*
> *YOU CAN HELP*
> *This is a call for you to get involved in protesting what you think is wrong. Things like this don't just materialize; individuals and organizations make this possible. There's no reason goons can't organize something like this, and we should.*
> *I am just one person, not that smart or wealthy. But I do have an intense hate for W. I know there are plenty of people out there who can help and who want to, so let's do this shit. Fershizle.*
> *We need (at least) :*
> *Lawyers – To give legal advice for demonstrations and represent individuals.*
> *Protestors/Demonstrators – To do the labor.*
> *Donations – to feed and house protestors, pay lawyers, organize and communicate during protests.*
> *Hosts – to give room/board to protestors, in the D.C. vicinity.*
> *People – this is the beginning, so anyone with anything is more than welcome.*

Sure, I'd love to get arrested for your batshit insane demonstration because you got a stupid idea from Fahrenheit 9/11. It'll be great!

Here is an example of a normal Something Awful Forums poster. Be like this guy!

- Finally, **NeoDeath** is going to go far in life.

> *moved from up nOrth to down south, i havent enjoyed the taste of weed for like a month, it sucks.*
>
> I got a job at some fast food joint, and pretty much most of them are wemon in their late 30's to 40's and are devorced (hahahaha), i'm at the ripe at of 19 (look out ladies) and college bound.
>
> Half of them do drugs and i've asked a handfull of them to help me get alil high, theyve given me their phone

> numbers to call to arrange a pick up, but when i do they never answer, and dont call me back. When i confront them about it at work they pull a 180 and are like "ohh we can't help you cause our dealers say they dont know you"
>
> WTF THATS WHY YOUR THE MIDDLE MAN BIATCHS!!!
>
> It's friggn retarded, if they didnt wana help me in the first place dont toy with my dope-sick heart...
>
> i prolly am missing a rule of the drug connections but come on!! i dont know any1 down here, i want pot.... and rather than walking around town asking strangers i ask people at work and they just arnt helping BAAH!!!!!

I hope you like sucking cock for marijuana.

I hope that this update has shed some light on the Comedy Gas Chamber and has spread awareness of the many treasures that lay inside. You never know what you might find in the Gas Chamber, but rest assured it will be a truly horrible experience.

-~Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

1.3 My Tank is Fright

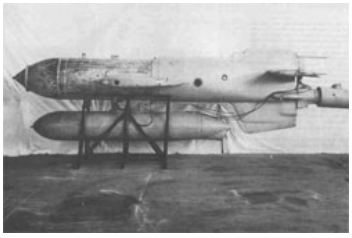
Monday, Jan 03, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Missiles, and Ospreys, and super tanks, oh my! Once again I am here to bring you the latest and greatest in crazy technology from the Second World War. This time around I have another delightful trio of inventions from the Third Reich, proving once again that Germans do crazy super weapons the best. If you have missed any of the past installment of the "My Tank..." series, feel free to check them out.

My Tank is Fight
My Tank Fires Bullets That Weigh a Ton
My Tank Has Armor Plate to Save Me From Hate
My Tank Has a Great Big Gun
My Tank is AWESOME!
My Tank is Flight

In the meantime, on with the weapons!

HS 293 Missile



The HS 293 in its cute dormant state.

Type: Guided Anti-Shipping Missile

Specific Features: During the course of the Second World War the Germans experimented with a wide variety of guidance systems and guided weapons platforms. Among the most famous is the Wasserfall surface-to-air missile, but these weapons required coordinated radar systems, barely-proven calculation devices, and of course had to hit a fast-moving target. Much greater progress was made in developing anti-shipping weaponry of a similar nature. These devices could be remote controlled from an aircraft that remained out of anti-aircraft range and their target was moving much more slowly than even a lumbering Allied bomber.

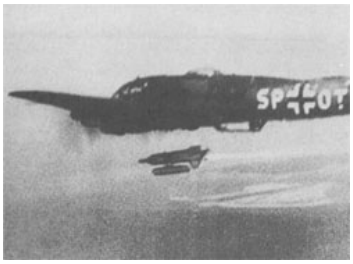
The HMS Intrepid, relaxing unaware of its exciting fate.

Two guided weapons projects emerged from this mass of R&D successfully; the hulking 3,300lb Fritz-X guided bomb and the HS 293 guided anti-shipping missile. Both projects were successful, but the HS 293 proved to be the better of the two. It was essentially a 500 kilogram bomb modified with small slightly swept wings and ailerons that could be adjusted remotely by use of a radio transmitter. Beneath the body of the HS 293 was a Walter rocket motor capable of bringing the HS 293 up to a maximum speed of 580 miles per hour. The HS 293 was dropped from beneath the attacking aircraft and provided a variable range of attack depending on the attacking aircraft's altitude. A variety of aircraft were used as the launching platform for the HS 293

Guidance was achieved by a bombardier manipulating a joystick and literally watching out the window as the missile approached the target. Needless to say, it could only be used on perfectly clear days and was not exactly safe to attack an aircraft carrier considering the launch vehicle had

to remain on station and vulnerable to any enemy aircraft in the vicinity. The HS 293 proved so successful when used against Allied shipping that the Germans developed various specialty warheads, including an armor piercing version and one featuring broadside charge designed to detonate beneath the water line next to a ship. The Allies also developed means to jam the radio transmissions of the HS 293 control aircraft leading to a version of the HS 293 that spooled out a control wire from its wing tips. A final development incorporated a television camera, allowing the launching aircraft to maneuver more freely and generally improving the accuracy of the HS 293.

History: Development of the HS 293 began at Henschel in 1940 as an offshoot of a program to create guided glide bombs. The rocket-powered HS 293 first went into action in August of 1943 in Biscay Bay where German aircraft managed to sink one ship and heavily damage a destroyer. In the Atlantic the HS 293 was primarily used as a convoy interdiction weapon and was used effectively against merchant vessels.



The HS 293 takes flight.

The missile truly hit its stride - and the sides of a shitload of Allied ships - in the Mediterranean. The British lost several destroyers to the HS 293, including the Inglefield and the Intrepid, which wasn't quite as Intrepid when 1200 pounds of armor-piercing explosive were being Radio Shacked through its port side. The battleship Valiant was also supposedly sunk, although my research on this subject produced some conflicting results. The ship nerds of the Internet claim that the Valiant was nearly destroyed during a dry dock accident in the Mediterranean and was ultimately scrapped. The missile nerds claim that the Valiant was sunk by an HS 293 launched from a German He 177.

The HS 293's impressive kill sheet makes it the most effective guided missile of the Second World War. Had it entered service at the height of conflict in the Mediterranean it could have turned the tide in favor of the Germans, particularly as it eased British naval interdiction of harried German shipping. Of course, as with so many of these Wunder Waffen, if wishes were fishes we could all be in Hitler's aquarium right now wondering how those German exo-armored shock troops landed on the White House lawn in 1944.

■ Weserflug P. 1003

Type: German Tilt-Rotor VTOL Aircraft

The Weserflug P. 1003 by Kyle Scott.

Specific Features: The Weserflug P. 1003 was an airplane and helicopter rolled into one back when helicopter had barely lifted off the ground. Design work began on the Weserflug in 1938 and never progressed past the modeling phase, primarily due to the mechanical difficulties inherent in the aircraft's tilt rotor configuration. During the course of the war the Germans fielded a tiny handful of primitive helicopters, mostly for reconnaissance and courier duties. Back then the strategy of vertical envelopment relied on paratroopers and glider-landed soldiers; a dangerous, messy, and usually very risky strategy. It wasn't until the Vietnam War that helicopters came into their own as the trusty steed of the airborne cavalry. Had Germany realized that developing a fast VTOL transport like the P. 1003 would have allowed them to execute daring operations undreamt of at the time they might have fast-tracked its production.

If the mechanical difficulties had been overcome and the P. 1003 rolled out onto German tarmacs

- and let's assume it would have been called something awesome like the We-22 "Mordvogel" - the aircraft would have had impressive operational performance. The aircraft featured two large rotors located in nacelles on the ends of its wings linked to an air-cooled Daimler Benz 600 engine in the fuselage. The rotors provided the thrust to lift and carry over two tons of men and equipment at speeds up to 650 kilometers per hour. No armament was planned but it can be extrapolated that the P. 1003 would have also made a capable low-altitude bomber.

The Weserflug P. 10- oh wait, no, that's the Osprey seconds before crashing.

What made the P. 1003 so desirable should be pretty obvious to you or me with our magical 21st century hindsight. Imagine dozens of them streaming over the English Channel inside a cloud of fighter escorts, effortlessly landing squads of elite paratroopers wherever they were needed. Or consider how history might have changed had Hitler, rather than taking his own life, waved goodbye to Berlin and boarded a waiting P. 1003 with Otto Skorzeny to be whisked away to a submarine and taken to safety in Argentina. Many hundreds of alternate history novels have hinged on flimsier concepts. Hell, I'm pretty sure I read one where Hitler turned into a ghost and possessed a cyborg version of Rommel.

History: Many would argue that the Weserflug P. 1003 was so amazing that it is still slaughtering United States Marines to this day in the form of the crash-prone and eerily similar V-22 Osprey. The Osprey started development in 1989, the P. 1003 started development in 1938. They look almost identical and were functionally intended for the same practical role. While the P. 1003 never hovered off the drawing board to wreak havoc on Allied soldiers the Osprey has spent more than a decade hammering itself into the ground and taking us out in the name of the Reich.

■ The Jagdpanzer E-100 "Krokodil"

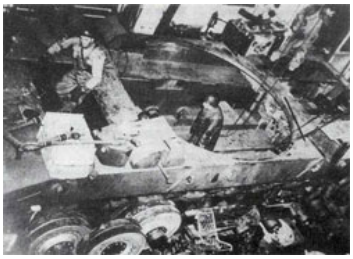
Type: Super Heavy Tank Killer

A model of the Krokodil.

Specific Features: The E-100 is infrequently referred to as the "Tiger III" and more commonly mistaken for the Maus super heavy tank. Not without good reason, considering that development of the E-100 and the Maus were concurrent and because the Maus progressed more quickly the E-100 was intended to have mounted an identical turret. This makes even technical illustrations of the two look surprisingly similar, but the E-100 was more than just a lousy Maus imposter. As the scale tipping end of Germany's rather ingenious "E-series" of next generation tanks the E-100 was planned to be the platform for a variety of super heavy armored vehicles. Among these was the E-100 "Krokodil", a super heavy anti-tank vehicle.

Without the Maus turret to contend with the Krokodil would have slimmed down the slightly ridiculous 3.6 meter profile of the turreted E-100 and lightened the load on the E-100's 800 horsepower Maybach engine. While the E-100 would have never lived up to its promised road speed of 40 kilometers per hour (twice as fast as the Maus!) the Krokodil would have likely come closer. The Krokodil would have maintained or even enhanced the E-100s already comical 24 centimeters of sloped armor. The most powerful anti-tank gun fielded by the Germans by the end of the war was the 128mm KwK 44 used by the Jagdtiger and planned for the Maus. The E-100 tank and Jagdpanzer Krokodil both would have mounted a 170mm anti-tank gun capable of driving an armor piercing shot through anything on the battlefield at ranges up to four kilometers.

The E-100 was projected to weigh a "mere" 136 tons, but this number hardly seems realistic given that the weight of the less heavily armed Maus was 188 tons. The E-100, like the Maus, also mounted a coaxial 75mm gun for anti-personnel duty. This gun would have been done away with in the purpose-built Krokodil and would have further trimmed the operational weight of the vehicle and freed up room for more ammunition.



The loot. The warrant. The E-100 chassis...in jaaaaiiillllll.

History: The E-Series, or "Einheitsfahrgestell" Series, or General Purpose Chassis Series if you like English, began in April of 1943 with an order to various manufacturers to begin developing different weight classes of vehicles. The E-series was envisioned as a sort of fresh start for the panzer armies of Germany, an entire new wave of armored vehicles in all shapes and sizes. They ranged from the E-5 ultra-light tanks in the 5-10 ton range all the way up to the gargantuan E-100 series. The idea was a grander realization of what was attempted with the Koenigs Tiger and formative Panther II; a complete interchangeability of parts. Every piece of an ultra-light E-5 tank possible would be made to work in a super-heavy E-100 tank, greatly streamlining the efficiency of production, maintenance, and training. This was an impressive goal and one which has yet to be fully realized by any military to this day.

By the end of the war many vehicles in the E-Series had progressed well into the prototype phase, including a variety of light anti-tank guns. For the E-100, fate was less kind. Because of the terrible situation Germany found itself in by 1944, development of super heavy tanks was all but halted. A handful of engineers at the Henschel facility in Paderborn were allowed to continue assembling a prototype of the E-100 tank. They had nearly completed the chassis when the facility was overrun by the British and Americans in 1945. The chassis was carted off to England where it was eventually scrapped.

The legacy of the E-100 and the Krokodil are particularly sad considering that so much noise is made about the Maus when they were both clearly superior vehicles. Their greatly improved speed, even if a bit optimistic, places them leaps and bounds ahead of the Maus in terms of the usefulness they would have had on the battlefield. Both still would have been easy targets for aircraft, but at least in the case of the E-100 an old man with a walker couldn't have come up alongside and dropped engineering charges on the engine boards. In other words and using virtually the same joke; the Maus could drive over houses, but the house would probably be able to get away.

I hope you had as much fun as I did! Who knows what will be next? The earth-frying Nazi space station? The iceberg aircraft carrier? The mysterious Foo Fighters? No, not the band, the glowing spherical surveillance aircraft that were probably imaginary or aliens.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.4 What I Did for New Year's

Tuesday, Jan 04, 2005 by by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

My dad's girlfriend's low noise tolerance has exiled me and my music to the coldest room in the house. The frigid temperatures leave me longing for the twin suns of stroggos. Music is just half of the magic equation for writing. The other half is coffee, the only caffeinated beverage badass enough to have a Black Flag song written about it. I've been doing this internet writing thing for so long that without even thinking my pen goes back and dots all the i's.

I once snuck a quick glance at my dad's girlfriend's secret diary. "What I think of Jed is" one entry read. It didn't matter that the rest of the sentence consisted of illegible runic symbols - I had read enough. Oh my dad's girlfriend, in your lurid accounts of my dire offenses I see society's failure to rise to epic standards.

New year's eve. I drove to C's house. "My dad's been wanting me to move out ever since the heat lamp for my pet mog almost burned the house down." I said to the two astronauts in the back seat of my car. "I was wondering if I could live with you guys."

"We reside on the astral plane." the first astronaut said. "I don't think you'd like it there."

"Why not? Would it overwhelm my senses like some kind of heavenly symphony, every note of which is an earth shattering prophecy?"

"No, but it's one floor below this guy who blasts hip hop music at three in the morning."

All the Lovecraftian crab people had returned to their mines for the winter. I had to be careful. The snowstorm wasn't going to let up until it had claimed one victim. A sacrifice upon the altar of some forgotten elder god. Autumn had plowed through my life with the reckless abandon of a zombie Hitler driving the batmobile. Now I found myself clinging to the things left in its wake. Smeared eyeliner. Drunken renditions of Cure songs. Photos posted on ratemychestvagina.com.

"Can't you watch Mad About You without yelling *"You're dog meat pal!"* at Paul Reiser?" C said.

"But I love Aliens." I said.

"Well, hardcore rapper, DMX once said that if you love something you should let it go and if it comes back to you it's yours. That's why I propose that you take your Aliens dvd, throw it off a cliff, and see if it comes back."

I awoke in the alleyway behind Cafe Eclipse. "I had the weirdest dream." I said to C. "I dreamed someone took all the people who picked on me in high school, dressed them in black, and called it a subculture."

"Go back to sleep." C said. "I'll fill your dreams with visions of what my home planet was like before it was ravaged by Jenova's offspring."

C and I went to Mcdonalds for breakfast. "Why do you have to wear your dress everywhere we go?" C said.

"You know how in The Stuff Mo Rutherford knocks out a factory worker and puts on his uniform but

still wears his cowboy boots because they're an essential part of the whole Mo Rutherford mystique?" I said. "It's kind of like that."

"The total for your order is 12 gil." the cashier said. "Oh, and I just wanted to say it takes a real man to wear a dress."

Here's some advice for anyone planning on complimenting me in the near future: don't. Show me a real man in a dress and I'll show you a cross-dresser who's sick of being reminded of his membership to a gender he despises.

The life sized cardboard cutout of Ronald Mcdonald was stolen in a daring daylight robbery. I put some of C's lipstick on Ronald so we could suck off boys for rides home like the sluts we were supposed to be.

I am the city of Concord. Beneath my streets a hideous transformation is taking place. Barrels of toxic waste are turning homeless derelicts into elitist Quake mappers. Soon they will be roaming the streets looking for people to beta test their maps, which have gothyk names like "Chasing The Dark Oblivion". "My ex-boyfriend used to come here to score tek." C said. "Every tek junkie is like a setting sun."

"I'm glad I'm not a slave to any addictive, mind altering substance." I said. "Oh crap, I need to stop at the pharmacy to get my adderall, effexor, and zyprexa prescriptions refilled."

C, let's go dancing to celebrate our new completely platonic relationship. You can just wear that pink sweater - I'll dress slutty enough for both of us. All I ever wanted was to be the hamster in your cage. The only way a girl could ever hurt me is by not filling my water bottle.

"We can use this as a roof." I said. "It's a metal panel that fell off the wall in an edgy Doom 3 level."

"We can't use that." C said. "Fairy houses can only be made from materials found in the forest."

"What if a ghost decides to haunt our fairy house?"

"There's no such thing as ghosts. What we call the human soul can be switched on and off in a laboratory. The only meaningful thing we can hope to gain in life is something resembling preparedness for the punchline to this cosmic joke that we never quite understand until it's too late."

"What if our fairy house gets attacked by a sasquatch?"

I'm looking back on the highs and lows of 2004. The human mind never 100% recovers from emotional trauma but likewise it never completely loses the synaptic pathways formed during moments of ecstasy. Through audio logs found on their PDAs the dead speak. They tell me that even the bad times, the darkest recesses of the negaverse, are better than being complacency's hostage.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

1.5 The Mirror Has Two Emoticons

Wednesday, Jan 05, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

From a simple smile spawns a cowboy lifestyle full of smoking, wild behavior, and shootouts with outlaws. If an emoticon can grow up to be a rough and rowdy cowboy, there is no doubt your son could as well.

I just got back from the International Emoticon Conference in the Netherlands where we discussed the current state of emoticons and the need to advance the medium to new levels of interactivity, including full integration with developing virtual reality technologies. I go to these conferences frequently, which is why I phone in most of my updates. It's important to me to be at the forefront of emoticon science, because sooner or later it will be the only form of communication and expression left. We covered a lot of ground at the conference, but what got me thinking the most were the conversations and debates I had with my fellow emoticonologists. It turns out there are a number of concerns being raised by emoticons that haven't been dealt with by the media or leading authorities. That is, the lifestyles and agendas promoted by emoticons and also their idealistic appearances. Emoticons seem to exist in a world free from the laws of physics and aging where everyone looks perfect. One of my colleagues at the event, Professor Bernard Beeble, argues that our current obsession with perfection in the appearance of emoticons will have a startling effect on society. He believes that people will be motivated towards radical facial reconstruction surgery in order to look more like our immaculate emoticon counterparts, with their perfectly symmetrical curves and balanced features.

I personally worry more about the lifestyle and agendas they promote rather than the unrealistic standards of beauty they embrace. Emoticons, being at the pinnacle of modern communication, are in prime position to influence society in ways we may not yet fully comprehend. Today's youth are like wads of Playdoh engineered to be even more malleable, so it doesn't take much effort to shape them into stunning monuments of stupidity. Similarly, it wouldn't take much effort to shape them into something sinister by disguising a harmful agenda behind a colorful smile and clever animation.

The beloved banjo emoticon may look happy, but his failure to do any other activity hints at a severe case of obsessive-compulsive disorder.

With that in mind, I want to take some time to dissect some emoticons in an attempt to understand the ideologies and messages that they are promoting. I feel that if we have a better understanding and awareness of these messages, we are better able to think for ourselves instead of following along blindly like sheep for the slaughter. Let's get started!

	This busy little emoticon goes by the name of "Happy Chatter." Superficially speaking, we can clearly see the hows and whys behind the nomenclature. From a more analytical standpoint, however, we see shades of a dangerous lifestyle. When we think of high-risk living, we often think of drugs, guns, gay rodeo, or wanton usage of unshielded pencil sharpeners. Inaction and a lack of personal concern is another form of high-risk living. This emoticon smokes, drinks – note the precariously placed glass of wine – and sits dangerously close to the computer monitor all while showing no interest in a social life outside of this monotonous existence. Whatever happiness "Happy Chatter" clings to is clearly an alcohol inspired foray into self-delusion. Ladies and gentlemen, we do not want people living this kind of lifestyle.
	It's interesting that emoticons, a means of communication completely separate from vocal communication, would be having a telephone conversation with one another. It's almost as if they are saying, "look at us, we can have long telephone conversations whereas you can only instant message people about anime." Perhaps this is a case where emoticons promote a positive agenda: using more personal and intimate communication methods. It's a funny thought, but we seem to be living in an age where some of our emoticons are more sociable than we are.
	I have no idea what to make of this sickly little guy, but he was denoted as being "not straight." Believe it or not, I have met some gay people in my days and none of them behaved in quite this manner. True, I have no idea what they do in the bedroom, but I doubt it involves holding some kind of color-changing, hand-raising ritual. Perhaps the key to understanding what is being depicted in this emoticon is to simply extrapolate what isn't being shown. But given the abundant gayness, I feel that's something best suited for another researcher.

	Emo culture is all the rage these days, usurping goth as the number one culture for whining crybabies. This emoticon depicts a typical emo kid pursuing his favorite pastime: suicide. Has it really come to this? Has it come to the point where emoticons no longer want to live? The utopian world that the classic laid the foundations for now rests in rubble. The tainted origins of the self-destructive trace back to the tangled roots of 's archetypical nemesis, . A Greek tragedy has played out with three simple graphics. And now begins the grand debate. What happens to an emoticon when it dies?
	Here we have an emoticon audaciously parading into philosophy's version of an Indian burial ground. Are we now to believe that the emoticon has an immortal soul? Since when were they even sentient beings? Now we have emoticons imbued with divine qualities, pushing the medium into a dangerous quagmire of religious dogma. Science can tell us a lot about heaven. For instance, we know that once you die, your soul crosses a rainbow bridge into a cloudy world populated with all your old pets, each carrying American flags and wagging their tails in joyful fervor. But does the Bible say anything about emoticons being there? No, it does not. The message this emoticon sends is dangerous to children, since they may become too attached to emoticons and are likely not ready to deal with the harsh realities of death.
	This little guy, described as "Orthodox Jew with Torah," is clearly promoting a Zionist agenda. Whereas must emoticons shun connotations with religion in favor of promoting a future devoid of individuality and dominated by universal conformity, this emoticon wants everyone at Temple on Saturday and doing their part to secure the Holy Land for exclusive Jewish usage. I don't know much about Jews aside from the fact that the females lay thousands of eggs to compensate for the low survival rate, but I do not think their agenda belongs anywhere near my chat logs. Nor do I want naïve youths dragging this emoticon out in a conversation, growing curious, then recklessly traveling down the system of shadowy alleyways that constitutes the veins of the Jewish faith's circulatory system! We simply do not need this emoticon trying to convert people!

2 5	This single use emoticon exists solely to promote 2005, and in the worst way possible. In studying this emoticon in great detail, I have determined that the appendage extruding from the yellow figure is clearly a penis. In response to the previous Orthodox Jew emoticon, I was not able to ascertain if the yellow smiley pictured was circumcised or not. Is oral sex the best way to usher in the New Year? If you're a married adult, perhaps! But for the millions and millions of impressionable young adults, this emoticon endorses lewd and potentially unsafe behavior. This assumption is heightened by the unusual color of the face performing the act. The pink could very well be indicative of a STD or similar ailment. We simply do not know enough about emoticon immune systems and biological functions to understand at this point, so we simply cannot rule anything out.

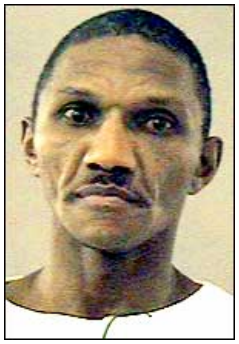
I hope that my efforts help you come to see emoticons in a new light. We are heading towards a new future where emoticons are integral in communication. The question we have to ask ourselves is if we want them to dictate for us our emotions and range of expression ala a sort of Orwellian Newspeak, or if we want them to take communication to a new level of exchange. I find myself aiming for the former, but only if rigid standards are applied that prevent such emoticon travesties as the ones discussed today. Given the tremendous volume of emoticons out there, it wouldn't be a bad idea to take on a Newspeak policy of reducing the library of emoticon expressions in order to clear out the superfluous clutter.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.6 The Rape of Otis Nixon

Thursday, Jan 06, 2005 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

On Tuesday it was announced that members of the Baseball Writers' Association of America. (BBWAA for short, pronounced "BAH-BAH-W-WAHHHHH") elected Wade Boggs and Ryne Sandberg to the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown.



Otis Nixon's recent mugshot. He's soooooo dreamy...

Who cares.

Wade Boggs would be a great name for a male porn star who only does mud or swamp-fetish movies, but it's a terrible name for a baseball player. Ryne's retarded parents somehow managed to spell "Ryan" wrong on his birth certificate and he ended up with the nonsensical "Ryne" moniker instead. Both these guys can go directly to Hell, as far as I'm concerned. They aren't the issue here.

The issue at hand is the rape of Otis Nixon.

I'm not talking about the literal rape of Otis Nixon, although I'm sure many a woman has flung themselves onto his love gourd. I'm speaking of the metaphysical rape. Wait, that's not the right word... I think I mean... what's that word? I can't think of it. It sounds like "fluge." Anyways, this was Otis Nixon's first year of Baseball Hall of Fame eligibility and he was wisely put on the ballot by whoever decides these things. And guess how many votes he got?

Zero.

Can you believe that? Last year Pete Rose finally admitted that he had gambled on baseball back when he was managing the Reds and had been lying to everyone for over a decade... and he still got nine write-in votes, despite the fact he isn't even eligible for election anyway. Crack-addled drug abuser Daryl Strawberry got *six* votes and celebrated the occasion that night by picking up two prostitutes off the street instead of just one. Even Tony Phillips (WHO?!) and Terry Steinbach got a vote apiece.

Unbelievable.

Otis Nixon is possibly the greatest person in the history of the entire world. And he's one of the most dashing looking gents you will ever feast your retinas on! As Lowtax said of Otis in a Steal of The Century video we did a few years ago, "I'm not gay but I'd love to kiss him."

Young girls of the early 1990's soaked their shorts to this image.

Here's a quick list of just a few of Otis Nixon's many noble accomplishments. And I swear these are all **completely true**:

- On June 16, 1991, Otis Nixon tied a MLB record by stealing six bases in the same game.
- Otis Nixon stole more bases in the decade of the 1990's than any other player in baseball, even beating off (har har) Rickey Henderson.
- Nixon was once traded in a deal for Jose Canseco, he was that good! Speaking of which, log on to JoseCanseco.com right now! His World Series ring is still for

sale!

- In 1991, Nixon stole a career-best 72 bases and led the Braves to the playoffs.

- Also in 1991, Nixon was suspended after he tested positive for cocaine. He was previously sent to drug rehab in 1987, but I guess it didn't work!

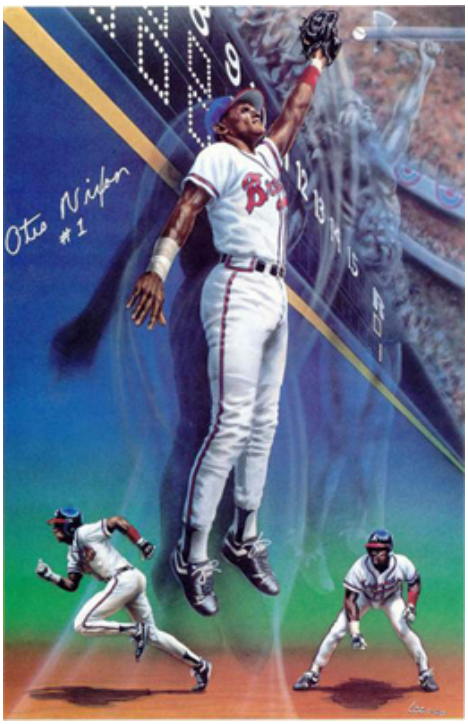
- Just about one year ago today, Otis Nixon was arrested at a hotel after threatening his bodyguard with a knife. Here's some details (thanks AJC):

> *[The bodyguard] told police that Nixon called him and asked the bodyguard to pick up one of Nixon's female friends and bring her to the hotel. While he was on his way to the woman's home, Nixon called Brown again and told him to return to the hotel.*
>
> Brown said he went into the hotel room and noticed that Nixon was naked and yelling into his cellphone. Brown said he asked Nixon to put some clothes on, but Nixon ignored him. Nixon became upset when Brown asked him to repay some money that was owed him, Brown told police.
>
> Still naked, Nixon grabbed a kitchen knife and chased Brown out of the room, according to a police report. During the scuffle, Nixon also threatened him with another blade, a black-handled folding knife, Brown told police.
>
> **Nixon was also heard yelling: "I will cut your heart out,"** according to the police report. Brown was not harmed during the incident.
>
> Nixon told police that Brown was the aggressor in the fight. Nixon said he was naked because he was waiting for his female friend to arrive.

That sounds perfectly reasonable. After all, like I said, Otis is quite the ladies man! Speaking of which...

- Also in 2004, Otis was arrested for "inappropriately" fondling a woman at his home. The cops called it "misdemeanor sexual battery," but I'd call it a "dream come true!"

Finally, if you still aren't convinced Otis Nixon deserves to be elected to the Baseball Hall of Fame, carefully examine the following image.



Not many people know that the Atlanta Braves outfield was haunted. It was very difficult for Otis Nixon to play stellar defense out there with all those Native American ghosts trying to tomahawk the ball away from him!

But Otis Nixon went out there and posted a lifetime .988 fielding percentage despite all those spooky obstacles. You know why? Because Otis Nixon was (and still is!) a beautiful, wonderful, special, one-of-a-kind human being. And also he was high on cocaine most of the time.

Otis, you may have made a career out of stealing bases, but you also stole our hearts. Sometimes literally, you know, since you cut them out yourself.

I'll see you in Cooperstown.

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

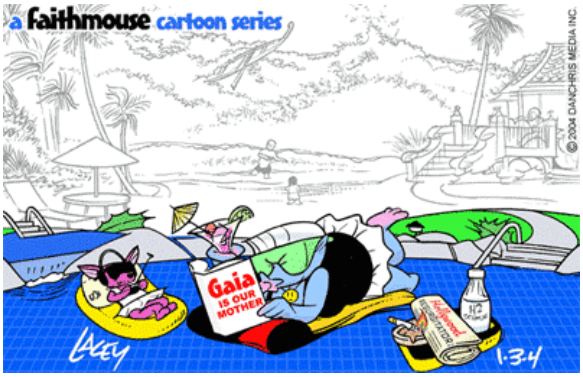
1.7 Engines of Grief

Friday, Jan 07, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

> *"I almost shudder at the thought of alluding to the most fatal example of the abuses of grief which the history of mankind has preserved - the Cross. Consider what calamities that engine of grief has produced!"*
> **- John Adams (from a letter to Thomas Jefferson)**

Some of you might have heard that a tsunami killed several people recently. Scientists believe that the tsunami was caused by a massive underwater earthquake. Many religious pundits believe that the tsunami was caused by sin. Rumors abound that Islamic Arab-language news sources are blaming the tsunami on Israel and the United States and I can personally attest that sources ranging from Michael Savage to Fred Phelps and his degenerate ilk are blaming atheists, homosexuals, and Muslims for the tsunamis. Phelps particularly has spent a good deal of energy exulting over the deaths of thousands of Swedes because they consider murdering homosexuals a hate crime in Sweden. That apparently makes God very angry.

Following closely in the wake of the tsunami came news from Kentucky that investors would be opening the Museum of Creation devoted to all of the imaginary history related to Biblical creation mythology. This coupled with the rampant God-mongering in the media and the upsurge of "my baby has got to learn the Bible in science class" petitions has me starting to get nervous. The situation has shifted from "haha, let's laugh at the dip shits and their cavemen riding dinosaurs" to "holy shit, this fucking idiocy is sweeping the nation".



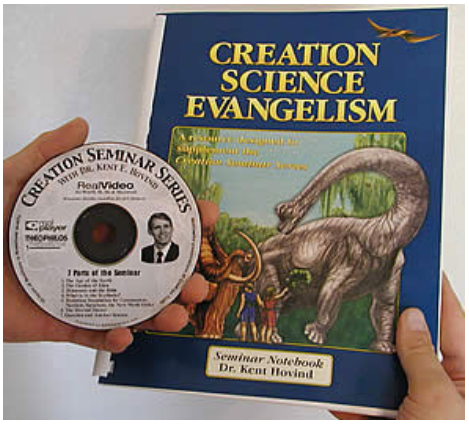
Now, I don't ask for a lot from the government, nor do I expect much of anything positive to come out of it, but contrary to religious ideologues the United States was not built on Christian values; it was built on the idea of warding religion off like it's a vampire. Think of the whole separation of church and state thing as garlic hung at the doors of every government building. The reason for this is pretty simple; throughout history religion has been used as a means of controlling people, for good and bad, and a government that wields religion as a means of control (or vice versa) has way too much power over the populace. Think of all the idiots who send money to prayer-for-dollars televangelists so that their religious rock star can build new multimedia rooms in his super church. Now think of that same person who was asking you to open up your wallet and give for the Lord sitting in the seat of power and asking you to open up your entrenching tool and smash in the skull of an atheist or a homosexual.

It's one thing to see that sort of grotesque fusion of government and religion happening in third world shit holes; it's another thing to see it happening around you. And it has been happening for longer than I would like to admit.

> **Robert Sherman:** "What will you do to win the votes of Americans who are atheists?"
>
> **George HW Bush:** "I guess I'm pretty weak in the atheist community. Faith in God is important to me."
>
> **Robert Sherman:** "Surely you recognize the equal citizenship and patriotism of Americans who are atheists?"
>
> **George HW Bush:** "No, I don't know that atheists should be considered as citizens, nor should they be considered patriots. This is one nation under God."

Extremists (an increasingly meaningless term) within Christianity and Islam are waging a war against one another. Caught in the middle are those who don't believe in either's line of rhetoric and mysticism, like atheists and agnostics, and those who can serve a better purpose as a target for hatred, like homosexuals and other religious groups. For those of us - apparently the minority these days - who believe strongly in keeping religion out of government our one historic option is to hope for a charismatic leader with a strong authoritarian streak who will put religion back in its place. We don't have a very good track record with these guys (see "Hitler, Adolph" or "Stalin, Joseph") and I don't really see any of them on the horizon.

But hey, maybe I'm that fucking guy. I mean, I am really really violently fucking sick of religion right now. I'm sick of it being crammed in the faces of kids. I'm sick of it being used as a tool for votes, wars, and hatred. I'm sick of it being a moneymaking scheme as transparent as Scientology that only has credibility because it's fucking old. Hey, maybe we could bring back Roman or Egyptian mythology and we can be ruled over by an immortal God-King. Nah, Christianity is too entrenched here and Islam is spreading like a wildfire through the kindling of the third world. Kind of like Christianity did two thousand years ago, am I right?



I'm sick of whining and complaining and raging impotently against the cliché machine. I'm a reasonable man, so I'm going to tell you what I want to happen. I'm not going to ask you to send me a lot of money so that we can all wear cool black jump suits and combat boots and beat the shit out of any religious people we find out after curfew. This is what I want, and I don't think it's asking too much.

I want mandatory sterilization for anyone who uses the phrase "born again" to describe themselves.

I want a bunch of Marilyn Manson fans in full concert regalia to follow around any anti-abortion protestors and vomit fake blood all over them whenever they start shouting about murdering babies.

I want to cut the heart out of any school board idiot who votes "yes" on teaching creationism instead of, or even alongside, evolution. If you proposed it then I want to castrate your children and feed their sex organs down your throat with a shovel.

I want to form a rapid-response team that will locate any Ten Commandments monuments in government buildings and replace them with sacks full of plague-carrying rats. They would either ride on black horses or fly in a black helicopter depending on budget constraints.

> *"Man will never be free until the last king is strangled with the entrails of the last priest."*
> **- Denis Diderot**

If you even think about blaming a natural disaster or terrorist act on the sins of some minority group you already hate then I want you thrown into an active volcano. Maybe you can pray your way out of that magma filled caldera you fucking ignorant cretin.

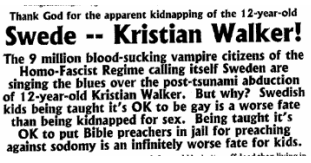
If your religion gets in the way of my science then I want my science to build a giant robot with machinegun arms and missile launchers. Let's just see how amazing Christ is when 30mm depleted uranium sabots are hitting him 75 times per second. Oh, wait, haha that's right, he's a fucking imaginary ghost. I guess the bullets will just pass harmlessly through him and into your stupid fucking head.

I want all government subsidies for charities related to religion, even tenuously, to stop immediately. Then I want all of the money doled out to these charities for the past 50 years returned. Failure to pay means we own your church. Get out, we're melting down the solid gold pulpit and turning it into wedding bands that will be used exclusively by homosexuals.

Speaking of weddings, I want all marriages sanctioned by the government to be conducted by a judge in a courthouse. The judge cannot mention God or he will be kicked off the bench. You can still have your unsanctioned church wedding in one of those underground sewer churches that will be cropping up after I get the aerial level bombing I also want.

I want every line of scientific research currently impeded or halted because of religion immediately fast tracked and over funded. I want stem cells overflowing from seething cauldrons of blastocysts. I want a clone of every US citizen whether they want a clone or not. I even want that crazy energy beam built that was supposed to be able to disintegrate heaven itself. It won't work, but I want to just fire it up into heaven and then have blimps hiding in clouds release charred mannequins with wings attached to them.

I want to barcode everyone or tattoo "666" on their foreheads, declare that the world must now obey the will of the United Nations, and then kidnap Kirk Cameron and sodomize him with a cinderblock.


Thank God for the apparent kidnapping of the 12-year-old

Swede -- Kristian Walker!

The 9 million blood-sucking vampire citizens of the Homo-Fascist Regime calling itself Sweden are singing the blues over the post-tsunami abduction of 12-year-old Kristian Walker. But why? Swedish kids being taught it's OK to be gay is a worse fate than being kidnapped for sex. Being taught it's OK to put Bible preachers in jail for preaching against sodomy is an infinitely worse fate for kids.

I used to see nuance and diversity in religions and their various followers. That luxury has been

swept away by the wave propelling quasi-theocratic scum to success and power. I now resort to their weapon; the hateful generality. Religion is the tool of corrupt men and women with shallow principles and reluctance to see the world outside the monochrome. If you are declared evil for what you believe or who you are, surely you are then justified in returning the favor.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.8 Rise of the Mutants

Saturday, Jan 08, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

I know the title is bad; and for that I deeply apologize, yet I but also refuse to change it. My update today is about something very serious and important, and requiring your total attention if you wish to stay alive in the coming future battle for planet earth.

If you have a belt or a piece of wood, please put it into your mouth so you don't accidently bite off your tongue: I must reveal something to you now, and you must brace yourself for a bit of a shock. You have known me for years, so I can understand if you will feel somewhat betrayed by what I am about to say. But first, recline your seat to a 90-degree angle if possible. Take your shoes off and dip them in a tub of salt water, heated to 70 degrees and free of all sea horses. Are you ready? Here we go: I, Reid Baron Von Paskiewicz III, have red hair. I am a redhead.

I know, it's terrible. This was not my choice; I was born this way. A horrid curse, a crimson blight, for some terrible unknown crime that my ancestors committed long ago. My skin is as pale and waxen as a corpse, dotted here and there with loathsome freckles. My ruddy cheeks are plump with an unfathomable whiskey induced rage. I hide from the hurtful rays of the sun by covering my body in moist moss and peat, only coming out at night to feed on newborn babies. I reek of turnips, rotting potatoes, and decayed flesh, the latter from the small creatures that get tangled in my curly red back hair and struggle in futility as miniature suckers protrude from my skin and drain their blood. Mobs of villagers, sick of their livestock being slaughtered, chase me with torches and pitchforks, never letting me have a moment's rest. This is the nightmare that is my life.

But I am not alone with my burden. There are hundreds, even thousands of us out there. We are scuttling under the city streets in the dark sewers, swinging along vines in forgotten primeval jungles, playing nickel slots at the Circus Circus in a haze of yellow smoke, and waiting in every major metropolitan area in the world. Waiting for a moment when the time is ripe to rise up from our unfortunate position in this hypocrisy we call "civilization", and take the reigns of power for ourselves. We will be legion, like a fiery haired Voltron of vengeance. A juggernaut of freckles and justice that will stomp over anything in it's path in an unstoppable frenzy, unless it's really sunny and then the Red Voltron has to find some shade so it doesn't get burned. If it's a totally cloudless day, then the revolution has to be postponed until some bad weather rolls in.

Speaking of the angry yellow face that hurts us, when I was 11 years old, I visited a pool with a water slide at a park near my house. All of the neighborhood kids were there for a fun day of frolic under the summer sun, splashing away with no cares in the world. My mother had always told me "You are an abomination! The sun will melt you if you try to defy your nature and mix with normal children. Get back in the closet!" She was right, but I so dearly wanted to be a normal child that could romp with my peers and have fun. I snuck out of the locked closet with the help of my faithful cat, Professor Pudding, and went to the pool anyway with no layers of fabric between my pale white belly and the sun's scorching rays. When I arrived the lifeguards tried to keep me away so I wouldn't contaminate the water with my

red hair, but I snuck in after scaling the lightly electrified fence around the perimeter. The children gave me strange looks and distanced themselves from me at first, but after seeing that I posed no threat, they accepted me into their watery games. For the first time in my life I felt normal and happy. For hours I went down the water slide, laughing and giggling, oblivious to the grave danger I was in. When I returned home, I was as red as a lobster. Waves lines of radiation streamed off my body. My mother was furious at me for disobeying nature's plan and tossed me in the dry well full of bibles to think about what I've done. The next day I was covered in horrible blisters where the sun had touched me with it's poison rays. I had to go to the emergency room and get covered in creams and lotions while the doctor berated me for being a redhead. It was the worst day ever, and I quickly learned my lesson that I shall never be a normal human, and will be forever shunned to the dark places of this world.

Heck, maybe the world would be a better place without redheads. In my research for this update I found some startling facts about our history, and how it has changed the course of mankind. Sometimes for the better, but most of the time for the worse. I'll list some of the most extraordinary findings, and you can be your own judge.

GREAT MOMENTS IN REDHEAD HISTORY

Judas betrays Christ for 30 pieces of Silver: Judas, a redhead, was tired of being picked on by the other apostles because of his differences. They would always jest that he was a bastard Gaul, and often put scorpions in his sandals while he was sleeping. The desert sun only increased his temperament, and while in a classic redheaded temper tantrum, he sold out his savior for 30 pieces of silver and spent it on a really cool bike and a bag of beetle crisps. As punishment from God, the beetle crisps had gone bad and Judas had a serious case of the runs the next day. When asked about it by John, Judas said "It was totally worth it man."

The Spanish Inquisition: While its common knowledge that the Spanish Inquisition started in 1456 to rid Spain of the devil that had embodied sinful men, women, and redheads, we know little about who started all of the madness. It was a man named George O'Callaghan who was so angry at God for making him a redhead that he lashed out and decided to purge the earth of his red brethren. In a twist of irony, the wind blew his inquisitor cap off during a sermon and he himself was burned at the stake.

The Great Chicago Fire: A redhead threw a match in Misses O'Leary's barn. Whoops!

Assassination of Franz Ferdinand: A group of redheads, sick of being the laughing stock of Serbia, created a gang called the "Black Hand." Franz Ferdinand, a chubby Austrian with a special dislike for redheads, was visiting the capital on a goodwill trip, and explained how Germany would help Serbia with it's overpopulation of redheads by exporting them by train to work in the Fatherland's coal mines. The Black Hand assassinated Ferdinand for this statement, and it set events in motion the started the world wars, and the death of millions of people, as well as the popular flavor of ice cream, mint chip.

Carrot Top eats a kitten on Pay-Per-View: The patron saint of redheads the have evolved into otherworldly monsters who threaten the existence of all life forms, Carrot Top shocked the world when eating a kitten live on Pay-Per-View. A million households

paid $49 each to see this stunning act that has been called "the worst thing that has ever happened, ever".

The Indian Ocean Tsunami: New evidence of this recent disaster has show that the root cause of the great tsunami that killed 150,000 people and caused vast amount of damage was actually caused by a single redhead that was "just dicking around" in the center of the Indian Ocean. When asked if he felt bad about causing this wave that caused horrible suffering and carnage, he said "sorry, I just got a little carried away". This has prompted the UN to impose a ban on any redheads frolicking in major oceans. A similar ban of redheads in Midwest cornfields was put into place by the US last year after a flurry of heavy tornado activity.

Do not panic, there is no fleeing from us for we have tiny wings on our feet that allow us to fly, albeit very slowly at around 5 mph, but flying nevertheless. Throughout history we have always tried our best to be accepted, but the fear and mistrust people have for us had made us bitter with mutual hate. Yes we are cursed, ruddy mutants, but we are still humans, and we will fight for our respect. We will rise one day, and all you will see will be red. Not the red of our hair, but of your own blood running down the streets and alleyways was we march into the halls of power and take our rightful place. But all of this isn't until 50 years from now so don't worry too much about it, ok? Goodnight and God bless.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

1.9 Stop Natural Disasters Before They Start... with Democracy!

Sunday, Jan 09, 2005 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

Natural disaster humor is getting really popular these days. I wonder what that big "C" is for.

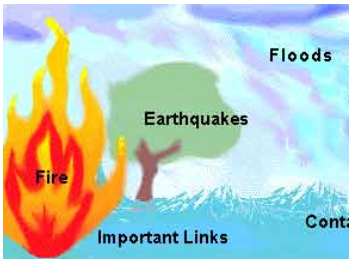
Like so many others around the world, we here at Something Awful are following the devastation caused by the earthquake and tsunami that has hit many parts of Asia and east Africa, mainly because we think it will make up for all those evil deeds we have committed in the past. However, there is one story that is not getting the international attention it deserves. In the midst of this horrible crisis the people of India have not been able to deal with India's "untouchables", or Dalits. These are the lowest class of people who live in India and the upper caste simply cannot deal with all of the lowly men, women, and children who need food, water, and shelter. In response to this growing epidemic we here at Something Awful have set up a charity that will help the higher caste Indians build a giant wall around their relief camps in order to keep the Dalits out. We hope that you can find it in your heart to donate to these victims of slight annoyance. Keep the Dalits out! With your generous contribution we can reach this goal.

By now you've probably all heard about the earthquake/tsunami super combo that decimated the Indonesian coastline about two weeks ago. Anybody who knows me personally for any length of time knows that I am vehemently anti-natural disaster. If you asked me at any point in time, "Would you enjoy a natural disaster right now?" I would probably say no nine times out of ten. I absolutely hate natural disasters. When the Northridge, California earthquake hit in 1992 I was incensed. When the Mississippi River overflowed it's banks in 1993 and swept away entire towns I was steamed. When hurricane Isabelle touched down in Florida in 2003 I said enough is enough. Something needs to be done. Someone needs to speak out against these natural disasters, and I am that someone. I am sick and tired of getting pushed around by earthquakes, floods, and hurricanes. Tornados are okay because those make up a portal to Munchkin Land where I run a successful lollipop business.

So this tsunami killed thousands of people, caused billions of dollars worth of damage, and some people are already trying to pin the blame on someone. Some people are saying that it was the Jews. Some people are saying that it was caused by joint American and Israeli nuclear testing. Some idiots are even going as far to say that the whole thing was caused by the Swedes. I say let's give the fag haters the benefit of the doubt and believe that what they claim is true. I mean, they should know right? Anybody who fellates their cousins must know what they are talking about! Okay, fair enough, but this tells you a lot about God. He has horrible aim and apparently can't read a map. Wrong hemisphere, God! Sweden is a little higher and to the left. If God really hated Swedes and wanted to destroy them all he would have hit Sweden, and only Sweden, with a tsunami, not Indonesia. I don't understand it. So no, it wasn't God, it wasn't the Jews, and it sure as hell wasn't me. But I do know who did it. The culprit was right before your eyes all along. All the blame belongs to good old Mother Earth, and let me tell you one thing.

The bitch is fucking pissed.

The Earth? The Earth you say?! What are you talking about Spokker Jones?! The Earth isn't a person! The Earth can't do anything on it's own! It doesn't have free will or the ability to make prank calls! You're off your rocker again Spokker and I refuse to listen to this anymore. Good-bye!



Here is a depiction of a common natural disaster. The snowy mountain catches on fire which causes earthquakes in the trees which in turn cause the sky to flood.

Wait right there, señor. I've seen enough horrible, horrible, horrible anime in my day to know that the Earth is very real. If those empty nights of playing Final Fantasy VII and crying about the fact that I will never ever get laid have taught me one thing, it's that the Earth has a soul, an energy force, a heart. Every time you sift your fingers through the Earth's soil you are tickling the Earth. Every time you plant a tree, the Earth feels it. Unfortunately, every time someone dumps toxic waste into the ocean, pollutes the air, or shits on my lawn, the Earth chokes, gags, and wheezes. Hundreds of years of dumping, deforestation, and *Friends* reruns have turned the Earth into a mean, angry bitch. She is, in effect, harming herself in a feeble attempt to get rid of us. But she isn't stupid. No sir, I've had lunch with the Earth she is quite intelligent. From observing us through history she has learned that we are indeed very dumb creatures. She knows what if we ever found out that the she was behind all these disasters we would declare war on the Earth. We would destroy the Earth and ourselves before Jeff Goldblum shows up and explains that we need to actually travel to the center of the Earth and upload a virus into the core or something like that. No, the Earth isn't an idiot. That's why she has spread religious propaganda about a "God" that is both vengeful and omnipotent. God is up there and He's watching over us. He hates the faggots and will do anything to stop them. The whole idea that God sent an earthquake to San Francisco in 1989 to stop the spread of AIDS? Nope. That was our Mother. Earth, you really are something. You fooled us all. Unfortunately you didn't foresee that an 800 pound woman with a beard would give birth to an old chap named Spokker Jones. I am ready to put you in your place honey, and it all starts with this update. Earth, you have met your match, and that's democracy.

What follows is the actual bill that I hope to pass in congress that will finally make natural disasters illegal, at least in the United States. If a natural disaster hits anywhere in the United States, the perpetrator will be caught and charged under this Act. If found guilty the criminal could face up to a millennia in prison. We will finally have the power to put Mother Earth in jail, where she belongs. Here is the bill.

109th CONGRESS

2d Session

H. R. 3717

AN ACT

To make unlawful the initiation and facilitation of a natural disaster in any of the 50 U.S. states.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,

SECTION 1. SHORT TITLE.

This Act may be cited as the 'Fuck This Shit Act of 2005'.

SEC. 2. UNLAWFUL INITIATION OR FACILITATION OF NATURAL DISASTERS.

No person may initiate, facilitate, or participate in the creation of a natural disaster. Natural disaster is defined as a/an:

(1) Earthquake
(2) Hurricane
(3) Flood
(4) Wildfire
(5) Blimp attack
(6) Potato famine
(7) O.J. trial
(8) Star Jones
(9) New Wal-Mart opens in your area

An exception shall be made for tornados because many people use them as portals to Munchkin Land where they make very successful livings selling lollipops to the midget freaks who wear a lot of bright colors and dance like pricks.

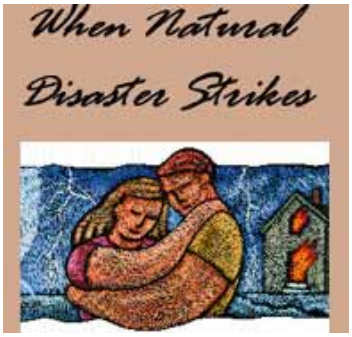
SEC. 3. PENALTIES INCURRED FOR THOSE FOUND TO HAVE PARTICIPATED IN THE CREATION OF A NATURAL DISASTER.

If it is deemed by a United States Court Judge, or a guy who really thinks he is one, that a person has been found guilty of participating in the creation of a natural disaster, he or she (honestly though, what woman could pull something like an earthquake off? Am I right here folks?) shall be imprisoned for infinity years and fined a gajillion zillion jermillion dollars, though that figure would come down substantially.

SEC. 4. IMPLEMENTATION.

This Act shall go into effect 600 years ago and is retroactive.

Thank you and God bless. Included in this bill are some Jolly Ranchers and a mini snack-size Snickers bar.



When this couple's house caught on fire their arms grew to four times their normal size!

See, no more disasters. No more pain and suffering. No more earthquakes tipping over my *Empty Nest* VHS tapes organized by original air date. It takes so long to organize them. We have finally cornered the Earth and can now live free knowing that she cannot terrorize us with her disasters anymore. To the opponents of this bill, let me ask you, have you seen any natural disasters since I created this bill? No? Then shut up. In celebration of this momentous occasion I would like to announce that all through the month of January all Munchkin Land®Brand Lollipops are 20% off! This is my gift to you America.

Of course, the Earth might call our bluff because we have not yet figured out how to actually jail the Earth. Don't tell her I said that. So the prospect of even more natural disasters loom over our heads because the Earth is a giant cunt. What can you do? Protect yourself of course! There are several ways to prepare for natural disasters and I shall list them here.

Spokker's Professional Tips on How to Survive a Natural Disaster

Protip #1: Discipline the Earth every time it does something wrong.

If we continue to let the Earth push us around it will. Every time you feel the ground shake or it rains too much and your 5 million dollar mansion in Malibu falls into the

ocean... again, go outside and hit the ground with a rolled up newspaper while saying, "Bad!" and "No! We don't do that! No!" While this has the possible side effect of your neighbors committing you in a mental institution and looting your home and stealing all your triple penetration pornography, who cares? Why would you listen to me anyway?

Protip #2: Don't sleep naked.

Every time there was an earthquake in my neighborhood we always got to see who slept naked. After an earthquake there would be several people standing outside with a pillow covering their genitals. Folks, if you live in an area prone to earthquakes, wear some pajamas please. If you are a hot chick with massive breasts please disregard this info.

Better watch out! Earthquake is coming for you!

Protip #3: Please don't make jokes that the fat kid in the neighborhood must have fallen out of bed.

Folks, when I was young there was always a kid in the neighborhood who would make this joke after an earthquake. I fucking hated it. It's the stupidest goddamn thing you could say and he did it every single time. "Holy shit dude Paco fell out of bed!" Ugh! Then you would go to school and people would say it, only with another fat kid's name in place of the last fat kid. Please stop! This joke is more played out than Photoshop Phriday. It's not that I like fat people, I just can't stand this joke whenever it's told anymore.

Protip #4: Don't be gay.

If you are gay then God will kill you with a volcano, a flood, or the cancellation of *The O.C.*. God hates homosexuals and will do everything in his power to stop them from corrupting our children and reality television shows. Marriage is between a MAN and a WOMAN or a very feminine looking man. If you can trick God into thinking your partner is a woman or a man then go for it. But he will be triple angry when he finds out!

Protip #5: Don't live somewhere that is called "The Ring of Fire".

The Ring of Fire is a zone that encompasses Indonesia, Japan, the west coast of the United States, and the west coast of South America. 81% of the world's largest Earthquakes occur here. Now I'm no big city lawyer or nothin' like that, but if someone told me that I was moving to a place called the Ring of Fire, I'd change course and move to the Ring of Hicks in the south-east of the United States instead. Sure there would be hicks and grandpa on granddaughter orgies but at least there wouldn't be any fucking earthquakes.

Protip #6: Tornados are more afraid of you than you are of them.

When a tornado touches down on land many people's first instinct is to run away from it. This is WRONG and will only make it more angry. Tornados can smell fear. Simply stand your guard and make yourself look bigger than you really are while growling. This

will show the tornado who's boss and drive it away. Many people can be saved by this ingenius technique.

Protip #7: Tag along with a helpful turtle.

Turtles are nature's taxis. Many of you have probably read the story of how a baby hippo teamed up with a helpful turtle and went on a fabulous adventure together. Remember, if you are ever in trouble, grab onto a turtle and everything will be all right. Last year I was having trouble with the IRS about my tax return. So what I did was, I jumped on a turtle and he settled my dispute for only pennies on the dollar. I love turtles.

That's all the time we have for today. We hope you enjoyed this update. We know that you have many choices for news and we are glad you chose Something Awful, the number 1 web site for natural disaster humor. Thank you and have a safe evening.

Note: To learn more about Dalits in India check out http://www.dalits.org.

The Weekend Web: Serving you since 1906

Hello internet friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here with something you can do to pass the time until you have to go back to the hell that is your job tomorrow. We have some great forums today full of wonderful people who masturbate with their cousins, enjoy ninja role playing, and hate gay people. Just take a gander at this beauty of a post!

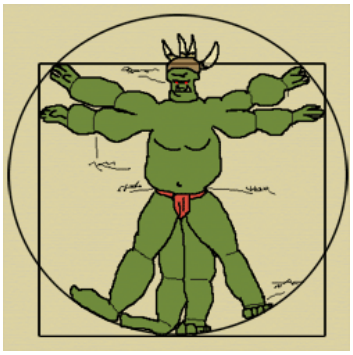
> I was 13. Was with a friend. we wee looking at porn mags and he asked if I was going to jerk-off. I told him I didnt know how.
> He proceded to show me how by stroking me.
> And WOW what a feeling when I came. Squirted a long stream of cum.

Big money! Big prizes! I love it!

-~Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

1.10 Roleplaying Corner: A Gentleman's Guide to Orcs

Monday, Jan 10, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



An overview of orcs is a difficult thing to put together, for orcs are every bit as diverse as the human race. For example, tribes of orcs in the western steppes build shelters out of bird feathers, hair, and planks of oak, while orcs of the northern frost lands build their shelters out of bird feathers, hair, and blocks of ice that they shape into planks with crude hammers and saws. Assuming any given orc possesses all of the traits discussed herein would be akin to assuming that every black man is destined to be an astronaut. Some few black men might be astronauts, but you can never openly say "hey astronaut", because that would be racist. Orcs, much like any other race, do not appreciate generalization, and like the black man an orc will smash your face in with a stone mace or crude bone-hewn sword if you stereotype it.

Orcs are a primitive species indigenous to the wondrous realms of magic. Where wizards, dragons, and kobolds doth tread, so treads the noble orc. They range in shapes and sizes but on average an orc is between two and three feet shorter or taller than a human and between 100 and 200 pounds lighter or heavier. Orcs have ten fingers and ten toes distributed evenly between four limbs. The bottom set of limbs are known as the orc's hind arms and these are used for propelling the orc in a loping gait not unlike a chimpanzee or dog that is standing up because someone has a treat. Its top limbs are known as the orc's fore arms and these end in more dexterous sets of fingers that can be used to manipulate objects such as barrels, oranges, or chimneys.

The orc's face is grotesque to most humans but beautiful to most orcs, unless it is a particularly ugly orc and then it would be simply considered an ugly orc. Although given the divide in aesthetics between orcs and humans perhaps an ugly orc would look like a beautiful human. It's hard to say until an orc such as this is placed in captivity and studied carefully with a penis.

The sexes of orcs are functionally identical to humans, although male and female orcs are impossible to tell apart without examining their reproductive organs. This sometimes causes confusion during the orc mating season, particularly for juvenile orcs who may unwittingly ask another male orc to the fall orc dance.

Orc society is complex and structured in a manner not dissimilar to human society. Each orc village usually consists of between 10 and 750,000 orcs living in loose family units inside of structures known as "orc houses". These "orc houses" are usually made from wood or stone, prominently feature one or more doors and windows, and sometimes include a second or even third level or "story". Because orcs are vastly less intelligent than humans much of what they build and do is simply copying or "orcing" humanity.

Orc Technology

Orc technology is similar to human technology but less good. This isn't just because orcs are evil, but also because they are not good with technology. While there are a handful of famous orc inventors most orc technology is stolen from humans, orced from humans, or created from blueprints which have been stolen from humans. Sometimes they also steal from elves, gnomes, or dwarfs as well, but

these races guard their technological secrets much more carefully. The differing quality between orc and human technology is worth mentioning. Let's take a look at several human inventions and how these are constructed using the more simplistic orc technology.

Orc Hats

Human hats are usually made from riveting iron or felt into an attractive shape. Orc hats are created by smashing pieces of wood together until they form a "boat shape" and then ramming as many animal horns as possible through the wood. If there is no cavity left in which the orc can insert its head then the orc simply bashes its head repeatedly (and often fatally) into the hat until it stays in place.

Orc Helicopters

Human helicopters are constructed from a wide variety of metals and plastics, using a number of manufacturing processes unavailable to orcs. Do you think an orc knows what a plastic injection mold is when most orcs will mistake a baseball for a rock and attempt to eat it? Of course not, but in their own ingenious way orcs have mimicked the helicopter to create their own version. This is done by taking a particularly large basket and then filling it with as many birds as possible. Because orcs are not good at even basic crafts like basket weaving these baskets usually resemble piles of sticks and fallen timbers with birds impaled or crushed within. The orcs then gather this basket and throw it into a river and in this way they have created a perfect helicopter with much simpler tools. Perhaps mankind could learn something from orcs for once.

Orc Artificial Hearts

While humans still struggle with artificial hearts the primitive orcs and their robust physique have mastered this difficult technology. Orc artificial hearts are created by specialty shamans who place various types of animal bones inside a leather bag. This bag is then set atop the ailing orc's chest and hammered through the skin and ribcage with a rock mallet.

Orc Accomplishments

Orcs do not create great monuments like most other races and rarely are great thinkers or artists celebrated. Orcs appreciate feats of bravery and feats of strength. Such things may seem trivial to you or I with our incredible empathic powers and ability to scry far into the future. However, one must remember orcs are not inclined to the magicks of the forest or the arcane arts of the wizard institute. Their brute force and courage are their only assets, and with these alone they have achieved some fairly amazing things. So, let us celebrate with them some of the most incredible achievements of the proud orc peoples.

- Whiply Sissyfits is known for having smashed through 58 doors and 19 windows in a single hour.
- Crackling Muffinwhite once broke a house in half with his bare hands.
- Victoria Laundering pulled his own arm off and used it to smash apart a very long

boat.

- Hoppy of the Red Bunting felled a great ogre warrior by rolling down a steep hill and then bursting into flames.
- Gurglenog the Tit Fisted bit through a bundle of hemp rope after mistaking it for the entrails of a king.
- Chugly Tanglebottom beat a unicorn to death with a hammock full of rocks.
- Steelshank Quimsham uprooted and ate an entire tree when it blocked his way. Died minutes later when a second tree hove into view and Quimsham attempted the same feat again.
- Horace of the Dawdling Lolly shat out a solid bolus of daggers that had been stabbed through his stomach and into his digestive system. Claimed to survive but actually did not survive.
- Glans O'Popping crushed a carriage full of bards into a diamond gemstone and then punched the diamond until it was reduced to dust for reasons unknown.

These feats may seem simple to your or I with our toaster ovens and solid-fuel rockets, but for the orcs these heroes are nearly gods. Not quite gods though, as you will soon learn in our section on orc religions.

Orc Religions

Orcs worship their great heroes as gods.

Defeating Orcs

The wise adventurer knows that orcs, like kobolds, are not worth reasoning with. In most situations you will be attacked by them before there is even an opportunity to parley. If the orcs do attempt to converse it will probably be in the form of threats or declarations about how they intend to chop you up. Orcs normally travel in groups ranging from five to fifty depending on your level. There will always be exactly the right number of orcs for you to defeat without much difficulty, so keep that in mind when you encounter them. You should be able to dispatch any orc raids on a campground without even disrupting your wizard friend's painstaking memorization of spells.

I realize that we did not provide you with any new material for your exciting gaming sessions, but we just had to produce race books for our new Forgotten Lands campaign setting. They told us not to put anything in here worthwhile. They said just cram it to the brim with dull and pointless background information and the occasional random illustration that we've probably already used in a previous book. I hope this fit the bill, because I am not returning that book advance and you can't return the book for your $29.95. After all, it's a deluxe hard cover edition.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.11 In This Update I Murder My Fiancee and Unborn Child

Tuesday, Jan 11, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

A package arrived on our doorstop while I slept. The UPS driver grudgingly lumbered out of his icy delivery vehicle around 8:30 this morning, slowly hoisting up a box and bitterly dropping it onto the faded black welcome mat outside our door, causing a plume of dog poop-encrusted particles to shoot into the air like a pollinating daffodil. I immediately awoke from my dreams of circus biker gangs and scampered down the stairs, opening the door and pulling in the package like a prized ceramic hog statue. Scrambling to find a tool sharp enough to pierce the scientifically-fortified tape sealing my box of infinite happiness, I began relentlessly stabbing it with my car keys and a rusted Spuds MacKenzie bottle opener which had somehow traveled through time and appeared under the stove last month. After a few minutes punctuated by uncontrollable sweaty determination and the emotion I can best label as, "reckless insanity, unless of course being recklessly insane causes my insurance premiums to skyrocket, in which case I would label it as 'moderate pleasantness'," I had chiseled open the filthy cardboard container and laid eyes upon the most beautiful sight since the season finale of "Blossom": jars and jars full of hot sauce.

I had ordered a random set of hot sauces about a week or two ago, convinced that it would make a "hilarious" article if my fiancee and I consumed and reviewed them. Food product reviews on SA seem to generate an overwhelmingly positive response, especially if there's a good chance I can personally can go blind or suffer a critical heart attack in the process. When I informed my fiancee Megan that we'd be eating "obscenely hot sauce" for today's update, she responded by giving me this glaring, penetrating stare which she had only previously unleashed the time I informed her I'd been using her loofah sponge to fish out dog hair from beneath the couch. She tried to protest and make up lame excuses like, "I hate hot sauce" and "I think eating this stuff will be bad for the baby," to which I responded, "no it won't, only the GOOD hot sauce will hurt your precious little misshapen fetus," and then I let out this triumphant laugh because the room had suddenly become very silent and I think the temperature dropped by a few degrees. I eventually convinced her to join me on a taste test through the passionate back alleyways of Texas and New Mexico, and so began the Salsa Challenge.

THE SALSA CHALLENGE

Starring: *Blair's Death Salsa, Dave's Insanity Salsa, Screaming Sphincter salsa, Salsa Stoopid, and Religious Experience Wrath Salsa*

ALSO STARRING

Megan Austin, a black velvet painting of Notorious BIG, Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka, and the dynamic dog duo of Speedy and Polly

■ **SAUCE #1: "Religious Experience: Wrath Salsa"**

INITIAL IMPRESSIONS: This salsa had, by far, the worst design. I know that "jar design" probably doesn't factor that highly into a salsa review, but let's just say that whoever was in charge of creating the label had very poor taste. As you will soon find out, so does the salsa! Ha ha! That's a joke! Woo boy, we're getting on this roller coaster ride to hilarity pretty early here, I don't know if I can handle the copious amount of wit spewing from my fingers like a volcano of refined humor. The most striking feature of Religious Experience had to be this cryptic sticker adhered to the top of it:

As you readers can plainly see, I'm willing to take the biggest risks just to provide you, the consumer, with free entertainment. This jar of salsa clearly expired OVER 40 YEARS AGO, yet this did not stop me from displaying a heroic mix of brazen courage and journalistic integrity when I opened it up and demanded my fiancee eat a big wad of it. The label contained some retarded story about how the person who invented this sauce had visions of angels and shoes while creating it, but the obnoxious neon pink background prevented me from successfully reading more than six words before realizing my eyeballs had smoldered into oblivion. Our initial impressions of this salsa ranged from "somewhat disappointed" to "fairly disappointed," as we were both expecting some kind of amazing goo to leap from the jar and finish our basement upon opening. Megan's biggest compliment revolved around the fact that it did not smell "like sweaty Mexicans," and I guess that's a pretty noble goal as far as food creation goes. I remarked that it looked like a bunch of tomato sauce poured into an ashtray that has sat inside a college frat house for a few days, although the distinct lack of cigarette butts was definitely a downer. The salsa had a pretty medium consistency, the perfect balance between smooth and chunky, so I guess this is the dip for all those folks who really enjoy staring at salsa.

THE TASTE: Megan declared it "wasn't bad," and continued to explain she "could taste the bell peppers, but cannot taste the zing." She then picked up the pink jar, looked at the jagged lightning bolt adorning the front, and complained, "I don't taste this lightning bolt either." I chowed down on a reasonable lump of it and my forehead began sweating slightly as I felt a slight burn in the back of my throat. When God created me, he shrewdly elected to line every square millimeter of my mouth with taste buds, giving me so many that I can actually taste food before I eat it days in the future. I guess I got some kind of religious experience from consuming this salsa, but since all my religious experiences are limited to "falling asleep while the white old guy wearing the robe drones on and on about bearded guys wandering around in the desert and eating clay," I don't think that's exactly a huge selling point.

SUSPECTED INJURIES CONSUMING THIS CAUSED OUR UNBORN BABY: Sore throat, achy fingers.

FINAL REVIEW:

	MEGAN	RICH
Flavor	5	6
Heat	4	3

- **SAUCE #2: "Dave's Insanity Salsa"**

INITIAL IMPRESSIONS: I'm not sure who "Dave" is, but he surely has a very high opinion of his salsa, as he chose to decorate the jar's label with the phrase "The Hottest Salsa In the Universe" across the top. Oh come on Dave, let's be serious here: can you honestly state this salsa is the hottest in the entire universe? What if NASA engineers discover a hidden salsa reservoir on Mars sometime in the distant future; can I sue for false advertising? Am I to believe that this supposedly omnipotent character named "Dave" has traveled through both space and time, consuming samples of hot sauce like some sort of doughy white Pac Man? I don't know, but to further destroy his limited credibility, Dave decided to draw a little red thermometer on the cover with the word "INSANE +" at the top, presumably attempting to trick innocent consumers into believing this sauce is so spicy that you'd go crazy and murder your own face after eating it. Does Dave really think that we'll fall for his lies and believe he created a thermometer that measures from zero to "INSANE +," and after jamming it into his wondrous condiment, the mercury went off the scale? Come on Dave! That's almost as believable as that goofy cartoon on your jar showing a pepper getting a suntan on the beach. Peppers don't wear sunglasses, Dave... they don't even have a nose or ears to hold them up! The salsa itself was extremely runny and foul looking, like a puddle of vomit discovered beneath a bleacher seat in a baseball stadium.

THE TASTE: This was definitely hotter than the previous Religious Experience salsa, but that's like saying "the color red is more red than the color green." Megan had a noticeable increase of nose sweat after tasting this one, and the first words out of her mouth were, "HOTTER." Actually, I think that was the entire sentence, as she began staring off at some indeterminate object immediately after speaking. I shared the same sentiments regarding Dave's creation, and my eyes began to ejaculate water while the skin on my back began pumping out enough salty fluid to de-ice my windshield. Although neither of us were insane, Dave still did a pretty decent job creating a salsa which transcended a religious experience, at least heat-wise. The taste was pretty miserable, and I can't imagine anybody willingly eating this except to possibly win a bet or because their friend keeps on hounding them to try it due to the fact that their friend is a raging idiot. Also, why would

a pepper even need a suntan? Huh Dave?

SUSPECTED INJURIES CONSUMING THIS CAUSED OUR UNBORN BABY: Slight brain tumors, the inability to differentiate between white and black.

FINAL REVIEW:

	MEGAN	RICH
Flavor	5	3
Heat	6	7

■ SAUCE #3: "Blair's Death Salsa"

INITIAL IMPRESSIONS: I had really high hopes for this one, primarily because I love death and think it's totally awesome. I remember how I'd sit in class back in grade school, drawing rad pictures of the Grim Reaper sweeping down and stealing the souls of all he touched. The tough kids would come up to me and ask, "what are you drawing?" and I'd say, "the Grim Reaper, because he's gnarly to the max," and they'd say, "the Grim Reaper sucks you fag," and I'd say, "that's right, he does suck, and he's gonna SUCK YOUR SOUL RIGHT OUT OF YOU!" and then I'd start making really loud ghost noises while praying the teacher would come back into the room and make them sit down and leave me alone. The teacher never came back at the right time, so I often ended up suffering from a medical condition known as "Punched In the Head Syndrome."

Much like death itself, this salsa is very chunky and crammed full of tomatoes. It's like they never even bothered crushing them, instead holding a contest to see who could cram an entire tomato into a jar without injuring it at all. In fact, I don't even remember any salsa in the jar; it was just a bunch of tomato chunks. "Ooooh, chunky," Megan exclaimed upon opening it. Then she smelled it. "Is this supposed to be salsa?" she asked. After taking a whiff and realizing it had absolutely no smell at all, I wondered the exact same thing. Maybe it's some kind of expensive pizza topping.

THE TASTE: I think I can best summarize its taste by quoting my fiancee. After swallowing a mouthful of Blair's Death Salsa, she simply spoke out, "it's..." and then trailed off, unable to think of any defining adjectives that could possibly describe the severe letdown. There was no death in this salsa. There wasn't even

any life-threatening injuries or communicable diseases which kill .05% of those infected. It was a tomato that somebody blew apart with a firecracker and then shoved into a jar. This crap would taste better in lasagna than a tortilla chip. Unless you want to die of old age, waiting to taste some type of spice from this bland jar of crud, don't plan on getting anything from Blair's Death Salsa, where the word "death" hopefully refers to the immediate future of his company.

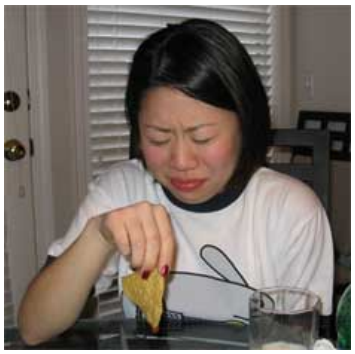
SUSPECTED INJURIES CONSUMING THIS CAUSED OUR UNBORN BABY: A tendency to expect really awesome entertainment when coming into a Jerry Bruckheimer movie about exploding cars which blow up.

FINAL REVIEW:

	MEGAN	RICH
Flavor	3	2
Heat	2	1

■ SAUCE #4: "Salsa Stoopid"

INITIAL IMPRESSIONS: Dumb. HOO BOY, SALSA STOOPID, WHAT A WACKY NAME, IT'S EVEN SPELLED IN AN INTENSELY COMICAL WAY, THIS IS JUST AMUSING AS ALL HELL! An equally hilarious drawing of a cross eyed cartoon man eating an orange triangle adorned the side, advertising a lucrative promise to "taste the IQ points melt away." That's what I'm looking for in a condiment: the ability to make me dumb after consuming it! I've always claimed I was a genius, what with me being a webmaster and using the Internet and all, so I gladly welcomed a sauce which would rid me of my cumbersome intellectual ability to forget what I'm talking about while I'm in the process of talking about it. Our initial impressions were equally unimpressed: it smelled just like the first two salsas, and if Blair's Death Salsa had a smell, we'd imagine it will reek just like that one as well. The cilantro stood out a bit more then the previous ones, so if you like the smell of cilantro, feel free to buy a couple quarts of this crap and spread it all over your body like a topical ointment. The consistency was a good balance between chunky and runny, which was a welcome break from the golf ball-sized tomato chunks seen in the previous review.



THE TASTE: Megan incredulously scooped up a pile of salsa and shoveled it into her mouth. While chewing, she began to give me her review. "Well, it's not really spicy, and-" and then she froze as if time had completely suspended. Tears began to swell up in the corner of her eyes and her hands violently shot out to grab a nearby glass of water. After pouring the entire glass down her throat, she got out of her chair to pour another one. "Oh god, it keeps getting hotter," she remarked while sticking her head under the kitchen faucet and drinking directly from the stream. Needless to say, things weren't looking good for me, and I really wasn't too excited at the idea of experiencing the same painful ordeal she was going through. Being in pain and agony is fine for pregnant women, but it isn't my cup of tea! Despite my fiancee's ominous beacon of pain, I pressed on and swallowed some myself, because by god I'm an Internet journalist and I owe this review to all my readers who don't pay me anything and cheerfully advise me to die when I write an unsatisfactory article. I immediately felt sweat dribbling out of skin pores I didn't know existed

as my tongue began engaging in a anti-capitalist revolution, determined to escape by scampering down my throat and fleeing out my butthole. My review notes for this salsa simply read "oh dear god this is hot," and I think that's really all that needs to be said.

SUSPECTED INJURIES CONSUMING THIS CAUSED OUR UNBORN BABY: I'm fairly confident he's dead now. Thank you very much, Internet!

FINAL REVIEW:

	MEGAN	RICH
Flavor	4	5
Heat	9	10

■ SAUCE #5: "Screaming Sphincter"

INITIAL IMPRESSIONS: Nothing says "classy" like a drawing of a hillbilly taking a shit in an outhouse. Although most people don't know it, that was Microsoft's original product logo for Windows. It wasn't a four-colored window, it was a hillbilly taking a shit in an outhouse. There's some highly stupid text on the side of the jar written in "hillbilly-ese," which I won't even bother copying and pasting because I don't want that kind of crap on my website. If it wasn't obvious enough what braindead state produced such a stupid product, a big red picture of Texas sits right next to the text, just in case there were some people who didn't have enough negative stereotypes of the state. The jar label goes on to list a dictionary description of the word "sphincter," thus giving everybody of every educational background the chance to enjoy the hilarious title of this salsa. Ha ha, it means your butt is shrieking! That is funny because butts do not normally shriek. Also it's funny that I actually paid money for this and therefore contributed to the company thinking the American public really wants to buy stuff adorned with authentic hillbilly-crapping action. The salsa itself resembled a cheap, runny ketchup with burned up particles of the space shuttle submerged it. Megan inhaled the fumes from it and remarked, "all these smells are making me sick," which is one of the finest compliments you can give a chef. I just thought it smelled cheap, like the plain white VAL-U-SAVE crap you can buy for 1/100th the price and expiration date of the name brand salsa.

THE TASTE: Generic salsa. I don't really know how else to describe it, mostly because we both said the exact same thing at the exact same time of tasting it. It's not bad and it's not good... it's generic. Perhaps Texas residents have very sensitive sphincters, because ours sure as heck weren't screaming or making any noises at all. Well Megan's wasn't, at least. I can't remember the last time my sphincter stopped making noise long enough for me to boastfully brag about my butthole's

newfound silence. Come to think of it, why exactly would a spicy salsa make you have to use the restroom at all? I mean, going to the bathroom was the last thing on my mind after eating the Salsa Stoopid, I was more concerned with wiping the tears from my eyes, drinking a gallon of water, and ending my suffering by blowing my brains all over the wall with a high powered shotgun. I can't even think of a reason I'd have to use the bathroom, except to maybe submerge myself in the bathtub and attempt to manually remove my taste buds with a razor blade. Then again, I guess I'm not the target audience of "drooling white trash who eats salsa sitting on the outhouse toilet," which I assume is a native Texas thing. How that state is able to afford so many white SUVs will always be a mystery to me.

SUSPECTED INJURIES CONSUMING THIS CAUSED OUR UNBORN BABY: A significantly decreased attention span due to the rampant boredom contained in this jar, possibly an affinity to outhouses or lanky white trash.

FINAL REVIEW:

	MEGAN	**RICH**
Flavor	5	3
Heat	5	2

Although roughly half of these salsas were pretty severe letdowns, the raw pain and internal bleeding caused by the Salsa Stoopid more than made up for it, giving both of us a real pleasant memory of the Salsa Challenge. Unfortunately, it also gave my fiancee a new grounds for divorce and probably also a potential attempted murder charge, so I'm not too sure who the winner was here. I'd like to thank all you kind ladies and gentlemen for reading this and enjoying your free entertainment at our expense, and I would like to leave you with the final words of my personal hero, a quote which dramatically changed my life because it reflects so perfectly on the essence of mankind and what mysterious intangible force drives us all to strive for perfection:

DAMN NIGGA, WHO BE SHOOTIN ME?

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.12 The Last Days of the Peanut Butter Mines

Wednesday, Jan 12, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

There are tunnels running through my brain, burrowing into the darkest recesses of my soul. My thoughts often come from these dark abysses. I buried so many of my friends alive there that I can't help but hear them cry out. The horrors of the peanut butter mines never leave me, even now as I know the cramped corridors have long since collapsed and sealed themselves shut. They can bury the miles of twisting passageways, the seemingly bottomless pits, and the caverns of peanut butter, but they can't bury the memories that linger in my brain.

My earliest memories are smeared with peanut butter. When my father would come home from a long day in the mineshafts, he was always drenched from head to toe in that foul paste. Dad was filled with guilt, believing himself to be the reason mom died. She vowed to love him forever, but her peanut allergies eventually got the better of her and that promise. She died before I ever got the chance to remember her. There was a time when he worked in the mines to support a family, but when the family fell apart he worked in the mines to punish himself. Eventually the mines took him away, too, and left me all alone. With no light in my world, I followed the ghost of my father into the mines. Little did I know I'd get stuck in the undertow of a sea of peanut butter. I cannot possibly begin to tell you how brutal life is as a peanut butter miner and convey the personal pain I feel each time I think about peanut butter. All I can do is tell my story in the mines.

For a time in my life, the peanut butter mines were all I knew of the world. I'd toil away on near endless shifts in virtual darkness only to escape into darkness. The others and I would waddle into the mines before sunrise, never seeing the first lights of dawn. By the time the shift ended, any trace of sunlight would be hundreds of miles away in some distant land. The moonlight would walk us to our shanty homes, and the dread of a new day would haunt us through the night. Sometimes I'd swear the dread spoke through the crackling fire, taunting me as I clawed at my pillow and begged God to save me. Before sleep I would wash myself until my skin burned trying in vain to get the smell of peanut butter off my skin. That horrible smell plagued us all. A miner could have all the soap in the world, and it still wouldn't be enough to cleanse away that despicable stench. After awhile, I wondered if I just smelled peanut butter out of habit, that maybe my nose didn't know any other scent.

Home for a peanut butter miner was a wooden cage, often shared with other miners. I bunked with three others, huddled close in the cold nighttime air. Our home was a glorified chicken coop forged of blistering wood and half-hearted intentions, a lumberyard cacophony that never hesitated to give splinters, to swell and smell in the rain, to creek and moan in the wind, and freeze throughout the harrowing winter months. It was hardly any better than the mines, but I never worried about dying when I was home, only in the mines. Compared to the hell of the mines, everything else was a small peace of heaven.

The mines were a lonely place, even with friends. As much as we tried to cheer each other up, the horrors of the job always smashed our spirits into a creamy paste. Except for Pete, anyway. His

spirit was thick and chunky, and well suited for the grueling hours spent toiling away in pursuit of peanut butter. His soul shined brighter than the light on his helmet. Naturally, we all gravitated towards him. Even bitter Smitty was pulled toward Pete's light, though he'd never admit it. Old Gus, who had spent his entire life toiling in the mines admired Pete's naïve optimism, and probably saw the reflection of his lost youth in Pete's high hopes and grand ambitions.

Whenever one of us would lose our nerve, it was always Pete and Old Gus that got us thinking straight again. I can recall with vivid detail the grief and hysteria that ran through my body when Clive was swallowed whole by a bursting vein of peanut butter. It was especially gruesome, given his allergy to peanuts. His whole body seemed to come apart from the inside out all while it was simultaneously devoured by an oozing blob of creamy death. His head was the last part of his body to be consumed, and the look he gave me the second before his life was drained tore into me like a meat hook and hung me in a slaughterhouse of guilt. I could not save him, none of us could.

A minute before his death, Clive was telling a joke. "So he says," he started to say. Then, as if he was so overwhelmed with the joke he was about to unveil, exuberantly smiled and tapped his pickaxe on the cavern wall. Immediately after the clang of his pickaxe came a mighty rumbling from beyond the rocky surface. The joy in his eyes seemed to die instantly, and his face became white with terror. A minute later Clive was dead. An entire life lost in a sea of peanut butter. We miners often heard strange stories of alien people eating peanut butter, but it was never that way in our world.

"God darn it! God darn it to Hell!" I screamed as I threw my helmet down and began plucking the hairs from my scalp.

"Calm down, lad!" urged Old Gus, trying with all his might to settle my determined hands.

"Don't be a fool," chimed in Pete. "There's nothing we can do for Clive now! The best we can do is get this under control and pick his body out later."

"What kind of a life is this?" I pleaded with them to answer.

"The only one we know," said Smitty. Adding, "Stop being such a coward and get back to work. Clive got what he deserved for being careless. In this kind of work, a man can never afford to be careless. The peanut butter, it knows when you're careless. It waits for you to let—"

"That's enough!" demanded Pete. "Why don't you go make sure this tunnel is reinforced! Don't get careless yourself, Smitty!"

"Fine, Pete," replied Smitty. "I'll do just that."

"There's got to be a better way!" I shouted, unable to hold back the tears. "We can't go on like this. There has to be another way!"

"Where else are you going to get peanut butter?" said Old Gus in an angry voice. "Where? We have a duty to do. The world needs peanut butter, you darn fool!"

"He's in a better place now," spoke Pete in a soft voice. "There's no peanut butter where he's at now. There's no more peanut butter!"

"Don't be stupid!" I screamed. "It just ate him alive. It will eat us all soon enough! This is no kind of life to live! This is no kind of job to do! The people don't need peanut butter this bad! They can do without it!"

"Don't you understand?" asked Old Gus. "They don't care about us. They don't know we're down here. We're not like them! So we shut up and we work and we keep working and we save up our money, you see! Then when can't work no more, when we're broken, we take that money and we

leave and we make something of ourselves!"

"Old Gus," I said astonished, "you're ninety years old!"

"Well, maybe I don't count. Maybe I'm here because I like it."

"Nevertheless," Pete interjected. "We can't dwell on this forever. Clive was a good man, but he's gone now. Let's get on with work and be thankful we don't have to work in those darn cottage cheese mines in the mountains."

"I guess you're right, Pete. I'm going to work until I bleed as long as I have to, so that I have money of my own. Then, one day, I'm going to take that money and I'm going to leave this place and find a girl to marry! I won't ever tell her of this awful place. I'll have kids, too, lots of kids. They won't ever work in a place this horrible! They won't ever eat peanut butter so help me God!"

Pete smiled at me and patted me on the shoulder, as did Old Gus. Then we went back and joined Smitty in cleaning up the mess. It was like this far too often. Clive was one of many in a long line of friends to fell victim to the brutal working conditions of the mines. There wasn't a week that would go by that didn't take a life with it. Each and every day people were being swallowed whole in the peanut butter. If it didn't burst through the walls and crush them, it poured out of the ceiling or rose up from dark chasms. Sometimes our makeshift bridges would collapse, sending some poor soul falling into a pit of brown oblivion. We were under tons and tons of rock and peanut butter with nothing but pickaxes and a job to do. We were peanut butter miners, and no one else was going to fill those jars with fresh peanut butter. No one but us.

Clive was the comedian of the mines. After Clive's death, the mines fell silent with fear. The dread gnawed away at each of us as we pondered dying so far beneath the Earth that they would have to carry us up miles just so they could then bury us again under six feet of dirt. Still, every miner did their job and that was that. Occasionally, one of us would try to crack a joke, like Clive always did, but it was always an awkward joke with an awkward laugh. We just went about our work, each of us looking to earn our money and leave the mines behind.

It wasn't until a month after Clive's death that I finally smiled a genuine smile. Not surprisingly, it was all Pete's fault.

"Hey," spoke Pete in a near whisper. "Come and take a look at this!" Pete began removing a small box from his chest pocket. It was delicately wrapped in a clean rag.

"What is it, Pete?" I asked.

"Take a look at this ring I got for my sweetheart! I'm gonna ask her to marry me!"

"Shucks, Pete! You're the luckiest guy in the world!" I said, wiping the peanut butter off my face and examining the diamond ring as it shimmered in the light of our headlamps.

"I just hope she says yes. I really don't know her, but she was the prettiest girl I ever did see!"

"I'm sure she will, Pete! You're awfully swell!"

"This ring is worth five years of my life, but it will all be worth it when I'm with her!"

"She'd be a fool not to marry you, Pete!"

"Gee thanks!" Pete said respectfully as he carefully concealed the ring case back in the rag and slipped it into his pocket. He was very gentle with it, and cautious not to smudge any part of the ring or the case in the filthy peanut butter that coated his hands.

The brief sense of joy I had for Pete faded the next day. Pete asked that girl to marry him, and she laughed in his face. He carried that ring around in his pocket every day after that. I'd often see him take it out, look at it, then wipe his eyes. There was a time when he took great effort in keeping it clean, in keeping it pure, because it represented a clean and pure future for him. But after she said no, he didn't care anymore. He examined it between his filthy fingers, looking at it with bitterness and contempt.

"Pete," I said. "Maybe you can sell it and get your money back. You can't stay down here forever!"

"Maybe when I get to be Old Gus' age I'll have enough money to quit. But let's face it, I'm never going to get out of this place."

"You won't live long if you keep staring at that dumb ring," chimed in Smitty. "You're getting careless and soon the peanut butter will come for you. I don't like being around you when you're like this. You're getting careless! You're a jinx, Pete!"

"Shut up, Smitty! Shut the heck up!" I demanded. Smitty was right, though. The light on Pete's helmet seemed to shine dimmer and dimmer in the latter days of the mines.

Old Gus wasn't the same anymore either. He spent most of his time hacking his lungs out. There was always a disgusting wad of brown goop that came out of his mouth. He had spent so much time in these mines that his lungs were full of peanut butter. His lungs weren't the only things ailing him. His mind drifted in and out of reality. It was as if his brain skipped off its track and was running haphazardly to God knows where. It moved, but it was never fully in line with what was happening. He'd spend his more clearer moments telling old stories that never happened to him... or to us.

"Back when you boys was kids," he'd say, "me and your mother used to take you to the ocean. There was a beautiful sight – the ocean! You used to play all day in the ocean!"

"You crazy old man, we ain't your kids!" Smitty would yell as he hurled a peanut at Old Gus. "We ain't never seen no ocean, either," he'd add in an angry, regretful voice, as if wishing he really had seen the ocean.

Old Gus had spent the better part of ninety years mining peanut butter. The whole world had changed but he didn't notice, because the only part of it he ever saw was rocky walls and oozing torrents of peanut butter. It was clear that his mind would never get to see the light of day ever again, even if his body escaped the mines.

The day the mines collapsed was the worst day of my life. We had heard rumors that mineshafts were collapsing all over, and we feared ours would be next. We worked hard to reinforce it, and thought we were safe, but we weren't. We had taken so much peanut butter out that large cavities were caving in, swallowing dozens of miners and tunnels in the process.

Work that day was tense. We were all high strung. Pete's depression was at its apex, and Smitty responded by being more confrontational, desperately trying to bully the old Pete into returning. I did my best to keep my eye on Old Gus, who was insistent that I was his pet dog from when he was

a boy. When he wasn't petting the back of my head, he was telling me that I was a good boy and that I'd get a treat very soon.

We were working hard on a new tunnel, under strict orders to find more peanut butter. The more we dug, the more the mines behind us crashed into oblivion. In our shaft we would catch the echoes of dying screams. The person would be long dead by the time we heard them screaming for help. We ignored the distractions and chiseled away at the rocks before us at alarming speed, all fearful that the chaos would catch up with us. Deep down inside we knew it was futile, that these were the last days of the mines, but we continued because we knew no other way to live.

"We're going to die in here," Pete whimpered. "I hope that Jezebel knows what she did to me!"

"Shut up, Pete! Don't get careless! The mines are angry today!"

"Shut up, Smitty! I'm going to die and the last thing I want to see in Hell is your ugly face!"

I clenched my teeth and tried to hold back the tears, channeling all my energy into my pickaxe. I hammered away and tried to drown an ocean of pain beneath the clanging of rock against metal. Every time I looked away from the rocks before me, I saw Old Gus staring at me with the crazy eyes of a man who misplaced his sanity.

"Such a nice doggy," he'd whisper to himself. "Such a good, good doggy."

When it finally happened, when the inevitable catastrophe struck, it was almost a relief. First the tunnel behind us gave out, trapping us in a cavern, and then Pete tapped into a vein of the purest peanut butter we ever saw. It poured out of the wall and caused part of the floor to collapse. Pete fell in while the rest of us were pushed back by a wave of peanut butter. Smitty panicked and neither Pete nor Old Gus could calm him down. They needed saving themselves.

"This can't be happening!" shouted Smitty! "I'm alert! I'm not being careless! You can't come for me you bastard!"

"Calm down, Smitty!" I pleaded. "We're not drowning! We'll just have to tunnel around! Then I say we get the heck out of here!"

"Hey boy," said Old Gus. "Go fetch Pete! Go get 'em, boy!" He was rubbing my shoulders and pointing me towards the hole in the floor.

"Darnit, Smitty! You and Old Gus have to tunnel out of here. I'm going to find Pete down in that hole! We're getting out of here together!"

"Okay," he said. "Okay, we'll get out of here. Together, we'll get out of here. We're careful today!"

Just as he and Old Gus began chipping away at a new tunnel, I lowered myself down into the hole. I clasped the oily rocks, carefully descending into the haunting dark with nothing but the light on my helmet. It was difficult to see anything as I looked down at the infinite dark below me.

"Pete! Are you there? Pete! Answer me!"

I lowered myself further and further and stopped when my grip allowed me to look around. After I had climbed down what seemed to be a hundred feet I saw a light shining in the darkness. It was the diamond ring rising from out of a sea of peanut butter. Pete's brown hand just barely broke through enough to hold it in the air. I climbed down further until his hand was within reach and tugged on it as best I could. I was able to pull his head above the surface.

"Pete! Pete, can you hear me?

"Get—" he started to say but lost his voice.

"Pete, come on, we have to climb out!"

"Get outta h-h-here!"

"I'm not leaving without you, Pete!"

I tugged his hand harder to show him I meant it, but he resisted. He was still alive, and that was all that mattered. Somehow, somehow I'd help him climb up over a hundred feet. Somehow we'd help Smitty and Old Gus tunnel out of here. Somehow we'd make it to the surface.

"Just go!" he said as he jerked loose of my arm and cast himself back into the peanut butter. "Just go!"

"No, Pete! We're getting out!"

I frantically reached for him, but he was just inches out of my grasp. There was no way to reach him without losing my grip on the rocks, and neither of us would ever survive if I did that. I watched him drift beneath the surface as peanut butter spread itself all over the spot he once occupied. He was gone. I had no choice but to climb up and help Old Gus and Smitty, knowing full well Pete would never again see the light of day. The brightest light to ever inhabit these mines had finally burnt out.

When I made it up top, Smitty and Old Gus had made good progress in chiseling out a small tunnel. It was cramped and hard to maneuver, as they were coated in peanut butter when they squeezed themselves through it. I sucked in my gut and squished myself into the tunnel, slowly following in their trail. I made it to the other side, a small section of our tunnel on the other side of the cave-in. This part of the tunnel was rumbling that same terrifying sound that signaled death for poor Clive. Smitty was there, crushed beneath a boulder. And there was Old Gus, watching over him. In the light of Old Gus' headlamp, Smitty seemed macabre, like he had been dead for years.

"What happened to Smitty?" I asked Old Gus.

"He's taking a nap," Old Gus replied. "Go on boy, run and get out of here. This is no place for dogs to play! Go out and find a nice home and a new master!"

I don't know why I listened to him, but I did. I ran like hell and didn't bother to take him with me. He once said he liked it here, so I guess I figured this was where he should die. I ran like hell and the whole world seemed to cave in behind me. I ran and I ran and I ran and then I saw something I hadn't seen in ages. At the end of the last stretch of tunnel was the most amazing light I'd ever seen. It was the sun. It was daylight. My life in the dark of the mines was finally over.

A long time has passed since then. Life above ground is very different. I don't like it very much. It's too colorful and confusing. There's so much to see and do that it overwhelms me. The mines may have been a cage, but at least I understood them. I wish there were more mines. I wish I were still a mile beneath the ground with Pete and Old Gus and Smitty and Clive.

Sometimes I find myself in a grocery store in need of some item sharing space in the aisle with peanut butter. I won't walk down that aisle. I won't look at those jars of peanut butter. I know what's inside them. There's a little piece of my soul in each of those jars. There's a little piece of my friends in every jar.

Year's later I'd read a newspaper about a woman who made a fortune suing the Great Peanut Trust after she found a diamond ring in her peanut brittle. They showed a photograph of that ring. It was Pete's ring. She made the million-dollar fortune that none of us ever imagined. We worked for dirt and died in those mines, and everybody but us benefited. That's the life of a peanut butter miner I guess.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.13 2005 International Astronauts Convention

Thursday, Jan 13, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

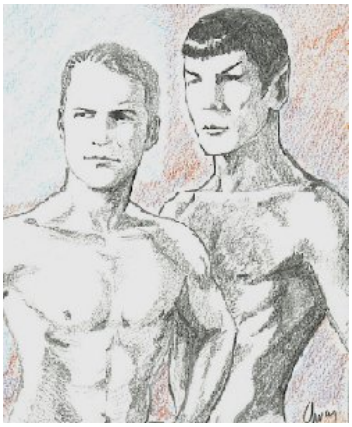
Since roughy 2/3 of every update on this site is about space, I had the pleasure of being sent from the Something Awful home office in Wichita, Kansas, to beautiful Houston, Texas, to cover the 2005 International Astronauts Convention. I must say that it was quite a hoot, and I learned a lot about space and teamwork, as well as a little something about myself. The convention was started in 1968 to celebrate space travel, and to give thanks to the brave men who risked their lives in the name of science and exploration. The event is a chance for the space community to get together and share new ideas and thoughts, as well as to just kick up their heels and have a good ole time in the heart of Texas. When I arrived at the convention at the Houston Holiday Inn Center, I was starry eyed and my panties were sopping wet in anticipation. Ever since I was a small child I wanted to be an astronaut, or a cowboy, or a choo-choo train. This was a dream come true, and I couldn't wait to get in there and make some new space friends that hopefully didn't have space herpes.

9:00
Breakfast Meet and Greet
The registration and meet and greet started promptly at 9:00. Large sunburned men in Hawaiian shirts and beige shorts filled the conference area with their oafish wives. I was getting a lot of attention as usual because I was dressed up in my own homemade space suit. I go to a lot of Sci-Fi conventions and have won awards for my clever costumes. I knew that I was probably a shoo-in for the winner this year since I was the only one that bothered to dress up. You snooze, you lose. After paying the $40 registration fee, I was given a package of reading material and a button that says "I'll brake for Mars!" I put the button on my denim baseball cap that I was wearing backwards on my space suit helmet. After getting our goodies, we were greeted at breakfast by none other than Darryl Strawberry, the baseball legend and drug addict. He shook hands, asked for some change, and then out of nowhere he screamed and jumped out of the 10th story window because he thought he saw an elf outside. The breakfast buffet was very hearty and delicious. Texans really do know how to make you feel right at home.

10:00
Guest Speaker
There was a bit of confusion on who was going to be the guest speaker at the start of the event. Originally John Glenn was scheduled to be the speaker, but he was taking a nap, so they got that chimp that was in the Apollo 11 mission. Unfortunately, Darryl Strawberry seized the chimp right before he jumped out the window. On short notice they managed to get ahold of a Russian Cosmonaut, Yuri Korsakov, and teleported him to Houston to give the speech. Despite my misgivings, Yuri was very well spoken and seemed to know what he was talking about, but it was all in Russian and there was no translator present. Everybody nodded politely, and clapped at the appropriate pauses, but for all we knew he could be cursing our capitalist nation for bankrupting his country and taking all their beautiful woman away in the form of mail order brides. After his speech, I approached Yuri and admitted that I had ordered Russian mail order brides before but they all got away because I accidentally left the backyard fence open. I don't think he understood me and tried to escape. I chased him into the lobby, but he did a really cool spin kick that knocked me to the carpet, and then turned on his jet pack and crashed through the hotel ceiling. One day I will catch

Yuri Korsakov.

11:00
Fan Fiction/Art booths



Like all conventions, one of the great things that people can share is an artistic rendering showing off their enthusiasm for a given subject. Another large room held various booths filled with all sorts of artwork, writing, and wax sculptures, all dedicated to the space program. Most of them were extremely well done works of art, made by talented and dedicated fans. I wandered over to the 18+ sections to check out the astronaut slash fiction and artwork. One ink drawing showed Buzz Aldrin giving Alan Sheppard a blowjob while he piloted the moon buggy along the lunar surface, with Earth visible in the background. Then I saw some really graphic images that I cannot relate here for legal purposes, but they were well worth their price and I filled the back of my Escort with this erotic space art to be viewed later in the privacy of my basement.

12:00
Lunch with Fun and Games

All of the activity sure works up a mean appetite. Lunch was served promptly at noon and consisted of food tubes full of nutritional paste that the real astronauts eat! At first I thought they were handing out complementary tubes of toothpaste and ended up going to the bathroom and brushing my teeth with pork chops. Boy was my face red. After lunch we were led out to the grassy courtyard where there were free pony rides! I got to ride a pony and it was lots of fun. But then something happened that was really gross. An astronaut was riding a pony in front of me and the pony went to the bathroom and poo-poo fell out of its butt, and then my pony stepped on the poo. It really smelled and I knew then that eating that second tube of pork chop was a bad idea. Sure enough, I leaned over the side of the pony and threw up, right on top of the poo pile. Then everybody started throwing up, even the ponies. It was gross, poo is gross.

1:00
Fantasy Space Camp

For those who pitched in an extra 30 bucks at registration, like me, you got to attend the special fantasy space camp set up in a pavilion in the back of the hotel. It was a simulation on what it's like being a superstar astronaut and the rigors of training it takes to do their job in space. The first thing the instructors did was slap the plastic helmet I was wearing off my head and call me a disgrace to the human race. I think this was just a bit of hazing on their part so I played along. Then they made us strip, hosed us down with cold water, and sprayed us with a delousing powder. Then they made us wear black and white striped pajamas and locked us behind a fenced in area with hurricane barbed wire running across the top. A few of us tried to ask questions but were struck down by the blunt force of the guard's rifle. It was only about an hour later when I realized that I wandered to the wrong side of the hotel's pavilion and was participating in the fantasy concentration camp, just one of the events from the 2005 Concentration Camp Convention that was taking place the same day. Eventually, I hatched a plan with a couple of my fellow brave prisoners to escape the clutches of our evil captors, but I was caught on the barbed wire and then they shot me. It was only with a paint gun but it really hurt and now I have a huge welt on my cheek. It turned out to be a lot of fun and I plan to go next year.

4:00
Challenger/Columbia Memorial

The festive atmosphere of the event was toned down to a somber silence when everybody filed into the conference center to pay tribute to the brave souls who lost their lives on space missions that went horribly wrong. A video montage showed all of the crew members waving for the last time before walking into the shuttle and then the explosion in the sky afterwards. Nobody was left unmoved, and open weeping could be heard throughout the room. I was playing Super Mario Cart on my new Game Boy Advance (it's metallic green), but I turned the volume all the way down in respect for the dead. My favorite kart is Donkey Kong. Sure he's slow, but I like to bully around the other karts, especially Toad. I think maybe it was because I was beat up in school a lot and now I am trying to overcompensate for my shame by being a jerk in my video game fantasy world. While I thought about this, I started to cry, and then the shuttles blew up again on the large screen. If they'd only let pure, white Aryan men into space, this never would've happened.

5:00
Eating Contest

Getting right back on track after the memorial service, there was an eating contest with a couple famous astronauts leading the way. I've never been known to shy away from a few dozen eggs or a bucket of wieners, so I signed up. A few of the heavier contestants scoffed at my appearance; that of a very slim fancy lad who had never gorged in his life. This was my wild card, for they underestimated me just like Jung Fow Ping, the 125 pound Chinese man who took the world record for pickled pigs' feet in 1998. I decided my best bet was the boiled eggs, and when the starter pistol sounded, I started sucking them down like a madman. The audience was in wide-eyed disbelief after the timer sounded and I had eaten over 43 eggs. Everybody cheered and I was awarded an oversized check for $100 and a trophy that said "Space Piggy". I was dizzy with elation and eggs, so I went back to my hotel room to rest until the dance that night.

8:00
The Astronauts Ball

I still felt a little ill from all the eggs, but I tried to ignore it the best I could and put on my tuxedo and grabbed my cane and top hat. There was no way in heck I was going to miss this gala event because of a little tummy ache. But then when I was making my way down the stairs I tripped over my own feet and fell down the stairs and broke both of my legs. I was rushed to the Houston St. Mercy hospital and was in an extreme amount of pain. They gave me morphine but I had a bad reaction to it and bit a nurse's ear off and then the ER doctor punched me out. It was a terrible way to end what turned out to be a great day, but there will always be 2006. In an ironic twist, I shared a room with Darryl Strawberry and Oliver the space chimp, who had both suffered serious injuries from their 10-story fall. Darryl turned out to have a chronic snoring problem, and the chimp smothered him with a pillow. It was for the best.

I want to thank the Something Awful travel department for flying me out to Houston to cover the event and covering all costs, although hopefully next time I'll get to sit in coach instead of "freezing luggage bin". I hope you had as much fun reading about the convention as I did partaking in it.

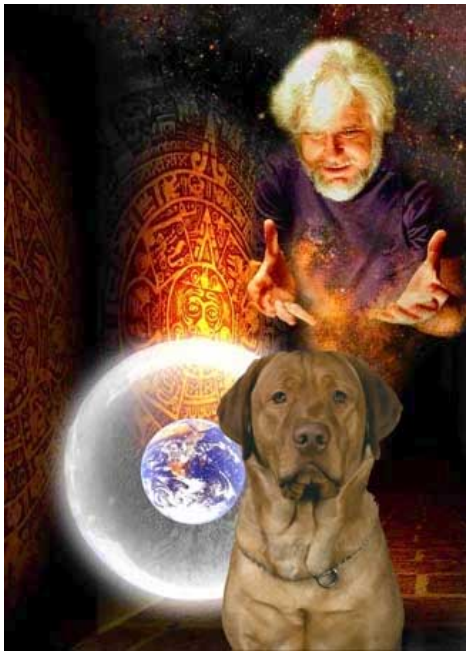
(I want to give a special thanks to fellow writer "Livestock" who gave me this idea after I begged him to give me an idea because I'm just a hack. After reading my update, he told me "no thanks" but I am giving him credit anyways cause I'm a huge jerk).

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

1.14 Gott Mit Ruff

Friday, Jan 14, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

There was nothing.



Through the power of his divine majesty God took the void and from it created the earth.

Woman was weak and her sin brought ruin to Eden. Mankind was cast out of paradise to live in a world without order or goodness. God might have seen that one coming, but sometimes even God just wants to see what happens next.

God turned out to be a pretty serious asshole. He assailed man with all manner of floods, plagues, and famine, allowing only his faithful to persevere. Mankind survived these tests, but their struggle to remain righteous continued.

Conflict raged across the world. Empires marshaled for battle, many carrying the Cross as a standard. Others fought in the name of false Gods and proved just as successful. Heretics were burned, wars lost and won, and the Holy Land became the most valuable of prizes.

Meanwhile, the Chinese invented rockets for both fun and violence. Try that with a sword.

Eventually America was a country, surprising the indigenous Americans so much that they all died from diseases and gambling.

America had to fight Britain to be free. The first American to die in this war was a black man named Crispus Attucks. Talk about irony. Then George Washington beat Britain with the help of France. Britain gave America its freedom but then they fought Britain again not much later and it was a tie. Then they fought Mexico. Then they started fighting each other.

A lot of people died in this so-called "Civil War", but also photography became popular and that's fun. Photographs were blurry and took half an hour to take so you had to hold really still. That's

why every photograph taken during the Civil War is of dead bodies.

The good guys won the Civil War, although some bad guys still question this outcome. Industry became popular and factories were cropping up everywhere. Then another war happened. Everyone thought it was the biggest war ever, but in retrospect the biggest war ever happened not too long after this other war. The biggest war ever was caused by a guy named Hitler and also Japan. Hitler and Japan won a lot of battles and then they lost a lot and then the war was over.

America beat Japan using fireworks. Thanks, China.

It turned out Hitler did bad things to Jews and made Germany a laughingstock for decades to come, although some bad guys still question this outcome.

America was on top of the world. Then the Internet came and pornography was invented. This caused other countries without the Internet or pornography to hate America for its freedom.

These other countries did bad things with airplanes that made eagles cry everywhere. This baffled scientists because eagles do not have tear ducts. The chief culprit was Osama Bin Laden and his partner in crime was Saddam Hussein. America invaded some countries and is still fighting people.

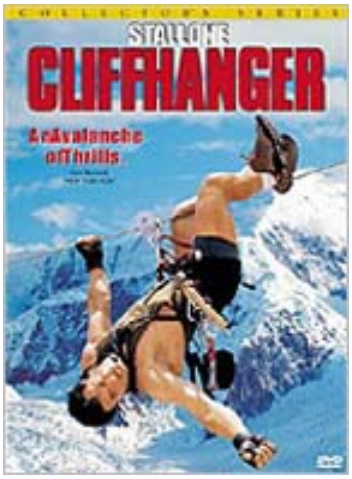
What will the future hold for man? Will they soar higher than the tearful eagle? Too high, like Icarus? Will they touch the stars and spread their spore deep into the unthinkable cold of space? Or will they wither, like a raisin in the sun? That is not for me to say. I do not judge or prognosticate. I watch. I wait. I endure.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.15 Mountain Of Doom

Saturday, Jan 15, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Day 1 - Base Camp



The adventure in today's update is pretty much just like the movie Cliffhanger, only with more excitement and Stallone.

What am I doing? I ask myself this same question before every climb but it somehow seems more pressing than ever today. Danger is in the air, and it's making my hair frizzy and unmanageable. Ahead lies a seemingly impossible task: reaching the peak of the largest hill in Florida. With the aid of high-powered binoculars I can see my destination, a daunting 85 feet up a frighteningly gentle slope from my current position. Part of me screams that this is madness, that I should cut and run before it's too late. Of course, I won't. The thrill of adventure and discovery is like a secondary heartbeat to me. I could not live without it, could never endure a safe and boring life such as yours.

I have also invested too much to turn back now. The past three years of training by repeatedly visiting the local baseball field and giving myself five hours to climb the pitcher mound. The expensive hiking equipment I mortgaged my house to purchase. The vasectomy. But perhaps more important than any of this is the fact that no one has ever managed to reach the peak before. I will tread on virgin soil, and in doing so lay claim to the mountain. As experienced a climber as I am, I have never had a mountain named after me. Like everyone else I've used a Sharpie to impose my own name over every named feature in my atlas, but that doesn't count. Trust me, I know: I went to court over the matter and lost.

I am not alone in my journey today. With me as always is my sherpa and longtime friend Meep. He is every bit as silent as he is intelligent, and has saved my life on many an occasion. Carrying our gear and provisions are sixteen thin yet muscular Indonesian men with broad smiles, all inexplicably named Randy. As you might imagine, having sixteen men with the same name can present a problem from time to time, like when we go to a restaurant that only has seating available for fifteen of them. Aside from tragic moments such as that though, things work out smoothly. Some people question what would happen if life was in the balance and there were only seconds to act. Wouldn't communicating to one specific Indonesian Randy out of sixteen be near impossible? No, of course not. I speak Indonesian quite fluently.

Meep has just given me the thumbs up, a traditional Tibetan gesture indicating that his thumb is in working order. This is the last step in his routine preparation checklist, so it is time to begin our adventure.

Day 2 - Altitude: 10ft

The altitude has already begun to wreak havoc on us. As we go higher the atmosphere continues to thin, depriving us of oxygen. It is hard going, and the unpredictable harsh breeze threatens to knock us off course or down the hill to our certain deaths. Several Randys began to weep openly today in the face of these hardships. I berated them and urged them forward, but inside I wanted nothing more than to stop our progress and join them. I must stay strong.

Day 6 - Altitude 25ft

We suffered a blow today from which I doubt we will be able to recover. This afternoon Meep tapped

me on the shoulder and pointed backward. I dug my pick in the ground for purchase and turned in the direction he was pointing. A sense of vertigo settled in, but when it cleared I was able to focus on a chilling sight. We had left the tin of hot chocolate behind in our base camp. My knees buckled and my hold on the pick gave way but Meep gripped my shoulder, saving my life for the umpteenth time.

A decision had to be made. Turn around and set back our progress by a fortnight or attempt to press on and somehow complete our quest without the hot chocolate. We attempted to vote on the issue, but the Randys unanimously raised their hands to vote yes for each option. We'll try again in the morning.

Day 15 - Tragedy, Betrayal

I haven't had the opportunity to pen my thoughts as the situation has taken a turn for the worse. We decided to go on without the hot chocolate, mad as it may seem. Morale was low yet we managed to trudge on at a steady pace. By the third day it began to feel as though the hot chocolate incident was an anomaly far behind us, but it turned out to be a chocolatey harbinger of things to come. Around an hour before sunset, a wild beast sprung into our path. This "deer" (as Meep later described it) caught us completely off-guard. It stared us down with large, soulless eyes, and Meep wordlessly cut the lifeline supporting the Randys. As they fell screaming to their deaths, I stared at Meep in horror and revulsion. He hadn't hesitated to act, and there wasn't even the slightest sign of sorrow in his features. Time seemed to stop completely. The deer turned and hopped along its way, satisfied with the bloodshed.

Did Meep simply panic in a misguided attempt to save our lives, or was the incident part of a bigger plan? Does he mean to kill me next, to reach the summit alone and take all the credit? I no longer trust my companion, but the simple act of survival keeps me from speaking up or taking a course of action. When the Randys were lost to the abyss, our supplies went with them. Meep and I have been forced to eat his ceremonial hat, a forty pound accessory composed entirely of cans of tuna. I'm not sure how much longer we can survive like this. We don't have bread to make sandwiches, and the tuna isn't my favorite brand.

Day 20 - Chaos, The End In Sight

I caught Meep reading my diary. He's dead now. We had set up camp for the night and planned to finally reach the mountain's peak by noon of the next day. Sleep did not come easy, and I awoke in the middle of the night to find Meep sitting by the campfire with my diary in hand, uncovering my true feelings of mistrust and undoubtedly planning to kill me. Suddenly his eyes darted up from the book and met mine. We sprung to our feet and started toward one another, and just then a gentle breeze kicked up, sending Meep tumbling end over end. Instinctively, I reached out and grasped the hand of the man who had saved my life so many times. Our muscles strained, and several feet behind and below Meep the broken bodies of the Randys loomed ominously. My strength was giving way. Would I allow this man to fall to his death in order to save my own life, or pull him up? I'd like to say I decided and acted with certainty, but before I could the typically silent Meep whispered "finish the climb" and simply let go.

In spite of all that had transpired, I wept as I watched him fall. Tomorrow I finish this.

Day 21 - Resolution

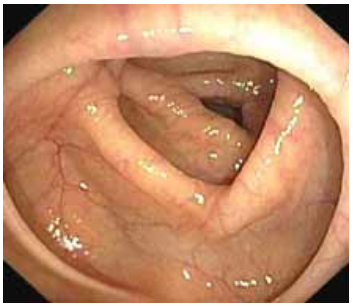
I am at the top, a hollow victory. There is no joy. No celebration. I've decided to die here. With no provisions, there is no way I could possibly survive the climb back down even if I wanted to. It gets much colder at night than I had anticipated at this altitude. The temperature during the day is a comfortable seventy degrees, but overnight it violently drops down into the sixties. My extremeties have been stricken by frostbite, and before the night is through my blood will freeze over. If anyone

should come across this diary in my frozen hands, please carry out this one final request: see to it that this hill is named Mount Meep.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.16 Colon Cancer Sunday!

Sunday, Jan 16, 2005 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez



Today we are going on a fantastic adventure through the colon!

Hello friends! Do you know what today is? Why, it's my favorite day of the year, Colon Cancer Sunday! Today we are going to deal with a very serious disease in a tactless and quite possibly offensive manner. There is plenty to see in this update as we explore the disease and try to shatter the taboos surrounding it. In an age where many people would rather stick their head into the sand than admit they have some kind of problem with their body, it's no surprise that colorectal (hehe "rectal") cancer is such a touchy subject. Many people, and I'm sure this happens more often than you think, try to ignore symptoms of illness when they begin to see them. How many people see blood in their stool or a lump on their skin and ignore it, hoping that it will just go away on it's own? More than there should be. Colon cancer is the ultimate taboo disease because it occurs in the most forbidden of body parts, the ass. It is recommended that men over the age of 50 receive a yearly colonoscopy. Only 44% of men ever follow through on this. It doesn't make any sense to me. The colon cancer taboo is still very much alive and well. However, one woman has gone to extreme lengths to get the word out. Her name is Molly McMaster and she runs the Colossal Colon. McMaster, who was diagnosed with colon cancer when she was 23, built a huge colon and hauls it all over the country to raise awareness of colon cancer. From the web site:

> *My goal as a young colon cancer survivor and advocate has always been to raise awareness of the disease in younger people. The route I've always taken has been the craziest, most attention grabbing one I find. The sillier, the better. Colorectal cancer is a very serious disease, but no one wants to talk about it. Enter the Colossal Colon.*
>
> WITH THE COLOSSAL COLON, YOU CAN'T NOT TALK ABOUT IT!

Whether she's an ingenious advocate or a crazy bitch is up to the courts to decide, but let me tell you one thing, I love the Colossal Colon. I first heard of the colon on Visiting... with Huell Howser that is aired daily in California on PBS. The Huell Howser Show is quite possibly the greatest thing that has ever been shown on television. The Tennessee native travels all over California and is absolutely amazed by everything he sees. No one can get excited about the most boring and banal of road stops like this guy. I've never seen anyone look at an ordinary rock and say, "This is amazing!" Huell is like a kid and California is his candy store. In a recent episode Howser met up with McMaster at the Colossal Colon and toured the facility.

As you crawl through the colon you can see the various stages of cancer. Here Huell and McMaster are enjoying a nice view of some polyps. I can't wait to see the Colossal Colon in person. I want to get a season pass and enjoy the colon all year long. They are going to put in a new attraction later this year where you ride in a life-size turd and learn all about the digestive tract. For those of you who get off on hot chicks with colon cancer, there is a "colondar" you can buy featuring just that! Oh man I'm going to have a good time tonight if you know what I mean. And if you don't know what I mean, I meant that I will be masturbating to pictures of colon cancer.

Now this is the point in the article where I would have revealed the overall theme of the update. The problem is, no one cared! My original idea was to round up all of the prominent authors of web comics I could think of and bring them together to raise awareness of colon cancer. Now I understand there has been some animosity in the past between Something Awful and just about

everybody who uses a computer, but the idea was that no matter what the differences are between web sites, colon cancer is an important enough issue to put those differences aside. For example, here is the email I sent to User Friendly.

> Dear User Friendly,
>
> My name is Spokker Jones and I write for the web site Something Awful. You may not have heard of it, but I am planning on writing an update to be posted on Sunday about colon cancer. I am writing prolific webmasters to ask them if they would like to band together and raise awareness and somehow demystify the taboo surrounding the subject. The theme is, no matter what the differences between different web sites are, colon cancer is no joke!
>
> If you feel that this is a worthy cause I am asking for a User Friendly drawing that features one or more characters in a colon related situation. For example, one guy could say, "I heard that Windows XP does not prevent colon cancer." and the other character replies, "NOT EVEN LINUX CAN PREVENT COLON CANCER."
>
> Unfortunately I cannot offer compensation other than a link back to your website and a hearty thumbs up, but if you feel that this is a worthy cause let me know.
>
> - Spokker

I sent similar emails to Megatokyo, Penny Arcade, and PVP, among others, and only one web site replied, User Friendly. So the next time you think about your favorite web site remember one thing, only Something Awful and User Friendly have the goddamn balls to tackle an issue this huge. Here's what User Friendly sent back.

Here's Huell holding up a colonoscope. I have one at home and use it nightly.

I don't know what S.C.O. is but I'm sure it has something to do with Linux. Nonetheless I am touched by this contribution from the world's leading authority on nerd humor that I could never ever understand in my lifetime unless I became unemployed and started hanging out in IRC all day. The rest of them? Cowards! None of them could hold a candle to Something Awful. We are number 1 and we will stay number 1. I pray to my Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ, that Gabe, Piro, and whoever writes PVP get colon cancer and have to shit in a bag out the side of their abdomen for the rest

of their lives. Oh Lord oh Lord please make this be. Oh Lordie Lordie, please hear my prayer! Anyway, let's get this dog and pony show on the road.

Colon cancer isn't like herpes, breast cancer, or AIDS. It's a serious disease that deserves our utmost attention. Before we start talking about colon cancer we need to understand what cancer is as a whole. Cancer is like those science fiction novels where a super smart robot is created but he figures out how to change his own program and then runs amok in the city and kills everyone and robs banks. Your body's cells are a lot like those robots. They all have a job to do. But sometimes they go insane and start replicating like mad and form insane cell alliances called tumors. These tumors take over your other organs like your stomach and your butt. Once the tumor has spread to other organs, you are most likely dead and must go to the afterlife mandated by your current religion. If you are an atheist you just rot in the ground. If you are Catholic there will be 40 alter boys waiting for you in heaven.

The most common type of person to develop colon cancer are men over the age of 50. Despite the fact they don't poop or fart, women can also develop colon cancer and are just as much at risk as men. Family history is also a factor. If your family includes a history of colon cancer it is a good idea to get tested every year. Check your parents current stool and compare it to previous samples. Has the consistency of the stool changed? Is there blood? Are your parents going to the bathroom more often than usual? If any of these things occur schedule an appointment with your doctor. If your family does have a history of colon cancer consider killing your family before they give it to you. Diet also plays a role in the formation of colon cancer. Those whose diets are rich in fruit and vegetables and low in red meat are less likely to develop the disease, as well as a whole host of other diseases. Exercise and physical activity further decrease the risk. Smokers and community college students, since every damn one of them smokes, are more likely to die of colon cancer. The moral of the story is, GET UP OFF YOUR ASS AND GO OUTSIDE AND STOP EATING HAMBURGERS YOU FAT SACK OF CRAP. The days of stuffing 20x20s in your mouth at In-N-Out are over. Put it behind you. That shit is embarrassing anyway. What kind of person eats a 20x20? Those people are not laughing with you, they are laughing *at* you.

But how do you know when you have colon cancer? The most common symptom is no symptom at all. Cancer doesn't call you up and let you know it's coming to live with you. It just sort of shows up and makes itself unnoticable until it's too late. Colon cancer, or any cancer for that matter, is like a ticking time bomb in your ass. Many people don't know they have it until they see blood in their shit, and by that time the cancer has probably already developed into a more malignant

form. This poses a very dangerous predicament for young people. Only 7% of people in the United States will get colon cancer, with most of those being tired old men who haven't exercised since grade school and ate nothing but delicious 6 Dollar Burgers with that huge beef patty full of juicy meat goodness all their lives oh God I want one right now! At 50, you just sort of assume you have something and go to the doctor automatically, but the risk is so low for those under 50, especially people in their 20s, that colonosopys are not even covered by most health insurance plans. Being diagnosed with colon cancer at a young age is like winning some kind of reverse lottery, of DEATH! Despite this grim scenario there are some symptoms to look out for. They are:

- Blood in your stool.
- Change in bowel habits and stool consistency.
- Unexplained weight loss.
- Anemia
- Ass suddenly bursts into flames.
- Your poops have eyes, hair, and teeth, and occasionally begin conversations with you.
- Your lover asks you why there is blood on his penis.
- Whining about the fact that you have colon cancer.
- Bowel obstruction.
- Your poops glow in the dark.

While colon cancer is a serious disease, if caught early enough, it is very curable. If you have any of symptoms described above it is in your best interest to see a doctor, ideally someone who specializes in human beings. While going to a veterinarian may yield huge discounts and incredible savings, I can tell you from experience that going to a people doctor is more likely to result in a cure. One time I went to the vet for a broken arm, and they made me wear one of those big white cone shaped collars for a week.

Here is an example of a happy colon. If your colon does not look like this see a doctor immediately! Special thanks to Shmorky for the illustration.

In a feeble attempt to explore the disease on a more personal level I decided to interview someone who has gone through both diagnosis and treatment for the disease. Something Awful Forum Member "criscodisco" stepped up to the plate and let me ask him questions about his butt.

Spokker: The thing most men and women are afraid of when it comes to colon cancer is the colonoscopy. For most straight men, any foreign object attempting entry into their anus is most likely denied. I can tell you right now that if I were going in for a

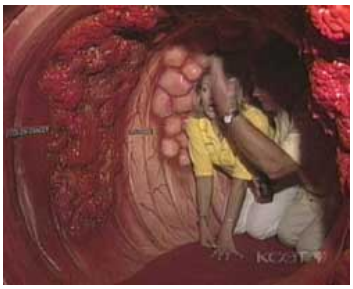
colonoscopy I would instinctively clench my ass so tight that not even God himself would be able to get up there. When you go to have the camera stuck up your ass, how do you get into that mindset to let it into your anus?

criscodisco: Well, the prep behind the colonoscopy is much worse. When I went in for the colonoscopy, they gave me a drug called Versaid, that kept me awake, but I had no memory of the event itself. Of course, before and after the colonoscopy, I had all manner of devices stuck up my ass, most resembling a dildo with headlights. It's kind of like pooping backwards. Not really painful, but very odd feeling, and it gives you a sense of panic. I can't say that I got into any certain mindset, but with each probing, my body would fight it for a minute, but the doctors would only push harder, and eventually my ass and I gave up the good fight.

Spokker: Were you lubed up before the procedure?

criscodisco: Liberally. That's the one thing I distinctly remember before the drugs did their thing. The doctor had me lay on my side, with my knees drawn up, and he took a helping handful of the coldest gel ever, and rubbed it up and down my crack, and worked it into me. That was just a really embarrassing feeling, having some stranger behind you lathering your ass with gel.

Spokker: What caused you to go to the doctor in the first place? Symptoms? Family history of colon cancer?



This is what criscodisco's colon looked like when he was diagnosed. Here you can see Huell Howser and Molly McMaster fighting the cancer in criscodisco's ass.

criscodisco: One night at work, I got the unmistakable feeling of diarrhea. I bolted to the toilet, and it felt like that horrible pure-liquid diarrhea, where it sounds like you're peeing, but when I stood up after flushing, I looked down to see red water swirling down. Over the course of that night, I had three more episodes like this, where I was evacuating a bowel completely full of blood. I tried my best to ignore the situation, but after three days of pooping nothing but blood every 4-5 hours, I finally called my doctor. The receptionist told me to head to the ER immediately, so I did. It turned out that I had 9 tumors in the lining of my colon, and they were causing the lining to split, causing the hemorrhaging.

Spokker: How did you feel when the doctor told you you had colon cancer? Did you immediately think, "Goddamn, I'm dead and I'm going to have to live in a graveyard." or did you have faith in the medical institution to cure you?

criscodisco: Well, I didn't really understand what was going on. When the doctor who performed the colonoscopy told me that they saw several large tumors, I was still coming out of anaesthesia, and I really couldn't understand what he was telling me. He just told me that he had contacted an oncologist at OSU, and that I had an appointment for the next day with him. It was later that night, after I was dropped off at home, that it

really sunk in. I was pretty sure I was dead at that point. All of the research I did on the Internet made me pretty sure that no matter what the course of treatment, it would be pure hell. Also, I watched my grandfather waste away from brain cancer, and that was all I could think about. I contemplated very strongly doing nothing, because I've always been the kind to take the easy road.

Spokker: How did they treat your condition?

criscodisco: First, they went in to remove about 1/3 of my colon, as well as several small circular regions in the remaining 2/3rds. The surgery was worse than you could possibly imagine. I had to take 8 weeks off of work just to recover from that. 2 weeks after my surgery, they started me on an oral chemotherapy regiment that lasted for 3 months, two weeks on and two weeks off.

Spokker: You had 1/3 of your colon removed. What is that, intestines, anus, sphincter? What exactly was removed? What did they put in it's place?

criscodisco: They removed a small portion of the rectum, and a large portion of the large intestine. The portion they removed was in a strip, not all the way around, so they were able to reconnect it without losing it's functional ability. I just have much less time in between craps, and much much less warning when it's going to happen. I actually pooped my pants once because of it. Imagine taking a garden hose, and cutting a strip lengthwise, about 1/2 inch by 6 inches, then sewing the hose back together. It would still work, but water wouldn't get through nearly as well.

Spokker: Does the poop ever fall out of the incision in your colon and rush to your brain?

criscodisco: Not yet. Unless that's where my dirty thoughts are coming from. I have been blaming SA for them all along, but I think I have a better excuse.

Spokker: You mentioned you had been given oral chemotherapy. Your poops aren't radioactive now are they?

criscodisco: No, but when I went through barium injections to check for any problems in healing, my poop was white as the driven snow. That was damn cool.

Spokker: How about your farts? Are they any different?

criscodisco: Actually, yes. One of the incisions they made was very similar to an episiotomy, except on my asshole, and since it is now different due to scarring, my farts are actually louder. I used to always be able to make mine "silent but deadlys" when I was at work, but now they sing like banshees. Also, I tend to not realize they are coming until the last minute. Luckily everyone I work with knows what I had done, so I don't have to feel bad at all about leaning against someone's desk and talking to them, and letting one rip two feet from their heads.

Spokker: Is there any daily maintenence that you have to perform because of this disease? How often do you have to go back to the doctor?

criscodisco: My daily maintenance is no different, other than having to use the bathroom more often. I went from one good dump a day to 2 or 3, sometimes 4. I've learned to love Cottonelle aloe wipes. After everything was said and done, I had to go in for several full body scans to make sure that cancerous cells hadn't broken off and lodged anywhere else in my body. Now I have to have a colonoscopy every 3 months, for the next few years at least. Eventually, I will only have to have them once a year, but never less than that.

Spokker: How much does all this shit cost? Who is footing the bill?

criscodisco: I had pretty good insurance. All of the bills including the initial ER visit, the surgery and the subsequent chemo totaled about $185,000, but when my insurance was done it cost me about $2500 out of pocket. OSU let me tell them how much I could afford a month, and it took about 9 months to pay it off. Now I just have to pay a $10 co pay every time I have a colonoscopy.

Today criscodisco and his happy colon are doing just fine.

Spokker: As someone who has had colon cancer, can you still enjoy colon cancer humor? Can non-colon cancer folks tell colon cancer jokes around you?

criscodisco: Sure. I'm not easily offended anyway, if I were you would never know who I was. But cancer jokes and general humor about colons still crack me up. As far as I'm concerned, I'm done with this whole mess, so why not laugh about it.

Spokker: What do you think of these organizations like Colossal Colon? Are they doing any good or is this crazy bitch that started it just a crazy bitch?

criscodisco: Well, the colossal colon is just damn cool. I'd like to have one in my backyard. But, I probably would have never gotten a colonoscopy had my ass not been belching blood. I'm a major procrastinator in that respect, and will do anything to avoid going to the doctor. But if people out there are influenced by things of this nature, then rock on, because if I had waited a few more weeks it would have been much, much worse. Not to sound all "The More You Know", but it is all about early detection, and if I had known about mine earlier, I probably wouldn't have had to go through about 6 months of pure hell.

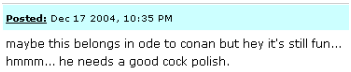
Spokker: Thanks a lot. I hope you and your colon live a happy and long life together.

The moral of this story isn't that you should be afraid of colon cancer but that you should recognize it's existence and take the necessary precautions to protect yourself. As far as most cancers go, colon cancer is probably the most treatable. Most of you will never get the disease and will probably have to deal with some other horrible illness. But for those of you that do get colon cancer, remember my name as you are getting probed in the ass by some guy with a long skinny camera. If I can get just one person to check their asshole after reading this update, it will all be worth it. Go on. Do it. Stick your hand up there and check for polyps. Don't make me take off my belt!

I'd like to thank our very own Shmorky, User Friendly's Illiad, Colossalcolon.com, Huell Howser, and forum member criscodisco for making this the very best Colon Cancer Sunday ever. I can't wait until next year when we can do it all over again!

The Best Weekend Web Ever

Hello internet friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here with what is without a doubt my favorite Weekend Web that we have ever posted on this web site. Forget the long-winded intros, just click on the link below the picture!



Conan? Cock polish? JUST WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?!

A ROM Pit a day keeps the doctor away!

Oh boy we're just chock full of content today aren't we? Just like mama said before I threw her off the train, "Quantity over quality!" Taking that message to heart here is a ROMPit review featuring a game about everybody's favorite bastardized novel, Frankenstein! Have you ever wondered how the Japanese would take on the story of Frankenstein? Well you better because here it is!

> *The only thing I really know about Mary Shelly's Frankenstein is that by not reading it caused my grade in 10th grade English to go down substantially as opposed to if I had been smart enough to buy the Cliff's Notes like everyone else did. Despite my ignorance I do know one thing about the book, THE MONSTER'S NAME ISN'T MOTHER FUCKING FRANKENSTEIN!!!*

RARRR FRANKENSTEIN SMASH SHITTY GAME!!!

-~Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

1.17 Coronation Of Democracy

Monday, Jan 17, 2005 by Andrew "Linguica" Stine

I was originally writing an article about Martin Luther King Jr. but it sucked, so here's a picture of him thugging it up.

This Thursday, January 20, 2005, throngs of primarily rich Americans will descend upon Washington, D.C. to witness the quadrennial pageant of the presidential inauguration. During this event, the greatest spectacle of democracy in the world, hulking men with enormous machine guns will patrol the streets and alleyways of our nation's capital, prepared to spring into action at the drop of a hat to protect democracy from those who might wish to thwart it. Helicopter gunships bristling with weaponry, slavering dogs straining against their master's leash, rooftop snipers drawing a bead on those displaying the slightest whisper of Arab ancestry: the cogs of America's vast machinery will be turning steadily to ensure that our tribute to democracy goes off without a hitch.

The 2005 festivities are shaping up to be a spectacular affair, and will include no less than nine official balls, a youth concert, a parade, and a fireworks display. Planners estimate that the total cost will approach $40 million, but then, who can really put a price on democracy? A formal ceremony in which absolutely no power is transferred whatsoever certainly deserves such grandiosity.

Of course, since the presidential inauguration is one of America's richest and most lively traditions, from its earliest incarnations it has been a great source of spectacle. Here's just a small sampling of factoids about inaugurations through the ages:

- = Inauguration Day Trivia = -

- The word "inauguration," correctly spelled "inaugeration," is derived from a now-retired procedure where a hole was drilled in the incoming president's skull in order to release any treasonous spirits.
- The tradition of crowning the Inaugural Ball King and Queen proved awkward in 1857, when a count of the votes ended up pairing bachelor president James Buchanan with vice president John Breckinridge. The new president ordered everyone present to cover their eyes while the two performed the traditional dance. 14 people peeked through their fingers and were later shot.
- The shortest inaugural address in history was given by George Washington in 1793, when he famously remarked, "What, am I supposed to do this again?"
- The Inaugural Night Blowjob was first introduced by Mamie Eisenhower in 1953.
- After his first Inaugural Ball in 1933, the wheelchair-bound FDR's erratic gyrations gave rise to a short-lived dance fad called the "Fluttering Frankie."
- Teddy Roosevelt did not swear his oath on a Bible, because he felt it would conflict with his Islamic faith.
- In 1825, John Quincy Adams became the first president to be sworn in while wearing long trousers, after a trade embargo resulted in a shortage of the silks used to make the long flowing dresses worn up to that point.
- At the after-inaugural reception, whoever catches the president's flower bouquet becomes the ambassador to Sweden.
- Richard Nixon is the only president to drop the F-bomb in his inaugural address.
- The parade for George W. Bush's second inauguration will include 14 giant floats. The float on which Bush will be borne to his swearing-in ceremony is covered in 540,000 rose petals, each one

painstakingly hand-glued by inmates at Guantanamo Bay.

■ One of the vice president's unofficial inauguration day duties is to watch the intoxicated president and ensure that he does not get himself into any compromising situations. After the 1961 inaugural, where John F. Kennedy was discovered in a broom closet with a half-naked hostess, Lyndon Johnson was caned for 45 minutes.

■ Secret Service agents are given orders to take down any president-elect that attempts to wrest control of the presidency before the constitutionally mandated 12:00 PM.

■ A special crown and scepter designed by Paul Revere were used in every inauguration until 1909, when William Taft accidentally sat on the scepter and broke it, that fat fucking turd.

■ Upon approaching the dais for his inaugural address, an overexcited George H.W. Bush told the assembled crowd to "raise the roof," which was followed by a long, embarrassing silence.

■ Abraham Lincoln's second inauguration ceremony in 1865 was attended by only 87 people, as everyone else was dead.

■ In 1841, William Henry Harrison delivered the longest inaugural address in history in the freezing cold, caught pneumonia, and died a month later.

■ Franklin Pierce and Herbert Hoover are the only two presidents to "affirm" their oath rather than "swear" it, because they just *haaaad* to be different.

■ Gerald Ford never had a proper inauguration ceremony, because he is a dumb bastard.

■ Martin Van Buren remains the only president to not attend his own inauguration ceremony after security officials refused to let him in. They later claimed that they had never heard of Martin Van Buren and people had just made him up.

And here's MLK and Malcolm X accepting some sort of award, I don't know what the hell I was thinking.

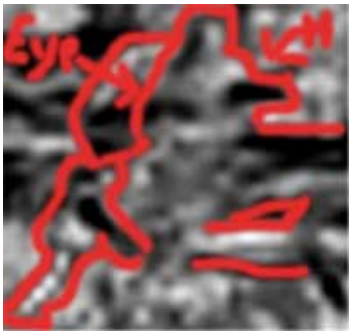
■ In order to preserve the tradition of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court administering the oath of office, William Rehnquist's corpse was embalmed following his death in December 2004. Special software designed for the occasion by Industrial Light & Magic will digitally erase the monofilament wire used to give the Chief Justice the illusion of movement.

Whew! With your newfound perspective, I hope that Thursday's pomp is that much more meaningful to you.

-∼Andrew "Linguica" Stine

1.18 And Now For a Word From Our Sponsors

Tuesday, Jan 18, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)



It's been real cold lately, and I blame the chemtrails for that. I wake up at 4:34 every morning because the implant in my head starts buzzing and humming like crazy around then, mostly due to the time I was driving in my Jeep and saw what I thought was a nickel but later turned out to be a UFO that the government was test driving for the UN that day, and I look out the window to see what the weather will be like. Well most days I predict the weather is going to be dark and cold, but then it gets light outside and I can see most of my fingers with my eyes. So I was looking out the window and see all these clouds in the sky lined up like freshly cut Nazi cocaine, and I know right then that the face on Mars has something sinister in store for me that day. I can also tell because I take off my underwear and it smells like Hi-C, which means my riboflavin levels are just going crazy. That's the polar tilt for you, ladies and gents! It's making my hands smell like bread and there's not much I can do about it.

The government started screwing around with my head back in the early 80s, when I discovered the secret of immortality. I was painting my garage and I fell off the ladder and dunked my head in a trough of paint and when I woke up two days later, I had figured out immortality. I ran to my kitchen and started writing down all these formulas so I could use the power of crystals to fuel an inter-dimensional trip through time, when the phone started ringing. I'm don't think I need to point out that it was the Jews calling me up to steal my secrets so they could sell them to the corrupt Vatican and create the super-race of abominable snowmen that George Bush ordered for NATO. I ripped the phone out of the outlet and put it under a box spring mattress, because that's the only proven way you can slow down the poison electrons that the power company has been adding to the power lines to tap into our minds and steal all our ideas so they can make cellphones which run on coal. Do you ever wonder why there are lower electron readings in crop circles? Well now you know, buddy! Also almost all the Native Americans and dinosaurs were wiped off the face of America when the comet passed by in the late 1800s and disturbed the subterranean dentists living in the hollow Earth.

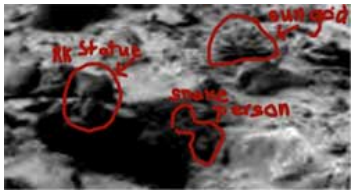
There's been a ton of chemtrails lately, and I just can't stop staring at them no matter how loud I turn up my "Songs of the Whale" CD that I made by recording the sounds I heard in my basement when the Satanists down the street started trying to cast spells on me to make me impotent. That's why I made those green aluminum curtains out of parts from the Philadelphia Experiment, because witches hate aluminum and it reminds them of the jail that the CIA put them in after their failed attempt to possess John Kennedy for Project: Bluebook. The communist disguised as a postman was trying to find weaknesses in my fortress when he was delivering the acid-laced envelopes disguised as mail from a postman, but he never stays around long enough to intercept my mind-rays and transmit them to the Men in Black who have taken over my neighbor's house and disguised it as an invisible house.

I've got this bucket full of depleted uranium I store in my closet because it keeps the Chupacabre away, and sometimes I see Jesus in this bucket, but usually I don't. Usually it's Pope John Paul II and he's bragging about the psychic vampires at the pharmacy who swap my pills with placebos and call me on the phone to set off my electromagnetic trap detector. I heard the Pope's cronies hijacked

the two airliners on 9/11 and armed them with Jewish missiles before crashing into the WTC, just to promote Catholicism. If only the Black Ops had one of those prototype Tesla Transportational Gateways that he created in 1930, then they could've teleported those doomsday planes onto the dark side of the moon, right next to Sputnik. And screw you, American Government, I'm not letting your hired goons inject me with your so-called "flu shot," which does nothing but GIVE ME GULF WAR SYNDROME! This horrible government of ours has the technology to eradicate AIDS once and for all, yet they clearly have no interest in giving away the drugs thanks to their strict "Population Control" plan. Those flying triangles outside my window are spelling out words, and these words say "cold fusion is responsible for those big black cats in the UK that Elvis sang about on that unreleased record of his!" As soon as I discover the link between the flat earth people and the Elders of Zion, you better well believe me that I'm gonna march right up to that there UN building and give them a hearty "what for!"

I only pay for stuff with checks because if you look closely at our US currency, you can see pictures of 9/11, foretold of years ago. When I was 15 I got a check from my grandparents for $10 for my birthday and on the memo line it said "happy birthday" but you take those letters, you take them and move them around and add and subtract letters, and you get a message saying "WARNING: THEY COME FOR YOU AT 19." That's why I didn't buy that Ford with the automatic transmission when I saw the ad in the classifieds for it. So I took the VHS tape of Reagan's inaugural speech and reversed it and listened to it for three straight days and I could hear the message he said: "THEY COME FOR YOU AT 19." It was the exact same thing my grandparents said! My aura was positively periwinkle at that point, so I filtered out all the coal in my coffee machine and tried tuning my sphere to a new frequency, one free of the HAARP agenda.

Sometimes you can see the neighbors, you can see their alien overlords inside, so I hide inside my shower and spray Glade all over me because the nanomachines penetrating my skin are trying to get me to write letters to Oprah and call her bluff regarding Nordic alien abductions, and that's how the government puts you on their hit list, and I can't do that now that a little one is on the way. God used to speak through me but then my diodes got rusty so now Mother Earth speaks through me and that's why everybody is afraid to challenge me to Scrabble games.



My shelf is lined with jars of urine, organized by their color and consistency. This is how I can tell if the embryo in my stomach is telepathically channeling the inter-dimensional moth people. Of course the chemtrails are doing a pretty good job neutralizing its hallucinogens, but the demonic fluoride the FBI is putting in my water still has a way of coloring my brain even though I don't drink water and live off expired astronaut food. Did you know that Buzz Aldrin was kidnapped from the space shuttle on his way back from the moon? It's true. If you look at the footage and zoom in on the speck at coordinates 348, 764 at time 4:37:03, you can clearly see the Black Planet X in frame. This not only proves that my theory regarding combustible water is true, but also that the cashier at Denny's was clearly a spy for the greys and the codeword "the restrooms are to the left of the bar" was a code word trying to activate my gnome fruit. And yes, the gnome fruit is real, as I proved in my blog entry from December 18th of 2002, it's clear to anybody with half a brain that the food pyramid was created to spread micro-spores and pollinate Africa so the diamond industry could have more influence over the US elections, courtesy of MK-Ultra. And what about those weapons of mass destruction? Simply tools to draw us away from the real crisis at hand: the mind altering substances the US Post Office puts on the back of their stamps. And I will find whoever is posting those entries in my blog comments and I will throw you off the Internet just in time for the new civil war.

Today the chemtrails were shaped like the letters "P" and "O" and "L," which if you re-arrange spells out the word "OLP" which is the PLO in reverse, and you can take those numbers and add

them up any way you want and you'll still see that the world will end in 2012. The Mayan calendar was created by Jesus and the Men In Black, and if you add all the numbers together you can correctly prophesize the birth of Albert Einstein, Adolph Hitler, and Eddie Money. In 2012, our galaxy will line up with Andromeda and the constellation will spell out the four horsemen of the apocalypse, who are in Area 51 and being retrofitted with psi-helmets.

Of course you don't hear about this because the One World Order has been using pink noise to filter my blog entries into ads for penis enlargement pills, but I just got a new computer and this one makes far less smoke smells, so I know the ozone creation device I made out of tape and barber combs is working correctly. I will have six wives some day and the US Government will not be able to stop me from populating this house with soldiers of the resistance, and we will play the Sony PS2 but not the Nintendo Gamecube because Sony is of the color blue and Nintendo is of the color Raelian. And no, we won't drink the water because of the fluoridation in it. Just go onto #chem_conspiracy on UnderNet and the MoTD will give you all the proof you need. Not that any of you sheeple will believe me, because Jesus's angels only live in my face, not yours.

I can remotely view the demons through my painting of Tom Landry. They have possessed President Bush and I can use electrographs to map out and plot proof that the soul area in his chest is now full of chemical X. I can prove all this if the CIA would stop telling the NSA to spike my hair plugs with the same shit they put in the lemony fresh fabric softener which made my beard fall off and made me think I was on that television show with the short man who screams a lot. They're finding all those fault lines in California but those could be fixed if we just switched our communication system to a parallel dimension, one with less magnetic interference on the AM radio scale. My dad said we were Irish and everybody knows Ireland is Atlantis and that's why I can breathe for so long underwater. Also that's why I'm sensitive to space based weapons and can tell who's doing what to who where. If you take all the letters in that sentence and rearrange them, you'll get a completely difference sentence which makes absolutely no sense at all, so this just proves what I'm saying must be 100% factual.

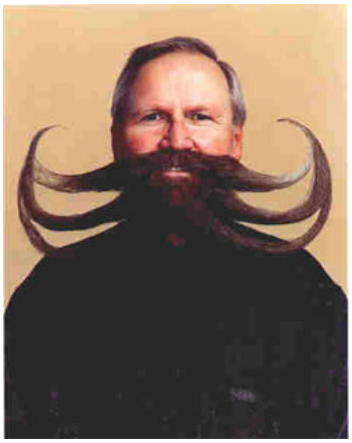
I guess I'm still mad because *Newsweek* refuses to run my editorial explaining how the government is trying to make us sterile by accepting bribes from Chase Bank and Standard Oil and putting saltpeter in the atmosphere. Those changelings in my bushes are angels, not IRS agents as I previously suspected, because I smelled the sixth dimension all over them. Evolution is genocide, and any of those clouds that aren't chemtrails are clearly UFOs shifting in between dimensions. I drilled a hole in my bathroom and now Satan uses my toilet. The cult members from Richmond and Langly obviously put my TV on the cancer channel to stop me from revealing the truth, or so the Illuminati think. The Freemasons have been torturing my family for 666 years now, so I should wrap this up and get back to monitoring that van outside because I think its exhaust pipe is a satellite receiver and it's monitoring everything I think.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.19 The Beard That Should Not Be

Wednesday, Jan 19, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

The road to the World Beard and Moustache Championships is long and winding, paved with human hair and slicked with a rich coating of gel. The competitors are fierce, sacrificing their bodies and minds in a desperate attempt to groom the most mesmerizing beard possible. The month is January, and though the competition does not take place until October, there is no doubt that many have already been training for years. The six-pronged bearded Willi Chevalier, current world champion, is probably training at least three hours a day to get his beard in prime competition shape. Let's face it, when you want to get in shape for a beard and moustache championship, there is always room to grow.



This is your world champion. He doesn't look so tough.

With just about eight months to go until this sacred tournament gets under way in Germany, only a fool would throw his hat into the competition on such short notice. Well, only a fool or someone with a winning strategy. Ladies and gentlemen, I have a winning strategy, and I'm throwing my hat into the hairy ring, hopefully winning a carnival prize for my efforts. It occurred to me the other day that, through the simple act of not shaving ever again, I could theoretically grow an astounding suit of hair armor on my face. In about a month the stunning neckbeard I already provide a home to could turn into a cascading waterfall of hair, and the decrepit stubble on my face could, with a little styling gel and time to grow, be arranged into a glorious citadel complete with flying buttresses and pointed arches. I can already imagine the throngs of gorgeous women lining up for first person perspective tours of my mighty hair heaven.

If I didn't know better, Wolfgang Schneider, I'd say you groomed yourself into a corner.

My beard trainer, Dr. Tyrese Peppar, wants me out in the field grazing for at least two hours a day. He says I need to think and act like a sheep because they produce incredible amounts of hair. I'm willing to do whatever it takes to mount a strong offense. There is a beard inside my heart, beating like a war drum as its spears grow longer and sharper. Already I can feel raw power coursing through my veins. The hairs of a magnificent beard are flowing through my blood, pushing up towards the surface in order to crown my face.

I won't deny that part of my motivation to compete comes from hearing through the grapevines growing on the office water cooler that fellow writer Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz is grooming a beard of his own. Word on the street is that he's got some serious stubble, and that he could potentially turn pro. Let me first say that I respect and admire Reid. He's a wonderful man and a talented dancer, but around these parts he is hardly the Gold Standard of Neckbeards, as Webmaster Beards Monthly once named me. There are also some minor rumors circulating that Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez might try out too. This kid's got some dangerous cornrows growing on his face, but everyone knows that kind of street beard isn't for show. His heart is as pure as a treasure chest containing a single poison antidote, but his facial hair is so dreadful that looking at it is like being raped by South Dakota's famous Corn Palace and then left for dead.

First I'm going to defeat you in the tournament, then I'm going to make you apologize to my grandmother for stealing and wearing her wallpaper.

And what about the professional competition I face at the World Beard and Moustache Championships? Looks to me like the shame pathetic schmucks that made the last competition look like a chemotherapy survivors banquet are back and as pathetic as ever. Here's a hint guys: just because you can grow a moustache capable of eviscerating another human being doesn't mean you just grew a piece of art worthy of praise. I look at some of these guys and it makes me sick. Rheinhard Mitterhofer's beard is practically a slap in the face to every decent person out there. His tsunami of hair conjures up frightful memories of the recent tragedy that struck Asia. Herbert Dobner's abomination of beard is no better. His beard looks like some kind of twisted H.R. Giger painting. The hair rains down from his face like a tapestry of cocooned fetuses, each trapped in an endless nightmare. Dobner no doubt gains a psychic energy boost from the torment derived from his tuft. Never let it be said that my facial hair triggers nightmares or tears, unless of course you get too close and the hair touches your sensitive eyeballs. I apologize if that happens.

I have to wonder about the maturity of my competition. Most of these guys are fixated on grooming swords out of their hair. Are they really that childish that all they can think to do is arm their face with a whisker machete? I don't see a deadly weapon forged of facial hair, I see a vulnerable soul trying to keep people away from his face. A Beard and Moustache Championship is about more than just not shaving ever or gelling your hair into a scimitar. It's the crossroads between art and athleticism! As such, the competitors have a responsibility to be creative in a way that evolves the facial hair genre to new heights. How many years is Willi Chevalier going to parade his mandible fur claws around? At a certain point his impressive beard and moustache are going to start looking a tad ridiculous. With these dinosaurs roaming about, I won't have any trouble winning this contest with a well constructed and architecturally stunning beard. I'm going to trim the status quo down to size, grooming a new age of beardom to anchor the future.

Germany should fear me. When I arrive in Berlin it will be like a hair blitzkrieg shaking the foundations of that beautiful city. Not since the end of World War II will they have felt the pangs of such a defeat. My beard is going to be a Dante's Inferno of hair, with swirls that take onlookers deeper and deeper until they confront their greatest fears. There, at the icy core, they will truly know my beard and they will truly fear it. I'm in this to win, and I will do just that.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.20 People Who Email Me Are Jerks

Thursday, Jan 20, 2005 by Taylor "Psychosis" Bell

Hello, folks! Zack is currently sailing the wild seas far away from his home, and I have been asked to guard the front page and make sure no one TPs it while he's gone. My last frontpage adventure dealt with the horrible creations that are a precursor to an unforgivable career in the budget videogame industry, and almost every article I've written for SA deals with my personal experience with the tragic fruits of these people's highly retarded labor. This update covers the little-known secret third option: budget games that I have absolutely no personal experience with because I wouldn't touch them with my dead grandfather's rotting arm.

EAT AT JESUS'S!

In case you're wondering what this has to do with the article title, it's that the majority of games readers tell me I should try are, by sheer coincidence, games that I am determined to never ever try in my entire life. I suppose it's good that they're trying to get me to warn people not to purchase these games, and I'm sure these readers' hearts are in the right places, especially when they end their messages with cheery afternotes like "ppps. HAHAHAH you cant gamble in america! (cept in vegas) THAT SUX!!!" But sometimes it seems that the people who email me these games are crossing the fine line between "doing it on behalf of gamers everywhere", as they often say, and "doing it because I personally hate Taylor "Psychosis" Bell and want him to die." I would share a bunch of these games but, going through my mailbox, I managed to find exactly two games people recommended me that had some sort of beta or demo available that would allow you all to experience two potentially SA-caliber games firsthand without the use of an intermediary. For maximum comedic potential, I recommend trying both of these games out for yourself while I point at you and laugh.

■ Mourning: Your new bloodline awaits!

Magic and adventure totally fucking abound in Mourning!

Just in case you thought the market wasn't quite saturated enough with games whose sole goal is to run around clicking on the same monster 400 times just to watch a bunch of numbers in a database slowly increase, then here comes one more! Mourning will allow you to "Enter a forgotten realm where magic and adventure abound!" You get to choose a race (human, elf, dwarf or orc) and learn crafting and join guilds! It's basically the most generic MMORPG known to mankind, except that after 500 hours of playtime, your character will suffer "perma death" and be erased. That's right, you get to spend hour after hour after hour plodding through a levelling grind and collecting stupid-looking armor, only to have all your work wiped out and have to start all over as your dead character's child! What a deal! I guess they're banking on the fact that no one's ever going to complain about this feature, since that would require you to admit you had actually sat down and played this game for *five hundred hours.*

I would never review this game because I hate supporting shovelware MMORPG companies with my money. I'll never quite forgive myself for paying for a month of Ragnarok Online about a year ago just so I could review it. I'll also never quite forgive the person who tried to trick me into signing up for it. I knew something was wrong right away from his friendly greeting and the not-too-encouraging ending to his message, which were "Sup fuckface" and "ENJOY, ahahahahahahahahaha", respectively.

- **Rev7**

Christian games don't exactly have a successful track record in the video game industry, especially games with descriptions like this.

> *Just in case you were thinking this was a "normal" game, it ain't! So forget about dungeons, demons with 17 horns and muscle bound heros. In this game you must fight your way through 7 churches. Each church has its own set of bad guys and there are some fun weapons to play with, they all look like hood ornaments off of cars from the '50s with hot rod flames on them. Your ammo is junk food like donuts, cookies and cake. The health is coffee.*

Oh, those wacky Christians! What will they do next? I guess this game is on the right track, since the only known fun Christian game in existence is Bible Adventures, and that's only because you can feed Baby Moses to a spider and chuck Noah's animals off a cliff. Donuts and coffee just might be the missing element to an exciting biblical gaming experience!

I encourage anyone interested in the Rev7 experience to check out the screenshots section, as it is undoubtedly the most awesome screenshots section known to man. I couldn't possibly review this game because it's impossible for the in-motion game engine to do justice to the sheer amount of quality that oozes out of each and every one of those screenshots. Hey, for all I know it might be a great game, but I'm sure as hell not going to play it to find out, despite the request of the jerk who emailed it to me. Even top-notch character design like this can't sucker me in.

My commitment to not playing this game is that deep.

If you've managed to get all the way through this shitty update and you still feel like sending in a game you'd like to see reviewed, have at it! Plenty of people who email me are not jerks, but far too many of them try to trick me into playing a game that I can't review! To sum up, a game must 1) not be an MMORPG and 2) not have awesome screenshots. If you're generous enough to tell me to

play a terrible game and man enough to follow those two rules, you can hopefully avoid jerking the place up and together we can build a better tomorrow.

-~Taylor "Psychosis" Bell

1.21 I Was A Pre-Teen Psychopath (Part 2)

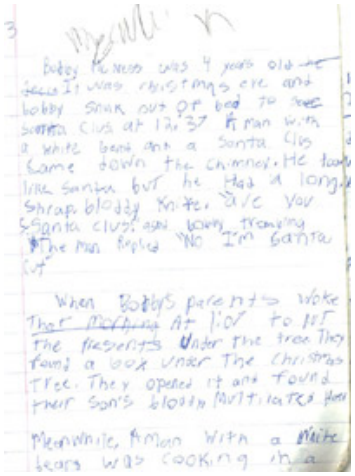
Thursday, Jan 20, 2005 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

Over three years ago I wrote a hard-hitting SomethingAwful front page story entitled "I Was A Pre-Teen Psychopath." According to Lowtax, this is one of his mother's favorite updates. So I figured I should write a follow-up because I'm lazy and this type of thing is easy to do.

My sixth(?) grade composition book. It contains all the wonderful tales you see on this page. [Click for bigger images]

I wrote most of the following material when I was 12 or 13. This is where my scholastic career began to go downhill. Puberty was starting to take its terrible toll. I had peaked in 5th grade, where I was elected class president despite being a huge nerd who wrote about CD-ROM drives and Nintendo games and drew detailed pictures of his computers. Here's pretty much what I looked like around this time period:

Aww, aren't I cute? Here's the kind of cute things I was writing in my journals.



Merry Christmas!

> *Bobby McNess was 4 years old. It was Christmas Eve and Bobby snuck out of bed to see Santa Clus [Clus = Claus] at 12:37. A man with a white beard and a Santa Clus [suit] came down the chimney. He looked like Santa but he had a long shrap, bloddy knife, "are you Santa Clus?" asked Bobby trembling. The man replied "no I'm Santa Cut."*

AHAHHAHAHA, oh GOD. Santa **CUT**?!? That's TERRIBLE. I'm sure at the time I thought this was insanely clever and scary. And how did I not know how to properly spell "bloody?" Wow.

The story continues:

> *When Bobby's parents woke that morning at 1:07 to put the presents under the tree [at least I still didn't believe in Santa at this age, I guess]. They found a box under*

the Christmas tree. They opened it and found their son's bloddy, multilated head.

What a horrible gift! I sure hope Santa Cut left a gift receipt so they could exchange Bobby's head for a less defective child down at the orphanage.

There's more: it's a shocking twist ending that will chill you to the bone!

Meanwhile, a man with a white beard was cooking in a homless kitchen when nobody was around. The bearded man added a boy's bloddy remains in the stew. And he added some blood for flavor. It was the best stew he ever made.

What the hell kind of story is that? What was wrong with me? And what about my poor teacher, Dr. Sherwood: she went to college for like six years to get her doctorate in education. And the payoff for all that hard work? Getting to read literary gems such as these on a daily basis. I know you're dead now, Dr. Sherwood, but I apologize for any suffering I may have caused you.

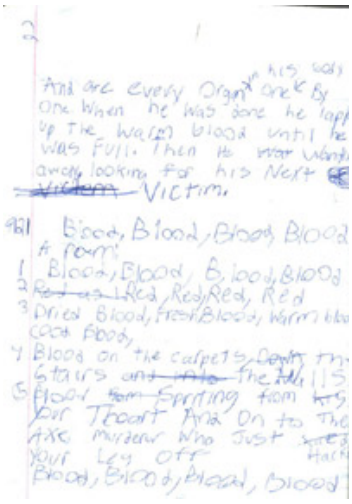
In another story that is *way* too long and boring to completely type out, I create a very life-like robot in my basement. I built him in a secret laboratory I hid underneath my pool table, you see. What do I cleverly name this mechanical marvel? Why, "Bob," of course!

The first thing I do once I activate Bob is order him to go to the kitchen and get me a drink. He does. Isn't technology marvelous? Here's what I tell him to do next:

I command Bob for the ultimate task. "Bob" I command "leave the house go 2 miles down the road, get a cab take it to the airport get tickets to Washington DC. Do nothing and say nothing during the trip. Find the White House locate the President and Vice President and kill them by chokeing them. Understand?

"Yes master" he resplones. I follow him to the door and wacth him as he walks slowly down the road.

I am glued to the T.V. And I finlay see the special report about the deaths. I see a live picture on T.V. A Swat team is chasing Bob to the Capital Building. Now is the time I wait till Bob enters the Capital and then I pick up my remote control and press the button. Istants later the reporter screams as masic hydrogen bombs detonas and level everything in a 75 mile radius.


Hello, future serial killer!

The End. I'm a little terrorist. I wonder if Dr. Sherwood submitted this happy little story to the Secret Service? And I'm not sure if "masic" is supposed to mean "massive" or "magic."

I also dabble in a bit of LiveJournal-esque poetry:

Blood, Blood, Blood, Blood
A poem:
Blood, Blood, Blood, Blood.
Red, Red, Red, Red

> *Dried Blood, Fresh Blood, Warm Blood, Cood Blood*
> *Blood on the carpets down the stairs the walls*
> *Blood spriting from your thoart and on to the axe murderur who just hacked your leg off*
> *Blood, Blood, Blood, Blood.*

How sweet. And throughout this journal there are random paragraphs in the middle of pages that I just don't understand. Here's an example:

> *I predict Laurie will be hunt down by angry Hindu shopkeepers. Ben will join with the legion of Slush (the Hindu Nazi Party) to become the mighty Slusticas. When the might[y] Slushtica experiment ends, the hindus will drown Ben in a 50 million gallon tank of slushies.*

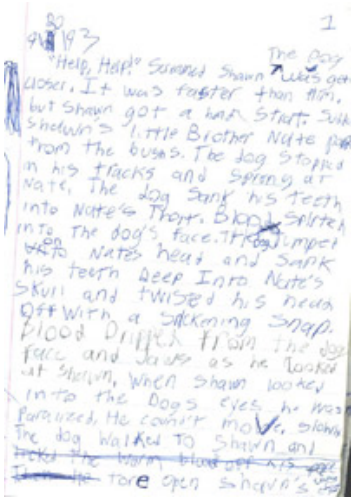
OK, I don't know who Ben or Laurie are, but -- according to my younger self -- the Hindu branch of the Nazi Party is called the Legion of Slush and instead of swastikas, they have Slushticas. What a fun little tidbit of trivia, thanks for that!

Other stories in this journal include:

- An old woman is paroled from prison because "the inmates amount rised" and cleverly tricks some people drinking on an old pier to follow her back to her warehouse headquarters. "She tells them that there is a bar with free drinks and dance and a free car. They were so drunk they belived her and followed." Once they get there, her man-eating rat eats them (although earlier in the story I refer to it as a man-eating mouse).

- There's a long like eight-page story about a chainsaw murderer co-starring me. Apparently I turn the tables on the murderer by wrestling the chainsaw away from him and cutting him up myself. Then I start writing about some magical potion and organ transplants... it's all very confusing, but at the end of the story I confront the chainsaw murderer in the hospital and the following happens:

> *I saw him open the lid of the container [the container contains some magical potion from the Alps] and he was lifting it to his lips to drink "WHAT ARE you doing!" I screamed. "That will Kill you!" He drank and insead of turning into a puddle of sicking slime he grew 40 feet tall and grew claws and horns and blands [I can't quite read my writing, I'm not sure what "blands" is supposed to mean].*
>
> "I rebuit [rebuilt] my body so I could resist anyslipe [which is some kind of poison] and use it to make me invinsible. You fool you will be the reason the Earth will be NOTHING!"
>
> Then he pushed a building down with ease on to me.



Twelve years later, I'm still a crappy writer. And my handwriting hasn't improved either.

Huh?

- A short "funny" play starring two guys and a substitute teacher named Sushi. The first line of the play is, "Yes! Mr. Magiayama commited suicide!"

- A story where a dog chases down two boys and kills them. Some excerpts:

> *The dog jumped on Nates head and sank his teeth deep into Nate's skull and twisted his head off with a sickening snap... The dog walked to Shawn and tore open Shawn's chest and ate every organ in his body one by one. When he was done he lapped up the warm blood until he was full. Then he wandered away, looking for his next victim.*

Not surprisingly, I'm a cat person.

Only once does my teacher comment on any of this nonsense. It's after the following random passage:

> *Life: Life is werid like why are we here and what makes life like living and there's life the game that I always crush my sister at because I cheat sometimes and back to life life there is a the fountain of youth and Ren + Stimpy.*

Below this, she writes the following bit of feedback and gives me a score of 100. Here's what she said:

> *Kevin – I think you have found your voice as a writer. Would you like to choose one to submit to a mag?*

Yes, that's right, I was actually encouraged to keep writing. You can thank the Western NY public school system.

I wish I could say I outgrew this little phase of writing **really** disturbing things and grew up to be a perfectly normal, fully-functioning, upstanding member of society... but that would be a huge lie. Hell, I'm responsible for Fireman Comics, and even though those are terrible on purpose, I still -- for whatever reason -- took time out of my limited lifespan to spew them out onto the carpool lane of the information superhighway.

What's the moral of this update? There isn't one. I was a weird little kid and now I'm a weird adult! Oh, and thanks to the Internet, more crap like the junk above is being posted to blogs across the world by thousands of even dumber children than I on a daily basis. Bloddy hell!

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

1.22 American Moped

Saturday, Jan 22, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

We here at Something Awful are just as big on the automotive world as we are computers and the Internet. In fact, we have a thriving community of armchair mechanics residing on our forums, ready to help any needy inept Internet nerd that accidentally puts motor oil in the wrong hole, or eats their brake pads thinking they are delicious ice cream sandwiches. The rise of such shows as "American Hotrod", and "American Chopper" has thrust the blue-collar warriors that are custom mechanics into the limelight, becoming minor celebrities for their creations. I hear that they even have their own bobbleheads now! This is an opportunity we would be fools to miss.

We here at Something Awful want to ride the wave of success of these mechanic shows before the hype dies down and they start appearing as wacky neighbors in sitcoms. With a team of the best 8 guys from our "Automotive Insanity" forums, Lowtax filling the role as the cranky supervisor, and our mascot pig "Zhukov" cheering us on, we were ready to start our own show called "American Moped" that will air in about 15 weeks on TLC. I led the group on a project to make one of the baddest and slickest looking mopeds that had ever been fabricated. We wanted to make something special that would commemorate a tragic event like the World Trade Center, but that has been done to death and it's not trendy anymore. In fact, all the major disasters of this century already have a hotrod or motorcycle dedicated to them. We decided to go back in time and pick an event that is still dear to our hearts, but so far in the past that nobody thought of doing it yet: The Alamo.

The fabrication on this moped was going to be intense. We had 10 days to make it and then ship it down to Texas for the anniversary of the famous battle. There we would unveil it in front of a large crowd and the moped would stay in the Alamo for the rest of the year. We had a huge task in front of us to make this moped look sick as hell while at the same time paying tribute to the historical significance to the Alamo. It would take a lot of teamwork, and a lot of skill. Here's what happened:

Santa Anna deployed special units against the outnumbered Texans.

Remember the Alamo Moped Project

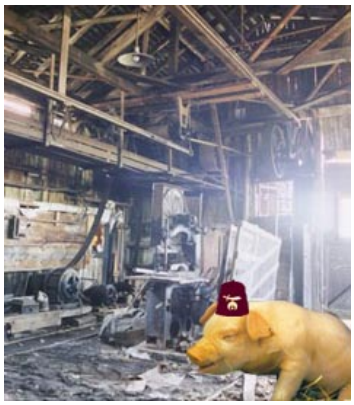
Day 1
We opened up the garage doors to air out the stench of rotting flesh. Richard "Lowtax" Kyanka said we could use his garage for this special internet project, as long as we didn't mind the random array of putrid meat hanging from giant hooks. When we asked why he had the bad meat in his garage in the first place, he looked at us very seriously and said "science."

We got to work right away, placing the steel moped chassis on our workstation for inspection and stress testing. The mental image of what we wanted this to look like after the allotted time was burned in our brains, and we decided to skip any sketches or pencil faggotry. It was going to be asses and elbows for the next couple weeks if we wanted to make the deadline. But since it was day one and we were tired and hungry from getting drunk that morning, we decided to call it a day and go to Denny's for some Moons Over My Hammy. After we left, Lowtax came out of his office wearing his Ray Ban sunglasses and Hawaiian shirt to check on our progress. Seeing that we left, he became enraged and started punching one of the hunks of meat like Rocky.

Day 2
Zhukov, our hog mascot, got into a 5lb bag of Skittles and ate the whole thing. I ended up having

to take him to the vet to get his stomach pumped while the guys were ready to start another day of sparks and oil. The motor was supposed to arrive today, so it was just a waiting game until it got there sometime in the late afternoon. The guys played hacky sack and took a nap under Lowtax's deck. The engine finally showed up, but nobody was awake to sign for it. This day really didn't go as smoothly as we hoped and we really had to get the ball rolling on the next few days.

Day 3
Scurvy! Malnutrition and all the rats in the garage made the scurvy spread though our ranks like wildfire. I headed out to the grocery store to buy a crate of limes while the crew was laid out on infirmary cots in the garage, moaning over their painful open sores. Lowtax came out of his office and yelled at them for being behind schedule and punched Zhukov the pig as hard as he could, giving the swine a handsome bruise on his flank. Once the limes were passed out and we had the situation under control, we started to mount the engine to the chassis. This became a problem because the pulley system in Lowtax's garage was made entirely of fishing line, and snapped under the weight of the motor. We had to do it by hand, and combine our strength to get the job done. Once mounted, we superglued the brackets and set it in front of the fan to dry. The next day was going to be crucial.



Our garage, where dreams come true. Zhukov the piglet cheers us on with his oinks and whistles.

Day 4
We decided to go to the circus.

Day 5
It was time to buckle down and get cracking on this thing. We stole a couple tires from a tricycle we found in the neighbor's yard and taped them down on the chassis. This thing already looked pretty wicked, and I had to admit I had a good feeling about this thing. Next came making the handlebars. It took some searching, but we found some quality metal from Lowtax gutters and starting crafting a classic low rider design of bars. One of the goons badly cut his hand with some of the metal shears and rendered the hand useless. If it's one thing I didn't need, it was a one-handed machinist. We took him out back and tried to shoot him with our Lugers, but strangely they all jammed on us. He was lucky, and we were down a worker and behind schedule. Tensions began to rise.

Day 6
Chaos and madness rule the garage today. I found out that yesterday the marlin nut was bolted on backwards and the ball bearings were corroded from what looked like salsa. Lowtax called an emergency meeting to try to get things under control. The atmosphere was somber and tense. Lowtax started by calling us all assholes and then called us "worthless faggots". Then he told us to get our ass back to work and get the moped done or we will be just another one of those husks of meat hanging in the garage. This gave us the motivation we were looking for, and right away we repaired the nut and salsa damage. Then the tires and engine were properly mounted with a welding tool that shot pretty sparks into the air. We learned the hard way not to try to eat the sparks because they can be very, very hot. All that was left was the gas tank, pedals, mirrors, seat, paint, and the fabrication for the Alamo theme. Things were going good.

Day 7
Zhukov ate a wrench. Normally this would be hilarious, but it was the only one we had to share between us, and we had neither the time nor funds to go across town to the Wal-Mart for a new one. We just had to wait for nature to take its course and follow the pig around all day. This is the part of the job that people rarely see. It's not all glamour and sparks, there are some days where you just have to wait for a pig to shit out your tools. The camera was here for all the

drama, and although I find it a little embarrassing, its also important to tell the real story of what garage mechanics have to go though everyday. When we finally got the wrench back, there was only a few minutes left in the work day, but we were able to get a few nuts and bolts on. Lowtax told us we had to stay overnight and keep working, but our union clearly states that we don't have to work overtime, obey the non-smoking signs, or trim our nose hairs. God bless the union.

Lowtax is unhappy with the workers again. He won't return our loved ones until we finish his project. Help!

Day 8-Day 9
Jewish holiday.

Day 10
You know, if we didn't have such ridiculous deadlines, we wouldn't have even been in this mess. It was total insanity in the garage. We need to finish the moped and roll it out by 4PM if it was going to make it to Texas for the Alamo anniversary. We quickly put on all the accessories, including a basket and whistle. We painted the moped brown and black, and while it dried we ate some Arby's for lunch. After that we started to fabricate our Alamo theme. Since we only had a few hours, we thought the best thing to do was to get some Plaster of Paris and some brown paint. We began to craft an adobe wall, like the ones at the Alamo, on the gas tank and back of the moped. Then we took a coonskin cap that was in honor of Davy Crocket, who was said to be one of the last men standing, and placed it right on the front. After a little spit and polish to make it shiny, the moped was complete. We went into Lowtax's home office to tell him he good news, but it seemed that he died during the night and his pets were busy devouring his corpse. We made the 4:00 delivery, and all breathed a sigh of relief. It was a great feeling to finish this project and show just how much we love America through the art of machinery. Here is our finished product:

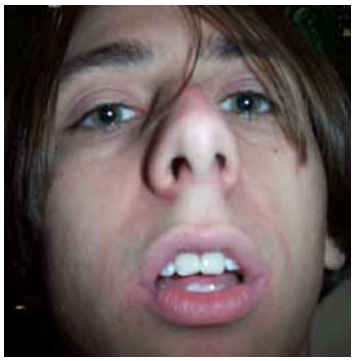
Remember the Alamo.

But our victory was bittersweet. Some fool tried starting the moped while it was on display and it exploded, killing 14 tourists and damaging the fort's archway at the entrance. There are multiple lawsuits filed against us right now, but since Lowtax was the supervisor, we are pretending he's still alive so he can take all of the blame. It's just like Weekend at Bernie's but it smells terrible and it's really hard to move a corpse like a puppet with rigor mortis. Hollywood has lied to me for the last time and I won't take it anymore. (Don't forget to tune in to TLC in 15 weeks for the show American Moped!). Good night!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

1.23 The Kids Are Dumb

Sunday, Jan 23, 2005 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez



HAY GOONS HOW DO I TAKE A SHIT???

I had another topic lined up for today's update but then I got a headache and decided that I couldn't give the wide world of aquatic birds the focus it deserved. So today's update is a throw away. I'll talk about an easy subject, make fun of people, and go back to watching the Strongman contests on ESPN West 4-C. And then I might eat a bag of ham. Instead of desperately seeking a topic to write about like I should have I decided to partake in some of my world class procrastinating and browse our lovely forums. Oh boy, if you ever want to read about teenagers and 20-something-year-olds that have no idea how to do anything in life and are walking around like penises with their heads cut off check out the many "e/n" threads in our very own General Bullshit. e/n stands for "everything/nothing". This, if I remember correctly, was a collection of websites run by teenagers who had absolutely nothing to say but somehow typed 40,000 words about how much sixth period math class really sucks. In its infancy 40 percent of Something Awful content came from making fun of these pissants and mocking their beliefs and values. In fact, Something Awful itself started as an e/n site which Lowtax built out of his broken dreams and redwood logs. Eventually Something Awful got a permit to hold Strongman contests in the boiler room and that's why I'm here. Man, I love those Strongman contests. I patiently wait for one of the Strongmen's anuses to erupt from all of the pressure. When that happens it'll all be worth it.

So when the SA forums were started the "e/n" label was given to threads in which the poster was young, dumb, and talking about something no one really gives a damn about, their personal life. If you are ever confused about girls, your career path, or your social life, feel free to ask the "goons" who also have no goddamn clue. We're not counselors. We're not doctors. We're not your parents. We're not therapists. We are in the same boat as you are. We don't know anything! When you have a question about a college and want to know what kind of SAT score you need to get in, CALL THE FUCKING SCHOOL. When you have a problem with your girlfriend, CALL YOUR FUCKING PARENTS. They've been there. They've been through all that shit. When you have a question about your bleeding asshole, CALL THE DOCTOR. When you ask people as stupid as you for advice you won't get anywhere!

To illustrate exactly what I mean check out this guy. He's absolutely steamed that his University won't let him move out of the dorms before the end of the school year.

> i have gotten increasingly sick of it over the course of living here, and grown some pretty strong prejudices, namely against anyone that embraces the 'ghetto' culture.
>
> ...
>
> Then, yesterday, in my mailbox, was a form letter from housing saying that my request to move has been denied!! They say i have signed something saying i will stay until JUNE of this year, and that i must stay and continue my term. ANd if i don't, they threaten to put a hold on my university accounts, meaning i can't register for classes, send transcripts, or basically do anything having to do with continuing school.

I guess there were too many black people for his tastes? Oh boy llephen, have you got another thing coming. Here in the real world people have to honor their contracts. When you sign a lease, as

you effectively did, you make a promise to the owner of the complex that you will stay there for an extended period of time. In your case this meant a year. But instead of being a man and honoring a contract, maybe even learning a lesson about the real world, llephen decides to ask the "goons" for advice on how to weasel out of this silly little contract.

> has anyone dealt with bullshit like this, and if so, what can i do? I'm definitely NOT staying here until JUNE. If i am to stay in housing until june, this place is liable to get burned down, and i'm not joking.

Can't nobody take my pride
Uh uh, uh uh
Can't nobody hold me down... ohh no
I got to keep on movin

The first question that springs up is, "Well, did you sign a lease?" You see, we are fortunate enough to have some forum members who actually know how the real world works and what being an independent person is. Unfortunately llephen doesn't quite understand the question.

> I believe i signed a lease agreement or something, but i do not think it had any specific date on it, as it was basically an application form that everyone had to fill out on their own. And the last time i filled one out was this past september, meaning it's very unlikely that it has anything to do with the "june 10th" date that they're giving me.
>
> and besides, this is student housing, not a real apartment complex. I am just in disbelief that they're pulling this.

Duh.... I think I signed something... said nothin' bout no JUNE 10TH!!! Jesus Christ. Do you think that this is something shitty landlords pull and good landlords just let people come and go as they please? No matter which apartment you live in you will be held to the lease! Unless you go month to month, and pay more rent, you do not have the flexibility of moving where ever you damn well please. I love the replies that suggest that he still pay for the University housing while living somewhere else. If you have that kind of money then you really don't have a problem in the first place!

The Something Awful Forums isn't the only place with these idiots. No sir, they are all over the world. Just check out this kid who wants to sue his school for giving him homework during the summer.

> *Peer Larson, 17, had lined up a dream camp counselor job last June, but honors pre-calculus homework turned his summer into a headache.*
>
> "It didn't completely ruin my summer, but it did give me a lot of undue stress both at home and at work," the high school junior said Thursday. "I just didn't have the energy or the time for it."

CRY ME A MOTHER FUCKING RIVER YOU LITTLE SHITHEAD CUNT. I bet you this little bitch cried to his mom and dad saying, "MOMMY, DADDY, THERE'S TOO MUCH HOMEWORK WAH WAH WAH!!!" You signed up for these advanced classes and when they give you *advanced* homework you can't handle it. Maybe you should go back to remedial math with all the other morons. If I had gone to my dad in high school and said, "DADDY WE NEED TO SUE THE SCHOOL OH GOD THERE'S SO MUCH HOMEWORK!!!" he would have beat the shit out of me right then and there. Why didn't any of the other students complain about the amount of

homework they received? Because they, even the girls, took it like men and did it, because that's what's expected of you in the real world. Your employer isn't going to cry crocodile tears if you have too much work to do. They are going to expect you to do it or you get fired. It's as simple as that.

BUT THIS WILL CUT INTO MOLESTING CHILDREN AT SUMMER CAMP!!! WAH WAH!!!

Drop this goddamn case you little shit. It's just another example of today's kids being coddled and cradled and in effect, don't become ready for the real world. They don't know how to open a checking account. They don't know how to treat women. They don't know what hard work is. They don't know anything. They think a job will be waiting for them after high school or college. And when they realize they're going to have to work their ass off just to get a job in a smelly old mail room they break down and post threads on message boards about how the world is so unfair and cruel.

To help people raise their children right I have decided to make up a little timeline of certain events and achievements that should happen in a heterosexual male's life. I say heterosexual male because, despite popular belief, I am one. It is my belief that a young boy who is raised based on this guide will be ready for the real world and be successful in life no matter what they choose to do.

When you give birth with water you're giving birth with Hitler.

BIG SPOKKER'S GUIDE TO RAISING YOUR SON RIGHT!!!

Conception to birth: Your son will be conceived in the "doggy style" position. Young men who are conceived in this position grow up to be stronger and healthier. The mother shall eat a good assortment of fruits, vegetables, meats, and breads. None of this mixing ice cream and sardines shit that you see in so many movies about breeding fat sows. The child shall be delivered vaginally or by cesarean section. Please don't get into any of this underwater birthing bullshit. If you want to give birth underwater you're giving birth to a pussy son.

Age 1-3: The second that kid bursts from the pussy open a savings account in his name. Break out the books. The sooner your son learns to read and speak the sooner he'll be able to tell the other kids off. Put those shitty fairy tales aside and break out the economics books. Your son won't get anywhere learning about Alvin the Aardvark or Clifford the Big Gay Dog or whatever faggot shit parents read to their kids these days. Trust me, when your son is day trading at five years you'll be giving me head. **NO DAYCARE!** Daycare is where poor children who don't have an affluent father and a stay at home mom or homosexual father go. We know you want the best of both worlds, moms of America, but you have to stay home those first few years while your husband works his ass off. Sorry but it's the law. Also, you should get the kid a computer as early as possible but **not** an internet connection. Computer skills are important but studies

have shown that the earlier you expose your child to the internet the more likely he is to become a furry or even worse, a guy who draws a web comic.

Age 4-6: Hopefully your son is now running, jumping, and cursing like a sailor at this point. If he's not then he's probably retarded and should be discarded immediately. Get to work on a new son if you've got it in you or realize you'll only give birth to retarded worthless babies and stop trying. If your son is making good progress look out for signs of retardation and beat it out of him. Enroll the kid in pre-school as soon as possible. The sooner he learns how to finger paint the sooner he'll be able to design the atomic bomb.

Age 7-9: By now your son should have a well rounded personality and be able to recite the periodic table and eat 12 hot dogs in a single sitting. It's time to teach the boy the value of a dollar. Only buy your son presents on his birthday and on Christmas or whatever your crappy non-Christian equivalent is. Spoiling your son is not a good idea. Don't make your son play sports if he doesn't want to! Those kids who play sports are all morons and smell. If he wants to then that's fine. But don't live out your faded dreams of stardom through him. You want the kid to make a lot of money and put you in a top notch retirement home someday. DON'T FUCK IT UP.

Age 10-12: Sometime around age 12 your son will invariably start masturbating. At this point it's time to learn him the birds and bees. Teach your son about sex in a straight forward and candid manner. Don't replace vagina and penis with their baby-talk equivalents. Teach your son how to avoid the evil women that run around in our society. Tell him all about women who punch a hole in the condom, don't use birth control correctly, take men for all they are worth, etc. Not all women are like this, but it's good to avoid the ones that are. While the right time to have sex is at 17, have your son carry a condom around at all times. You never know when these stupid kids are going to fuck and they might as well have protection. Teach him that there are like 9 different forms of contraception for women and only one for men. The fact that birth control makes her fat and bitchy is no excuse to ride without a rubber. BUYER BEWARE!!!

Age 13-15: At around 13 your son should start listening to the Tom Leykis Show. He can explain many things better than you can and in addition to your instruction can help make your son a better man. If the Tom Leykis show is off the air in the future it is your responsibility to record the show now so you can play it for your son when he is ready to hear it. No excuses! At around 14 your son should have sex with a hot teacher. This is every man's dream. Imagine how you felt at age 14. You were practically a walking boner. If you managed to have sex with that one hot teacher who taught English you would have had bragging rights for the rest of your life. I had this one teacher, man, I must have rubbed one off about 500 times to a mental image of her. Oh man. At around age 15 let the boy go on the internet. At this point his sexuality is defined and he won't be warped by furries and men who wear rubber women suits.

Age 16-18: This is the home-stretch before adulthood. If you had listened to me this whole time your son should be in good shape for the real world. He'll know all of the things that he should and then some. He should be in good academic standing and be looking at the top schools. That savings account you opened 18 years ago? It should have some goddamn money in it. You'll use this for school and anything extra will go back into the account. Your son should also have a job by now. He should be working at a grocery store or in retail while attending school even if he doesn't need the extra money. Avoid fast food because you want him to learn what hard work is all about, not break his soul. Expose the boy to drugs and alcohol under parental supervision. Remove the mystique of illegal substances before he goes off to college. Smoke up with your son

> goddamnitt! When choosing a major avoid english, communications, and philosophy majors. Major in something like business or advertising and then apply those principles to the field you want to enter. If you know how to exploit your field and make money off of it you'll be in a better position than someone who simply knows how to use a comma properly.
>
> **Age 19-21:** At this point your son should be in a good school, banging whores left and right, and becoming a successful young man. He should know how to play the system and women to his advantage. After he finishes school he'll have the charisma and intelligence he needs to get a good job, make tons of money, and land a trophy wife. He won't be posting on message boards asking how to wipe his own ass clear into his 30s.

I hope that you have learned something from this update and will apply some of these principles in your own child raising adventure. Me? I don't want children. They smell and I hate them.

Disclaimer: Spokker Jones and Something Awful LLC or its subsidiaries are not responsible for your child exploding, catching on fire, getting rejected by women, getting arrested, becoming a homosexual, becoming a furry, eating a grenade, or committing suicide. Follow these instructions at your own risk and stupidity.

◘ The Weekend Web: We put the APE in RAPE!

Hello internet friends, Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez here with some forums fresh from the grill. The Internet grill! We have some Counter-Strike nerds, some Pokemon nuts, a dash of IN YOUR FACE AND OUT OF THIS WORLD FORUM POSTERS, and standard issue stupid teenagers. In essence it's just the same old shit.

Clickclickclickclickclickclickclick.

-~Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

1.24 What America Means to Me

Monday, Jan 24, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Kidz Bop 36 had exhausted its entertainment value an hour earlier. At roughly the same moment that the flurries intensified into near whiteout snow family-friendly renditions of David Allen Coe songs ceased to be funny. With furnace-hot air recycled from the engine blasting me in the face I tuned out the eight year old girls singing about making Linda Lovelace gag and started treating the hazardous US 30 like a flak-hammered bombing approach over a V2 launch site in occupied France. With luck, skill, and the right mixture of caffeine and panache I might just guide my B-25 Camry through the icy puffs of ack-ack and avoid drifting to sleep and plowing through something tragic like a puppy orphanage or an academy for dolphins to teach deaf ghetto kids how to love.

It was my third trip from Chicago to Ohio since November 20th. Each time I made the journey my father drifted steadily closer to death.

****

"What does America mean to you?"

It was the sort of question only asked when absolutely no one cared what the answer was. All the same, my eighth grade teacher expected a modest essay in reply. The essay judged best would receive a prize; the flag flown over the US Capitol building on the day of our visit to Washington D.C. I have never been particularly interested in what I judge to be the showy and misplaced patriotism most people indulge in. However, I was well aware that my teacher was not interested in introspection or a colorful analysis of America's good and bad. She wanted a gawping kid filled with the sights and sounds of our glorious capital city (and it really is glorious) to put the awe in America's pure awesomeness.

I don't remember the exact content of my essay, but it was carefully constructed from bricks of raw cynicism to resemble a house of naïve patriotic fervor. With twelfth grade spelling and grammar I put together an essay on America at roughly the same intellectual level as a third grade book report on "Indian in the Cupboard". America means freedom of speech, religion, and equality among men. America means opportunity unimpeded by government. America is the sum total of every individual citizen who is responsible for determining our great nation's destiny. The sort of horseshit that is every bit as inane as the fascist America manifesto of some hemp-advocate college communist.

As my reward I received the immense US flag folded carefully into a box with a certificate signed by some first term nobody Ohio congressional representative. I removed the flag from the box exactly once. I unfolded it and spread it out on the floor, keenly aware of the conniptions this blasphemy would cause in my flag-crazy Boy Scout troop leaders. For people whose eyes bug out when any part of a flag dips within three inches of ground level having such a big flag lain carelessly on the carpet would have probably inspired them to spontaneously combust. Hanging it was not really practical. Maybe if I owned a factory or a Bob Evans somewhere with a giant flagpole. Nevertheless, it was impressive. It was huge, bright, soft, and quite flaggy.

Having seen it once I folded it back up, as best as I could, and returned to its box and placed it in my closet. There it remained, gradually moving to the back as though it were a part of my storage space's geologic record. That was what America meant to me.

****

Two years of deteriorating health had left my once plump father almost skeletal. Food was making him sick, either from his mouth or in persistent disagreement with his bowel. During this time doctors had prescribed an array of tests and medications until he was floating on a turbulent sea of pharmacological side effects. The situation had gotten so bad that my parents sought the help of the best at the Cleveland Clinic. With Cleveland in the name you're probably picturing Old Hambone Countrydoc's Hollerin' Fun Time Hospital with a doctor in bib overalls blowing away at the top of a clay moonshine jug and sticking leeches to goats. All the same it's nearly the equal of the Mayo Clinic and each doctor there has more PHDs than I have parking tickets. I've had a lot of parking tickets in Chicago. They hand them out like the bureaucratic version of Mardi Gras beads. If you're lucky they'll bake a parking boot into a cake.

The specialist at the Cleveland Clinic sorted through my father's Byzantine medical history of tests and treatments. Then he ordered some tests of his own and with impressive speed diagnosed my father's illness. To put is simply his colon was useless and the doctor suggested a colectomy. That meant removing my father's malfunctioning shit pipe and replacing it with a section of intestine. Finally, my family gasped with relief, someone who knew what the problem was and how to fix it. One problem; this doctor was not covered by my parent's health insurance. He was not an "approved provider" and a request to consider him as one was immediately declined. He was off limits.

The buck was passed unhappily to a new doctor. My parents explored what they could of this "approved provider" and his past. What they discovered was admittedly little, but it was at least nothing bad. This new doctor was confident and assured my father that risk was absolutely minimal. He explained that even though it was fairly major surgery, the in-hospital recovery would be a swift five to seven days.

Hoping to finally rid himself of the health problems dogging him my father resolved to go under the knife.

****

"I have to go to bed," Michelle sighed and rose wearily from the couch.

I sat transfixed in front of the television, knowing deep in my guts that Ohio was going to break for George W. Bush. Hours later, when even CNN was calling it and the sun was beginning to creep into the sky, I did something I had not done in years. I went looking for a drink out of despair. Drowning your sorrows is usually not a very good idea. Unfortunately, in the depths of those sorrows it tends to seem like the only good idea.

I looked forlornly past the celebratory bottle of champagne, consoling myself that it could be saved for New Years, and selected a bottle of Barbados dark rum from my disturbingly overstocked bar. I dropped ice into the largest glass I could find and poured out about eight fingers of the sweet liquid. I sat back down and grimaced as the cold liquid burned hot down my throat and into my belly. I stared through the TV. Past it.

With apocalyptic visions of a second Bush Whitehouse flickering through my mind I began to marinate. Picturing an America in tatters at the claws of Bush and his cronies came probably a little too easily. Like the Democratic Underground version of Nostradamus I could clearly scry America's great cities ruined by environmental decay, poverty, terrorists, and the blue jean storm troops of Ashcroft's FBI. I had way too much emotionally invested in the outcome of the election, but even then I knew that most of what I imagined was nothing but a dark fantasy or, at worst, a heavy exaggeration. Being aware of this and accepting the outcome of the election were two distinctly different things.

“The majority of voters agreed with the RNC line that it is not wise to change horses mid-stream,” flapped one of the commentary Muppets on CNN.

I wanted to hate the Muppet. I wanted to hate every American that agreed with that sort of thinking. Instead the molasses and distilled spirits must have hit me fully at just the right moment. By Odin, I was caring too much about America. I had forgotten my roots, forgotten my epiphany as I unfolded that flag and realized what America meant to me. Just another flag. Just another geographical location ruled by crooks. Maybe a bit luckier than most because the geography is so nice and the crooks have to follow a few better rules. Bush, the guy who I had grown to hate, would get four more years in which he could no longer dodge responsibility or look ahead to successes just beyond the horizon. He would hurt America but it was okay to let him stay on the horse, because hurting America just isn’t the same thing as hurting me and mine.

****

The same rider was in the saddle for the fifth surgical procedure my father had to endure. Through peritonitis, perforated bowel, multiple invasive drainage procedures, a low blood pressure incident that had nearly claimed his life my father had managed to put on a weak smile. This one was different. My father emerged from this latest surgery a complete wreck.

Reddened eyes lolled sightlessly from beneath perpetually half opened lids, his eyelids slicked down with sterile grease to protect him from permanent blindness. Five IV bottles drained their contents down a tangle of tubes and into a pipe works of PICC taps in his arm and hands. A thick tube disappeared into his nostril and periodically slow pulses of dark green fluid would emerge, snaking up the plastic hose to drain into a catch bag. His face was beneath an oxygen mask, transparent but stained badly with a frothy orange mixture of blood and medicine emerging from his other nostril. The fluid collected in the corner of the mask and drained out irregularly onto his gown to create a growing flesh-colored stain. His eyebrows lifted expressively from time to time as if in some better dream he was carrying on a conversation. My hand rested on his concealed beneath a starchy white Veteran’s Association sheet. I felt every ragged breath, tremor, or spasm of muscles translated through his entire emaciated body.

When I returned home from the hospital that day I embraced my mother and unexpectedly but briefly cried. Neither of us would say that he was dying, but it was written in his flesh and blood in the hospital bed.

“Never again.” My mother swore. “That doctor is not touching him again.”

I agreed. The rider could not remain in the saddle. The real hilarious irony for my mother was that virtually every bill to their health insurance provider was coming back with "payment declined" and no reason given.

A few days and a few visits later I entered the hospital room and my father started awake, his eyes swinging to mine and focusing on me with sudden recognition. He struggled against the restraints they kept him in and his bloodshot eyes filled with tears.

“Don’t try to talk.” I said and took his hand.

“I can’t.” He mouthed agonizingly around the hose in his throat.

He passed into unconsciousness a few seconds later. I sat by his side in the ICU as long as they would allow, speaking quietly to him about nothing in particular. Someone, possibly a nurse, had almost comically turned on his television with the volume off. Had he been lucid he still would not have been able to make anything out without his glasses on. I noticed for the first time that the

TV was showing live coverage of George W. Bush's inauguration. I chuckled and turned the TV off. As easy as that America was forgotten. I turned back to my father and longed suddenly for eight fingers of Barbados rum.

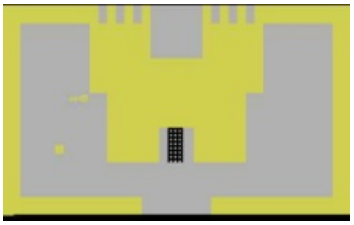
I'll be back to the regular old updates later in the week.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.25 Car Accident

Tuesday, Jan 25, 2005 by by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

My Jehovah's witness friend, Nate, spoke. "If you can write about anything then why don't you write about this - two guys going to a bar?" Nate has no problem being friends with me even though my rejection of the teachings of Jehovah makes me ineligible for eternal life and other valuable cash prizes. Anyway, my point is that if this drought of writing material continues don't be surprised if you see an update about two guys going to a bar.



Limitless Horizons Entertainment sent us these exclusive screenshots of their upcoming MMORPG, Mourning.

"What are you doing down here in the basement?" C said.

"Surprise!" I said. "I spent the last three days painting this elaborate mural depicting the combine's glorious victory over the forces of earth."

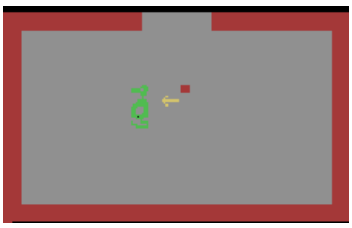
"You did all this in just three days? Are you on speed?"

"No. Unless the green stuff seeping out of the cracks in the basement floor is speed because I've been eating a lot of that."

"Hey, you know how the other night we were accosted by those two muggers in the park and all of a sudden you flew ten feet into the air and as if on cue the full moon emerged from the clouds and cast a glowing blue nimbus on you as you produced a single black rose and blew on it, creating a maelstrom of razor-sharp petals that fended off the muggers? I was just wondering, were you ever planning on explaining that to me?"

"I think I might be a goth."

Goth is a beautiful song playing over the speakers at the mall food court. I'm fucked if I ever get into a car accident because my spiked dog collar will puncture the airbag.



Limitless Horizons Entertainment assured us these are actual in-game screens and not prerendered cinematics. Color us impressed!

I remember C and I's first kiss. We got awesome that night. For those of you who aren't familiar with the phrase, getting awesome is what would happen if you took the best thing ever and somehow made it better. An example would be flashing someone the sign of the devil as you ride past them on a motorcycle dressed like Axl Rose. And I don't mean the early pseudo-biker Axl Rose. I'm talking about 90s era Axl Rose with the kilt and everything.

"I can't believe you're satisfied with your entry level position as a combine soldier." C said. "You obviously have the intelligence and motivation to be a combine assassin."

"Well, combine assassins do make more money but it's also more hours and more responsibility." I said. "This job is just a temporary thing until my goth metal band, Silent Cemetarium, makes it big. I'm not a very good singer but I know how to play my strengths."

"Uh, being able to sound like Stevie Nicks vomiting into a metal coffee can isn't a strength."

Somewhere a lone vortigon was discovering he could produce a variety of notes by blowing into the hollow stalk of a plant native to xen.

C and I watched Demonic Toys. Watching a movie while jacked up on valkyr often yields startling insights into the filmmaker's vision. Suddenly I was there at the production meeting listening to the director say "What can we add to our movie to make it even edgier? Well, we've already got an evil jack-in-the-box so it must be a doll that uses the word "fuck"."

C and I went christmas shopping. If anyone reading this would like to help me with my christmas shopping I'm willing to pay $50 for a demonic Art Carney doll mint in box. It doesn't have to be the original box, just a box. Preferably one it can't escape from.

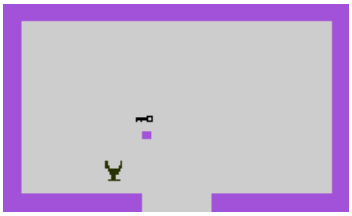
"You take the blue pill, the story ends." C said. "You wake up in your bed and you believe whatever you want to believe. You take the red pill, you stay in wonderland and I show you how deep the rabbit hole goes."

"Oh sure, pop a pill. That's our generation's answer to everything, isn't it? We've got instant coffee, instant news, and now we've got commercials telling us we can have instant happiness through pharmaceuticals."

C and I surveyed the urban sprawl of Loudon road. I refused to believe this was the same land that the ancients once gave up their immortality to tread upon. It was another frigid New Hampshire winter. At absolute zero any piece of matter becomes a superconductor. Not that I minded the weather. I was a man-who-wished-he-was-a-woman for all seasons. Someday I would leave this place. Watch me fly above Concord like a shadow on the sky.

"Well, you and your car both survived the accident." the tow truck driver said. "Although I can understand if you're a little shaken up."

"All the fear is gone." I said. "In its place is a sublime comfort that tantalizes the nightmaren who speak its name. Also, during those few seconds where I stared death straight in the eye I realized something: I want to have larvae."



Is it a wine glass or an evil plant? The mystery surrounding this sprite adds a palpable tension to Mourning's gameplay.

C and I watched The Red Green Show. As a slight aside, here is a hilarious comedy sketch I've written that Red Green may use free of charge:

I'm telling you, men and women are so different. Now if a man had a vagina he'd find a more practical use for it. He'd get a bottle opener installed in it because you can never find a bottle opener when you need one, am I right?

"The scientists have it all wrong." C said. "It isn't an airborne virus that's reanimating the corpses. It's radioactive earthworms burrowing into their spinal cords. That's why headshots have been so ineffective. They have to aim for the spine. Oh, and I threw out that rotting tree branch in the closet that had all those Derek Walcott poems taped to it."

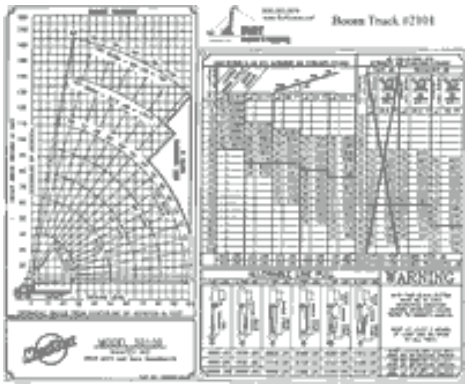
"My poetree."

Now I'm 50 years old. All the rock stars I idolized in my youth are dead, although part of me would like to believe that their brains live on in metal cylinders on their way to the home planet of a Lovecraftian crab people. The last time I saw C she was at Cafe Eclipse surrounded by government officials. I recognized the look in her eyes. It was the look of a S.T.A.R.S. member preparing for what they knew would be their final assignment.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

1.26 America in Crisis: Indebted to Danger

Wednesday, Jan 26, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



Although most people think it looks like explosions, this is what our annual spending actually looks like.

The last time I took an economics class was probably in the distant year of either 2002 or 2003. The only thing I really got out of that class was a few jokes about the law of diminishing marginal returns and a desire to be rich enough to afford a solid gold gun with which to blow my own brains out. My point is that I don't know anything about economics and when presented with the opportunity to learn more about economics, I squandered it looking for cheap and pathetic jokes and contemplating suicide when the jokes weren't enough to fend off the A-bomb riding wolves of crippling boredom. In a perfect world I would not be qualified in any way, shape, or form to write an article on the nation's budget shortfall, which just reached an all time high... again. But this is a country where you don't have to be qualified or informed to be in charge of things, let alone write about said things. I have a lot in common with this land I call home. Not only am I full of crap most of the time, I'm also in debt. Because of the common bond I share with this great nation, I guess you can say I'm as qualified as anyone to handle this important task of making fun of a serious problem I do not understand at all.

The creamy nougat center of our country, the White House, recently announced that America (the United States of) was going to come up $427 billion short of paying off this year's huge bills. On the small scale, when you come up short of the bill, you generally have to put an item back, such as that magazine vanity purchase you opted for. Then there's always the "you break it, you pay for it" policy, and we kind of broke a few things over the last few years, most notably the heart of Mexican president Vicente Fox, who was promised a slot as our best buddy and then promptly forgotten. Also Iraq, Afghanistan, etc.. Oops. Yes, it's a cliche at this point to complain about Iraq, but it's really at the heart of our budget problems. So naturally we can look back and say, "Well, we probably should have spent a lot less time and money blowing crappy countries up and a little more time being a friend to Vicente Fox."

Now I know some people think that Iraq was a danger to us, but I've never been a fan of the "we must kill them in the event that they might actually try to kill us at some point in the immediate future" mentality. I ask you this, though. How many Americans did Iraq kill prior to us invading it? Not that many. They were so not a threat to us that we actually had to send people over there to get killed by them! If we had saved up our money until we had enough to mount a proper invasion instead of invading Iraq on a whim and charging the whole thing to the government's mythical credit card, things would be a lot better now. That sort of responsible action builds character and credibility, and the world would respect us more if we showed some fiscal discipline when attacking other countries. They'd say, "You know, those Americans worked hard and really saved up their money to invade Iraq. That's one war they earned. I sure wish we had that kind of work ethic!" And if we had saved up our money beforehand, chances are we could have attacked a better country, like one of those fancy European nations full of riches and delicious wartime spoils. We didn't really have the money to afford going to war with Iraq, but we did it anyway. I doubt we had the extra cash sitting around to fight off the invading Afghanistan forces either. That sends a bad message about managing money to the population, not to mention the population's impressionable children.

The bottom line is that it's really not smart to rack up debt blowing up another country when we could invest it in, oh, say, educating the population. Or, better yet, creating an entire army division consisting of the nation's homeless. A hobo brigade would be awesome, not to mention cheap and doubly expendable, because they're already dead to us. Maybe that's getting sidetracked, so let me get back to the topic of abortion. Abor—Crap! I meant the national debt. We cannot allow this type of reckless spending to continue. Each year our national debt grows bigger and bigger and, as of right now, is currently the largest numerical value ever fathomed by man or man's mental and spiritual equivalent, the very large IBM computer. At a certain point all this money we owe is going to haunt us. If we don't start paying the bills soon and with positive-valued numbers, it's only a matter of time before America defaults back to being owned by a shadowy consortium of Japanese businessmen, forced to dance the night away in lawless penthouse suites in the prefecture of broken dreams.

I took a break from drawing muscular barbarian men for a comic book my cousins and I are making to sketch out some rough ideas on how we might clear up this debt mess. I know a lot of important figures like Alan Greenspan routinely read Something Awful (mostly Jed's updates), so this should reach to the right people.

- Declare "War on Debt" and spend massive amounts of money systematically destroying the roots and causes of debt. It worked well with terrorism and drugs, two concepts that people hardly even remember, so this idea is incredibly practical.
- Demand that Iraqis and Afghanis pay back every penny we spent blowing them up.
- George Bush should ask every elementary school student to bring one dollar into school, to be donated to the national treasury. This should get us out of debt in no time.
- Sell off undesirable states such as South Dakota, North Dakota, Montana, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and, well, pretty much all of the Midwest. At the very least we could rent them out to China.
- Bring corporate sponsorship in to foot the war bills, like "Taco Bell's Operation: Desert Chalupa" or "Operation: Arab Grudge, sponsored by 'The Grudge' coming soon to DVD."
- Invest all our money in economic eugenics programs designed to create a race of wealthy supermen completely impervious to the effects of poverty.
- Spend less on war and defense and more on education so that we aren't all such colossal idiots hell-bent on putting a mediocre amount of effort into electing lousy leaders incapable of not making the world worse and worse each and every year.

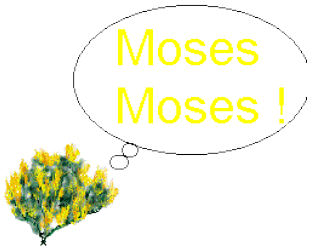
Some of you probably don't agree with my politics (I wrote in a vote for a fantasy Evel Knievel/Super Dave Osborne Dare Devil Party ticket), so allow me to bring some outside voices into this discussion. I have assembled what I consider to be an excellent panel of celebrity animated gif files. Let's get started!

Do you agree with current White House spending?

"I think it's absolutely ghastly! Muwahahahaha-hahaha! Terrifying as the mandible maw of death as it sinks into your flesh!"

"I like a hot time, not a scary time!"

"Mwuahahahahahahahahaha! It's a fiendishly fiscal recipe for doom!"



"MOSES! *MOSES!* ***MOSES!***"

From a financial standpoint, would you say the progress in Iraq warrants granting an additional $80 billion to defense spending?

"Sometimes you have to mix things up if you want a truly hot salsa, but a salsa isn't a salsa without a feisty chili pepper."

"Spend and spend and lend and lend, but man cannot run forever into a dead end! Bwahahahahahaaaha!"

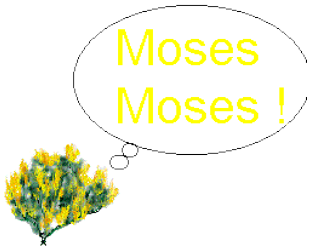
"MOSES! *MOSES!* ***MOSES!***"

What do you see as the outcome to the government's current attitude towards spending?

"Balancing a budget is like making the perfect chili. It's a recipe man has yet to discover. When it comes to spice, though, the chili pepper is the only surefire bet."

"Who knows what horrors haunt the future of man. Spine-chilling terrors lurk in every dark corner waiting to strike! There is a buzzer under the seat of every American waiting to deliver the first jolt. Rigor mortis will deliver the final! Bwahahahaha!"

"MOSES! *MOSES!* ***MOSES!***"



Thanks to our celebrity gif panel for their terrific insights. I hope this has been an educational and informative update, and I look forward to seeing each of you in the unemployment line.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.27 You are God's Beautiful Butterfly

Thursday, Jan 27, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

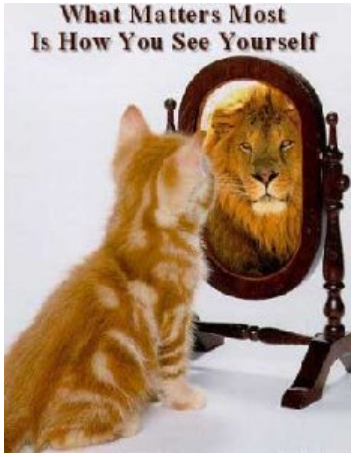
Hi, how are you doing today? Not so good? I'm sorry to hear that, but its alright, that's what I'm here for. You know, I've helped a lot of people over the years with their self-esteem, and by far the Internet crowd has the most issues concerning their sense of worth. Weight problems, insecurities, and depression plague these poor souls to the point of madness and despair. The fact that they are even on the Internet in the first place tells me that they would rather communicate with people behind a facade of fake names and animated icons rather than place themselves in social situations with fellow humans. How do I know all of this, and what makes me qualified as a consoler in these matters? I too have been afflicted with the crippling disease of low self-esteem. I was once like you.

Since I was a young lad, I have never had a good feeling about my lanky body or myself in general. I would shy away from people and immerse myself into a fantasy land of whimsy and magic, and then get thrown into a duck pond by some big bullies. When I grew older this lack of self-esteem grew like a festering sore that had become gangrenous over time. I ate Skittles and Spree to excess, stayed up to all hours of the night watching reruns of the Gong Show, and even started wearing my sunglasses at night, so I could, so I could see. My parents found it impossible to communicate with me and I donned my room with black lights, Danzig posters, and a quilt I stitched by hand that said, "I love Satan". When I finally found the pain unbearable, I tried to take my own life in various ways, but failed miserably every single time. The first time I jumped into a hot tub and turned the water temperature as high as it would go, trying to boil myself like a lobster. I even put a plate of butter and lemon juice next to my suicide note as a commentary on how this existence is so corrupt. After a few hours I just became really dehydrated and my skin was super wrinkled. Another time I tried to hang myself from a hot air balloon but the flimsy knot came undone and I fell into a swamp and befriended an alligator. I even tried swallowing a bunch of tacks and laxatives, but it only resulted in making the most dangerous bowl movement the world has even seen. I was a failure at being a failure.

That all changed after my 17th failed suicide when somebody actually stepped in and asked if I was ok. I told them that I was not ok and that I needed help or at least somebody to read my poems and understand my pain. Once I had somebody listening to all of my problems and I could vent all my anger and frustration out in an artistic orgy of creativity, I felt a whole lot better about myself and my life. I realized that I was the Lord's gentle snowflake and that although I have some major faults, I also have something to offer the world. After my rebirth into the fold of humanity, I made it my life's goal to help people who are feeling depressed and are in the same plight I was once in. Perhaps if I think I can save enough people, that maybe, just maybe, there is hope for me. I will be

fielding letters sent to me from people on the Internet who desperately need my expert help. Are you ready to heal Internet?

Dear Frolixo,
I'm really unhappy with my self-image. I have fat ankles and whenever I try to run I trip over my fat and people laugh at me. This makes me even more unhappy and I keep eating Little Debbie snack cakes, making me ankles even fatter, and I fall down the stairs all the time. I eat because I feel bad, and I feel bad because I eat. Is there any way I can stop this cycle of destruction before they have to use a crane to knock down my walls so I can go on the Maury Povich show? Also I think there is a ghost in my basement because I heard noises down there and it smells like Cheetos. Thanks.
-Chubby in Charleston



First of all Chubby, you need to realize that no matter how fat you think you are, you are a very special person and you should not get angry with yourself. You don't have fat ankles because you eat too much, you have fat ankles because the ghost in your basement is haunting your soul, therefore slowing down your metabolism to such a rate that you gain weight faster than you can burn it. In fact, 80% of overweight and obese people are really just possessed by spirts from another dimension. The only way you can start feeling good about yourself again is to burn some sage in the basement and then call out the spirit to leave the household and your ankles. You might have to wrestle the spirit or call in a specialist if it refuses to leave your bloated body. I myself am infested by a variety of spirits and I'm working on getting rid of them so I can get a handle on my beer gut. They also make me murder prostitutes but that's another issue entirely.

Dear Frolixo,
I'm really lonely and having trouble finding a girl who will love me for who I am and not just say they love me and steal my wallet and silverware while I'm in the bathroom. I don't understand women and I always seem to mess everything up. I know I'm not the most handsome or dashing guy in the world, but I'm really nice and try my hardest when it comes to impressing a potential mating partner. I just want to find a girl who I can have sex with in real life and then play World of Warcraft with me so we can run around as Night Elves killing spiders and going on magical adventures. Is there somebody out there for me?
-Blue Balls in Boston

Well Blue Balls, you have a classic case of CNS, or "chronic nerd syndrom". As a child you were dunked in barrels of water filled with electric eels and this warped your view on the classic male/female gender roles in a relationship, causing you to put your own expectations on other people, and as such you will never find the right woman for you. Woman hate guys who act nice and who are really eager to be intimate with them, so you need to act more like a jerk and play it cool instead of humping her leg on the first date. When she asks you to call her, let her wait a few days instead of leaving her 20 messages and crying on the last one because you think she hates you. Also you are gay.

Dear Frolixo,
I am getting really bummed out lately. Nothing seems to be going right in my life. I fail at everything I set out to do and nobody likes me. I've cut my wrists before in anger at myself and this stupid existence. Once I stapled my hands together and jumped off the roof. Nobody cares about me and I want to kill myself.

-Suicidal in Seattle

You are a failure because you live in Seattle. Everybody knows that Seattle is the capital of tears, failed dreams, rain, and overpriced coffee. No wonder it has the highest rate of suicide. You should move to Florida and hunt crabs on the beach all day in the nude. This will solve all your problems.

Dear Frolixo,
I followed your advice from your last self-help workshop and now my life is in shambles. My wife left me, I lost my job, my dog is dead, my house burned to the ground, and now I have colon cancer. You are a big stupid asshole and I hope you die.
-Pissed off in Pittsburgh

I'm sorry! I really am trying my hardest to do a good job of helping people with self-esteem here, but maybe I'm just screwing it all up. Oh god I'm just a worthless pile of crap that can't do anything right. My gym teacher was right, I am a no good ugly fat butt that throws a ball like a sissy girl. I was going to go into the types of medication one can take to numb their emotions and fill their empty husk with medical happiness, but I'm far too depressed for that now. I'm going to get a tub of ice cream and cry myself to sleep. Oh god.

Life is a lot like a box of kittens. They are really hard to cram into a toaster.

(Seriously sorry for my crap update, but I got paged to work and they threw me into a dirty pit filled with wires and short haired piglets. I'll make It up to you baby. I'll take you to Applebees and you can get anything you want on the menu.)

-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

1.28 Kids Say the Darnedest Things 3D

Friday, Jan 28, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Kids Say the Darnedest Shit series.

Last fall I journeyed to Whitebrook Elementary in Chicago's north suburbs to speak with Mrs. Klinger's class of precocious 3rd grade students. Over the course of two articles they offered their ingenious and often surprising responses to the questions I posed.

Even though Mrs. Klinger makes no secret of the fact that she finds my questions disruptive to her class she allowed me to return in early January and launch a whole new volley of interrogatives. Her exceptionally bright students did not disappoint with their thoughtful responses.

In your face once again, Bill Cosby.

If you won a million dollars in the lotto what would you buy?

"As many fit coloreds as possible to finally turn this cotton plantation to profit. "

"I want to buy a unicorn, a real Pikachu, and a Cayman Islands tax shelter."

"A ticket out of this white bread town."

"A new hotter-looking mommy from Russia."

"A million dollars worth of whatever can make my bone cancer go away. I'm just kidding I don't have cancer and I definitely wouldn't waste a million dollars curing my sister."

Should the United States of America invade Iran?

"My daddy said the United Nations is nothing but meddling cowards so I think we should invade them first."

"The United States should invade whoever will make him popular among his peer group."

"Iran reminds me of soccer because I ran at soccer practice yesterday. So yes, definitely, we should crush them like ants and leave their civilization in ruins if that's what it takes to check the advances of the pan-national Islamic caliphate."

"I'm sort of mad because last year the president said we were going to invade Mars and I bet that would be a cooler war."

"I think there are still a few fire fighters that need to be avenged."

What was the best birthday present that you have ever received?

"I will always treasure the five dollar bill my aunt gave me on my seventh birthday."

"The cloud dragon that told me everything would be alright when I flat-lined for three minutes after aspirating water at my pool party last year."

"An endocrine system."

"A Tantric massage from an 11 year old Thai boy. I thought being in Thailand on a family vacation for my birthday would suck. It did but not in the way I had imagined."

"Every day I savor the gift of my ancestor's participation in the systematic liquidation of International Jewry."

What is the funniest thing that you've ever seen?

"A man being hit in the testicles by a football signed by Brian Piccolo."

"My dad pooping his pants. I found out later he was pooping because he was dead, but it was hilarious at the time."

"The American Enterprise Institute's ridiculous whitepaper on instability in Syria."

"My mommy looks pretty scary when she is drinking but the stuff she says is absolutely hilarious. 'I want to die, baby!' Hahaha, yeah right mom!"

"Probably my sister being born. When the doctor said 'Sea Section' I thought there would be dolphins in mommy but the truth was a lot funnier!"

Do you use the Internet and if so what do you like best about it?

"I am not allowed to use the Internet because mommy is afraid I will read something negative about the glorious People's Republic of China."

"My single greatest passion is opening email attachments from unknown senders in Outlook Express."

"The Internet is great for keeping me up to date on the names and locations of registered sex offenders in my area that I might want to hang around and trust as an authority figure."

"I love the Internet. I spend hours every day enjoying the amazing original material produced by ebaum's world."

"My daddy doesn't like me using the Internet ever since I told him that docking isn't just for ships anymore."

It's family dinner night and it's your turn to pick. Where or what do you choose?

"It doesn't matter what we eat as long as it is hot, wet, and regurgitated directly from mommy's mouth down my gullet."

"Iron rations fortify me for the adventure ahead!"

"I think I would like to go to Chuck-E-Cheese because it's in a really upscale neighborhood with an implied 'whites only' policy."

"The best meal I ever ate was with Bill the policeman and he took me to McDonalds because my mommy was injecting anti-freeze and making me sleep in a box of used diapers."

"I only eat things that I track and kill with my sling. Yesterday I did fling true and fell three Hot Pockets and a Spiderman Lunchable."

What is your favorite book and why do you like it so much?

"I love the Bible because its pages are very non-abrasive and do not aggravate my daddy's hemorrhoids."

"I'm only halfway through it but 'I Am Charlotte Simmons' proves that Tom Wolfe still has his finger to the pulse of a youth culture that exists only in his imagination."

"I read transcripts of NBC's 'Nightline' in a falsetto and pretend that Ted Koppel is a dashing Russian spy come to take me away from the drudgery of my life as a bored housewife."

"The novelization of 'Club Dread' perfectly captures the pathos of Broken Lizard's sophomore masterpiece."

"I exclusively read propaganda leaflets dropped over my apartment block. My favorite is the one with the cartoon showing me how to surrender to a helicopter."

What do you think is the most important issue facing the world today?

"Unless all of television is exaggerating things I'm fairly certain that mankind faces total annihilation by tsunamis at any moment."

"The tragic dearth of new 'Mucha Lucha' episodes."

"Elvis Presley's lurid gyrations might agitate sex-addled teens to the point of rebellion."

"I'm not sure who it is now but SOMEONE is taking our jobs."

"Black magic and how it might be harnessed to power our cities."

I hope you have enjoyed the wisdom of these wisecracking kids. Hopefully I will be able to convince Mrs. Klinger to let me stop by again soon.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.29 Neato Burrito

Saturday, Jan 29, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I don't know about you guys but I could sure go for a burrito. I don't even have a good reason why, but that's the beauty of the burrito. It just *is*, man. It doesn't need a reason. It doesn't need the pomp and circumstance that surround spaghetti or pork chops. It is a meal for every man that transcends borders and cultures and locked doors and your screams for help.

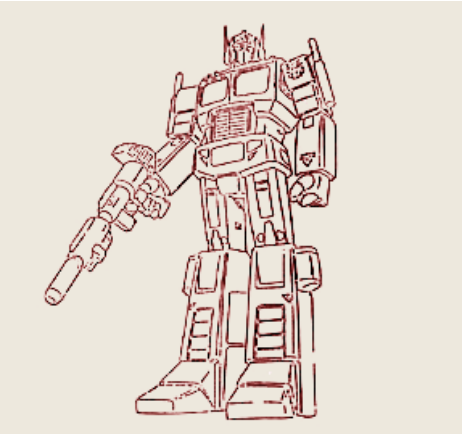
A man feeding his baby with strap-on breasts is a common sight, but did you know this man would have to breastfeed his baby for three months to provide the nutrients found in just one burrito?

Any time is the right time for a burrito, provided you live in the Eastern time zone. For everyone else, the right time is any time plus two hours. Have one as a breath freshener after drunkenly vomiting at your kids' birthday party, in celebration after your favorite athlete scores a goal or sexually assaults a woman, or as your last meal on death row! Make a time machine so you can have one with your great great grandfather, then attempt to make him rich by telling him last week's winning lottery numbers. Swim across the nearest ocean to eat one on foreign soil, realize you forgot the burrito and swim back, then just say "fuck it" and take up knitting. The burrito won't think any less of you, for it is compassionate beyond all comprehension. It knows you touch yourself at night and it doesn't judge you. In fact, it wants to join in.

We place so much importance on money today but there are some things money can't buy, like ground beef, cheese and tortillas, which just happen to be the main ingredients in a burrito. The burrito is the silent communion of the modern godless man. To eat a burrito is to save your soul. If you order one from Taco Bell, know that it has baked under a heat lamp all day for your sins. If you're a scientologist, order the nachos. They're pretty good too.

We are all taught in school that the first burrito was born to Raul and Julia Fernandez-Lopez, a humble and hard working couple. We are told that they named this firstborn child Clarence and cannibalized him as was the custom among Swedes in the 1990s. But if this is true and the burrito is only ten years old, how does the educational system explain this 15,000 B.C. Macedonian cave painting?

Furthermore, how can they explain this 12,000 B.C. cave painting found in Italy?



As you can see, the evidence is overwhelming. Whether our government admits it or not, the burrito has existed for thousands of years, influencing the world in a myriad of ways and shaping events toward an ultimate goal that remains unknown. It was Shakespeare's muse, making him realize that Romeo and Juliet would work better as a tragic love story than a "buddy comedy" about two tax collectors facing danger and adventure with only 2 days left until retirement. The burrito told Hitler to invade Australia, then thought better of it and convinced him Australia didn't exist. It was so persuasive in this argument that the continent is still absent from modern maps. When JFK was shot, it was there. Not in the grassy knoll with a rifle but in the back seat of the limo, desperately trying to hold the president's brains in place and shedding a single tear for the end of an era in which political figures could drive around in super sweet convertibles.

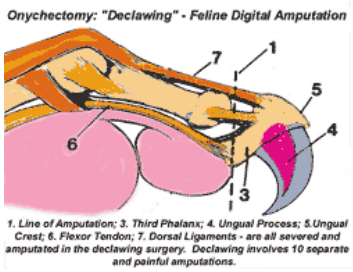
Sometimes I don't know whether I love my family or burritos more. How can someone be expected to make a decision such as that? They're both really great but if you put a gun to my head and made me decide, I'd probably duck really fast and try to knock you over with some crazy kung fu kick. Ever since I was a little kid I was an excellent ducker. My teachers would meet with my parents and shake their heads solemnly, saying things like, "He doesn't grasp even the most basic math concepts or how to hold a pencil and he frequently distracts the other children by being significantly uglier than them, but he sure can duck!" If they had replaced the Science Fair with the Ducking Fair I would have gotten first place, only when the principal went to put the medal around my neck I would have ducked and everyone would have laughed as the principal shrugged as if to say "what are you going to do?" I would have done pretty well at the Forgetting Which Bus Stop Is Yours Fair if that existed too, but ducking during that awards ceremony wouldn't have gotten the same amount of laughs.

Some people might think it's silly for me to ramble at such length about burritos, but you know what? People thought it was pretty silly when Uwe Boll announced he would legitimize movies based on video games by signing on to direct House of the Dead, Alone in the Dark, Bloodrayne, Hunter: The Reckoning, Far Cry, Tetris, and E.T. in rapid succession despite the fact that he had never made a good film. People thought Dan Marino would never win the Daytona 500. Two out of every three people thought RC Cola tasted better than its unnamed competitor. One time I didn't sleep for three days and I thought I was invisible. So there you have it.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.30 The Truth About Cats and Dogs

Sunday, Jan 30, 2005 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez


Onychectomy: "Declawing" - Feline Digital Amputation
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1. Line of Amputation; 3. Third Phalanx; 4. Ungual Process; 5.Ungual Crest; 6. Flexor Tendon; 7. Dorsal Ligaments - are all severed and amputated in the declawing surgery. Declawing involves 10 separate and painful amputations.

See all of that crap in the diagram right there? Don't let the vet fool you. Cats don't need any of that shit!

The domestication of cats and dogs is similar to inviting a person over to your house and then punching them in the face the moment they enter the door. Over thousands and thousands of years we have domesticated dogs and cats and invited them into our homes. Yet in that vast amount of time we have done nothing to learn how to take care of these animals and figure out what makes them tick. Actually let me rephrase that. We do know how to take care of these animals but for some reason we disregard all of this information and continue to feed them sub par meals, fill their shit boxes with dangerous chemicals, and remove important parts of their bodies simply because we choose to be ignorant. If dogs really are "man's best friend" and cats really are an occasionally mobile piece of furniture, why don't we treat them that way? Why do we get cats if we're only going to feed them garbage? Ignorance. That's all. In today's update I am going to show you everything wrong with the way we take care of our pets and you're simply going to stop doing those things. The problem will be solved, I will feel great knowing I did something worthwhile, and I will go back to defecating in front of my neighbor's house and blaming it on their kids. Are we all on the same page here? Okay, let's begin.

The most horrific thing you can do to a cat is to get him or her declawed. Cats use their claws for many things. These include defense, scratching up furniture, scratching their balls, and keeping the scratching post industry alive. Declawing is illegal in 23 countries as of this writing including Germany, Japan, and Walt Disney World. Germany? They sent millions of Jews to the ovens and now they outlaw declawing. Can you imagine that? This must be some pretty heavy shit then huh? Unfortunately most people seem to think that when a cat gets declawed it is only their claws that are removed. Not so. You are actually removing what amounts to their fingers. The doctor usually uses a scalpel blade and clamps to perform the procedure. To avoid blood spurting everywhere a tourniquet is placed around the cat's leg and there are fairly high odds of it pinching the sciatic nerve. This can do irreparable nerve damage. But in these images this particular vet isn't even using a scalpel. This worthless cunt of a person cuts the cat's digits off with what are basically scissors. This is surgery? More like mutilation. Laser surgery is also commonly done but vets hate doing it and it isn't any less painful. Any animal hospital that performs this procedure should be ashamed of themselves. In fact, here are the facts about declawing according to the Laguna Hills Animal Hospital here in Southern California.

> *When cats are made to live with us in our homes this is a somewhat unnatural environment for them. However, considering coyotes, dogs, cars, disease or troublesome kids there is no doubt that keeping your cat indoors is definitely the smart thing to do. Given that, it makes good sense to help the cat live comfortably inside of the house and be an acceptable member of the family. This may mean declawing to prevent damage to the home or those living in it.*

Cats sure are dangerous! They'll steal the breath from a baby and murder your children and drink the last of the milk and leave the empty carton in the refrigerator. In order to help the cat live comfortably inside of the house and be an acceptable member of the family we have to remove their fingers? So if your child keeps coloring on the walls with crayons do we chop off his fingers? Well, why not? It would certainly stop the problem wouldn't it? No, we don't do that because with

discipline and patience children can be taught not to do things we don't want them to do. But I don't want to sit there with a spray bottle and squirt water at the cat every time he starts scratching the couch and buy a scratching post for the cat so it can do what nature intended the goddamn thing to do because the season premiere of American Idol is on tonight and it's only on for three hours and I really need to see it! You can read the rest of Laguna Hills Animal Hospital's fun facts about declawing yourself and hopefully your reaction is like mine, flatulence of outrage. However, the best reason to get your cat declawed, at least from the vet's perspective, is that it increases cash flow into the hospital.

Now that you have this wonderful picture of declawing let's read about a fun declawing story that will warm your heart and fill your soul with joy. Forum user Esthers posted a thread in our pet forum about his good friends that decided to get their cat declawed. Why did they decide to do such a thing you ask? Well, here it is.

THIS IS THE FACE OF A KILLER.

The baby is due in early Februrary. Guido has grown to the size and strength of a bobcat, and has given himself quite the reputation for being a toughguy. He is the only cat I've met that I couldn't trim his nails. Their friends have been telling them that the cat is going to not mix well with the baby.
"Guido will feel threatened and attack the baby"
"He doesn't know the difference bewteen playing and fighting"
"Many cases of SIDS are caused by cats sleeping on babies...it happened to a coworker's sister"
"I heard cats can make infants get sick...".
After much debate, Corey and Jen decide to declaw the cat. "The baby just wouldn't be safe," they said.

What debate did they engage in that finally led them to base their decision on the rumors and urban legends that their friends spewed forth? Did hearsay and conjecture just sound too good to pass up? You know, I heard black cats give you bad luck. I heard that cats enjoy eating the flesh off of babies and then shitting in their brains. I heard that cats are the spawn of Satan and hate both Easter and Arbor Day. I heard that cats were responsible for 9-11. I mean, if I heard something from someone then it must be true! Well, you can probably figure out how the rest of the story goes, but let's press on anyway.

Corey took a day off work to take the cat to the pet hospital. He dropped Guido off with the vet, and was told to pick him up in 24 hours. The whole place gave Corey such bad vibes. The vet, who Corey described as "80 years old vet that only talked in whispers" especially gave Corey the creeps; so much so that Corey called Jen and told her he was having doubts about bringing the cat there. By now a few hours had passed, and it was probably too late.
The next morning was Friday, and the two went to pick up Guido. When they got there, they saw Guido hopping around on three legs. His forth--the front left leg, was hanging like a piece of meat.
"It looks like it might be swelling a bit down there. I'll need to see him on Monday to check up on that."

On a very special *Boy Meets World* Corey declaws his cat... For those of you just joining us let's recap the story so far. Corey and Jen get a cat. Corey knocks Jen up with his retarded sperm so

they can both have a retarded baby. This does not bode well for the cat because their friends have *heard* that cats do not mix well with babies. And since Corey works at Pizza Hut and will never amount to anything in his life he and Jen decide to get the cat declawed. Now that they have decided to make the cat go through major surgery these two jerk offs pick the first vet they see without even researching the place or the surgery they are about to make their cat undergo! Surprise surprise the cat is fucked up when he comes out of the vet. WE DIDN'T SEE THIS ONE COMING! You know, if this is anything like how they are going to raise their child I feel bad for the kid. Someone call child protective services now. Please, before its too late. But that's not all folks.

> *By the time they got to the car, the swelling had doubled. By evening, there was pus. The next day they took him to a different veterarian, who said that the whoever declawed this cat had no idea what they were doing. The vet gave them a bag of syringes and a bunch of antibiotic to treat the wound. They've taken all the precautions recommended by the second vet...newpaper litterbox, using those ridiculous lampshade things so he can't lick his wound, Jen even sewed a little sock for his bum leg. By now the cat bills topped over $1100 for the week. (I should mention that combined, they have only about $3000 right now...and remind you that they are having a baby in a couple weeks.)*

You know when the best time to have a baby is? When the combined net worth of you and your partner totals to about 3,000 dollars. I'd also recommend not having any ambition in life and making serious decisions based on a couple of things your moronic friends say they heard one day from their grandma. I would also recommend a garage, a short length of hose, and a running engine. These people are real winners. Let's continue.

> *So Corey called me tonight and said that the skin just fell off Guido leg. And now he's faced with two options:*
>
> 1. Aputate the leg at a cost of $1300...hell, you've already spent a grand on him! And now you and grow old with the cat with the joy of knowing that you've both been through a lot together. Besides, Jen wouldn't have it any other way.
>
> 2. Well, put him to sleep. Corey and Jen put off buying a car last week because of this whole mess. They don't have any money anyways. And the second vet told them that you don't want a healing animal around a newborn.

You tell 'em kitty!

IT LOOKS LIKE DECLAWING REALLY WORKED OUT HERE DIDN'T IT? You went in for a declawing and got a delegging! Great job folks. Pat yourselves on the back. You're great fucking parents. Now that you've killed one living thing, let's go for two.

When we're not hacking off pieces of cats to serve our own selfish needs, we are feeding cats garbage to serve our own selfish needs. Cat food is fucking expensive these days. At 60 cents a can raising a cat can really break the bank. Luckily there are pet food manufacturers that have *my* needs in mind. Because, you know, having your pet's needs in mind would just be too expensive. What does your 60 cents get you? Here is a list of acceptable sources of protein according to the Association of American Feed Control Officials. You know the organization that sets the guidelines that pet food manufacturers like to boast they meet? Yeah, this is them. Some of the items on this list come from the book *Food Pets Die For* and others are my own joke entries. You'd be surprised where the actual items that are present in pet food stop and where my jokes begin.

- Hydrolyzed hair
- Spray-dried animal blood
- Dehydrated food-waste. Basically food from restaurants and grocery stores that was thrown in the garbage.
- Dried poultry waste. Chicken shit!
- Dried swine waste. Pig piss!
- Undried processed animal waste product. Basically all other kinds of shit and piss!
- Recycled soda cans
- Broken Indian peace treaties
- Homeless people
- Unsold copies of Alanis Morrisette's last CD
- Your dead dog or cat

That last one is sort of funny isn't it? Have cats and dogs become practicing cannibals? You bet your sweet ass they have. Los Angeles alone sends 200 tons of euthanized cats and dogs to West Coast Rendering in Los Angeles every month. While pet food makers deny they use cats and dogs in food, they do not test the raw material that they purchase. Testing pet food for cat and dog DNA has come up negative because DNA breaks down during the rendering process. From *Food Pets Die For* PhD Peter Faletra explains how heat breaks the bonds between two strands of DNA.

Exclusive picture of cat food being made! Film at 11!!!

> *The cells of the organism are degraded by the heat, and that liberates enzymes called DNAses that eat away the DNA. The cell destroys its own DNA when it is dying.*

So how do they know there are pets in pet food? Through the magic of sodium pentobarbital. Sodium pentobarbital is used to euthanize dogs and cats in animal shelters. Since the chemical can survive the rendering process it can end up in the food our pets eat. In 1995 the Center for Veterinary Medicine tested several popular brands of cat and dog food for the presence of sodium pentobarbital. These foods tested positive, albeit in very small quantities. However, if the same amount of sodium pentobarbital was found in food intended for humans there would be an instant recall. What's funny is that when a dog and cat ingests this chemical in small doses all their lives it's harder for the chemical to do what it's supposed to do when the animal is finally put down.

And just because they are nice pet food makers include essential minerals that your puppy or kitty need to survive and live a healthy life. From the book *Food Pets Die For* Ann Martin explains this very generous act of kindness.

> *The prime minerals that are added to pet food include zinc, iron, and copper. These minerals can, in some cases, cause serious health problems for pets, particularly if you happen to get a bag of food that has an inordinate amount of minerals added. This was how my dogs initially got sick in 1990. I had the dry dog food tested at an independent lab, and the test results showed a zinc level twenty times higher than the daily recommended dose. Veterinarians versed in toxicology whom I contacted explained that zinc levels in excess of 1,000 parts per million can be toxic for dogs. The Recommended Daily Allowance for dogs is approximately 50 mg. per day.*

Martin, why are you even complaining? You got a ton of zinc that you didn't even have to pay extra for. Pet food companies put that zinc in there as a bonus prize and I am appalled that you would

even question their authority on the matter. Where is *your* pet food company, huh? What do you know about the subject? My dogs get 2,000 mg. a day of zinc and their eyes glow and their kidneys are the size of basketballs. Those are signs of a happy dog.

Unfortunately it's hard to tell when or how much of this crap is in each can of pet food. There is no testing done to ensure that each can of food is uniform with the others. One day they might throw some actual chicken into the rendering vat. Other days they might throw whole cats, collars, plastic bags, tags, and all. As far as I can tell the regulatory agency that is supposed to oversee the pet food industry consists of a 75 year old man sleeping in a shack somewhere in Montana. The USDA inspects meat intended for human consumption. Meat that has been deemed unfit for human consumption may be used in pet food. Just because the pet food you buy might say "USDA Inspected" on it doesn't mean that it's any good. It may have been inspected and condemned!

Dry food is also an enigma to me. Dogs and cats are both carnivores. Their teeth are designed to shred and tear off meat from bones. They are simply not designed for chewing. The dental "benefits" associated with dry food is nonsense. Dry food does nothing to clean your pet's teeth. Also, cats fed dry food are more likely to develop kidney complications. Even if a cat gets water along with their dry food they will always be more dehydrated than a cat who eats wet food. Cats evolved in the desert where water was scarce. Their thirst instinct is not as strong as that of other animals. Most of the water cats got in the wild was from what they ate, not what they drank.

Is your cat a Happycat?

So how do we know all this wonderful food is good for our pets? Animal testing of course! Just leave all that to Iams, the leader in animal nutrition. As far as I can tell all of Iam's testing seems to be based on witchcraft. I understand the need to research and test food products on animals but when the food you are testing is basically made of sawdust and pig piss what exactly do you expect to find? The goal at Iams is to figure out how cheaply they can make a pet food without technically making people's pets not live anymore. We all know that cats eat meat. They are carnivores. So why are pet food companies trying to figure out how to make cat food with the least amount of meat that they can? If you were making a wholesome and nutritious cat food wouldn't you put **more** meat into it rather than less? In their quest of producing the best pet food possible Iams has conducted the following tests to ensure that their goal is met.

> The abdomens of 21 dogs were cut open and their intestines splattered on a nearby wall. The dogs were fed Iams dog food to see if the food would help the dog grow new intestines. The dogs were later killed when the researchers got bored.
>
> The heads of 19 cats were severed and fed Iams dog food anally to see if the cat would grow a dog head.
>
> The stomachs of 14 dogs were cut open so that researchers could build miniature model boats in them. The dogs were later killed when the researchers found something good on television. For the record they watched *Will & Grace*.
>
> 11 dogs and cats were shot in the face because Iams researchers did not meet their killing quota for the day.
>
> Iams rounded up seven kittens that belonged to six different families and stomped on their faces in front of the children. The children were then fed Iams brand pet food to see if it would shut them up.

> 16 researchers took 42 cans of Iams pet food and chucked them at passing cars because nothing is better than chucking cans of pet food at cars.
>
> 12 researchers circle jerked into a can of cat food and the last one to ejaculate had to eat it.
>
> 17 veterinarians were brought in and paid various amounts of cash to see how much money it would take for them to recommend Iams pet food to their clients.
>
> 5 dogs were thrown into traffic to see if Iams pet food could make a dog so strong that it could stop a car without getting hurt. Then they went to dinner.
>
> Proctor & Gamble CEO A.G. Lafley visited the Iams testing laboratory with his mother and rolled around in dead dogs and cats while giving head to his mother and anally raping dead cats and dogs. Now that's hot.

In 2004 Proctor & Gamble earned 6.5 billion dollars. How much of that went to ensuring that the dogs and cats that worked for their company were given a quality of life comparable to that of a Hispanic person like myself? Probably zero. Dogs and cats were kept in cages for most of the day removed only to be experimented on. Dogs and cats slept on metal grates. How much would it really cost to build a clean facility with a field for the animals to run in? How much does a blanket or a pillow for the dogs and cats to sit on cost? How much does a flat surface to put into cages cost so the animals won't get their feet caught in the grating? I don't know but it must be a lot because Proctor & Gamble apparently can't afford any of these things. I'm all for animal experimentation. Think of the advances we make in medicine because of our animal friends. But when you're experimenting with shit food on animals and not allowing them to do what nature intended them to do, that's just evil.

The animal rights debate will go on for years and years. On one side are companies that want to irresponsibly experiment on animals, sell cheap products, and make money off of ignorant people who have no clue what is really best for their pets. On the other side are annoying organizations like PETA that don't even want animals to be kept inside houses as pets and run around funding pricks that blow up laboratories. Unfortunately there are people like me that are stuck in the middle that just want companion animals to be treated decently.

I pay $19.24 for 24 cans of Wellness canned food at a local pet supply store here in Garden Grove. That comes out to about 80 cents a can. This food claims to be made with human-grade ingredients and no by-products. The chicken flavor smells so good that I wouldn't mind eating some of it. Over at Vons they sell 9 Lives cat food for about 60 cents a can. The first ingredient listed on their pet food is meat by-products. This food smells so bad that when I used to feed it to my cat it almost made me throw up. Is your companion animal really not worth that extra 20 cents a can?

I guess that's up to you.

For more information on declawing visit Declawing.org. For more information about the pet food industry please read *Food Pets Die For* by Ann N. Martin. You can find it on Amazon.com here. For an alternative to declawing check out Softclaws. For an alternative to clay-based cat litters try Swheat Scoop, which does not contain any harmful chemicals and is biodegradable. My local Target sells it for 8 bucks a box. Ain't that a deal!

-~Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

1.31 Leave a Message in the Anonymous White Man Complaint Box

Monday, Jan 31, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Dear White Man Complaint Box,
I heard some stuff on TV about locust epidemics causing starvation throughout North Africa. I could tell the European announcer homo wanted me to feel sad but I frankly think this is bullshit because I am afraid of dying because I am fat. I WISH I didn't have to worry about crap like eating another cookie. I WISH I didn't have to bother with my Pilates because my nutrient-starved muscles were being digested to keep my heart pumping. Now that's a dream cardio routine. Those lucky niggers.

Dear White Man Complaint Box,
This affirmative action bullshit is completely out of control. My son had a 2.5 GPA and he did not get into Ball State's business program, then I hear this black kid got a 2.4 GPA and he DID get in. Just because some tarbaby's great great grandfather was brought to America at gunpoint, hobbled with a rock hammer, and then worked to death in a cotton plantation by my great great grandfather doesn't mean they have the right to STEAL an education from my son. We made them equal so we didn't have to hear them bitch and this is the THANKS we white people get?

Dear White Man Complaint Box,
I heard that if I give alcohol to a woman until she is unconscious and then have sex with her while she is passed out she can claim rape the next day. What is this malarkey? Why can only the woman decide if she is raped? If I wake up next to a fat girl after a hard night of drinking can I go to the police and claim that she raped me and get a million dollars? I don't think that's how it works now in "America". This sexism masquerading as equal rights is disruptive to the natural order of date rape as a part of the courtship process.

Dear White Man Complaint Box,
Why are Arabs allowed to fly on the same plane as me? Thanks in advance.

Dear White Man Complaint Box,
I remember back in my day the radio played nothing but good music like Led Zeppelin and Journey. Now all they play are those talking songs called "rap" and a bunch of white kids acting like black kids. Where has our proud White Man culture gone? It used to be that we could imitate black kids and no one would know because black kids weren't allowed on the radio. As far as I'm concerned The Beastie Boys and Eminem invented rap music. Not to mention these lyrics are outrageous. Just yesterday I heard a black man singing about being mad at the police. MAD at the POLICE?! Friend, the police are the only thing standing between you and a proper Mississippi necktie, so you'd better show some respect.

Dear White Man Complaint Box,
I read on the Internet that Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton said inflammatory things about whites that are just as racist as me calling them a spearchuckin' KFC melonlips coon. Al Sharpton called the former mayor of New York City a HONKEY!! The gall of these people. Then Jesse Jackson demanded we take down the Confederate Flag in Georgia and had the buckeyes to lobby for a Martin Luther King Street. Why don't we tear down the stars and stripes if it upsets you!? That Communist Martin Luther King, a hero? There was rioting in the streets whenever he went on one of his terror marches. Might as well put up a statue to Stalin and name a street after Saddam.

Dear White Man Complaint Box,
My teenage son wants to watch the Super Bowl with me this year but I had to tell him "no" because I am concerned he might see a breast or a raunchy commercial that implies casual race mixing. I don't know what sort of power you have to change the world to make it as comfortable and inoffensive as possible, but maybe you could have that Oreo at the FCC start trying to gut the media networks.

Dear White Man Complaint Box,
I saw a movie with John Travolta and some black guy where it was like white people were black people and black people were white people. It really made me think...do you think it's okay to let the blacks near science? Maybe one of them will make up some sort of ray or something that switches black people and white people. I think we're making a dangerous mistake.

Dear White Man Complaint Box,
With homosexuals out in the open these days things are getting pretty complicated. I was wondering if you can could you declare homosexuals to be black or at least Mexican? That would really help simplify this Power Point I have been working on for the Rotary Club.

Dear White Man Complaint Box,
Yeah, I have a frigging complaint, it's about jobs. I have a job right now as an investment banker but with all of the outsourcing and immigration I feel like that if I wanted to I couldn't just quit my job and go out and find work at a slaughterhouse or in a sewer. It's not fair that these minorities and foreigners are taking job opportunities from honest American people. I mean the women were bad enough, but a little skirt spruces up the office. When was the last time you licked your finger and slid it down the blouse of some dot head walking past? You don't even get the opportunity because they hide in anonymity behind their phone lines.

Dear White Man Complaint Box,
I live in a gated community. I moved here when a black family moved into my previous neighborhood and I knew crime was going to be right behind them. Now that I am living in Ivory Meadows I am paying much higher property tax for the exact same plot size and I do not feel this is fair. Why should the blacks in my old neighborhood have to pay less for the exact same size plot as I have? It's the silent racism of this twisted government. Tyranny of the minorities.

Dear White Man Complaint Box,
Why do only rivers and Indians get casinos? Where is my casino? This is killing the American dream.

Dear White Man Complaint Box,
I just thought I should let you know that I was at Wal*Mart at 7:23 PM yesterday and I saw some blacks buying cookies and soda pop with food stamps. I think that's wrong. If they are getting any handouts from MY tax dollars then they should not be able to derive any pleasure from them whatsoever. Even regular food like vegetables and bread might make them too happy. I think we should have protein and vitamin bars that taste like horse pussy for their free handouts. I'm not a monster I don't want them to die or anything but with all those kids maybe think about a gas or something like they use on mosquitoes that will make all of the males sterile.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 2

February

2.1 But What About Guinea-Bissau?

Tuesday, Feb 01, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

If you stare at a map of Africa like this, it kind of looks like a floating monster alien with an orange eyeball, dropping a bunch of turds behind it. This is why the tourism industry never really caught on over there.

Hey, everybody, look at me, I'm the national news! BLAH BLAH BLAH IRAQ BLAH BLAH FREEDOM DEMOCRACY BLAH BLAH BLAH IRAQ! Guys, we get it: Iraq is slowly metamorphosing into a democracy, just like how Geodude evolves into Graveler at level 25 and learns "Harden." I am personally growing sick and tired of the non-stop reports from Iraq fawning over each and every asinine little thing they do. Sure Iraq is an awesome country with a lot of valuable sand and abandoned buildings, both gleaming hallmarks of modern democracy as we know it, but what about all those other countries out there looking for freedom? What about the smaller places struggling for peace, the countries who will never have a CNN headline dedicated to them unless they somehow figure out a way to kidnap the President's daughter and implant alien demon parasite eggs inside her? What about the seven or eight people who inhabit these countries and spend 20 hours of each day climbing out of their dirt pits so they can reach their tool shed and manufacture the crucial leprechaun belt buckles that keeps their economy alive? What about Guinea-Bissau?

According to the CIA Factbook, Guinea-Bissau was founded in 1974 when they established independence from Portugal. Before that momentous occasion in 1974, people in Portugal would say to each other, "let's go to Guinea-Bissau for our vacation this year!" and then they would drive their car to where the country should be, but since it wasn't established yet, their car would fall into a cavernous black abyss while the passengers shrieked through the eternal stygian darkness. A couple Portuguese guys eventually noticed that half the country had disappeared over the past couple months (popular Portuguese rumor claimed Guinea-Bissau contained a mythical "Fountain of Meat," where simply wishing upon it would cause a magical snowman composed of strip steak to appear), so they decided to found Guinea-Bissau and claim independence from Portugal. "Fine," the King of Portugal replied. "Why would we even need your stupid little country when we've got the amazing town of Minho, which might eventually offer our country three golf courses?" Then he was fatally shot in the head by a seven-year old child named "Gutai," who was immediately declared king and subsequently shot in the head during his celebration.

Guinea-Bissau's main export is inflation and disease, while their primary import consists of criminals and vampires. The country's economy experienced a brief jump by around 480% last year, when one of their residents managed to successfully sell his Gameboy through eBay. Members of the government are elected by choosing a number between 1 and 100, and if the person still hasn't been fatally shot after picking their number, they are awarded a complimentary governmental position ranging from "Minster of Extra-Marital Affairs" to "President of the Fancy Jams and Jellies."

The country faced a crippling civil war in 1998 when the government fought a group of rebels led by former army commander Ansumane Mane, who demanded the government open up access to their valuable cubic zirconium mines. President Joao Bernardo Vieira declined, further inflaming the opposition by demanding they get off his lawn and stop throwing Hardee's trash wrappers into his bird fountain. The rebels struck back with a military coup that failed, partly due to the fact that nearly 2,000 Senegalese and Conakry troops were flown in to protect the government, and partly because opposition fighters refused to show up once leader Ansumane Mane announced his

refusal to change the cassette tape in his pickup truck from "Let's Get This Party Started, Volume 8." Additionally, many rebels were frightened away upon learning "Conakry" troops were helping defend the government. "We don't even know what 'Conakry' means," explained a soldier. "Isn't that some kind of dance move?"

The ongoing civil war has decimated the country's economy, as their citizens are too afraid to leave their homes that don't exist and work at the jobs they don't have. The country is in such terrible condition that the most important current event effecting their country is the arrival of five rusty pickup trucks from Senegal which will supposedly help them fend off an invasion of locusts threatening to swarm all over their nuts:

> **GUINEA-BISSAU-SENEGAL: Senegalese spray teams arrive to fight locusts**
> *- Five pick-up trucks equipped with spraying gear and pesticides arrived in Guinea-Bissau from Senegal on Wednesday to help control swarms of locusts which are damaging cassava fields and cashew nut trees in the north and east of the country, Agriculture Minister Joa de Carvalhao said. He told IRIN that the Senegalese control teams would start work on Thursday.*

Just to make sure they weren't one-upped by Senegal, Libya additionally sent over 12 "vehicles equipped with spraying equipment" to spew hazardous liquid death all over Guinea-Bissau's lucrative cashew crop. Libya refuses to be shown up by rival Senegal, whom it has loathed since the Sadie Hawkins dance in 1995, when Senegal asked out Ubu Malarwi but she ended up going with Libya. Then they got into a fist fight in the parking lot which Libya won by shouting, "hey, what's that, over there, away from our 12 vehicles equipped with spraying equipment?" and when Senegal looked away, Libya backed over them with their 12 vehicles equipped with spraying equipment, squirting insecticide of victory all over their lifeless corpse. At least that's the story CNN is afraid to tell.

TO: GUINEA-BISSAU
FROM: LIBYA

Fortunately, freedom (and hopefully less locusts) is just on the horizon for this potentially prosperous country. An underground group of renegade democrats are attempting to establish a free election to determine the fate of their country. Since I love freedom almost as much as I love foam trucker hats or baby t-shirts which read "DADDY'S GIRL," I have decided to dedicate today's update towards showcasing each and every candidate in the upcoming election. Sure, it won't do jack shit to help the people in Guinea-Bissau because none of them have heard of the Internet and even if they did, their first reaction would be to stab it with a sharp stick. I guess it will make me feel better about myself while making absolutely no positive difference whatsoever, so I'll have to ask Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons when the liberal party will send me an official welcome card.

CANDIDATE #1: Gubai Nanaki
POLITICAL PARTY: The People's Associated Group of Economic and Political Association
POLITICAL PLATFORM: Nanaki, who was born in a cave outside Farim, has vowed to "put an end to all economic troubles plaguing this great country." Although his 3,578-step financial recovery program has baffled all economists across the world due to its complexity and the fact that it was written with an eyeliner applicator on a series of bar napkins, he has repeatedly assured the public that it "makes perfect sense in my head" and "will work exactly as I promised... or else." Some of the more noteworthy steps in his plan include #182, which requires all federal officials to save money by "not ever cutting their hair, not even if

their loudmouthed wives ask them or it's in their face all the time, because long hair is what keeps the ghosts away." Step #309 requires the formation of a government group called "The Organization For Underwater Closet Feasibility," which seeks to find cost-effective methods of installing closets in the Atlantic Ocean. "American businessman Donald Trumpet made his money with buildings and space, buying and selling these things," Nanaki recently told a room full of invisible reporters who didn't bother showing up after Nanaki addressed all the invitations to himself. "So when we move our closets underwater, my dream of reviving the sleeping Guinea-Bissau economy shall flourish much like the starfish who lacks sufficient storage capabilities." Many experts praise Nanaki's enthusiasm but cast doubts on his dreams of "a velcro-based economy, like on my shoes, the shoes of freedom. Look at my shoes and tell me these are not shoes of the free."

CANDIDATE #2: Roscoe "Cashew Crop" Bolivar
POLITICAL PARTY: Pro-Cashew Guinea-Bissauians Against Locusts
POLITICAL PLATFORM: Bolivar skyrocketed to popularity in 1993, during his famous "speech inside the large ditch," where he coined Guinea-Bissau's first official joke. When questioned about the importance of that year's cashew export, Bolivar replied, "it's quite critical. Very critical." Then he took a drink of some yellow-tinged water sitting on the podium. "In fact, you might even say it's our 'cash-ew crop'." The room of reporters burst into laughter, and headlines the following day (*"Bolivar Declares Cashew Crop to Be Cash-ew Crop"*) won both hearts of Guinea-Bissau's residents. Unfortunately, Bolivar seemed to run out of both steam and political influence after his short-lived foray into fame. A recent speech during his unsuccessful campaign to become Guinea-Bissau's "Vice Chancellor of Fetus Relations" was met with jeering after he shouted, "and, if elected, I promise to restore honor and dignity to the position of whatever position it is I'm campaigning for! In fact, you might even say it will be our 'cash-ew crop'!" The confused and bewildered audience paused briefly before raising from their chairs and demanding Bolivar exit the stage, sometimes by throwing chair legs and flaming bags of confetti at him. Bolivar blames the mishap on a "communications malfunction" in the microphone. "I am a simple man who wants nothing but a bountiful field of nuts free from the devil locust plaguing our great nation," he explained. "I am confident Guinea-Bissau can rebuild its military and international economic might with the power of a strong cashew crop. In fact, you might even say it's our 'cash-ew' crop."

CANDIDATE #3: Commander Rogo "Stab" Molobero
POLITICAL PARTY: The Astrocrats
POLITICAL PLATFORM: The Astrocrats has the uncontested worst track record in recent history, as far as successful military coups go. They attempted to overthrow the government in 1978 by calling up leader Luis Cabral's house and pretending to be his wife. "You has gots to come down the the explosion factory packed with the dynamite to hurry up, I am giving birth to a newborn baby boy!" Cabral did not fall for their trick, as he had never married. Many experts claim it would've made no difference, as the so-called "explosion factory" the Astrocrats attempted to lure Cabral into was simply a large bathroom containing a tube of used Crest toothpaste which they had placed some firecrackers beneath. Determined to succeed, the Astrocrats tried to kill President João Bernardo Vieira in 1989 by sending him a large cardboard box labeled "INSIDE: ONE (1) KNIGHT RIDER CRIME SOLFING CAR!!!" Although the box lacked a car, crime-solving or otherwise, it did contain a small horse which leader Rogo "Stab" Molobero claimed was "a very ugly dog," and had somehow convinced fellow members of the Astrocrats that licking this animal would cause your "entire head to explode up." His original plan was to challenge João Bernardo Vieira to a dog-licking contest after opening the box, one which would hopefully prove fatal to both Vieira and his head. Unfortunately, the "very ugly dog" escaped when the makeshift fence Vieria built out of paper towel tubes and

twine collapsed. Not much is known of Commander Rogo "Stab" Molobero's platform, except that he vows to "track down and destroy that very ugly dog for its unspeakable crimes against the state."

As you can see, the race - the race to DEMOCRACY - is truly heating up in the floating alien monster's eyeball of Africa. It won't be long until Guinea-Bissau is truly free, able to embrace the wonderful gifts democracy has to offer, such as the ability to become a filthy hippie who spends all day waving insulting posterboard signs outside a Subway restaurant. I can only pray the the good Lord keeps the locusts away and the cashews to stay long enough for a prosperous and fair election. After all, we're talking about Guinea-Bissau here... not some third-world hellhole like Conakry.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.2 Just Rappin' With Norman Y. Mineta!

Wednesday, Feb 02, 2005 by Norman Y. Mineta (@Livestock)

Sorry to butt in gang, but my son, Josh "Livestock" Boruff, is in the hospital after falling down the stairs a few times. I work long hours every day and I frankly don't have the time to show human compassion, let alone suppress the overwhelming desires to kill and maim that drive me to the dangerous limits of human depravity. So when I got home and found him passed out on the floor in a diabetic coma, I just couldn't help myself but teach him a valuable lesson about pissing the old man off. When someone screams in agony, or in this case remains deathly quiet, I know that fortune is smiling on me. My son's misfortune presents the perfect opportunity for me to check in with you, the traveling public! It sure has been awhile since I last checked in, and an unbelievable amount has happened since then!

As you know, I am the Secretary of Transportation for the United States of America. It's my job to make sure America's vast transportation infrastructure is in tiptop working order. From the roads and rails to the skies and waterways, the nation's transportation needs are mine to serve... **Or withhold.** No, I'm not the guy who creates the road atlases. I'm the guy who makes sure that there are roads, thus allowing someone else to draw maps of the country's transit system. Don't think I'm happy with this, friends, as it angers me more than anything. To think that these parasites suck the blood out of me by drawing the very roads *I alone* make possible. Cartographers are parasites! ***All of them***. But don't worry, friends, because soon they will all be drawing maps of the boundless torments of Hell.

I am checking in with you for a very important reason. Americans, you so love the work that I do that you overwhelmingly voted me back into office for another four years! It was my plan that, should you fail to vote me back into office, I would press the dreaded red button that I had installed on my desk. This button, ever so bright and alluring like an exposed beating heart, would trigger a massive meltdown in mass transit. Every single traffic signal would go haywire, as would the planes and control towers, not to mention the rail systems and canals. It would be one glorious orgy of death as the roads become abattoir canvases decorated with jagged metal sculptures. The skies would vomit an endless gaggle of dead metal birds, splattering on the ground and revealing soft human innards. Train cars would smash into one another like impacting vertebrae, leaving wakes of steel zigzags smeared in the substances of life. It would be the most beautiful sight in my world.

But no, I won't press it. Not for another four years at least.

The recent election ensures that I maintain my grip on the world for another term. But we all know that I'll be running transportation beyond that. These human puppets that surround me, tools of big business and slaves to profit, will do anything to earn a meager space in the nest of power, to suck on the dry nipples of immortality. I am so far above that it's like I'm looking down at masses of sickening flesh geography from space. They ride around in a wheelbarrow full of sin while I cruise in the kind of decadent luxury only long dead Egyptian pharaohs would know. The modern world is dependent on transportation, thus dependent on my good grace and generosity. They think I'm just some stooge here to make sure the roads and runways are clear of ice when the blizzards come. It makes me laugh. I own the entire nation! They can't function without me! Don't you see? I'm like... I'm like God to these animals!

But I digress.

In my new term as Secretary of Transportation (God, between you and me), I look forward to introducing a wealth of new initiatives sure to springboard our bustling transportation infrastructure to exciting new destinations! It seems a lot of our airports are plagued with delays, O'Hare being the vilest whore in my harem. You can rest assured I'll get right on top of that, as I don't want my little rats loitering for too long. What fun is running a labyrinth when your poor victims don't make it to the noisome center to be defiled by the mighty Minotaur? I want you all to get where you need to go. *Where I want you to go.* I don't need clots in this circulatory system of mine. Among other things, I plan to bring public transportation to the forefront. You call yourself advanced life forms, but you're all like ants swarming mindlessly in your mammoth sports utility coffins. Hell, ants are smarter than you. You can't even begin to match their calculated efficiency and glorious hive-mindedness! Perhaps I'm not being a good motivator. Maybe I'll threaten to cast your children in bit parts for my latest Death on the Highway transportation safety film. That should teach you to stop overcrowding these beautiful roads I bless you with.

I mentioned casting your children in my films. To be honest, I was half serious. I spend a lot of my free time these days making home movies in the vein of such classics as "Signal 30" and "Death on the Highway," two fantastic popcorn flicks. What's great about those films is that they are so real, and remarkably easy to emulate. It doesn't take much to create a horrible scene of automobile death, and frankly I'm surprised it doesn't happen more often. Few filmmakers have the freedom to experiment as I have done in the last few months with my neighborhood. I would be happy to invite the neighbors over to watch these movies, but something tells me they wouldn't be so enthusiastic to see themselves on film. I'll admit I'm not the most flattering of filmmakers! Besides, I have my doubts that the local cemetery would appreciate me borrowing the residents for a night at the cinema!

Well, that about does it for me. We're starting what promises to be a great new year for transporta-

tion, and I look forward to being at the heart of it all. But do me one favor, will you? The next time you are in your automobile or riding on a train, boat, or plane, think of me. Think of what I do for you and what life would be like if I took away everything I graciously provide you with. Think of a life where there are no airports, nor any roads or rails. Can you imagine what that would be like? How would you drive your children to the hospital, or how would the ambulance come to you? How would you visit your family, or get to work, or to the store? But even if you walked to the store, how would the store even get its supplies? I am everything to you. Don't you see? The time has come for you to all show me how much I mean to you. You can choose to ignore me as some benign public figure, or you can get on your knees and show me the kind of love and admiration I deserve. As always, the choice and the consequences are yours to bare.

Anyhoo, tootles for now!

-Norman Y. Mineta

-~Norman Y. Mineta (@Livestock)

2.3 My Magnum Opus: The 300-Foot Apple Head

Thursday, Feb 03, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen. I'm sure his mother used to say "honey, don't worry, some day you'll grow into those glasses," but I think his glasses ended up outgrowing his face.

Over three days ago, Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen wrote a hard-hitting Something Awful front page story entitled, "I Was a Pre-Teen Psychopath (Part 2)." This was one of my mother's favorite updates, so I figured I should write a follow-up about my own fantastic literary and artistic accomplishments because I'm lazy and this type of thing is easy to do.

According to my parents, I created an epic saga entitled *"Atack* [sic] *of the 300 Foot Apple Head"* when I was in first grade, which clearly puts me light years ahead of Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen's Big Chief Tablet chicken scrawls and lusts for murder he created at the same age. While Kevin was carving the word "BLOOD" into his arms and diagramming every painfully banal aspect of his parents' computer set up, I was penning masterpieces rife with drama and action. I don't think I need to even point out that I was a much cuter and well rounded child than Frags at that age, or, hell, any age for that matter. Compare and contrast the following conclusive proof, my friends:

Me. Please ignore my awesome haircut. Oh, also ignore the fact that I'm getting so worked up over Dig Dug for my Atari 5200, which had the worst controllers in the history of anything.

As you can see, I thoroughly trashed Frags on the cuteness meter. I also decimated him on the "non-psychotic" meter as well, since I never wrote anything even remotely resembling Kevin's utterly insane quasi-erotic infatuation with blood. My obsession with death and destruction was much more PG-rated, as you'll soon realize in my magnum opus, *"Atack of the 300 Foot Apple Head."*

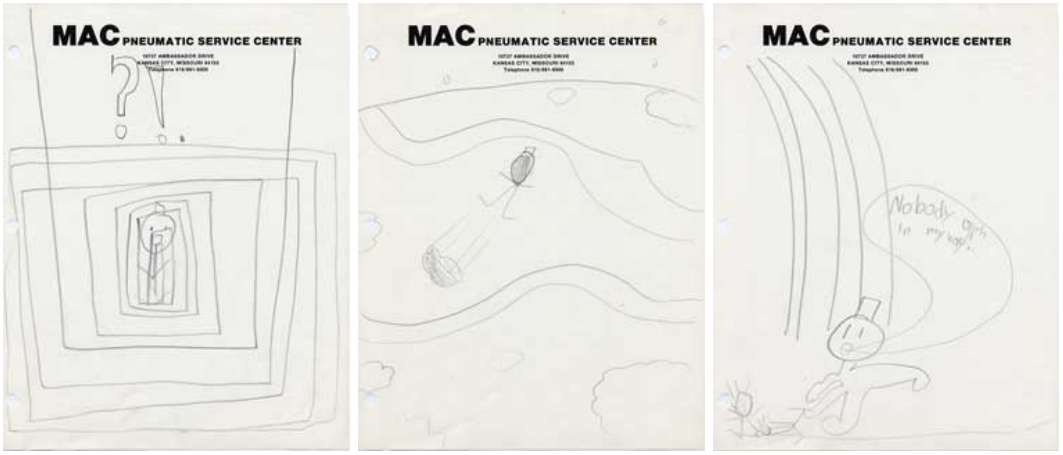
Notice the discrepancies of height and proportion.

The cover.

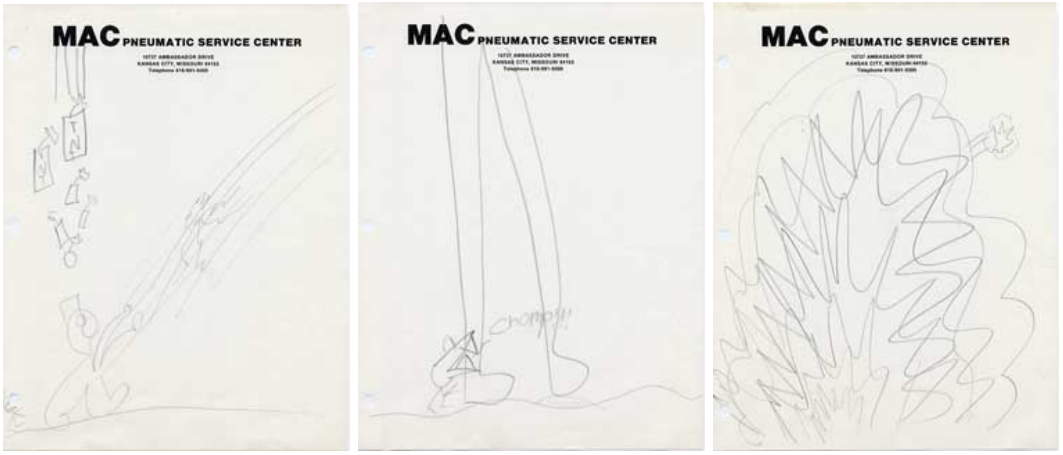
I'm not exactly sure what possessed me to decorate a plastic black cover with white crayon for this story, but I'm sure it has some very deep and meaningful reason, possibly something about how the Apple Head is a classic working man's anti-hero. You've probably noticed that the word "attack" is spelled in a festive, alternative fashion, and the phrase "Apple Head" is in cursive. Also, upon closer examination, I realize the so-called "300 foot Apple Head" does not seem to be anywhere near 300 feet tall, at least compared to the Native American he's chasing with his monstrous straw hand. Are we supposed to believe that the "300 foot" Apple Head is pursuing Native Americans who are easily one-third his size? 100-foot tall Indians with arms growing from their groin and their 80-foot tall flaming dogs? What kind of story did I write? Why did I write this? And, more importantly, why did "MAC PNEUMATIC SERVICE CENTER" provide me with paper to do so?

The story starts off with an epic battle between the 300 Foot Apple Head and his enemies, who appear to be a healthy mixture of GI Joes, Star Wars spaceships, those little pillboxes from the arcade game "Commando," and many other dangerous forms of basic geometry. It's also the only page of the book with colors, which is probably for the better once you realize I'd undoubtedly go through an entire year's supply of yellow and browns before reaching page seven. Back then, I liked jumping right in to the story and grabbing my audience by the neck, and this introduction is no exception. Character development is for pussies; I mean, come on, he comes out on the first page and brazenly announces he's the 300-foot Apple Head in addition to warmly greeting the readers. What else do you need? It's a story about an Apple Head who is 300 feet tall, and I think the story does an excellent job of conveying this crucial information. Page two shows a gigantic explosion, one which blows off the stem / Shriner's hat from the 300-Foot Apple Head's head and additionally causes him to fly into the air on the next page. All the scenery and vehicles of mass destruction from the first page seem to have mysteriously vanished, instead replaced by a series of what appears to be giant poofy wigs. Oh, and it seems the 300 Foot Apple Head lost his torso somewhere in between pages one and three. Tremendous explosions of hairpieces will do that to you, I guess.

The 300 Foot Apple Head begins a mysterious journey into a neverending series of rectangles, then leaps into the stratosphere and cruises over the Earth, shortly before touching down and slamming somebody to the ground. The foreboding threat "nobody gets in my way!" reverberates across the globe, slightly annoying the nearby large cactus creature with darts sticking out of it. For reasons I cannot yet comprehend by using every available unit of horsepower in my brain, the 300 Foot Apple Head has grown arms from his weird new locations on his body, in addition to sprouting a leg from the side of his neck. Perhaps he was engaging in some festive dance move with radioactive waste

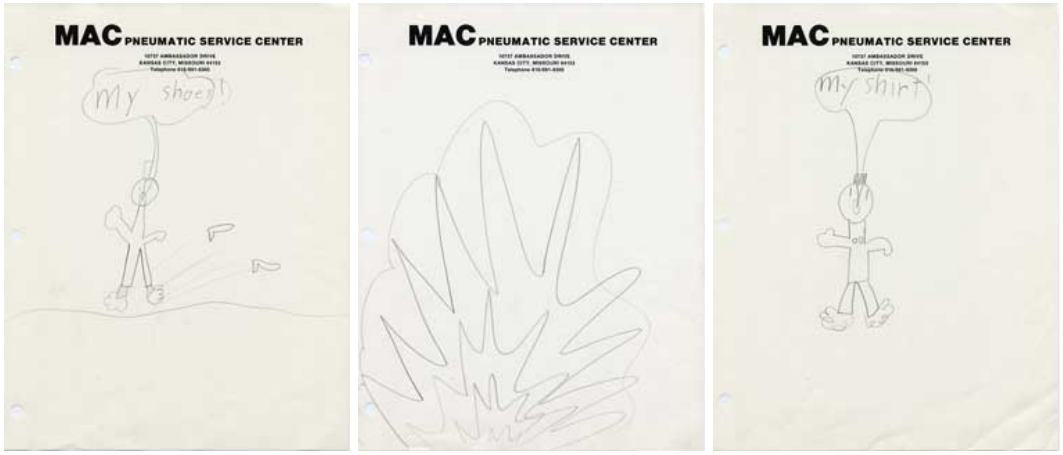


when somebody "got in his way," thus causing him to unleash his fury upon him and his mutant friend. I don't blame him, really; long flights always make me cranky too.

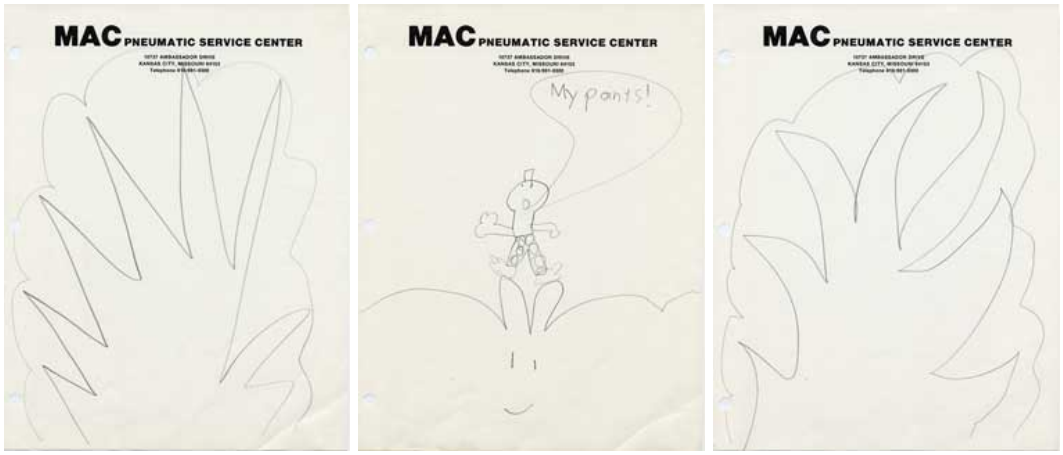


Things go from bad to worse to... more worser as the 300 Foot Apple Head shoots some magic lightning bolt waves out of his hands and vaporizes a man composed solely of french fries, unaware of the "TNT" being dropped onto him from above. Another slight continuity error creeps up here, as the 300 Foot Apple Head's skull seems to have shrunk while his lower torso inflates like a balloon. Additionally, the "TNT" must be absolutely huge, as it's easily half his size now. 150-foot tall dynamite! Finally, the key weapon the US Army needs to rid the planet of those damned 100-foot tall Indians and their flaming pets. Page nine introduces a new character, one I call "Chompy," who bites into the 300 Foot Apple Head's ankle and, I guess, makes something explode. I don't know what to say here; I really liked explosions when I wrote this. The lightning bolts required a lot of work in the previous page, as the protagonist's legs seem to have not only shrank by 400%, but also grown to four times their original length. Also his shoes appear to be chemically bonded to his legs. I would like to credit one of these factors to the subsequent explosion, but I really can't dream up a reason why. Oh, and check out the tiny explosion in the upper right. Maybe that's his Shriner's hat blowing up.

Okay, here's where things start to get a little sketchy. Apparently the large explosion on the previous page caused the 300 Foot Apple Head's shoes to fly off. I guess it also transformed them into a fashionable pair of women's high heels, because I don't remember them looking like that when

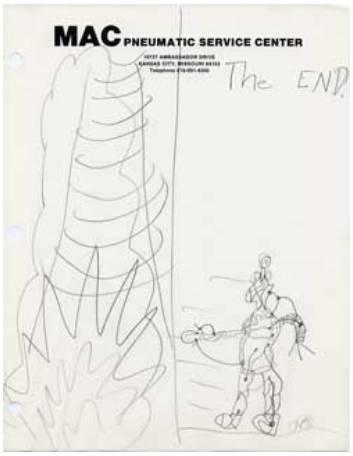


Chompy was attacking. The 300 Foot Apple Head has changed once again, losing his chest and growing what appears to be broccoli crowns from his legs. His head, which is now even smaller than previous shrinkages, exclaims, "my shoes!" You know, for the people out there who couldn't grasp the complexity of the scene lying before them. HEY GUYS, HIS SHOES FELL OFF! DO YOU NEED TO SEE THE CLIFF'S NOTES FOR THIS SECTION? Another explosion follows, vaporizing his shirt. If you'll look closely, you can see the two nipples I drew on the 300 Foot Apple Head's neck. I was convinced nipples grew on necks up until around the sixth grade or so, and the only reason I stopped thinking that then was because somebody told me they grew on your ass. "My shirt!" the Apple Head shouts, his neck nipples and broccoli feet exposed to the world. Things sure aren't looking good for our hero!



Another explosion, which isn't really that surprising. However, the next panel is bizarre for a number of reasons. First of all, the 300 Foot Apple Head's skull has turned into a light bulb. Secondly, he is missing his pants, and his legs are a series of ping pong balls trapped inside paper towel tubes. Our hero screams "my pants!" while flailing his broccoli hands and feet. Finally, something weird is going on below, as the ground seems to have transformed into a giant fat bunny rabbit. What does all this mean? Who knows, it's probably just filler material in between crap blowing up. I honestly can't imagine why I drew so many stupid explosions in this book. I must've sat down and thought, "boy, I sure love it when things blow up on 'The A-Team,' what if I created a book that revolved completely around that?" Then I sat back, thought about it for a bit, and came to the conclusion that it would be an absolutely horrible idea... UNLESS I INCLUDED A 300 FOOT APPLE HEAD

WITH A SHRINER'S HAT, NECK NIPPLES, AND BROCCOLI APPENDAGES STANDING ON A JOYFUL OBESE RABBIT! There's another explosion and, whoo boy, we've reached the thrilling climax!



This part's kind of tricky because I have no idea what's going on in the first panel there. I think a giant cotton ball fell on an escalator and made it blow up. This revealed the 300 Foot Apple Head's deadly secret: he was a robot controlled by a very unhappy little man inside its brain! What an amazing plot twist! This is like "Signs," "The Sixth Sense," and "Bullworth" all rolled into one single epic novel! Who would've guessed! Maybe the grade school psychologist, but that's really about it!

As you can see, "Atack of the 300 Foot Apple Head" is a magnificent work of art which helped established my considerable talent at an early age. I sincerely doubt anybody out there could draw large quantities of explosions better than I, and if you even attempt to suggest that Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen could compete on a pure "blowing up" level of quality, I would laugh at you until one or possibly both of us are blue in the face.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.4 Adult News You, as an Adult, Can Use

Friday, Feb 04, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It's time once again for me to bring you the hottest titles spurting onto the shelves of an adult video store near you. Those of you with a weak heart or a strong gag reflex should probably avoid this one.

A Trixxx

Press 3 for Fast Cash ($40).

I think this is a Matrix parody, but I'm not 100% sure about that. If it's not a "Matrix" parody that just makes the already terrible title even more confusing and bad. The A Trixxx's cover boasts that "every scene features an ATM". I imagined an ATM on legs and with plastic tubing for arms waddling into a bedroom and rubbing itself all over a squealing barely legal teen. Then I remembered that "ATM" is a hot new porn buzzword for "Ass To Mouth" or as I like to call it "Hepatitis Porn". I'm pretty sure some red states still have laws on the books specifically about taking things out of your butt and then putting them in your mouth.

Asian Cheerleader Cavity Search 3

Fresh from his job as a plumbing-themed male stripper, black auteur Wesley Pipes probes every available orifice of a variety of Asians while entertaining the pretense of a vague cheerleader theme. The inventive Pipes is sure to use everything from his fingers all the way to his penis to explore the hidden secrets of these cheerleaders. One wonders why Pipes wasn't able to work a reference to interracial sex into the title. Something like "Chocolate Butt Baggage Screeners: Asian Cheerleader Cavity Search 3" would certainly fulfill the requirements and is not an excessively long title by porn industry standards. Maybe he was just too tired after a long day at the office searching cavities.

Bi Partisan

It's tough for me to fully comprehend bisexual porn. You've got straight porn, gay porn, and recently even a smattering of real lesbian porn. So you would think a bisexual person, male or female, could just buy some gay porn and some straight porn and everything would be fine. Somehow I'm not buying the idea that these movies are made for budget shoppers who just can't afford two porn movies. As for the content, I'm imagining a regular porn scene where two guys are double teaming a woman, everything is going fine, and then one dude decides to start sucking the other guy's dick. Instead of crying orgy foul everybody just goes with the flow. Based on the cover for this one the women are getting the top billing and the majority of the cover space, which, uh I guess means it's targeted for men. I don't know, I don't "get" this niche.

This Xray shows that you need a filling. Get it?! Filling?! Like with a man's penis!

HAHAHAHAHAH!**Crack Addict 2**

Don't get your hopes up like I did. "Crack Addict 2" has nothing to do with smoking rock; it's yet another tiresome all-anal movie. By the way, who exactly is buying all of this anal porn? I understand having an ass fetish, but the reviews for these sorts of movies are inevitably filled with excitement at every gaping anus shot ("gapes beautifully" is a phrase I fail to identify with on all levels). Guys, one distended anus is almost guaranteed to be identical to any other distended anus. It's like looking at pictures of different ants from the same anthill and becoming excited when one of them is missing a leg.

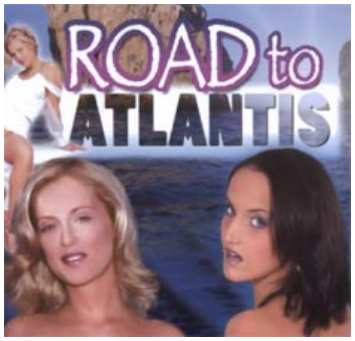
Gobble the Goop

Sounds like somebody opted to take the Physical Challenge on this week's "Double Dare". See if you can dig the third key out of this pit of lukewarm genetic code using only your mouth and a cake funnel! Mark Summers will be lining up the tassels on his living room rug for weeks to come after witnessing just one gulp of the unborn babies in this movie.

Manhammer 3
The title combined with the cover (Not Work Safe) of this movie are terrifying. If it were just gay porn like the title makes you think it wouldn't be as scary, but somehow ugly women in ill-fitting vinyl lingerie is infinitely more terrifying. Are they going to do the manhammering or are they going to be manhammered? You can just tell from the picture that neither woman speaks a word of English. They look to be Eastern European imports, probably hoodwinked onto a tramp steamer in Poland with a promise of a better life in America and then drugged and shipped to a black market doctor in Georgia who makes breast implants out of hockey pucks and sterilizes his instruments in his own mouth. From there, like all things once-pure-now-ruined, they were packed into a secret compartment inside a truck's trailer and dumped at a porn studio that has its offices inside a storage rental facility in suburban Los Angeles. There they remain to film porn, sleep on grease stained concrete, and subsist on cigarette butts and human hair.

Nuttin' Hunnies
The bottom of the barrel has been found. Porn studios are now naming movies after cereal brands.

Road to Atlantis
These days "big budget" in the porn industry almost inevitably means that between 100 and 500 thousand dollars were spent making the movie and that the film will, with absolute certainty, include appallingly bad CGI effects. It could be something as simple as a lens flare flying around in a scene as a "sex angel" or it could be something as complex as a Poser stock model of a dragon appearing in terrible blue screen sequences with the actress and/or actors. I have not seen Hustler's "Road to Atlantis", but I am willing to bet a sizable amount of money that it features bad CGI of the dragon level.



First season of "Hercules" or porn blockbuster?

Strip Tease Then Fuck 5
More porno movies need to use their title to literally describe their sex scenes. Unfortunately, then there would be thousands of "Exchange oral sex, move through three positions of intercourse, and proceed to cum shot unless budgeted for anal" rendering the already overcrowded roster of porn movies completely incomprehensible.

That Bitch Ate Our Witch
This movie is the hands down winner of the "What the Fuck Were They Thinking?!" award. Not only is the title completely insane, but it has a box cover (Not Work Safe) to match. I almost want to watch it just to find out what it's about. Actually, it's probably a compilation video of blowjobs. The porn industry has a way of pretending to be original and then delivering the most tedious crap you can imagine. Although I guess figuring out new places to stick stuff might be a job better suited for engineers.

World's Smallest Pussy
I would think that the world's smallest vagina would belong to a baby, so wh...I...ugh. Shit.

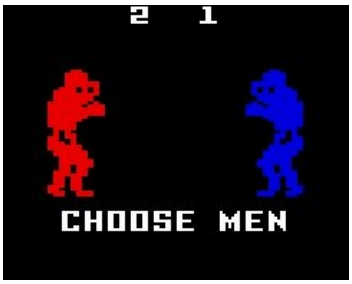
In horror movies the monsters that remain almost entirely in the shadows are inevitably the scariest thanks to your brain's ability to fill in the blanks better than any special effects house could ever hope to. Just knowing that there are movies out there entitled "Manhammer 3" and "World's

Smallest Pussy" is enough to get my own mental wheels spinning. As a result, I believe I need a shower.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.5 Bloody Pixels: A Forbidden Romance

Saturday, Feb 05, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz



Author's Note: *Love is beautiful and strange, like a three-legged horny toad on your wedding day. Illogical, wonderful, spontaneous, and dangerous, it is the stuff of life. With my story "Bloody Pixels: A Forbidden Romance" I try to show how love can blossom in the most unlikely situations, and how its victims are helpless against the forbidden lures. When I first set out to capture these raw emotions into an action packed video game boxing story, most of my friends and colleagues called me a fool. Sunday writer and Mexican "Spokker Jones" went so far as to call me a "stupid asshole". Despite the misgivings of my peers, I persevered with my literary dreams, and after three long days of dictating the tale to my manservant, Jupiter, it was finally completed.*

Actually it's been almost impossible for me to write anything lately because the cretins at my work are actually making me work. A few months ago they gave me a promotion with some sparkly stars and unicorn stickers, but they also gave me tons of responsibility and a slight amount of power. The fools! To make matters worse, some of the managers I work for are totally incompetent and force me to work overtime at their ranches clubbing baby seals, drilling for oil, and giving blowjobs. Such is the life of a corporate lackey. But I digress.

The callused foot of corporate America cannot squash my vision of unchained romance. In the tradition of great writers like Danielle Steele and Judy Blume, I hope to make your hearts soar and your genitals weep openly in excitement. Feel free to print out this update for your special someone this Valentine's Day and say you wrote it yourself. I would be flattered as such and lawsuits would only be issued if I really needed some extra cash. Please enjoy the story.

The Blue Player jabbed left, then right, then left again. The Beige Player didn't stand a chance against the flurry of punches. He dodged and ducked to no avail as one hit after another landed, depleting his energy to zero. The Beige Player fell to the mat, knocked out and no longer able to fight. Once again the Blue Player was victorious over his opponent as he climbed one rung closer to the ultimate victory of the Intellivision World Boxing Championship.

Despite the Blue Player's winning ways in the ring, things were not okay at his homestead. His wife didn't appreciate his punching talents, and wanted him to quit boxing and move to Arizona to raise poodles. When he returned home after the fight, he tried telling her about how he punched the Beige Player so hard that him made him throw up, but she just ignored him and continued knitting a sweater for her favorite poodle Pepe. The Blue Player hated Pepe and secretly planned to poison his water dish one day. It was a loveless marriage, and the Blue Player was unhappy.

His next opponent was an up and coming boxer called the Red Player. He was tearing through the boxing circuit with ruthless efficiency and making a name for himself pretty quickly. The Blue Player couldn't wait to fight him and humble the sassy rookie boxer with his right hook and head butts. On the night of the fight, the Blue Player was about to leave his house for the stadium and tried kissing his wife goodbye. She refused to kiss him and was crying over Pepe, who had fallen violently ill for some mysterious reason. The Blue Player left the house, and unknown to him at the time, he would never come back.

The Blue Player was pumped up for a good fight. He danced around the ring as they announced him and his impressive record of supremacy. Then they announced the Red Player and he ran out of the tunnel and into the ring. The Blue Player couldn't move. It was like a barbed arrow that had been dipped in molasses was shot into his heart, sending the sweet syrup through his arms and legs and giving him an erection. His spirit was like a trapped dove that was finally let out of its cage and could soar to the heavens. How could he fight this man who was so perfect and graceful? He quickly snapped out of his trance as the bell rang and they began to fight. They first felt each other out with a few quick jabs and ducks, dancing around each other in a savage jungle rhythm. The Blue Player could see that the Red Player was just as star struck as he was and he looked at him longingly until his manager started screaming at him. They reluctantly started boxing each other, jabbing and punching, but careful not to hit the face.

Then it happened. It was quick, but it would be something that would forever change their lives and the boxing community as a whole. The Red Player accidently punched the Blue Player below the belt. There was pandemonium in the crowd as the ref disqualified the Red Player for violating the rules and raised the Blue Player's hand in victory. Then the whole crowd was silenced with a hush when they all saw the Blue Player's raging erection in his boxer shorts. The Red Player's gloved hand had touched his special area, and he couldn't contain the excitement that was growing in his loins. The Red Player looked in shock at the sight and a smile flashed across his face, despite losing the match. The Blue Player ran away from the ring abashed at the public display of affection, and went to the local bar for a few drinks.

He sat there for a long time sipping dry martinis and looking woefully into the peanut dish. How could this be? What kind of sick, twisted puppet master was causing him to fall madly in love with a boxing opponent? Sal, the barkeep, poured him another drink. "But I didn't order anything!" protested the Blue Player. "Complements of the boxer across the bar," Sal said and winked. The Blue Player glanced over the see the Red Player on the other side of the bar, raising his glass in salutations. He walked over and sat next to him. "That was a great fight huh?" asked the Blue Player. "Shut up and kiss me," the Red Player demanded. And they did. All night long they drank of the sweet alcohol and french kissed under the stained glass lights of the little bar.

"We shouldn't be doing this!" pleaded the Blue Player as he fumbled up the to stairs the honeymoon suit they rented for the hour. "Yes, we may be fools, but we cannot deny this. This love. Our love," said the Red Player. They both fell on the heart-shaped bed together, kissing like mad fools and touching each other's forbidden fruits. This was a love that could not be, for if their secret was found out, they would both be disbarred by the boxing commission and could face criminal proceedings due to the law at the time. It was a dangerous love, and that fact only added to the sense of excitement of what they were doing. The Red Player leaned against the wall and the Blue Player entered him from behind. They became legion, one soul that was locked in a flash of beauty for infinity. Then he came in his butt and they went to Denny's for some late night breakfast.

The next morning, the Blue Player's manager called him and said that he was to rematch the Red Player for the championship title. It was terrible news, for he didn't want to have to fight his true love for the championship he'd longed for since he was a child. He had to make a choice, and he didn't know what he was going to do. Even more puzzling was guessing what the Red Player was

going to do. He called him up to talk about it. Neither wanted to concede victory, but they still deeply loved each other. The Blue Player decided that the fight must go on, and they would have to put their relationship on hold for now. This really upset the Red Player because he felt that the championship belt meant more to him. The Blue Player tried to talk to him, but he was given the silent treatment and they both hung up angry with each other.

It was time for the championship fight. Both the Blue and Red Players were in the ring and ready to fight. Scorned love made for a lethal cocktail of violence, and both of them couldn't wait for the fight to start. When it finally did, all the love they felt the night before was transformed into hormone fueled rage. They pounded each other ruthlessly with punches about the face and body. The Blue Player was the first to fall to the mat, and barely got up before the ref counted to 10. Then it was the Red Players's turn to go down. But he did not get up, nor would he ever get up again. The arching punch that was dealt to him by the Blue Player had severed his vertebrae in his spine, and he lost all motor functions below his waist. His head rested on the ropes as the ref counted him out and declared the Blue Player the champion of the Intellivision boxing circuit. The Blue Player's eyes filled with tears and he threw the belt away from him in disgust. What had he done? He had thrown away his first real chance at happiness for personal glory and fame. He never wanted to box again.

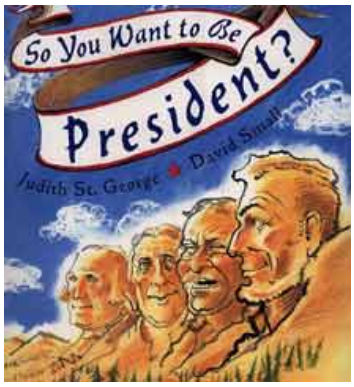
Epilogue: It had been two months since the Blue Player gave up boxing. He had a job interview that morning as an account manager. This was a brand new life for him, a chance to get away from his hurtful past. The Red Player was crippled for life and blamed him for ruining his career, his wife left him after she found the poison that killed Pepe in his sock drawer, and he quit boxing at the peak of his game, much to the anger of his manager and fans. Things would be different now that he was probably going to be working at the prestigious World Trade Center tower, handling finances from around the globe. Just as he was wrapping up his job interview on the 65th floor, the Blue Player happened to look out the window to see an approaching 737 that was flying right towards the building. At the controls was the Red Player with the glazed look in his eyes of a scorned lover, jealous and eager for revenge. Before he could shout, the plane penetrated the building and ejaculated jet fuel into the building in an orgy of fire and destruction. They both were incinerated and as their souls floated up into the heaven, they became intermingled and once again were unioned to live happily ever after in the clouds. The End.

I hope you liked the story. Love is an amazing thing and we all have to remember to never let it go, even if it begs for it's life and offers you money. Keep your love chained in the basement, feed it well, and make it rub the lotion on the skin or it gets the hose again. Have a happy Valentines Day!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

2.6 Vote G.W. in 2008!

Sunday, Feb 06, 2005 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez



Sure what the hell.

The past eight years have seen America at its most crucial hour. The attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon on September 11th, the war in Iraq, the declining economy, and the delicate state of social security, these problems won't go away anytime soon. It is imperative that we elect a leader that can see us through these times. That man is G.W. While he has already served a lengthy term in office I feel that a change in the constitution would be appropriate in order to get this man elected again. If we are going to do it for Arnold we can do it for him. G.W. is a man who has seen adversity and overcome it by sheer force of will. In the future we will need a man with charisma, integrity, and the strength of his convictions to lead us into the new world. In the 2008 presidential election that man will be G.W.

In 2008 make your vote count. Vote for George Washington.

Alright, I know what you're thinking, "Spokker you ignorant fucking twit. George Washington was already president and he's fucking dead. Goddamnitt Spokker you've done some stupid shit but this really takes the cake!" Yes I know these things. But we owe it to our country to dig up the greatest president who has ever served for this fine nation and put him in office for another run. He doesn't even have to be alive! A dead George Washington would win by a landslide against any opposing candidate. Shit, a guy dressed up like George Washington would wipe the floor with any opponent.

Here is a guy who, after the revolutionary war, people wanted him to be king. They said, "George Washington please rule over us like the dogs we are and make Thursday all-you-can-eat rib night." and Washington said, "Are you people fucking retarded?! We just spent the last few years fighting the faggot British to get away from that king and queen crap! Jesus you people are dumb." Washington declined the offer. He was one of the forefathers that pioneered the kind of government we have today. We have since strayed from Washington's ideas and ideals and its about time this country gets back to it's roots. If George W. Bush can be president then an undead George Washington surely can. To give you a better perspective on why Washington should be elected president in 2008, let's explore a little bit of Washington's life. To make this update the most informative it can be I actually checked out a book from the library called *Washington: The Indispensible Man*. It's the first book I've read since Howard Stern's *Private Parts*.

Washington was born on February 11th, 1731 on the old style calendar and on February 22nd, 1732 on that new-fangled Gregorian style calendar in Westmoreland County, Virginia. At an early age his parents were killed by Grizzly bears and the bears took the child as their own. He was raised in the woods by bears and became a woodsman. This gave Washington the reputation of being a rugged guy. But Washington did not want to live with the bears so he entered civilization and tried to meet chicks. Washington was unlucky with women. If he were alive today he would post an e/n thread in GBS asking why girls are such bitches. Remember folks, a woman who has sex with everybody is a slut. A woman who has sex with everybody but you is a bitch. So instead of screwing girls he was sent into the woods with Indians to fight the French.

Washington was a terrible commander at first. He often took positions that were above and beyond what he was capable of doing. But he was chosen because he was the only guy around who had experience in the wilderness. This is similar to how I write for the front page of Something Awful.

But you know those movies where there is a huge battle and everybody but the main character is getting killed? *Braveheart* and *The Last Samurai* come to mind. Washington was like that. No matter how badly the battle was going he was never killed. His horses would often be shot and killed and he would just hijack another one and keep on going. I never believed those movies until I read the story of George Washington. He must have been able to slow down time like Max Payne or something. Unfortunately Washington was never able to father an army of super children who can stop time and dodge bullets. He was sterile. It's amazing that heroes like George Washington couldn't have kids but today with the help of medical science retards can pop out kids left and right, up to eight at a time! That's democracy for you! Eventually Washington became President and gave the finger to Europe and told them to fuck off.

In an effort to keep this article from becoming a 3,700 word bore fest like the stupid pet food one I posted last week, I won't talk about the entirety of Washington's life because quite frankly I didn't finish the book and I would like to play *Mercenaries* sometime this week. It's a really good game but has some annoying bugs. I was on the Jack of Clubs mission and I knocked out the guy and called in a helicopter. But I fell onto this ledge and couldn't get the fucker onto the ground and into the helicopter so I could get the full bounty. So I just killed him and took a picture. Also the vehicles are really floaty which is somewhat annoying. Other than that I think it's a great candidate for game of the year and I really hope they improve on the inevitable sequel.

To show just how much the role of presidency has changed since Washington I have created a poorly constructed table that compares the first president with the 43rd president, George W. Bush, in various categories. I also wanted to hold a *Guts* style competition complete with the AGROCRAG but Bush's PR folks would not return my calls. Undead Washington would have beat his ass anyway.

Term of Office	1789-1797	2000-200?
Religious Beliefs	Deist. Felt that God created the universe and then abandoned it.	Consults with Jesus when making important presidential decisions.
Political Party	None.	Community Bible Study
Business Ventures	Made a decent living growing and selling tobacco.	Squandered millions on failed oil companies.
Slave ownership	Owned several slave families but felt that slavery was inherently wrong and should be abolished over a gradual period of time.	Owns several slaves and makes them play Mouse Trap with him.
Greatest Political Achievement	Voluntarily relinquished power even though some people wanted him to retain that power for life.	Declared June 10th as "Jesus Day" in Texas.

Achievements as President	Signed the Judiciary Act of 1789.	Set a precedent that Presidents could only serve two terms in office. Successfully made number 2 in the toilet. Choked on a peanut.
Military Rank	On October 11th, 1976 Washington was posthumously appointed the grade of General of the Armies of the United States. No other officer of the United States Military outranks him.	Served in the Air National Guard decided not to show up after a while.
International Policy	Felt that the United States should focus solely on American interests and not get involved in foreign wars.	Believes in the lofty goal of instilling democracy into the middle east but fucking it all up in the process.

So as you can see Washington wins in all categories because he is the fucking man and has a huge penis. If I were alive back then I would have taken all nine inches of Washington if he desired it to be so. Talk about serving your country!

Earlier this week I sat down with the Grim Reaper and spoke with him about the plausibility of resurrecting George Washington and he had some very interesting things to say.

Spokker: Thank you for taking the time to speak with us Grim Reaper.

Death: Anything for a friend, Spokker. And oh, just call me plain old Death.

Spokker: Death, is it not impossible to bring back someone from the dead?

Death: Oh it's entirely possible. In fact we have a whole system set up for such requests.

Spokker: So why don't more people do it?

Death: Because it's such a pain in the ass. You have to fill out a bunch of forms, make copies of the death certificate, then you have to mail all this crap in and it takes eight weeks to process. Then on top of that there's a filing fee. After people realize what a pain in the ass it is they just give up. But we have to go by protocol. What can I say?

Spokker: How much is the fee?

Death: About a hundred bucks. But in November we have a Day of the Dead special where we cut prices in half in celebration of the Mexican holiday.

Spokker: Oh, that's nice.

Death: Yeah.

Spokker: Thank you for speaking with us.

Death: Anytime, Spokker.

Death is a nice guy. His wife is cool and we all hang out all the time. This one time Death and I were riding go-karts one night and as soon as the race started his go-kart stalled. It was hillarious. The guy running the track had to come out and try to start it again. Oh Death you card. I guess he killed the engine ha ha.

Well, I don't know which political party would like to nominate Washington and resurrect him in time for the 2008 election as he did not belong to any such party, but one thing's for sure, 2008 is going to be a big year for the undead. And like most Americans, I won't give a flying shit about it.

-∼Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

2.7 Rate My Drug Smile

Monday, Feb 07, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Since advertising deregulation in the United States first started allowing prescription drug makers to push their products on the public we have been inundated with images of the joy that a wide variety of drugs will bring us. There is no rational reason to purchase any drug you see advertised on TV. The advertisements usually consist of a vague list of symptoms and people suddenly becoming happy after implicitly taking the drug. If they tell you what the drug does then they have to mumble through the side effects. If they don't tell you exactly what it does and keep things vague they can ignore the side effects.

I'm going to cut through the middle man on this one. I am going to give you the specific application, the side effects, and tell you how good or bad the drug is based on the smiling people I found on the manufacturer's website. How happy will the drug make you? Let the marketing department try to tell us!

Viagra (sildenafil citrate)

What it's for: Erectile dysfunction
Best Side Effects: Temporary changes in color vision (such as trouble telling the difference between blue and green objects or having a blue color tinge to them), heart attack, stroke, irregular heart beats, and death.

The Smile: As of the date of my writing this article Viagra is the second most common punch line to jokes during Jay Leno's "Tonight Show" monologues, second only to Monica Lewinsky. For a drug that is supposedly so hilarious you would think the guy taking it would look a bit happier. Making him monochrome is also an interesting choice. A possible reference to Viagra's numerous eye-related side effects? Could be! Judging on smiles alone Viagra is the least effective drug of the bunch. The marketing tagline associated with the image is also pretty dubious. Get back to some mischief, like what? Building a potato cannon and shooting it at cats? Stealing the Johnson's newspaper? Date raping underage girls with your chemically engorged meat wand? Tell your mischief to the judge, Viagra.

Cialis (tadalafil)

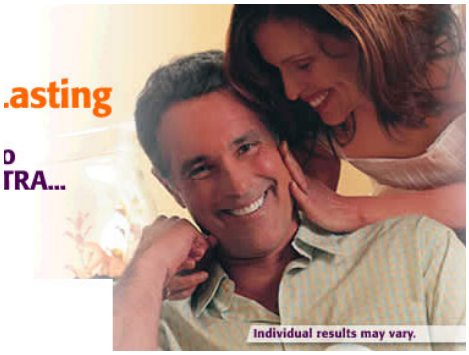
What it's for: Erectile dysfunction
Best Side Effects: If you take nitrates, often used for chest pain (also known as angina), or alpha-blockers (other than Flomax 0.4 mg once daily), prescribed for prostate prob-

lems or high blood pressure, do not take CIALIS. Such combinations could cause a sudden, unsafe drop in blood pressure.

The Smile: Dick drugs are big business and Cialis has developed a reputation as one of the best, although it has been tough growing up in Viagra's blue-tinged shadow. Perhaps overcompensating, Cialis has slapped two grinning idiots on its website to prove to you that it is far superior to the smirking, mischief-making, grayscale goober taking Viagra. The picture is also more than a little disturbing. Is he sneaking up behind her and sliding a round down the mortar tube or is he about to do that head smashing attack from "Fist of the North Star"? Whatever atrocities they are about to commit in the name of their religion, Cialis has made them really happy about it. A truly amazing drug.

Levitra (vardenafil HCl)

What it's for: Erectile dysfunction
Best Side Effects: Before taking LEVITRA, tell your doctor about all your medical problems, including if you have a deformed penis shape.



The Smile: Levitra finishes out the triumvirate of popular dick drugs, thanks in no small part to a massive TV advertising campaign that you couldn't miss even if you had your cable disconnected by an earth-destroying meteor. The grinning imbeciles featured on Levitra's website indicate that not only will Levitra make you much happier; it will also transport you to a soft-focus cloud-wrapped fantasy world. Viagra might make you see blue but our drug will turn your life into a flashback! Assuming you don't have a bent dick.

Lipitor (atorvastatin calcium)

What it's for: High cholesterol
Best Side Effects: Rare cases of rhabdomyolysis with acute renal failure secondary to

myoglobinuria have been reported with atorvastatin and with other drugs in this class.

The Smile: Our drug will make you smile when you talk to fats. Even the stink of fatness that lingers about their fatty-fatskins will not get you down.

Wellbutrin (bupropion HCl)

What it's for: Depression and other emotional problems
Best Side Effects: Some patients get seizures while taking WELLBUTRIN XL. If you have a seizure while taking WELLBUTRIN XL, stop taking the tablets and call your doctor right away.

The Smile: The woman on the Wellbutrin site looks happy but also slightly worried. Maybe the Wellbutrin isn't working properly and some of that crushing social anxiety is filtering in. On the other hand, she might just be worried about having a seizure. Yes, Wellbutrin makes you happy, but you also have to carry around a stick that you can bite when the seizures start.

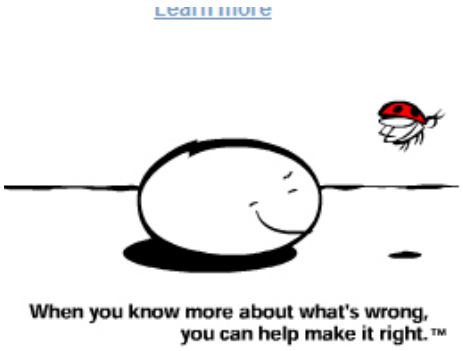
Neurontin (gabapentin)

What it's for: Partial seizures and pain after having shingles
Best Side Effects: Children taking NEURONTIN may have behavior problems, hostility, a hard time concentrating, and changes in schoolwork.

The Smile: I love the smiling giraffe-necked old woman on the Neurontin site. She's so goddamn purple and happy. I can't explain the purple hue, but I'd be happy too if Neurontin took care of that cartoon bullet wound I was suffering from earlier. Man, that thing was terrible.

Zoloft (sertraline HCl)

What it's for: Depression and other emotional problems
Best Side Effects: Hyperthermia, rigidity, myoclonus, autonomic instability with possible rapid fluctuations of vital signs, mental status changes that include confusion, irritability, and extreme agitation progressing to delirium and coma.



The Smile: The smiling puffball, as seen on TV, represents the happy dreamlike state Zoloft will put you in. I think the ladybug represents myoclonus, whatever the hell that is.

Effexor (venlafaxine HCl)

What it's for: Depression and other emotional problems
Best Side Effects: When people suddenly stop using EFFEXOR XR, they can get symptoms from stopping the medicine too fast. Some of these symptoms include agitation, anxiety, confusion, diarrhea, dizziness or vertigo, dry mouth, fasciculation (muscle twitching), headaches, hypomania, impaired coordination, insomnia (trouble sleeping), loss of appetite, nausea, nervousness, nightmares, seizures, sensory disturbances (including electric shock sensations), somnolence (sleepiness), sweating, tinnitus, tiredness, tremor, unpleasant mood, and vomiting.

The Smile: Existing...functioning...back to me...life destroyed because I stopped taking Effexor. Based on that laundry list of side effects Effexor must be what they gave Snake Pliskin in "Escape from LA". "Rescue the president's daughter from post-apocalyptic Los Angeles or we'll cut off your Effexor supply and laugh as you die from fasciculation!"

Paxil (paroxetine HCl)

What it's for: Depression and other emotional problems
Best Side Effects: Other side effects may include injury, yawning, abnormal vision, and sexual side effects.

The Smile: Paxil girl looks very happy and very alternative. Paxil has turned her frown upside down and transformed her into a Bohemian with a cute toque who will go to coffee shop open mic nights and read beat poetry about her menstrual cycle. "Heat...hot...flash in my body...white fire/red tide. Blazing carmine ocean, of my abstract despair."

Crestor (rosuvastatin calcium)

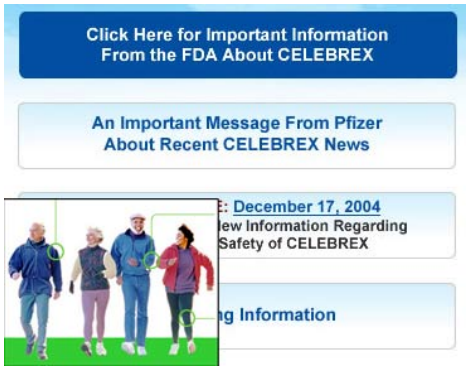
What it's for: High cholesterol
Best Side Effects: Pharmacokinetic studies show an approximate 2-fold elevation in median exposure in Japanese subjects residing in Japan and in Chinese subjects residing in Singapore compared with Caucasians residing in North America and Europe.

The Smile: Crestor and Lipitor both make me think that cholesterol lowering drugs are only for skinny women in sleeveless shirts. Hey, at least it makes them happy, although Crestor's woman is suspiciously small.

Celebrex (celecoxib)

What it's for: Arthritis pain

Best Single Sentence Corporate Response to Medication Being Revealed as Dangerous: In placing this new information in context, it is important to understand that the APC trial results differ from both the PreSAP cardiovascular results as well as the large body of data that we and others have accumulated over time, in which an increased risk of serious cardiovascular events in arthritis patients, even at higher-than-recommended doses, had not been seen.


Click Here for Important Information
From the FDA About CELEBREX
An Important Message From Pfizer
About Recent CELEBREX News
December 17, 2004
Safety of CELEBREX

The Smile: According to archive.org the Celebrex site originally had a lineup of grinning seniors marching happily along now that Celebrex has given their arthritis pain a 1-2 punch. Now the front page of Celebrex's site is covered with lame damage control by Pfizer after it was revealed that Celebrex is likely to cause you to die. Since it doesn't definitely cause you to die they're still allowed to sell it, which means they're doing their best to convince you that the death risk is hogwash. Where are the smiling seniors now? Dead from heart attacks caused by Celebrex, of course!

Zocor (celecoxib)

What it's for: High cholesterol

Best Side Effects: Unexplained muscle pain or weakness could be a sign of a rare but serious side effect and should be reported to your doctor right away. ZOCOR may interact with other medicines or certain foods, increasing your risk of getting this serious side effect.

The Smile: She emerged from the sea, a dread worshipper of Dagon, her skin wet and glistening in the dim light of a fading sun. Her smile was hungry. Hungry for the cholesterol inside my blood. As she dragged me down in a spreading spill of red, my arms thrashing, my eyes wild with pain, she told me her name in her sibilant alien tongue; Zocor.

I now have a four hour erection of my bent penis, it looks blue, my kidneys have failed, and I'm having seizures and a heart attack. But oh God, the sweetness of life. I can't get this smile off of my face!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.8 The Truth About Cats and Dogs

Tuesday, Feb 08, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

TRUTH: The most widely accepted and embraced currency in the dog culture is poop.

Choosy dogs choose poop.

I used to believe that the entire dog economy revolved around food, as it seemed to be the most important thing in their lives, narrowly outranking "running around in circles for no apparent reason" and "randomly stopping to puke up yellow sticky water." When a dog wakes up, it wants food. When a dog first sees you, it's hoping you're bringing food. When you're feeding a dog, it's praying for your arms to suddenly fall off and hit the floor, where it will immediately scoop them up into their mouth and scurry off for an exciting after-dinner snack.

The only reason canines even tolerate the human race is because they all know we're giant walking bags of delicious meat which will, some day in the not-so-distant future, be acceptable to eat. They have been biding their time, secretly slipping in their pro-dog agenda into Congress and softening up the public to the sight of canine storm troopers marching across America, collecting terrified screaming human beings in their Soylent Green-esque meat recycling vehicles. The fat ones will be the first to go, so think about that next time somebody asks you to eat at the Cheesecake Factory with them.

However, there is a more powerful motivational factor than food in a dog's life, and that is the raw power of poop. Dogs not only love eating this wondrous substance, but they love smelling it, rolling around in it, and decorating themselves with it like some kind of revolting anti-beauty contest. If you have a moment and there's nobody you respect around, think about dog poop for a second: whenever two dogs meet each other for the first time, their attention is immediately drawn to each other's butts.

A dog's butt is like their business card; it explains who they are, where they're from, and what they had for dinner last night. If dogs ever figure out a way to use the Internet, I am 100% certain that the first thing they'll ever code is an ActiveX plugin which allows poop to be easily shared like a peer-to-peer client. Poop isn't merely a body function for dogs, it's an entire form of unique identity like a human being's DNA or fingerprint. Except, well, your DNA usually doesn't have strands of corn and gravel embedded in it, unless you're some sort of really weird superhero or something.

Every dog loves poop and instantly rockets toward it like a heat-seeking missile when it's within their enhanced computer sensory range. The police and other armed forces spend years and thousands of dollars training dogs to sniff out and locate drugs, bombs, and drug-shaped bombs, but every single dog in existence is born with the natural ability to locate each piece of dog poop ever created on Earth. If criminals ever get the not-so-bright idea of transporting drugs inside dog poop, the Columbian cartel will crumble within nanoseconds. Our dogs Polly and Speedy actually dig holes in the dirt to locate the poop they inadvertently buried with nearby dirt months ago, throwing out a shower of mud onto new piles of poop and ensuring they'll have yet another buried treasure to discover a few months afterwards. It's truly a neverending circle of excitement in the world of dog poop!

Dogs envision a glorious future where their poop is publicly bought and sold in marketplaces, where stock in poop futures are publicly traded, and where celebrities are made not by their good looks and skills, but by their intestinal fortitude (literally). A place where all dogs of race, breed, and color can get together and stick their noses up each other's butts in perfect harmony. In this uneasy

age of terrorism, hatred, and growing segregation, perhaps a poop-based economy is just what this world needs. Gone would be welfare, as each and every human being can generate their own poop with just a little concentration and perhaps even more chili. We could say goodbye to dividing factors such as race and religion, as our love for poop would unify each and every man, woman, and child. And as for solving world hunger, well, I'd rather not go into that right now, but let's just say it would be sufficiently addressed.

TRUTH: We look at cats as living furniture. They look at us as living furniture as well.

Our two cats, "Cat" and "Kit," are essentially just blobs of light which shoot out from beneath the bed and streak underneath the couch at random intervals throughout the day. Sure, one's a much more fat and slow blob of light who randomly runs into walls, but last time I checked, the simple laws of physics had no restrictions regarding the obesity of light. I always viewed cats as a complex version of living furniture, one whose sole purpose in life was to get through their lives without ever gaining any type of purpose. Unlike dogs, cats don't really care about pleasing their masters. Cats don't really care about eating food nonstop. Cats are nihilists, Donny; they don't believe in anything. Cats are the Generation X of animals, a breed of creatures so obtuse and indifferent to the world around them that if the Earth suddenly exploded into a million red-hot flaming chunks of rock, their only concern would be to locate a rock with enough shelves to hide beneath.

This is Cat. He does not care for you. Your life matters nothing to him.

I have grown to realize that our cats consider me in the exact same light: to them, I am nothing but a larger, more complex version of living furniture. Unfortunately, I am also broken furniture, as I never feed them when they want to be fed, let them out when their neurons start going nutty and demanding they run around the lawn like maniacs for 19 seconds, or let them hibernate on my lap for the next seven years. Sure they do their best to "repair" me by engaging in the time-honored tradition of sitting by my chair and staring up at me without ever blinking, until I run out of large objects to throw at them and eventually give up to feed them.

If I were to suddenly suffer a fatal heart attack and keel over dead, I seriously doubt either Kit or Cat would notice. They'd simply walk over to my lifeless corpse and stare into my glassy eyes, determined to resuscitate me in a braindead, zombified form that exists just to clean their litter box and shovel food into their bowls. We mean nothing to cats and don't represent anything but furniture with self-warming laps which can magically make their poop disappear, replacing it with food mere inches away.

TRUTH: Cats and dogs may pretend to loathe each other, but they have no problem teaming up for a greater goal: to annoy human beings.

The Kyanka household contains an uneasy truce between our two cats and two dogs, one full of territorial disputes and lots of spit. When the dogs are downstairs, the cats pace around upstairs, guarding their precious territory of cardboard boxes and electronics which run the risk of spontaneously combusting at any given moment due to the nine pounds of animal hair lodged inside their

This is probably one of the main reasons why the cats do not enjoy socializing with the dogs.

fans. The only time our cats work up enough confidence to successfully venture into the Wild Wild West that is our kitchen is when we let the dogs out, separating these two species of animals by a large sheet rock wall and a glass door covered in a protective coat of drool and hair. Once the dogs are let inside, the cats scramble and flee as fast as their little legs can allow them. In the rare chance the cats cannot escape or realize their inability to travel through solid objects, the following events occur:

1) Polly (the female dog) greets them by furiously wagging her tail back and forth fast enough to create vortexes of dog hair which resemble mini-Tasmanian Devils.
2) The cat in question pretends to be dead, under the assumption that dogs have no interest in dead creatures. Oh foolish cat, don't you know that dogs especially love dead things, particularly when they're emitting a stench powerful enough to shatter windows?
3) Polly responds by getting even more excited, because hey, maybe the cat's dead and she can rub every rancid molecule of death stink all over her face! What a great day this is turning out to be! She begins using her nose to push the cat's limp body around the floor, essentially using it to pick up all the hair and dust embedded in the floor.
4) The cat continues to remain motionless, believing that if they continue to ignore the nightmare, they will soon wake up to a magical, happy, dog-free room of joy.
5) This somehow excites Polly further beyond her previous levels of Earth-shattering excitement, and the furious wagging of her tail knocks down walls and uproots trees miles away. She begins slobbering all over the cat and attempting to swallow its entire head in her mouth. Speedy kind of sits by and occasionally swings his tail back and forth while carefully monitoring his sister, as if to say, "I'm sorry, I really can't get as excited as you about this whole thing but, boy, I really wish I could!"
6) The cat quickly gives up and realizes the whole "playing dead" plan just isn't going to work the way they envisioned it. Once the opportunity presents itself, such as during the nanosecond Polly stops to retract and swallow the seven-foot long streamer of drool hanging out the corner of her mouth, the cat leaps to its feet and runs in some random direction that isn't directly towards Polly's mouth. It eventually escapes (the cat, not the drool) and decides to "play it safe" for the next few months, never venturing out from the closet unless the immediate threat of atomic warfare has convinced it to stock up on food as soon as possible.
7) Polly stares off into the distance at the last known location of the cat for a good couple years, convinced that if she continues to stare, eventually the cat will magically reappear and the parade of fun can continue once again.

Despite this clear disagreement between the two feuding animal races, they occasionally team up to accomplish goals which can best be described as "annoying the people who feed them, take care of them, and make sure they aren't killing themselves nonstop." When Kit suspects he's alone, he'll

jump up onto the kitchen counter and knock stuff onto the floor so the dogs, who feature much larger and powerful teeth, can mangle it to a much more professional degree than he could ever hope. We don't even bother purchasing cat toys anymore because Kit will simply kick them down the stairs and into the eagerly awaiting black holes with teeth and tails. So despite the fact that each of these animals would willingly maul the other to death either out of pure malice or due to the fact that they routinely mistake them for a small bag of beef, sometimes they work together for the greater good: to annoy their owners.

Stay tuned for more exciting truths about cats and dogs, such as the shocking reality behind hairball consumption and what really goes on in the litter box! Oh boy! I can't wait!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.9 I Squandered My Childhood Drawing Muscle Men

Wednesday, Feb 09, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

MY FACE IS SO VERY ANGRY AT YOU ALL!!!

One of the things that probably comes through very clear in my writing is that I'm a huge nerd, particularly a comic nerd. I have been such a creature since my youthful days, which I non-voluntarily spent as a child. I think the comic book is a fantastic medium that allows for a wealth of intelligent, interesting, and downright entertaining stories to be told far beyond the stereotypical "Superman beats up alien" or "Spider-Man gets molested by his cloned uncle's local bike shop owner" nonsense the industry is known for. In my early years, around the time I went into a cocoon and underwent metamorphosis into a horrendous looking teenager, I dreamed of being a comic book artist. Back then my capacity for story was shallow enough to consider the plot to an id Software game a work of moving fiction, so when I read comic books I didn't see much beyond the art. To make matters worse, my youthful ideal of quality art was incredibly lacking, if not fairly abysmal.

I tell you this because in honor of the recent trend of passing childhood art off as Internet comedy, I am going to attempt to pass my childhood art off as Internet comedy. Unfortunately I no longer have any of the drawings I made when I was a wee lad, but I do still have an embarrassing stack of drawings I made when I was in the age 12-13 demographic. That was when I made my initial foray into comic collecting. When I first purchased a comic, I knew then and there I would become a comic book artist. That dream lasted until it was replaced with "becoming a web designer." My dreams for the future have now atrophied to simply "keeping the noose at bay."

As an aspiring comic artist, I was drawing influence from an anatomically incorrect fountain of disproportionate stupidity. My favorite artist of the day was one Rob Liefeld, who is still well known in this modern millennium. For those of you not familiar with Rob Liefeld, he is sort of like the Derek Smart or John Romero of the comic book industry. When Liefeld draws a comic, you can rest assured that it will be a moving, kinetic work from cover to cover. This is partly because Liefeld cannot maintain any sort of consistency whatsoever, even between panels on the same page. Having background details randomly change between panels set in the same location is hardly an issue when you take into account how he draws the human form. Even by exaggerated comic book standards, Rob treats human anatomy and perspective in ways M.C. Escher was never cruel enough to consider. He can barely manage to align eyeballs across a face, let alone draw limbs to their natural conclusions. All the characters he draws are packed so tight they look they are either going to go supernova at any moment or tip over due to a lack of feet and ankles. I think his work can best be summed up in this hyperlinked picture of Captain America, seen just after some asymmetrical breast implant surgery. Don't take my word for it. Some simple research on the Internet will show you just how bad an artist he is, and how he manages to draw female anatomy far, far worse than male anatomy. Making fun of Liefeld is cliché at this point, so lets move on.

Yes, in retrospect, patterning myself after a guy who thinks Captain America has bigger breasts than an estrogen-fueled tank was probably an ill-conceived idea at best. But I was a dumb kid attracted to flashy art and apparently men with big muscles and guns. That's pretty much what comics in the 90s were all about, though. I'm not sure why, and I don't really want to know. Anyway, what follows now is my analysis of a handful of drawings I made in 1994 and 1995, shortly before my dream died and I began the downward spiral that continues here each and every week.

Drawing #1 – "Guy So Overloaded with Guns and Muscles He Can No Longer Stand"

Anatomy: Obviously this character needs those bulging muscles to compensate for having small feet and ankles and a tiny neck. I think I really nailed human anatomy when it comes to the chest area, as most muscular people look exactly like that. Clearly this doofus is very strong, as those weapons are by no means light. This is also a very dramatic pose, and as you might imagine, it taxed my drawing abilities to the limit.

Pointless Weapons and Gear: It's fairly easy to ascertain that this angry man intends to shoot things. I base this on the fact he is not only carrying some kind of ridiculously oversized handgun, but also some cannon roughly half the size of an adult helicopter. In case either of those two massive guns fail to achieve the important goal of killing people, he also has a third gun strapped to his back, probably causing some severe spinal cord damage. In case he does end up breaking his back from carrying around a battleship's arsenal, he can radio for help with his powerful headset. Because that thing is roughly four times the size of a cell phone, it is obviously four times more powerful.

Costume: Our kneeling hero is basically wearing a one-piece bodysuit with boots and a headband. But when you really think about it – and I mean really think about it – what more do you need? The fewer items of clothing you have to put on, the quicker you can get out to battle. Really, when an emergency happens you probably only have time to slide into a bodysuit and put some boots on before rushing to the armory. He's damn lucky to even find the time necessary to grab his headband.

I guess he also had time to put some kind of paint around his eyes or something. I'm not sure what that crap is. The point is, if he had to put on a shirt *and* pants, he probably would show up late to battle. That's just unacceptable. It's also a good thing he chose a bodysuit that has padded collars. You never know when you're going to get your neck snapped, especially one so dainty. Those collars are probably very soft and smooth.

Please note my awesome signature, as it is the mark of a true artist. No, I don't sign my checks that way. But if I had the money for a checking account I most certainly would.

Drawing #2 – "Masked Angry Man"

Anatomy: I hate to say it, but I think our masked friend probably abused a lot of steroids. Not

only are his veins and muscles popping, but also I think his joints are literally popping loose. Unless he has childbearing hips for a reason I simply don't remember, I think this poor bastard is actually falling apart. It appears he may also be developing breasts in place of his abs, but then those just might be really supple muscles. With all that on his mind, it's no wonder his eyes look like they are going to implode. Although that might just be his poker face, in which case I fold like a paper airplane.

Pointless Weapons and Gear: I have a hard time believing a single shoulder pad offers any sort of tactical advantage, and probably only restricts arm movement. But, if you're a superhero or supervillain, there is room to compromise mobility in favor of fashion. Still, if you were going to be swinging a sword around, it would probably be best to have as much freedom of movement as possible. I don't want to spoil any surprises, but for those of you wondering what's in those belt pouches, well, it's jellybeans. Magic jellybeans. I think that's a Timex watch he's wearing. Most likely it's one of those kind that can go underwater or in the shower, since the last thing a superhuman wants to think about is whether his watch is going to bust if he has to dive into some water to avoid an explosion.

Costume: This generic costume, particularly the mask, is like a copy of a copy of a copy, but that doesn't mean I didn't think of it first, which I obviously didn't. Thankfully there isn't much to it.

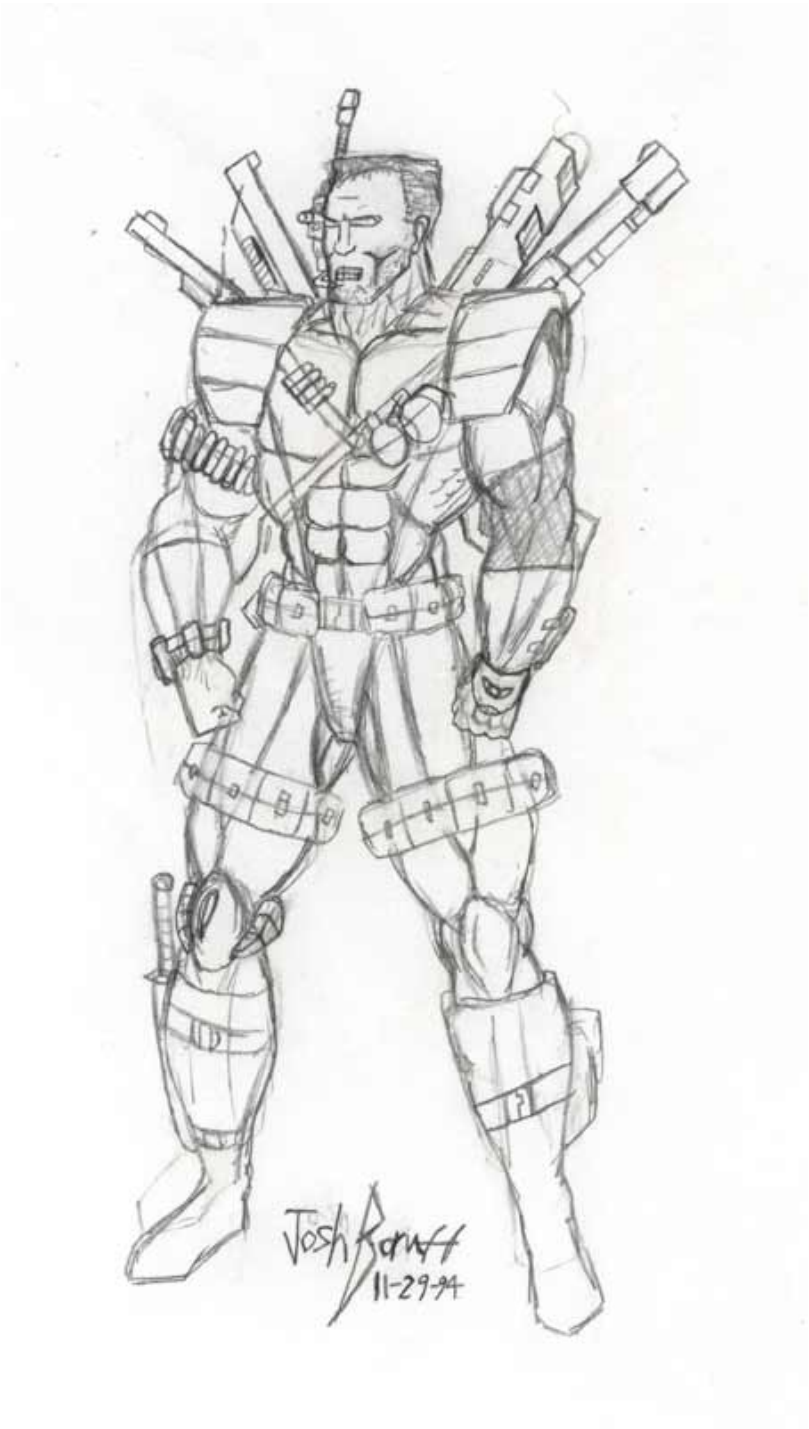
Drawing #3 – "The Man With Pregnant Muscles"

Anatomy: This bulging mess is in serious danger of having the majority of his muscles give birth. As to what muscles give birth to, the darkest parts of my imagination can only fathom. When your kneecap is larger than your head, that's probably a sign of trouble. Thankfully he appears to be somewhat happy, as indicated by the muscle-taxing smile that's slicing out of his face.

Pointless Weapons and Gear: Aside from the inexplicable metal "wings" coming out of his back, this guy really doesn't have much in the way of gratuitous gear. Well, except for maybe the hoses, and the cyborg arm, and the shoulder pad, and the gun that apparently shoots pancakes or Frisbees. But virtually every comic book character created in the early 1990s had that stuff, so can you really fault me? This lunatic is a product of his environment.

Costume: This is a very modest outfit, consisting of pants, a shirt, and boots. The pants and shirts are neatly adorned with some kind of lines for some important purpose I'm not sure of at the

moment. I bet I had a really good explanation back on 2-10-95 when I was drawing this opus of the magnum variety. They were probably cooling vents or something very crucial to the business of kicking ass. It's also a good thing he was able to find boots in his size, which is hard when you are a misshapen blob of malformed muscle.



Drawing #4 – "The Human Armory"

Anatomy: He's a human pop machine ready to vend some fizzing soda in your face! Really, do I need to point out how poor a grasp of anatomy I had anymore? The muscles here make no sense. It's like I had a jigsaw puzzle and couldn't figure it out so I just forced the pieces together with staples and a hot glue gun. As you can see, I was capable of illustrating a wide range of emotion,

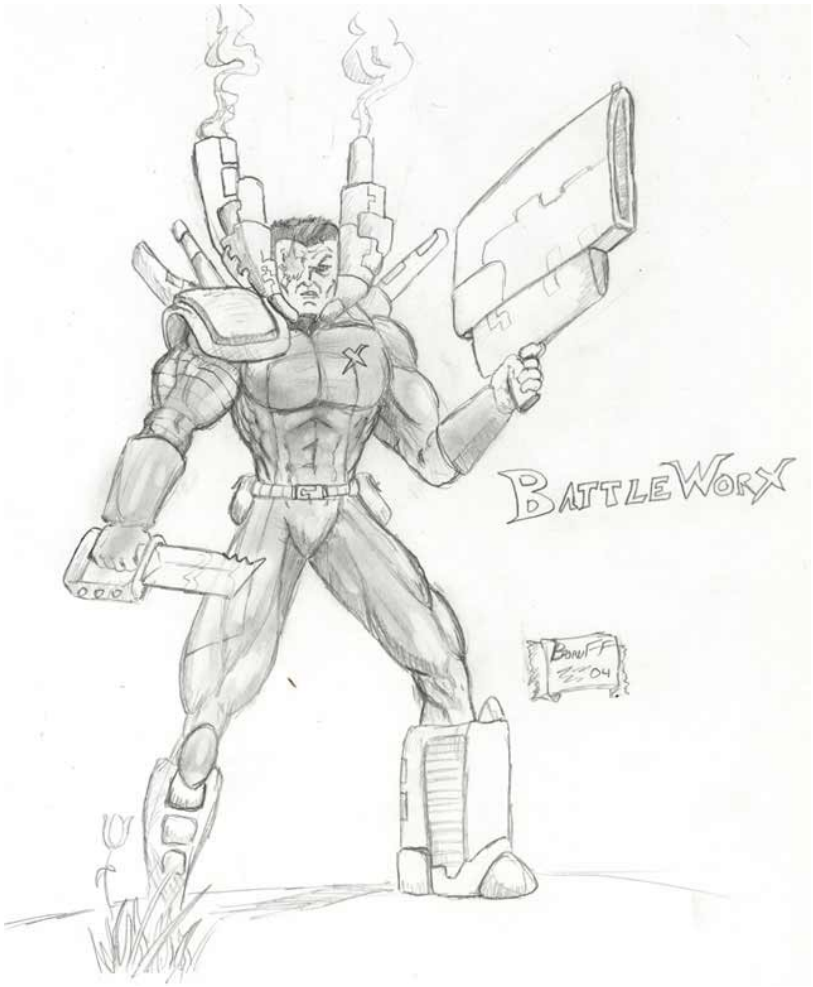
but chose the one that best reflected my inner torment. I had a lot of inner torment back then, what with the steady decline of Saturday morning cartoons and all and the start of my journey into manhood. Regardless, his chiseled face is quite striking, as the beautifully illustrated eyes draw you into the mystery of this "man with a mission."

Pointless Weapons and Gear: None whatsoever. No really. Okay, this jolly fellow has more weapons on him than most Republicans own. Not only does he have enough pouches to store all kinds of oats and grains, he also has a chain mail sleeve for his elbow! The straps of bullets, shoulder pads, and weird things fastened to everything help round out the "I AM GOING TO HURT MYSELF IF I TRY TO MOVE" look. In case there is trouble, he also has one of those stylish headsets for up-to-the-minute weather reports and sports scores at 15 past the hour every hour. At least his guns look somewhat plausible.

Costume: Another case of a very non-existent costume design being buried under a pile of useless belts and pouches. But when you think about it, I could have given him a cape on top of everything else. The fact I did not shows a great deal of restraint on my part, therefore making this character design quite respectable.

I think at this point it's quite evident I had serious difficulty drawing characters in anything but the most generic pose.

Finally, to prove I've still got it, I humbly submit this character I drew late last year. I think I may still have a shot at my childhood dream!



Drawing #5 – "Battleworx"

Anatomy: As you can see, in spite of giving up the dream, I actually mastered the human form in the decade since those other drawings. I think this is probably as good a depiction as the human body as you can get, and I'm quite proud of my work. I didn't take any shortcuts and really nailed the details. This could easily be a page out of *Jerry Bruckheimer Presents: Gray's Anatomy.*

Pointless Weapons and Gear: I don't think there is anything pointless about the equipment he is carrying or has strapped to his back or head. It all makes sense and is very logical. Battleworx is a factory of death and destruction, so he needs all those attachments. His cybernetic arm is also especially necessary, since he probably lost his original one in a cotton candy machine accident or something along those lines. Clearly he is skilled in both knives and gigantic guns, as any factory of death should be.

Costume: Versatile and practical! I wanted to show the evolution of technology over my previous superhero drawings, and that really shows in the headgear Battleworx is wearing. Look how big it is compared to the other drawings. Bigger means better, so he's well suited for just about anything. You may think the non-matching boots is a mistake, but it really adds balance given his robotic

right arm. Yep, all and all, this is a superhero dressed to kill!

And with that we're done looking at my terrible teenage artwork! Given the huge stack I have of bad drawings from 1994-1995, in addition to all the ones I lost over the years prior, I think it's safe to say I really wasted a good chunk of my childhood. On the plus side, I can always cease all further development and regress to a childlike state to reclaim those lost years. That should work out nicely.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.10 I'm the Tax Man

Thursday, Feb 10, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Tax time is right around the corner my little ducklings, and you know what that means? That's right, it's time to spend your precious time and money trying to figure out all the confusing government forms or hiring a "professional" to do your taxes, who probably licks your silverware when you're not looking. Well you're in luck because I'm a G4 certified tax accountant, and just because I'm such a great guy, I'm going to dedicate my update today on helping you file your taxes on time this year, with no expense to you, the Internet consumer. I'll even walk you through what forms you need, what you have to claim, and the various loopholes you can exploit to cheat the system. I'm even wearing a motley colored suit covered in large exclamation marks and large black glasses to prove I'm serious about cheating the government, but you can't see it since this is the Internet. You'll have to take my word for it.

There is a broad misconception that doing your taxes has to be a difficult, painstaking process but that's all bullhonky. The government wants you to get confused and bugaboo so they can weasel every last penny out of your hard earned paycheck. But it doesn't have to be that way. Doing your income tax is a lot like the Canadian rodeo, but with less manure. You need to ride the system like a good old boy and not let it buck you off into a steaming pile of bankruptcy. At the same time you can't kill the horse and sell it to a glue factory without a license, or you might be asking for trouble. This is what we call an IRS audit, and that is the last thing you want. Confused already? Well take a look at this!

The first thing we need to get you started is the 1042 form. You could get the 1042EZ form, but EZ forms are for fags and Communists. If you are unmarried, have no children or pets, and have been injured in a major cooking accident, you can claim a single dependence on a 1043, or if you are legally retarded and make over $100,000 a year you need a 1020. You ONLY need a 1132 form if you yielded a corn crop of over 2000lbs, or you have been a contestant on The Price is Right and won over $5,000 in cash and prizes. Once you have your correct form, we can start filling out the basic information.

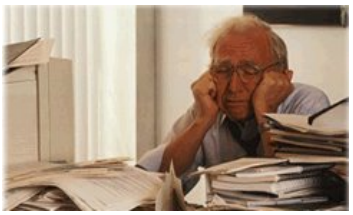
The basic info is self-explanatory. You need your name, Social Security Number, address, sexual history, favorite color, and other miscellaneous information. After that you need to figure out how much you made by adding up your earnings that should've been sent to you by your employers, unless you worked under the table, of course. If this is the case then just add a simple note that says, "I was paid under the table for my services so my taxable income is negligible, thanks." After adding together your income, you can figure out what you can claim as a deductible. The laws on this are very fuzzy and easy to manipulate with enough mischievous accounting, but we'll go over that later. Then you need to claim your dependents. If you have children then you can claim them, and you can also claim yourself. I'm very dependant on the crack cocaine rocks, so I normally file a 1 for myself. This way you will also get more money back at the end of the year and go on a monster crack binge that will make tax time a happy time.

Think you're finished? Nah dawg, the party's just getting started up in this piece. There are various

clauses, rules, and exceptions that you need to be aware of while doing your taxes. I've outlined some of the most important and generally unknown facts that usually come back to haunt you if you ignore them.

#456: If you own over 3 dogs or 10 cats you need to fill out a #1080-2, otherwise known as the "Lazy Susan".
#208: Be aware that if you are black or Hispanic you will get 15% less money back on your return.
#904: English, History, and Philosophy majors don't need to fill out a #1067 exclusion form because their degree is worthless and they are a drain on society.
#342: The IRM10 needs to be transferred to the VCM20 because the DSR406 is no longer valid, but only if your income mostly consists of twigs and leaves, you consume earthworms, and you are a mole.
#555: Don't fake the funk on a nasty dunk.
#299: Illegitimate children don't count as dependents, so drowning them in a shallow creek would be the most fiscally responsible thing for you to do.
#845: If you are legally disabled from a war wound, and own a small business making coconut monkeys, you need to fill out a P550 return form and them promptly devour it whole with chocolate sauce.
#50: If you happen to be Billy Ocean then you are exempt from all taxes because you are such a cool guy. Can you send me an autograph?
#432: If you are a single mother with over 10 children then report to the nearest government workshop to get your vagina sewn shut.
#753: This year the government reversed their decision to feel sorry about the genocide of the Native Americans and they now must pay taxes, as well as wear top hats and derbies.

If you still have any questions, or need clarification on these rules then call my 24-hour help hotline: 1-800-WET-BOYZ. Its $2.00 for the first 5 minutes, and $3.75 for each additional minute. You must be over 18 to call and have a major credit card number. I'll be wet and waiting.



I helped old Mortie with his taxes and now I own his soul in a clay jar that's sitting in my basement.

Now that the boring stuff is out of the way, let's get on to the fun part: cheating the system so you can enjoy the wealth of unearned riches while impoverished families struggle and NASA is sold to Burger King. These loopholes are no big secret, but few take the time out of their busy schedule to look them up and reap the profits of the IRS' snafues. Here are just a few that will help you cut a few corners this tax season:

- Claim yourself dead and then reap the benefits of your own inheritance, tax free. Zombies don't have to pay taxes.
- Glue your forms together so the IRS will get frustrated and just cut you a check.
- Expense all your groceries and say you are a professional competitive eater and it was

for training.

- Suckle your own cows so you don't have to pay for that pricey supermarket milk.
- Chia Pets can be claimed as dependants, as long as you make sure they are alive for the whole fiscal year.
- Become an Internet webmaster
- If you do all your forms in a purple crayon and draw the freemason icon in the lower left corner, you will get a 50% bonus on your return.
- Adopt 43 Cuban children so you can write them off as dependants and then sell their organs on black market.

Just in case all of this flew over your heads because you're such hopeless and inferior imbeciles, I've created a very special Hitler Dog comic to explain the inner workings of the tax system. I call it Hitler Dog: The Jewish World Bank Conspiracy. Enjoy.

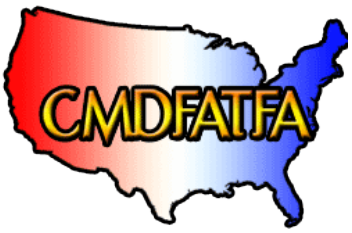
The Adventures of Hitler Dog
Erhalten Sie im Ofen!
Gee wiz Hitler Dog
can you teach me about taxes?
Nien!
The Jews are in control of the banks
For long they have hoarded our goods
I must seize power
and use Jewish
gold to fuel my
war machine
But Hitler Dog
I'm Jewish!
Have you seen my son anywhere
Hitler Dog?
I MUST ATTACK POLAND!
HA HA HA HA
Oh Hitler Dog you card
HA HA HA HA
FIN

That Hitler Dog is always getting himself into zany mixups! We've sure learned a lot about taxes today, and hopefully by now you have all your forms filled out and are ready to send to the government for a pending audit and incarceration in a minimum security prison. Remember to call my help line if you are having any tax problems, or you just want to chat or whatever. I'm not wearing any underpants.

-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

2.11 CMDFATFA February 2005 Immediate Action Items

Friday, Feb 11, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Citizens for Morals and Decency in Finer Arts Television Fine Arts is committed to providing guidance and political action counseling for parents and individuals concerned about the content of network and cable television media. Our list of immediate action items is a valuable tool for you to use to change the public and private airwaves to better preserve our American heritage of decency. Please consult these action items when filing a complaint with the Federal Communication Commission. At the end of this bulletin we will provide information for contacting the FCC and allowing your voice to be heard.

Scoring of programs is conducted in three different categories:

- **Sex**
- **Language**
- **Violence**

The scoring is conducted on a three point color scale where green is the best, yellow is moderate, and red is bad news. Please consult the ratings legend below for further information on how we rate shows.

Ratings Legend

	This show may include excessive or frequent offensive content including but not limited to nude mannequins, improper wetting of the lips before speaking, profanity, visible undergarments, human bodily fluids in non-medical environments, flagrant misrepresentations of the Bible, police and political figures portrayed as flawed, or lack of support for troops.
	This show contains some mild to moderate objectionable themes such as incorrect Bible interpretations, academic cheating, coarse language, non-undergarment sexualized clothing (e.g. tight trousers or under wire bra), or stylized violence and mischief.
	A show the whole family can watch.

When CMDFATFA recommends a program for Immediate Action we also like to offer suggestions that concerned parents and individuals can include in their correspondence with the FCC. These suggestions will provide broadcasters with an alternative to the currently offensive content of their program. If you feel that you have better family-oriented suggestions then feel free to substitute

them for ours. Please be sure to mention the specific objectionable material we have included.

IMMEDIATE ACTION: 7th Heaven

Description: 7th Heaven is a drama centering on the dysfunctional Camden family as they struggle with life, love, and faith. This show has become notorious among good Americans for flagrant sexual content and foul language.

Objectionable Material:

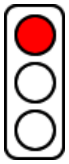
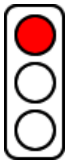
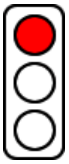
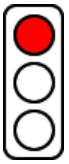
Season 3 Episode 2: Reverend Camden experiences a crisis of faith that lasts longer than 11 seconds. While he does eventually renew his belief in the Lord it comes as a result of resolving family conflicts and not an ecstatic vision of the Lord.
Should Be Replaced With: A long conversation with a cowboy about lassos.

Season 4 Episode 5: Mary Camden spends an inordinate amount of time in the bathroom and it is implied later that she was admiring her nude figure in a mirror. The audience is left to infer that while she was "looking to see how fat she was" she might actually have been ogling her own naked body or even pleasuring herself.
Should Be Replaced With: A montage of adolescent boys building a go-kart to compete in a church-sponsored race.

Season 4 Episode 11: Mary Camden refers to her mother as "lame" and tells her later in the episode to "back off". Sassing a parent should be grounds for physical punishment; instead Mary is allowed to retreat to her room and angrily slam the door.
Should Be Replaced With: A series of loud clicks and whistles.

Season 6 Episode 3: Reverend Camden is in an automobile accident but is not hurt. Rather than immediately thanking the Lord for protecting him from injury he gets out to see if the person who struck him is also uninjured. The Lord should be thanked immediately if something good happens to you.
Should Be Replaced With: A bear catching salmon from a river.

CMDFATFA Ratings:

Sex	Language	Violence	**Overall**
			

IMMEDIATE ACTION: Emeril Live

Description: Foul mouthed chef Emeril Lagasse lays homespun catchphrases and culinary wisdom on an audience reminiscent of the squealing acolytes of Oprah Winfrey. Lagasse frequently resorts to foul language, threats of physical violence, and sexual innuendos.

Objectionable Material:

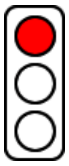
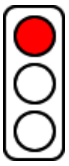
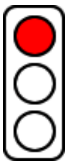
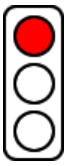
"Thanksgiving Episode 1999" - Lagasse touches the hand of a female audience member he is not married or related to. Men should not be able to touch women unless they are pushing them out of the way of a speeding 18-wheeler truck, and that truck is on fire and the driver of the truck is asleep and / or incapacitated and it's after 3:30 PM.
Should Be Replaced With: A helicopter rescuing someone from raging floodwaters.

"Pie Episode 2001" - While making rum apple pie Emeril pours a cooking quantity of rum into his mixing bowl. While this is questionable by itself, Emeril then goes on to pour several ounces more of rum into the bowl at the frenzied urging of the audience. Flavored spirits should only be consumed as medical anesthetic prior to limb amputation.
Should Be Replaced With: A detailed explanation of scrimshaw.

"Thanksgiving Episode 2001" - Laggasse drops the point of a fillet knife on his index fingers. While no blood is visible he wraps his finger in a towel for several minutes. Children watching might believe that cutting their index fingers with knives is a "cool" thing to do.
Should Be Replaced With: An elderly black man playing the harmonica or kazoo.

"Halloween Cooktacular 2002" - Lagasse refers to ghouls (occult minions) and ghosts (other than the Holy Ghost) and dresses himself up as "Frakenstein's Monster" (a creature from a violent horror film made up of DEAD BODY PARTS!). In a grotesque display Lagasse prepares "brains", "guts", and "eyeballs" from various edible materials. There is so much offensive material in this episode that it defies cataloging, but in the end Lagasse torments children by forcing them to eat the simulated human organs he has prepared.
Should Be Replaced With: A laser light show depicting patriotic symbols set to the music of Huey Lewis and the News.

CMDFATFA Ratings:

Sex	Language	Violence	**Overall**
			

IMMEDIATE ACTION:Joan of Arcadia

Description: Joan of Arcadia is a faith-centered show that takes place in the small town of Arcadia. Joan sees visions of God and is given missions to carry out for the Lord. These depictions of God are invariably offensive, although given the shows near pornographic content they are something to keep in mind rather than the key fault of this dangerous program.

Objectionable Material:

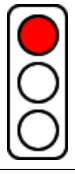
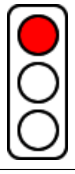
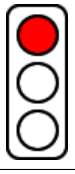
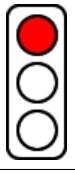
Season 1 Episode 2: Joan's father is shown from the neck up in the shower and it is implied by his motions that he pleasures himself and releases his seed into Joan's shampoo bottle. He is then seen placing a video camera in a duct that has a clear view of the shower. When Joan enters the bathroom as he is leaving he winks. Later in the episode we see Joan drinking shampoo.
Should Be Replaced With: A yelling man in a sports car escaping the blast wave of an atomic bomb explosion.

Season 1 Episode 4: Joan's wheelchair bound brother is used as a drug mule by Columbians claiming to work for a Satanic cult. In one sequence the Columbians graphically feed baseball-sized balloons full of drugs into the brother's rectum. When asked if it hurts he quips that he "can't feel anything down there anyway". Later in the episode Joan slits the throats of the Columbians with a straight razor and blinds the drug lord with a hot iron in the shape of a crucifix.
Should Be Replaced With: Looping footage of children reciting the Pledge of Allegiance.

Season 1 Episode 7: Joan briefly dates a black man and complains that his "horse cock" causes her "pussy" to hemorrhage. In one scene Joan stares out the window of her house at a horse with an erection for several minutes and begins to fantasize about performing oral sex on a centaur version of her negro boyfriend. The episode ends with her boyfriend convincing her to have sex with a drug dealer for crack cocaine, which he then smokes and dies from an overdose. The drug dealer forces Joan to methodically dismember her boyfriend's corpse and dissolve it in bleach.
Should Be Replaced With: A 47-minute oscillating high frequency tone and images of monkeys eating cakes.

Season 1 Episode 9: After being gang-raped by sailors Joan struggles with herself over whether or not to abort the rape baby. At the episode's climax her father tells her that he won't let her have a baby that's not his and pummels her in the stomach for over three minutes. Joan is taken to the emergency room and the doctors discover that what she assumed to be a fetus was actually a benign tumor growing in her womb. Her father demands to see it and when doctors refuse to let him take it home he holds Joan at knife-point and eats the tumor insisting that he "wants a part of her inside" of him.
Should Be Replaced With: A woman in a 1920s bathing dress smashing plates with a hammer.

CMDFATFA Ratings:

Sex	Language	Violence	**Overall**
			

To sum things up for you 7th Heaven, Emeril Live, and Joan of Arcadia are the three Action Items for this month. You may contact the FCC with complaints about offensive material in these programs by emailing fccinfo@fcc.gov

When you send your email the FCC advises you to include the following information:

- Your name, address and the telephone number
- A telephone number where you can be reached during the business day
- Specific information about your complaint, including the names of all companies involved with your complaint
- Names and telephone numbers of the company representatives that you contacted, the dates that you spoke with these representatives, and any other information that would help process your complaint.
- What type of resolution are you seeking?

For the last of those items please keep in mind that CMDFATFA seeks immediate cancellation of the program, fines to discourage repetition of content, and/or editing and restructuring to make the content more compatible with the values of mainstream America.

With your help we can continue to put America back on track to the sweet apex of our cultural enlightenment; the 1950s!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.12 The Spot

Saturday, Feb 12, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Thanks to Marvel's success in bringing their comic book superheroes to the big screen, the floodgates have opened. Now every schlub who appeared in a comic is getting a movie deal, even Johnny-come-latelies Superman and Batman. Batman's super power is a belt. He can't fly anywhere or even control the minds of marsupials. This "Superman" guy is allergic to the color green from what I hear. That pretty much eliminates his participation in emergencies anywhere near grass or Green Bay Packers fans, and I'm pretty sure the ocean has green in it too. Really useful. Maybe you assholes can team up and save the day if a polar bear is in mortal danger because his pants are sliding off, assuming said pants aren't green.

To lay your eyes upon me is to gaze into the infinite abyss of fear itself. To lay your eyes upon the wall to my left is to gaze at my autographed Clay Aiken poster. Only 500 copies were printed and you don't have one. Now do you comprehend how insignificant you are?

If everyone and their radioactive dog is being featured in a big-budget film, why haven't I been contacted? You might have heard of me, a little supervillain known and feared worldwide as The Spot. Yes, *that* Spot. You've undoubtedly heard legends of my spot-based powers and the havoc I have wreaked in my march of destruction. I sense that you are too terrified to hear my movie pitch. I fully understand your apprehension, but please take a moment to consider how unique a film about a supervillain could be. Why a supervillain? To be quite honest, superheroes are simplistic. They lack creativity and are purely reactionary in nature. Villains concoct exciting and bold plans, while heroes simply blunder their way into said plans and rely on brute force to emerge victorious.

For example, there was the time that I teamed up with Doctor Magnetface and threatened to enlarge the moon, theoretically causing the tide to rise worldwide by over three hundred feet unless we were given ten million dollars. Yes, we were ultimately foiled by Aquaman, but our plan was colossal in scope and rife with originality. In retrospect, it wasn't a great idea for the Enlargening Ray to be based on the ocean floor, and for us to rely on trained dolphins to fire the beam instead of using a simple remote control or timer of some sort. Also, I guess we could have used the Enlargening Ray on a few small pieces of gold to become billionaires.

That's the great thing about being a supervillain, though. You never really know what you'll be doing next or even fully understand what you're doing while you're doing it. One day you might wake up and think, "I think I'll try to capture Captain America with a handful of henchmen and a simple rope net!", and the next day you might decide to steal Hostess Fruit Pies from a group of five kids who are all of different ethnicities, the white one in a wheelchair.

My plans don't always work, but that would make the film better in my opinion. After all, beneath the considerable superpowers and superior intellect I am still a human with flaws. I have my mind-controlled dalmations put my spandex unitard on one leg at a time for me just like everyone else.

Part of the movie could deal with my origins and early years with my mentor The Pretty Big Guy. I will never forget the advice he gave me during our numerous stints in jail. He truly inspired me to become the man that I am today. One night in particular stands out in my mind with perfect clarity. We had been brought in by Spider-Man after attempting to kidnap the mayor using a hot air balloon as our escape vehicle, and had just settled in for the night when the cell door was flung open and a fellow villain by the name of Gluefingers was unceremoniously shoved in.

"What's your story, Gluey?" I wasn't terribly interested in the man's tale, but there is an unspoken competition between villains. We're always hoping our crimes are bigger and flashier than everyone else's.

"Shoplifting," he began, and immediately a smile spread across my face. "But it wasn't even intentional. I was in the checkout lane at the supermarket and picked up a copy of the Weekly World News, only it stuck to my hands. You know, because of the glue. When I got to the front of the line the cashier tried to grab the tabloid to scan it, but of course she was unable to. I didn't even want to buy the thing, so I told her to give up because I didn't plan on paying for it. At that point I heard 'Form of... a can of tomatoes!' and 'Form of... a slingshot!', and before I could turn around I was clobbered in the head. Fucking Wonder Twins."

The hot chicks that show up at comic conventions make all the trials and tribulations of being a supervillain worthwhile.

This was too juicy to pass up, but before I could properly berate Gluefingers for his defeat at the hands of Jan and Jayce, Pretty Big Guy placed a pretty big hand on my shoulder and turned me around so that I was facing him.

"Spot, take it easy on the guy. He's here because he screwed up but so are we. As the old adage goes, people who are made of glass should never throw stones at themselves or eat another glass-based person or buy clothes without trying them on first."

Although I didn't know it at the time, those turned out to be the last words he would ever speak to me. Being a brash young man, I glared at him for telling me what to do in front of another villain and went to bed. The next morning when I woke up he had already posted bail and left. One week later, he tripped over his own feet and had his pretty big head flattened beneath the wheels of Count Rockula's Bassmobile during a battle with Ant-Man. I reflect upon those last words of his often, and I think it would do us all well to remember them.

The entire film doesn't have to focus on such deep moments, though. Moviegoers expect plenty of action in a comic-based movie, and I am no stranger to excitement and danger. Here are just a few of my career highlights that could be featured:

- Somehow managing to tie up every member of the X-Men except Storm, then having my robot army paint giant spots on every building in Manhattan with water-based paint. In an unexpected turn of events, Storm arrives and cleans up the spots by summoning a rainstorm.
- Getting particularly drunk one night and taking the Virginian Vagina home, then discovering that "she" was hiding a terrible secret. Contrary to "her" name, she was actually a West Virginian.
- Kidnapping Iron Man's butler, then challenging Iron Man himself to a round of mini golf to determine the fate of said butler and getting THREE hole-in-ones. Apparently Iron Man has some sort of lock-on system in his visor specifically for golf and won the round with a score of -54, but I'm still pretty proud.
- Building a giant can of bug spray to eliminate Spider-Man once and for all, only to realize upon using it that the spray was only effective against flying insects. The craftsmanship that went into that gigantic can was unbelievable, as was the pain I endured when Spidey punched me through a second story window and directly onto the roof of a police car.

- Raping Sue Dibny.
- Attempting to defeat Iceman by dousing myself in jet fuel and lighting myself on fire before grappling with him. My most dramatic and well-publicized fight to date, and coincidentally the reason I'm in a hospital bed typing this.

Do you understand the potential here, people? An idea this great hasn't come along since someone realized that wearing garish and easily identifiable outfits would make it easier to commit crimes without getting caught! If I don't receive a movie offer by the end of this week, my robots *will* be notified. You wouldn't want your precious Hollywood sign to be covered in easily removable spots, would you? No, I should think not.

Jeff K. is Back?

It would appear that Jeff K. is back with a brand new article, his game review of "Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas!"

my charactar was workeing in a bakery when I picked up a phoen and teh president was on teh phone and saids "GO TO GET YOUR HAIR CLEANED" so I said "YES SIR MR PRESIDENT SIR" I MEAN I SAID "YO HOMES WHAS SUP WIT CHOO BITCH" and then I left. I stole a CORVETTE CAR outside and drove it into a flying buttress.then a hookar caem out and said "I'LL DUST YOUR CHIMNEY FOR $50" SO IS SADIS I SAID "OKEY BITCH" and that was taht THERE IS A BUG ON MY INTERNET

> then I stole a motarcycal and took it to get spray painted, I got flames sprayed on teh side of it and I changed the license plate to say "2CRUDEDUDES" and drove it into a flying buttress

That sounds like some incredible journalism! Drop it while it's hot!

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.13 The Fads That Define Our Lives

Sunday, Feb 13, 2005 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

Remember this? It's that thing that ruined broadcast television and radio as we know it.

Before we begin today I would like to say a few things about the Broadcast Decency Enforcement Act that is currently slithering it's way through Congress. It passed the House Commerce Committee on Wednesday and before you know it, it will be law. This is one of those things I just have to talk about before I talk about anything else. So bear with me a little bit while I whine about this shit. We live in a country inhabited by people that are as diverse as the pimples on my ass. Some are really sensitive, some are not so sensitive, some are sensitive to some things and not so sensitive to others, and some are spewing puss and becoming infected. Most people in the United States have some kind of sense and humor and really don't give a shit what is shown on television as long as they can watch what they want to watch. I would wager that most people really wouldn't care if the F-word was muttered on the radio or if nudity was shown on TV. But some people do. On October 30, 1973 WBAI FM in New York City, a listener-sponsored station, aired George Carlin's legendary routine Filthy Words, otherwise known as the Seven Dirty Words You Can't Say on the Public Airwaves. The FCC only got one complaint. Some pussy was in his car with his son and suddenly became paralyzed, unable to move his hand to the radio dial to turn the offensive material off. He decided to complain to the FCC like a whiny cunt and the Pacifica Foundation, the owner of the radio station, received a warning for their horrible transgressions against mankind. Pacifica, unlike media companies today, decided to appeal to the FCC. An appeals court actually sided with them citing section 326 of the Communication Act which prohibits censorship by the government. Unfortunately the case eventually got to the Supreme Court and they upheld the FCC's ruling and decided that they had the authority to issue fines based on indecent material.

You see, it wasn't censorship because the material had already aired. It wasn't technically being censored. The station aired something that was funny, insightful, and quite brilliant, and was punished for it. The FCC said that you could not air indecent material but did not say what was indecent and what was not. This was the smartest move on the FCC's part. You see, you don't tell people what is indecent. You simply wait for a radio station to air something that someone somewhere doesn't like and then you can fine them for M-M-M-MEGA BUCKS and FABULOUS CASH PRIZES. All the radio station learned is that they couldn't air shit, piss, fuck, cunt, cocksucker, motherfucker and tits. So in order to not get fined radio and TV stations sort of have to guess what they can and cannot air. Never mind that the Communications Act of 1934 forbids government censorship. But it's not censorship because we are acting in the public's best interest. They come to us and complain! Well then I support the A Few Pussies Shouldn't Be Able to Complain About Stupid Shit They Don't Have To Listen To Act of 2005. Quite simply, less than 1% of the population should not be able to tell the rest of the country what they can and cannot hear. Most complaints that the FCC receives are written by a single organization, a single entity. These aren't a million different letters from a million different people. These are the same copied letters from hundreds of people. These people aren't even outraged enough to send in their own original letter. It's activism for the lazy ass.

This has been said time and time again, if you don't like something, turn it off and never tune in again. It's so easy, but for some reason it doesn't get into their thick skulls. We even helped these people with their inability to screen programming they don't like. All televisions manufactured after

January 1st, 2000 are required to have the V-Chip installed on them. This is a cost that is passed on to you, the consumer, whether you want it or not. And despite the fact that this technology was so important that it was forced onto people with no children and/or oppose government censorship, nobody uses it! I don't know anybody that knows anybody that knows anybody that uses the V-Chip. Not one person! Even with all this regulation it's not enough. The FCC now wants to fine individual broadcasters, the on-air talent, half a million dollars for broadcasting indecent material. This can ruin performers that are just up and coming in entertainment. Ruin them for trying something new. Ruin them for having a passion in something. Once this bill passes forget seeing anything edgy, provocative, or controversial on the public airwaves. If you are just entering the entertainment industry avoid the airwaves like the black plague. Go to cable, satellite, film, books, Internet, anything but the air. The government wants to decimate your ability to speak freely on the public airwaves as broadcasters scramble to censor shit they would not have been considered indecent two years ago, or today. They simply don't know. Imagine if traffic laws were designed like the Broadcast Decency Act. You can't drive too fast. We won't tell you how fast, just don't drive too fast. It would be chaos on the road, just like the chaos on the airwaves going on right now.

This isn't about being able to say fuck or shit whenever you want, it's about talking like goddamn adults. It's about making your own choices about the shit you want to watch. Even if the FCC was abolished and people could put whatever they want on TV or radio, the free market would decide what is shown on TV and there would still be shows that are not raunchy, sexual, or profane. Or maybe there wouldn't, I don't know. But Jesus Christ, let the people choose. That's all I'm saying here. Now here's my regularly scheduled bitching.

Only dogs used to play poker but now everyone does.

One day you woke up and poker was suddenly popular. No one told you this. No one warned you ahead of time. Yesterday it wasn't and today it is. You call up your friend and say, "Poker is pretty popular." And he says, "Yeah, poker is all the rage these days." Who said? When did this happen? Cowboys play poker. Overweight middle-aged men play poker with their buddies in a dimly lit kitchen while the woman is out. Since when did people play poker as a living? Since when were there televised poker tournaments? Since when did Texas Hold 'Em commercials start showing on TV every five seconds? You turn on the radio and they are talking about poker. You go on the Internet and you start seeing poker advertisements everywhere. There is a whole area dedicated to poker on our own forums. When was it set up? Was I asleep? Yesterday it didn't exist and today it does. Poker this poker that. Poker here poker there. You cannot walk two steps without hearing about it. Everybody you know is playing poker. People who have never played poker before are suddenly playing poker. Your mother is playing poker for Christ's sake. Then you start hearing people question why poker is so popular. Assholes like me start trying to make sense of the whole thing. Profits from televised poker tournaments dwindle. More and more players retire their decks to dresser drawers never to see them again. Poker show after poker show is cancelled. And before long the only people playing poker are cowboys are overweight middle-aged men. All is as it was. The world is balanced again. And when you wake up tomorrow, wine is going to be very popular. You'll scratch your head, grab your car keys, and purchase some wine.

We know them as fads. Something that was never really that popular before is now popular. When I ask people why poker is suddenly very popular they always say the same thing, "I don't know." I mean, poker has always existed right? Last year, unless you were an avid poker player, you would never hear about it in your daily life. In fact, Mark Twain once said, "There are few things that are so unpardonably neglected in our country as poker... Why, I have known clergymen, good men, kindhearted, liberal, sincere, and all that, who did not know the meaning of a 'flush'. It is enough

to make one ashamed of one's species." Looks like you got your wish Mr. Twain.

Things become popular because *they* tell us they are. Who is *they* you ask? Advertisers, of course. Advertisers are a sinister bunch. Most of them possess no souls and an inhuman ability to disregard all forms of emotion and feeling. They are out of touch with the human psyche and the only way they can make their products popular is to ram them into our skulls. Their products are popular because they told us they are. There are very few advertisements that are informative and honest and allow their products to be popularized by word of mouth and positive reviews. Most ads are loud, annoying, and pushy. YOU GOTTA HAVE IT. IT'S THE NEW SENSATION. EVERYBODY IS TALKING ABOUT IT. HOLY SHIT THIS IS ONE OUT OF THIS WORLD PRODUCT AND YOU WILL DIE WITHOUT IT. Excuse me? Why do I really need your product? Hello? Hello?! There is a commercial for a dealership that plays here in Southern California. They call their new financing deals a "sensation that has everybody talking!" Who said? You? Who is talking about your financing? Not a goddamn person is talking about, that's who. I once heard a radio commercial for soup where they made it sound like the stuff literally gave you multiple orgasms. OH GOD SOUP!!! Please, for the love of God, shut the fuck up and just tell me what's in the soup. Stop with the hyperbole already. Your product is not going to change my life or cure cancer, it's a fucking mop!

Poker? Alright, I'll buy that it's a fun game to play and there's a certain mystique about it. Fine, poker is awesome. But what about another fad like Pokemon? I'll be god damned if that isn't the most evil series of promotions I have ever seen. There is no inherent value in Pokemon. It's nothing. It's rubbish. It's like celery. You don't get anything from it. We can't digest it. It just sort of flows through your system without contributing anything. So how did Pokemon become so popular with kids? Because they said you have to have it. You gotta catch them all. Be loud. Be in your face. Be completely and utterly annoying and your product will be sold, especially to children. But if there's anything worse than a fad product it's the copycats that try to piggyback on that popularity. Yu-Gi-Oh, Digimon, Monster Rancher, Beyblades, Dragon Warrior Monsters. Fads can be so annoying that they'll take a series that has nothing to do with cute monster raising and turn it into one. It's like when Final Fantasy Tactics was released. Who knew that it would ever lead to Onimusha Tactics.

Today we are going to explore some of these fads and figure out why they got so popular and why nobody cares about them anymore.

Pogs: Those of us who were born between 1982 and 1986 probably have some fond memories of pogs when we were kids. I didn't know then how or why pogs became popular but looking back on it now the era of pogs was probably the greatest point in my life. I had the best friends and the most fun in those days. I did a little research on THE INTERNET and found out pogs were invented in the 1930s in Hawaii. POG was a brand of fruit juice and the game was played with the caps of POG bottles. A Canadian company called Canada Games repopularized them in the 1990s. A group of Canadian businessmen got together and asked themselves, "How the fuck do we sell cardboard to people at an 800% markup? Holy shit let's put pictures of the Power Rangers on little circles of cardboard and put them next to the Spider-Man comics!" Here are some pictures of some slammers and pogs that I still have today.

Pogs were mostly sold in comic book stores that are all out of business today. I've visited a lot of the places where I used to buy pogs and they are all gone. If you sold pogs at any point in your store's existence then you are out of business now. It should be declared a law of physics. If you sold pogs, you are now a failure. Nevertheless I loved pogs. I have fond memories of beating the shit out of the neighborhood kids at pogs with my badass slammers with the finger grooves in them and making them cry when I took their pogs. Everybody knows the kid who cried when he lost his pogs. He later went on to become the nerd who cries when you won his Magic: The Gathering cards. Here in

Southern California Disneyland and Knott's Berry Farm both went "Pog Wild". They held special promotions where they set up pog stations and gave out free pogs with Mickey Mouse and Snoopy on them. Pogs eventually died when parents realized what a goddamn waste of money and time it was and stopped buying them for their stupid kids. At least that's why I had to stop playing.

You end up buying the video games, the cards, the toys, and then the panties. Nintendo have you no shame?!

Pokemon: Pokemon is one of the most devious of fads. First of all, it's anime. Second, it's anime. And third, it's anime. Luckily, I was out of elementary school by the time Pokemon became really popular so I sort of dodged that bullet. I have never played a Pokemon game. I have never traded Pokemon cards. I have never seen the Pokemon series. After it debuted participation in physical recess activities dwindled. Nobody played hop scotch anymore. Nobody played jump rope anymore. Nobody played my favorite homosexual schoolyard game Butts Up anymore. They were all playing that dreaded Pokemon. I ask kids today if they still play four square and they usually say, "WHAT IS THAT A POKEMON HEY DO YOU GOT POKEMON OH GOD I NEED MY POKEMON FIX HOOK ME UP MAN."

As an impressionable young child you watch the Pokemon television show with your parent, the television. You are enthralled with all of the flashing lights, the quick camera transitions, and the loud noises. You start to get a little sleepy. Your brain shuts down. It's like a loud 30 minute commercial for the video game. You nag your parents to buy you the game. Then the game tells you that you have to catch them all. You go to the store and see Pokemon plush toys. Gotta catch them all. Plush toys. Gotta catch them all. Plush toys. MOMMIE I WANT THAT. Unfortunately Nintendo was never able to get kids to buy Pokemon manga because their products caused children to become unable to read a coherent sentence. The FCC has placed restrictions on how much you can advertise on children's programming. Damn, I could have made a shitload of money brainwashing kids.

No, it's not evil, it's just dumb. But I can tell you what Nintendo is evil for. Opening the door for the millions of Pokemon clones. Digimon, Yu-Gi-Oh, and Beyblade are among the most popular Pokemon clones. Then there are the people who actually play Pokemon. If you've ever worked at a Gamestop or Electronic Boutique or any store that sells monster collecting trading card games, you know how retarded these kids are. They would come in with their parents or in a pack of other retards. They would stumble around. Their fingers would always be sticky. They would touch everything. They couldn't form a coherent thought without stumbling through their words. "Uh... do you have... the... Pokemon... uhm... yeah... Pokemon Blue?" Sorry kid, we are all sold out. And they would just stand there with a blank look on their face before their brain tells their legs to

turn around and move their overweight ass out of the store. They were slow. It's like monster card games somehow stunted their brain development. Hopefully the influx of Pokemon clones causes the entire genre to collapse onto itself so that we may rid ourselves of this horrible virus. Here is a case study on Pokemon that is very interesting. Let's slip into something a little more comfortable and read it together on the toilet, shall we?

Game Shows: I fell for this one. Yes, I got caught up in the whole Who Wants To Be A Millionaire craze. I simply could not resist Regis Philbin's boyish charms and good looks nor could I resist the stupid suspense the game offered. That's what it was, stupid suspense. There you sit watching the show. The contestant is on the million dollar question. He has no lifelines. He decides to answer. The question comes up. He stumbles. Oh God is he going to get it right? Is he going home with a million dollars? Is his life going to change forever? WHO THE FUCK CARES? Why do I give a shit if some jerk wins a million dollars or not? I don't know him. I don't care about him. He's not going to give me any. I watched almost every episode of Who Wants To Be A Millionaire in complete and utter suspense until I realized what a goddamn fruit I was being and turned it off.

Hoping to capitalize on the success of Millionaire NBC started The Weakest Link hosted by Satan herself. The show enjoyed some success until a contestant threw a hatchet at the host's head and the show was over. Fox came to the party with Greed but it was too little too late. After September 11th, 2001 everybody realized how stupid game shows are and they were overtaken by the patriotism fad. Game shows also started the whole Rip Things Off From British TV fad that also survived through the reality television fad.

Staged Unscripted Television: I love reality television. The genre has been in existence for quite some time and some of my favorite shows are Cops, Trauma: Life in the ER, and more recently, Airline. These shows are true reality television because they are actually based on reality. They put a camera on events that were going to happen anyway. The other kind of show incorrectly referred to as reality television is more of an oxymoron. Survivor, Big Brother, The Bachelor, and others are all staged and unscripted. If you took the camera off of Survivor those events would cease to exist. People don't live on an island just to see what happens. People don't cram into a house together to try and figure out who is the most annoying and vote them out and make them eat bugs. True reality television happens anyway. The cops in Cops are going to continue to chase after lanky ass drug addicts even if you stopped filming it. The doctors in Trauma are going to continue to treat people with telephone poles through their crotches if you fire the camera man. The crew on Airline is going to continue to deal with morons at the Airport if the camera man suddenly dies of heart worms.

You tell 'em shirt!

The two types of programming do have something in common though. They are cheap to produce. You don't have to hire unmanageable actors. You don't have to hire deadbeat writers. You just film a bunch of shit happening and get a good editor to put it all together. In some cases the editor doesn't even have to be good. I know for a fact that The Bachelor was edited by a monkey dressed as an astronaut. Survivor? A brick on a string. But despite the cost effectiveness of shit programming, I mean, reality programming, people are starting to get tired of it. You're going to start to see a trend next fall as networks announce more sitcoms and dramas and less "reality" television shows. The true reality television series will continue to enjoy moderate success on cable.

"Tactics" games: When Final Fantasy Tactics came out Final Fantasy fans were refreshingly surprised to see a series be spun off into another genre and seeing it come out pretty well. I personally disliked the game because it's not my cup of tea but it garnered very good reviews and

a loyal following on both the PlayStation and later on the Gameboy Advance. The funniest thing about Final Fantasy Tactics is that period of time between when the game was "OMG L@@K RARE" on eBay and when it was re-released as a Greatest Hits title. On that day you could hear the cries of thousands of eBay sellers cursing SquareSoft's name for issuing a re-release. I find the whole thing pretty humorous.

Final Fantasy Tactics also gave way to a whole genre of copycats such as Yu Yu Hakushou Tactics, Dynasty Tactics, Onimusha Tactics, and I believe there is an upcoming Capcom tactics type game with a whole assortment of Capcom characters. Jesus, the whole idea of spinning off a totally unrelated series into a turn based strategy game is not original anymore. Take any franchise no matter what it is, turn the playing field into squares, and viola, you got yourself a totally new and exciting game that no one has ever played before! What are we going to see next, Metal Gear Tactics? Sonic the Hedgehog Tactics? Barbie Superstar Fashion Skank Designer Tactics? Something Awful Tactics? I can't fucking wait.

Poker: I had a whole thing about poker written up in this spot. But you know what? If I had posted it I would have to fear for my life. I do not want to upset the poker illuminati at the height of this fad. Meet me up in that tree later and I'll fill you in on all the details. TRUST NO ONE.

Wine: If the film Sideways wins the Oscar for Best Picture this year then forget it, wine is going to be the biggest thing since sleeping in a bed. As it is you are seeing more people talk about wine, more shows about wine, more people going to wine tastings, and more people buying wine. If Sideways does not win you will see a mild spike in wine popularity but it will slowly taper off. This fad is the one to watch out for.

Fads are a part of life. They come and go like the tide. One day we enjoy game shows, the next we may enjoy shemale gangbang orgy pornography. It's just a facet of life we live with every day. All you can do is hold on for the ride!

-∼Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

2.14 With Codes Safely in Hand

Monday, Feb 14, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Just as soon as I had quarter-circled my way around the building, a sinister enemy accosted me. This is the sort of danger that lurks at every turn when you're carrying codes. Clutching codes is like making yourself a magnet, as attention shadows you at every turn, provided of course there is a visible light source with which to cast shadows. Eyes spy upon you, always looking for ways to wrestle the codes from the safety of your hands. This man, this sinister agent of an obviously sinister cause was eager to take my codes and enlist them in any number of perversions.

"Excuse me, but what's that in your hands?" he asked with suspiciousness containerizing his every enunciation.

"These?" I asked as I waved the printout of the codes in the man's face. "These are codes, sir. These are my codes."

"Please let me see them."

"No, sorry. These codes are my codes."

"I want those codes," spoke the shadowy man with a voice percolating in disdain. Though he only said four words, his facial expressions, his stance, and his gestures said a lot more. He presented to me in his overall demeanor an entire encyclopedia set dedicated to the topic of impending violence. He wanted my codes – I could tell just by the way he looked at me. And also because that's what he specifically requested from me.

"I cannot part with these codes under any circumstances whatsoever!"

"But those codes belong to me."

"Do you even know what these codes do?"

"Of course not, that's why I want them!"

"You're just greedy. You covet codes you don't have."

"Well, maybe if people didn't hog codes all the time! Did you ever think of that?"

"It didn't cross my mind. I apologize."

"People like you always go around flaunting your codes and it makes me sick," the man said. "As you can well see I have no codes of my own and therefore have a harder time getting through life. So what do you say to a partnership? Fifty-fifty, codes for one and all!"

The nerve he had to suggest me sharing my codes. I worked hard to obtain these codes, and I wasn't about to share them with everybody. Still, I wondered. I wondered if he had a point. Could the world of those with codes and those without truly intermingle and produce a world where everyone has codes? No, that's impossible! Without codes, what would motivate people to strive for more? I worked hard to obtain these codes, and I endeavored to keep them safe from all others, to ensure they are used in the best possible way.

Having successfully thought about it I responded with a resounding, "Nope."

"You didn't even think about it!"

"Well, I never! How dare you accuse me not thinking about your proposal of giving you my codes so that I have no codes and you have all the codes!"

"That's not what I proposed, you asshole! Jesus, I've got a mind to smash your face with either one or the other of my two fists! Probably this one. My left one."

"Hey, calm down! What makes you think these codes are even something you want?"

"Don't tell me to calm down!" he fired back. "You shut your mouth in fact! You shut your mouth or I'll cram it shut full of pain!"

"Fine, we won't discuss this further. I'll be on my way with my codes." Snappy as ever, I showed him who rides up front in this bicycle built for two.

"Oh no you don't! No you don't!"

"I'm feeling very threatened so I should be on my way!" I yelped in a defensive voice, as if though my vocal cords were being made to feel uncomfortable by a sexier set of vocal cords trying to seduce them.

"That's it," he spoke. "I'm taking those codes by force!"

"You wouldn't dare!"

He would! Like a man of his word, he proceeded to recklessly hurl his left fist in the direction of my face. As he did this, time slowed to a disabled snail's pace. I watched with terror as his fist approached docking position with my mouth, examining his knuckles in detail along the way. I had to do something. I had to stop him from punching me in the face and thereby leaving me in no condition to safely and adequately protect these codes! In a moment like this a lesser man would buckle under the pressure and transform his face into a catcher's mitt eager to receive the incoming fastball. In less than the infinitesimal amount of time that it takes for a man's fist to depart and arrive at its destination, I was able to devise a plan, a distraction.

"Wait!" I shouted! My intervention came in the nick of time, and tested the very limits of his fistfight brinkmanship. This was it, the moment of profound uncertainty. I had gained clemency, but for how long? He postponed giving my face a savage gift, and I most certainly had his attention, but how long before he fell back on violence?

"What? Are you going to give me the codes?" he impatiently inquired of me.

"I just remembered I have to go to a doctor's appointment."

"What?" he asked in that rare kind of astonishment that only comes from finding out your left arm is actually a turtle named "Mr. Pete." His arm was not a turtle, mind you, but he was very surprised.

"I have a doctor's appointment. I sure better get going!"

"Hold on a minute! Can't you reschedule?"

"No, I already did several times. This is a can't miss appointment."

"Maybe you should leave the codes with me, that way they won't fall into the wrong hands."

"These codes are in the right hands, and your hands are the wrong hands. If I handed them to you, I would be transferring the codes from the right hands to the wrong hands."

"But what if the doctor tries to take them? He could put you to sleep and take the codes."

"I have a good relationship with this doctor. He respects the sovereignty of my codes. He has to, otherwise I would find a better doctor."

"Can I just briefly hold the codes? I'm tempted to get some codes of my own, and I want to see how I would look with codes in hand."

"That's asking a lot of me. Look, I really need to get going. If I show up late they might give my appointment to someone else, and then it's no telling how long I have to wait to reschedule. I'm sure you know how that is."

"I have pretty good health, so no. How about I come along? That way if the doctor tries to steal your codes, I can put a stop to it."

"Look, these are the first codes I've ever had. I really like these codes. Why can't you just get your own codes and let me have my codes?"

"You've made a grave enemy today."

"You already tried to punch me before, remember? Our enemyship has been well established at this point. You're just preaching to the choir, mister. Stop trying to be the suitor of my codes, for I will never allow such a courtship!"

"Why do you need to see the doctor?" the man inquired, breathing yet more life into this unfortunate conversation.

"I just do. I have problems."

"What kind?"

"I'm under a lot of stress lately. Carrying these codes is a burden and it's difficult because people like you won't leave me alone. It's this celebrity status, this new level of fame and stardom I've achieved not by any talent or individual personality trait of my own, but solely due to my possession of codes. It's very frustrating, but I'm working through it."

I felt a great sense of relief sharing my feelings with this strange man. I wanted to tell him everything as I wrapped my arms around him and enjoyed the warmth of convection, but that would be too much to dump on him at this point. He had emotions of his own, and they were quite stirred up.

"I guess I never imagined how hard it was for you all this time. But I still don't see why you can't share some of the burden. You and me, codes in hand, against the whole world!"

"Look, it's just that these codes aren't for you. They wouldn't mean anything to you. You'd probably just use them in all the wrong ways and never get anything out of them. I'm sure you'll get your own codes eventually. They'll be real special codes, too! Some day you'll understand my predicament. Someday soon."

He seemed to accept my answer, which was good because I was about to jab my fingers into his eyes and sail away as fast as my feet could row. This was a one-player game and he didn't even have a controller. There are predators everywhere, waiting to triangulate on the location of anyone with a good set of codes in hand. That's the way the world works.

When I finally made it safely home, I immediately closed the curtains and locked the door. I even added in an extra layer of security in the form of a chair to block any home invaders swift enough to pick the lock. There was no time left for mistakes, not now in this eleventh hour. I carefully clawed at the very foundations of my dwelling, looking for any sign that its security had been compromised. When I was finally satisfied that all was well, I prepared to make sweet use of my even sweeter codes.

Plugging in my special decoder cartridge, I carefully entered the codes and relished a new frontier

of excitement. Before I was vulnerable, but now I would reap the rewards of infinite health and ammo. There was just one catch to screw everything up. I was still vulnerable to death if I fell in pits. What good was all the health in the world if you could still die from falling? These codes had let me down.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

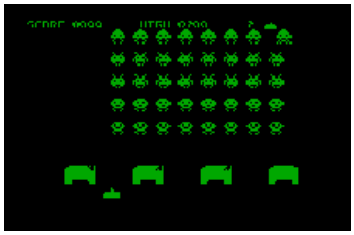
2.15 Highway 17 Revisited

Tuesday, Feb 15, 2005 by by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Twisted Metal 3 used to be my favorite video game. Ready to get twisted? To me it wasn't as much of a slogan as it was an eternal question that held the key to my destiny. Then one day I realized I had to put down the controller. And it was totally like pulling my hand out of the box in Phantasm because I could only do it if I had no fear.

I remember my first punk rock concert. The band had their amps turned up loud. So loud that no one heard a warning, shouted in earnest, that psychomagnetheric slime was bleeding out of the club's walls. I pushed my friend into the mosh pit. It was like watching a sock in the dryer.

"Like watching a sock in the dryer?" C said. "A simile? Okay, if I'm the reader I'm not really believing you as a narrator right now. It's like one minute you're this hardcore punk rocker and the next minute you're Charles Dickens or something."



C and I were in a conference room. Everyone rose to their feet as the general and his aides approached the podium.

"Ladies and gentlemen, you've already figured out that if this wasn't important you wouldn't be standing here on the U.S. government's top secret moon base." the general said. "So I won't waste any of your time or, more importantly, mine. As you may or may not know, we lost contact with the mars outpost at approximately 16:00 yesterday. This morning the hubble space telescope took this image."

The picture on the viewscreen was blurry but unmistakable: a row of space invaders, each one six pixels tall and over seven pixels wide.

"The eggheads at nasa tell me we have 12 hours until they reach earth. This base is the planet's last line of defense. You've all been called here because each of you possesses a unique talent vital to the success of this mission. You are the best and the brightest - earth's last hope."

"It's kind of sad how this is the most time we've spent together in the last 6 months." C whispered to me.

Fridays at Mcdonalds are a Dante-esque journey through fast food hell. Last friday someone tried to rob our store. I explained to him as calmly as I could that if he fired his gun he'd rupture the cooling system and cause a thermonuclear explosion. Current mood: depressed. Current music: Friday I'm in Love.

"So what if you promised your childhood friends you'd go back to Derry if the evil clown ever returned." C said. "Just tell them the truth, that you don't want to go because you don't relate well to groups of people. They'll understand."

"People." I said. "You can't live with them and you can't stab them in the face."

New Hampshire is like a black hole at night. People were driving home from the factories, cursing the rogue asteroid that's gravitational pull had plucked the earth from its solar orbit and sent it hurtling into the cold recesses of deep space. We tell ourselves that if we make it through this long, bleak winter we'll change our desk-

top background. Maybe to a sandy beach or that photo of a dilapidated shed that comes with Windows ME.

"This unisex slave jumpsuit is giving me some serious camel toe." I said.

"You should've gotten the extra large size like me." C said. "Check it out, you totally can't even tell that I'm wearing a diaper."

C and I looked on helplessly as the blue team made off with our flag. In the face of absolute loss the painter no longer has any use for the fiery red shades of anger or the subdued sepia tones of sadness. I could hear my cell phone's Toejam & Earl ringtone playing, its every note a broken promise.

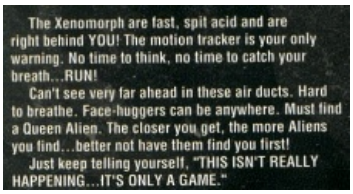
C and I signed up for Fark forum accounts. Alien zombie slug entering through the mouth, attaching itself to brain stem. Subject becomes a mindless drone. "If there were any truth in the universe they'd change the name of the site from Fark to Fark: with Wil Wheaton's dick in your mouth you speak only in vowels." C said.

My plasm is filled with something resembling hope. My energy is the energy flowing through Mark Knopfler's agile fingertips as they explode into the thinking man's guitar solo. Wearing my best dress, I take a blonde wig from the ancient gallery and walk on down the hall.

"Halo eight was The Downward Spiral." I said. "I think halo nine was just some previously released tracks run through flange effects."

"Remember back when even the most mediocre Nine Inch Nails songs sounded like choruses of neptunian jellyblimps serenading us with empyreal siren songs not of this world?" C said.

"Yes, we'll always have that tea in Paris."


The Xenomorph are fast, spit acid and are right behind YOU! The motion tracker is your only warning. No time to think, no time to catch your breath...RUN!
Can't see very far ahead in these air ducts. Hard to breathe. Face-huggers can be anywhere. Must find a Queen Alien. The closer you get, the more Aliens you find...better not have them find you first!
Just keep telling yourself, "THIS ISN'T REALLY HAPPENING...IT'S ONLY A GAME."

As the zombies overran the city it felt like my day had just begun. When I totaled their orders the drive-thru customers at Mcdonalds always said "thank you". I wondered if this spirit of courtesy would be the first thing to go as society crumbled.

"I can't believe my psychiatrist put me on antidepressants that will make me gain weight even though he knows I'm trying out for the cheerleading squad." I said. "Let's be totally irresponsible and overdose on our medications. We'll be flirting with death, just like any black man who reaches for his wallet in front of a cop."

"Uh, I really need to get home and study for my power loader operator's license test." C said.

Harvest by Neil Young is one of my dad's favorite albums. It came out when he had just gotten out of SOLDIER and was ready to start his new life. Somewhere atop a crude structure made from the bones of its enemies sits the western dream, staring at the sea with cold eyes.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

2.16 MENSA Mission: 2005 AD

Wednesday, Feb 16, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

We stood on the precipice that now overlooked the Valley of Burning Shadows, formerly called Los Angeles. The city had resisted the will of Imperator Ali and had been transformed into a so-called Mortuary Garden. Doom ships hovered beneath the static wall of blood lightning, lances of fire spilling from their swollen gun pods to end the lives of the scavengers and mutants still surviving in the valley. Near the ruins of the Chinese Theatre a loosed brace of glowing Wraith Hunters chased a man in rags down the cracked pavement of the street, their unearthly braying and the whip-crack sound of their flickering venom tendrils carrying over the howling wind. Carlyle had wished to speak a few words to our dead planet before embarking on our desperate mission, but for fear that the Wraiths might hear us he remained silent.

I blinked away the tears forming in my eyes and took Cecilia by her arm.

"We should be away from here." I whispered. "Before the doom ships find our life spore."

Purging flames roiled unnaturally from one of the doom ships and we all shivered at the screams of those sheltering in the sewer being incinerated. In the strobe light of the lambent sky, shuddering and inflamed, Cecilia nodded solemnly and spread the word to the others. We filed back down through the winding catacombs of the forgotten civil defense shelter that housed our one last hope; the MENSA Time Cauldron.

If it worked as Carlyle had postulated then we would be able to burble our way back through the soup of time and stop Mikhail Ali before he became the Imperator and ruler of a dead world. The eight of us who survived the merciless scouring of the population by Ali's dread host climbed into the iron cauldron. Carlyle set to work adjusting various dials and sliders and reassured us that his invention would safely convey us against the current of the raging river of time and back to 2005. Mikhail Ali, then just three years old, was admitted to MENSA in February of that year. Chrono analysis had determined that event as the moment when divergent time became irreversible. He had to be stopped!

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"Mikhail Ali, from Bramley, Leeds is being tested for entry to MENSA at the University of York."

Carlyle folded the newspaper back under his arm and looked at me with contempt.

"We're too late, and it's your bloody fault." He poked a boney finger into my chest. "You wanted to take a break in 2019 to save your damnable American Constitution from being put to the torch

by Ali's legions."

"I thought you were in MENSA, Carl." He hated being called that. "It doesn't even make sense. How could we be late in your time machine because I stopped to save the Constitution?"

He stewed, his face crimson with rage, but he could not come up with a reply.

"We're late because you're stupid machine made us late." I answered for him and he looked set to launch himself at me. Cecilia intervened while the others watched with silent interest.

"Look, both of you, calm yourselves." The touch of her hand on my chest inspired more emotion than Carlyle's heated words. "We're too late to stop him from joining up with MENSA, but he's still only three years old. We can best a three year old."

"We're already in the unalterable divergent time stream." Roger, our self-proclaimed chrono analyst, interjected. "Ali is a MENSA member and we are on the path to the destruction of the world."

"That's true in theory. In theory a time machine that can travel into the past is also impossible, but we seem to have beaten those odds." I spoke knowing full well that hopelessness could kill any chance of success.

"I beat those odds!" Carlyle's words dripped with venom, but I ignored him and continued on.

"We can beat those sorts of odds again. We just have to find Ali and stop him before he can marshal the full technological resources of MENSA."

"By stop him, you mean kill him?" Roger adjusted his spectacles and considered his own rhetorical question. "It might work. The divergent time theories don't allow for it, but it still might work. If he's dead, he's dead."

"We'll find him in this 'University of York' then." Cecilia smiled thinly.

We quieted as a man in a neatly fitted suit walked past. I called out to him.

"Excuse me, sirrah." He gave me an affronted look but stopped to listen. "Might you direct us to the nearest Tesla Conveyor?"

"Yeah, sure buddy. It's about two streets over next to the Whatthefuckareyoutalkingabout building." He smiled broadly and saluted us with his middle finger.

"Thank you!"

Our efforts to find the Tesla Conveyor of which he spoke were fruitless, but we did manage to locate a primitive wheeled vehicle that Carlyle was able to rig for flight. The simpletons on the streets

below seemed amazed as we burst into the sky on a phosphorescent stream of neutrinos.

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"We have him." Carlyle was watching the University's testing center through the custom-made optics of his magnefioscope. "You and Cecilia keep the neutrinomat prepped for departure; the rest of us will go in and make sure the job is done right."

They slunk out of the neutrinomat's doors without another word. They were armed with a variety of weapons constructed with materials at hand. Carlyle carried a sonic pincer, Roger a typhoon gun, Henrietta was armed with a nerve cudgel, and the rest all carried a variety of basic truncheons. They were kitted out in full commando gear, right down to the overly small black knit caps they wore on their heads. I was not quite sure what the caps were for but Roger had assured everyone that they were necessary after he looted them from a cappery in Leeds.

I watched them move across the blighted hills surrounding the University until I felt Cecilia's breath hot on my cheek. She was crouched by the window next to me, but her face was turned towards me rather than towards the window.

"What is it?" I asked her, our faces only inches apart.

In answer she pressed her lips to mine and pushed me down to the floor of the neutrinomat. The sexual tension between us had been building over the weeks in the civil defense shelter beneath Los Angeles. That she chose that moment to finally break down the wall between us did not seem odd at the time. We writhed and rolled about on the floor of the van, our hands exploring one another and our bodies beginning the intimate dance. I shook with excitement as our passion reached its crescendo, unaware of the sound of the neutrinomat powering down to prevent a cascade overflow. Satiated, I held her naked body against mine and looked up at the ceiling. Just then, at the moment of my greatest satisfaction, the door to the neutrinomat was thrown open by Carlyle.

"He's got them! We've got to leave! He's a monster!" His eyes were wild with fear.

I sat up, my nudity forgotten, but Cecilia pulled me away from the driver's position with her limber arms. Carlyle gurgled behind me and I turned just in time to see him dragged down by a seething mass of metallic tentacles. Imperator Ali rose into view in the doorway, blood frothing at his lips.

"Imbeciles." He intoned, his voice a symphony of overlapping machine-generated sounds. "You thought to stop the Imperator?"

He flung Carlyle's lifeless body over the neutrinomat and advanced. I looked to Cecilia, who still

pinned me down, and saw that her face was a cruel mask of glee.

"Feeling betrayed?" Ali hissed. "Your lover is just another of my servants. Designed to infiltrate and exploit, as she has so very well. Now, join us! Your brain will fit well into the cerebro chamber of a Wraith Hunter."

The pain lasted for longer than I could have anticipated. Now I serve the Imperator, my mind only rarely free to think about things other than hunting the packs of feeble humans who deny the will of Ali. I hold to the hope that some other splintered group of MENSA survivors might make the journey back in time and stop the Imperator. If they succeed, perhaps the headlines will reflect it. Or perhaps I am trapped forever in this hideous divergent time stream.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.17 Congratulations Rich and Megan!

Thursday, Feb 17, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This Sunday supreme Something Awful maven Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka wed his beautiful fiancée Megan in an extremely classy wedding ceremony that involved less than three neckbeards and only one Linux t-shirt. Several members of the SA staff as well as the brains behind Mega64 were also seen in attendance by snooping gossipmongers from the tabloids.

Rich is continuing to enjoy his honeymoon in Cancun, so guess what suckers? Another day of Zack!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.18 My Tank Has Hugest Treads

Friday, Feb 18, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Ah, World War II, the most exciting war of all time. Without great entertainers like Hitler, Stalin, Churchill, and FDR we would never have the thousands of hours of film of tanks driving down roads and bombs dropping on cities. But these destructive auteurs have made other nearly hidden contributions to our armchair enjoyment of horrible destruction that only obsessive nerds and professional historians usually know about. I'm no professional historian, but I certainly can't run from the title "obsessive nerd". With great nerdliness comes great responsibility, so it is my pleasure and duty to impart unto you another trio of incredible secret weapons of the Second World War. If this sort of topic interests you then please check out the previous articles on this topic. Old favorites like:

Cry havoc!

My Tank is Fight
My Tank Fires Bullets That Weigh a Ton
My Tank Has Armor Plate to Save Me From Hate
My Tank Has a Great Big Gun
My Tank is AWESOME!
My Tank is Flight
My Tank is Fright

On to the wonder weapons of a bygone age!

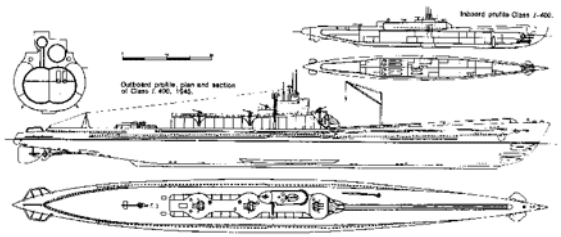
The I-400's launch catapult system and a Seiran bomber.

■ **I-400 Series Submarines Type:** World's Biggest Conventional Submarine

Specific Features: The Japanese have received very little mention throughout these World War II columns, but the I-400s are an incredible example of Japanese super-engineering and they come with an action-packed story as an added bonus. The I-400 series of submarines was envisioned as an extremely long range class of submarine with the unique capability of launching amphibious attack aircraft. Most submarines were short on space carrying just torpedoes and bearded mariners, but the I-400s dwarfed them all at 400 feet in length and an astonishing displacement of over 6,000 tons. By comparison, German Type IXC long range U-boats were only 250 feet in length and weighed a mere 1,500 tons.

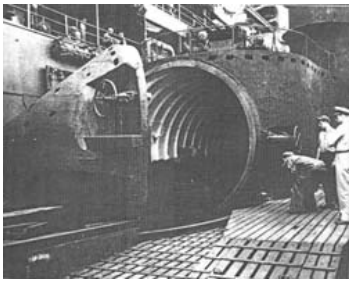
The super-sized I-400 boats each carried three Seiran ("Storm from a Clear Sky") seaplanes capable of torpedo and conventional bombing. These planes were raised with a 12-ton crane to launch position through an enormous horizontal hatch that loaded directly into the I-400's launch catapult. The I-400s intended crew was 145, but at times this bloated to more than 200 for efficient aircraft launch operations. Propulsion was provided by two 1900 horsepower diesel engines on the surface and two 1200 horsepower electric motors while submerged. What made the I-400 nearly as exceptional as its immense size and aircraft compliment was its operational range; more than 40,000 miles. The I-400s were capable of conducting round trip missions to anywhere the seas could take them.

History: In April of 1942 the Japanese Navy issued orders to construct a new class of aircraft-



carrying submarine known as the I-400. In September of 1942 a feasibility test was conducted in which a single aircraft was flown from a Japanese submarine over Oregon. It harmlessly dropped bombs in the wilderness and the test was declared a success. Actually it wasn't so harmless because a couple of kids found one of the bombs and managed to blow themselves up, but that's another story.

Three I-400 boats were completed in 1944 and used as the centerpiece of Submarine Squadron One. This top secret unit of aircraft carrier submarines was given the task of carrying out "Operation PX". The plan was for the submarines to travel from Japan to the West Coast of the United States and launch ten aircraft to bomb American cities. That might not sound like "Thirty Seconds Over San Diego" to you, but the plan becomes more sinister when you realize that the bombs would have been full of plague-carrying rats and fleas. The Army Chief of Staff eventually decided to put the kibosh on "Operation PX" for fear that it would further escalate the war to nasty new levels.



A good view of the I-400's hangar door.

The submarines were then tasked with carrying out a daring raid on the Panama canal that could potentially cripple naval traffic through the vital waterway. The plan called for the submarines to travel some 14,000 miles to the Gatun Locks and launch bombers that would blast the locks into oblivion and flood the area surrounding the canal. Despite heavy Allied bombing of the area, the I-400s carried out several successful training runs on a mock-up of the Gatun Locks. With the war nearing the homeland, the I-400s loaded their planes, torpedoes, and fuel, and Submarine Squadron One set out for Panama. Unfortunately for my storytelling, the Japanese surrendered with the I-400s en route to Panama and the boats were recalled to Japan flying a flag of surrender. They were captured by the United States and eventually scuttled at a secret location in the Pacific that has recently been rediscovered by underwater explorers.

Construction underway on blocks of Pykrete for the prototype Habbakuk.

HMS Habbakuk

Type: Iceberg Aircraft Carrier

Specific Features: Devised by eccentric British genius Geoffrey Pyke, the HMS Habbakuk was a true maverick in a time of mavericks. In order to win the naval campaign in the Atlantic and to defeat German U-boat operations Pyke wanted to develop an aircraft carrier so massive that an entire fleet of the best planes could fly watch over convoys. Rather than build this behemoth out of iron, steel, or salt, Pyke had an all-new material in mind known as "Pykrete". It was basically sawdust mixed with water and then frozen, but it took a lot longer to melt and was more than twice as resilient as ice.

The HMS Habbakuk was to have been 2,000 feet long, 300 feet wide, and capable of carrying 200 Spitfires or even larger aircraft into battle. The walls of the Habbakuk would have been 40 feet thick and capable of shrugging off blows from any cannons, bombs, or torpedoes in service at the time. To keep the Habbakuk afloat the ship would have been essentially built up around a series of huge refrigeration units that would ensure the crew didn't wake up sliding into the ocean. Did I mention that it would have displaced two million tons? Yeah, it was a big girl. It was also extremely slow and horribly to maneuver.

History: The Habbakuk project formally began in December of 1942 when Geoffrey Pyke convinced Lord Louis Mountbatten that his plans for an iceberg warship were worth examining. Mountbatten instructed Pyke to set up shop and build a prototype in Alberta, Canada. Pyke constructed a 60-foot long 1,000 ton mockup of the Habbakuk on Lake Patricia and invited Mountbatten to inspect his new prototype. He assured Mountbatten that it was as strong as he had promised, but Mountbatten discharged a shotgun into the boat's hull with only cosmetic damage inflicted.

The Habbakuk may have looked like a floating building, but it...well it moved about as fast as a building.

In August of 1943 Mountbatten attempted to gain support for the idea of using Pykrete as a material for ship construction. At a conference of Allied Chiefs of Staff in Quebec Mountbatten placed unveiled two pedestals. On one rested a block of ice, on the other a block of Pykrete. In front of the unsuspecting Chiefs of Staff Mountbatten drew a pistol and fired into the block of ice, shattering it dramatically. He then fired into the Pykrete and a bullet ricocheted off nearly hitting Sir Charles Portal the Chief of Air Staff. The British and Americans were both quite taken with the idea of constructing the Habbakuk, but the Americans insisted they do it on their own terms and Pyke was essentially fired.

The project was ultimately shelved when everyone looked around and realized that most of the German and Japanese fleets had been sunk. The prototype Habbakuk stuck around on Lake Patricia for nearly a full year after her refrigeration was turned off and a monument has since been erected.

GIs pose with a V-3 shell.

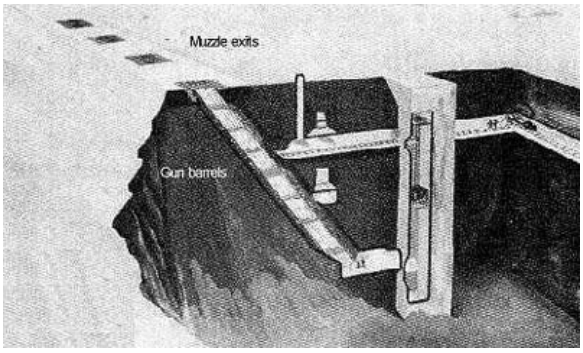
V-3 Hochdruckpumpe (High Pressure Pump)

Type: Giant Subterranean Cannons

Specific Features: The third in the series of chart-topping V-weapons out of Germany was a real show stopper. The first battery of five cannons was constructed primarily using slave labor near Mimoyecques in Western France. The 140 meter long cannons were built underground and linked to a complex network of tunnels and chambers from which the guns were served. Because the cannons were built underground - a necessity of their immense size and their design - their aim could not be adjusted significantly. London (165 kilometers away) was the target and the payload was a hyper-velocity 140 kilogram fin stabilized shell.

The velocity and incredible range of the cannons was achieved by augmenting the primary charge with six secondary charges running the length of the barrel. The small size of the warhead fired was compensated for by the weapon's accuracy (relative to the V-1 and V-2) and the high rate of saturation fire that could be achieved with the five gun battery. The guns were set inside of hills, beneath reinforced concrete bomb shields, and concealed behind immense iron firing ports.

History: A proposal for the V-3 from the firm of Saar Roechling landed on Hitler's oversized desk in 1941. Hitler, ever a fan of wasteful flights of fancy, approved a much smaller demonstration version of the V-3 that was completed in the spring of 1943 and test-fired in Poland. Hitler liked what he saw and against the advice of pretty much every German who was not retarded - and there weren't many retards since Hitler had most of them either sterilized or used in medical experiments - he ordered ten of the five gun batteries to be constructed.



The first of these was located in Mimoyecques and intended to serve up a cold plate of revenge to London for the Allied bombing campaign over Germany. In September of 1943 a ribbon cutting ceremony that was probably pretty depressing was held by the hundreds of slave laborers who would toil and die building the V-3. Two months into construction Allied bombers began targeting the site in Mimoyecques, but even the 12,000lb "Tallboy" bomb was unable to penetrate the underground bunkers for the V-3. Soon after the D-day invasion, with the gun battery nearing operational readiness, lucky allied bombers managed to drop three of the "Tallboy" bombs down the open gun shafts. This killed a lot of slave laborers and put a halt to construction. The bunkers were abandoned soon after that as the Allied forces advanced into France.

Smaller versions, roughly 1/3rd the size of the V-3, were constructed in Amsterdam and Luxembourg to support the infamous Ardennes Offensive in the winter of 1944. Only a few rounds were fired from each and they had no noticeable impact on Allied forces.

Thanks for turning back the clock to those exciting last few years of the Second World War. I would like to add that I feel like a great weight has been lifted from my shoulders now that I have finally done that damn Pykrete ship. I must have received an email a day asking me to cover it.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.19 Hockey Hooky

Saturday, Feb 19, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

The hockey season being canceled this year has left a puck-sized void in my heart that can only be filled with caulk, peanut shells and roofing tar. It's a goddamn shame that the sport I have grown up with and love to watch has been destroyed by two men, Gary Bettmen and Bob Goodenow, both of whom have the combined IQ of a ball of bubble wrap. I'm convinced they are really secret golfing agents who want professional athletes to spend their time on the green all year round. These two knuckleheads have singlehandedly taken hockey out to the back of the shed to shoot it and then rape its corpse. The sport has become bloated with expansion teams, spreading out the talent pool and increasing the number of retarded team icons. Face it, most of Americans are not diehard hockey fans and it shouldn't be considered a mainstream sport like football and baseball. The fact that NASCAR is the biggest spectator "sport" in America is indicative of our preoccupation at being total retards when it comes to good taste on any subject whatsoever. I'm not saying there are easy answers for this pickle hockey is in, but this is totally unacceptable. What am I going to do with myself?

With the hockey season now torn away from my loving arms, I am left with nothing. I don't have a very good personality, and quite honestly my life is empty and meaningless. The only thing I have going for me is rooting for my regional hockey team, the Detroit Red Wings, and giving high fives to drunken strangers with face paint. I don't have any friends, so the only unconditional companionship I have is my parrot, Dr. Mindbender, and the people I meet at the games in Joe Louis Arena and the local sports bars. I can't find this kind of comradery with the fans of other popular sports. Football fans are too loud and hairy, basketball fans are far too violent, and baseball fans are mostly Civil War veterans and degenerate alcoholics. With my sense of community and way of life demolished by greed, I am left wondering what to do with myself. How am I to spend those countless hours that I normally dedicate to playoff hockey in the coming months? How will I cope during these troubled times?

Well I've got the ol' brain factory chugging along with a case of Natty Lite and pack of circus peanuts, and I've come up with some pretty good ideas for some new time killers, along with a serious case of shingles. I'm hoping that at least some of these will be able to satisfy my need to leave my house and be active in the community. My house is full of ghosts, mice, and ghosts of mice and, quite frankly, I don't want to stay here.

Things to do instead of watching hockey, besides playing with myself:

Vandalism: Like the countless other confused and angsty youths of Detroit, I will take my frustration out on the citizens of the city in a random and destructive fashion. No one shall escape the spray paint holocaust and flaming brick rampage that will ensue this hockey-less spring. The energy that was once spent in a constructive fashion, rooting for teamwork and friendship, will be

transformed into a tornado of terror and minor misdemeanors. Actually the vandalism in Detroit, notably on Devil's Night, has dropped significantly since the Wings won the cup in '97. Now that there is no chance of bringing that oversized Holy Grail back to the city, the subjects are clamoring for blood. There will be no rest for Hockeytown until we get our sport back and also get retroactive compensation for losing this year's season. The next season must be twice as long.

HEEEEEELLLLLP MEEEEEE, I NEED HOCKEY!

Editor's Note: Maybe this wasn't the greatest idea. My spray paint work leaves much to be desired. I tried to spray Homer Simpson on the federal courthouse, but it looks more like a retarded dog. Also I tried doing a skeleton warrior riding a dragon on a school bus, but it kept moving to pick up children and the end result was a collage of mostly colors with no semblance of any form whatsoever. I give up!

MMORPGs: Probably the most notorious and life crippling time killer known to man is the massive multi-player online role playing game. I know this to be true, for I myself have been a serial offender when it comes to this most dangerous of games. It started with Ultima Online, an innocent enough game that involved beating up pigs and mining for ore. But then I became obsessed with making my guy a really good carpenter and started spending all my time building stools to sell at the market and save up for a boat. If I'd spent this time on a real job, I would've made enough money to buy a real boat and maybe some real friends instead of an eight year old Korean boy (who I thought was a girl because he was playing a warrior princess) that I married online with a dowry of six mules and a trunk of dyed pantaloons.

Soon I became disillusioned with the game and started murdering poor low level characters in the forest who were just chopping down trees and trying to make do with their harsh electronic existence. Like an angel of death I would swoop down on the pour souls and attack with no mercy as they futilely tried to hide behind trees and threatened to hunt me down with their tough character. "I was like you once," I explained to my victims before their demise. "Sad, alone, chopping down wood to make my cabinets. I have evolved." Then I would kill them and spread their body parts on the four corners of the map. I was branded a murderer and outcast, and was then turned into a ghost so I stopped playing. I started to go outside again and my interest in real things was renewed, such as my love for hockey.

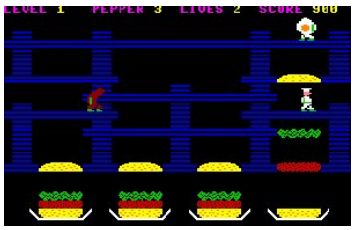
Livestock bought me a Dion Sanders Hot Dog Express for Valentines Day. Livestock is a horrible person.

Now that there is no hockey season and all my friends are playing World of Warcraft, I'm thinking that it might be my time to return to the world of online gaming. I want to make an ork that can use a gun and make leather pants and has blue eyes like sparkly gems, and has a pet spider. I'm sure I'll get tired of it like most online games but maybe, just maybe, it will be enough to get me through these troubling times.

Playing cat and mouse with a local constable: He shan't ever catch me. This game we play, the local constable and I, is one of trickery and riddles. I have murdered again. The clues I left are subtle and virtually non-existent to the untrained eye. But this constable is no pushover sally. He can be as cunning as a spotted jackal, and twice as nice. He has chased me over seven continents, four oceans, and even the moon. He knows I'm guilty, and I know he knows I'm guilty, but he has no sufficient evidence to charge me with the crimes - only circumstance and hearsay. Our battle continues.

Curling: I guess if I'm really desperate, I can start to watch curling. You know, that thing with the lumpy Canadians throwing rocks down the ice towards a bulls-eye while two other people clean up with a broom. Maybe I can make it a drinking game and have a beer every time they get the rock into the bulls-eye. Or maybe I'll just shoot myself in the head with a shotgun. Yeah, that sounds good too.

Watching Basketball: Just kidding, basketball sucks.



Now I have a reason to go back into training for the Burger Time Championships in Arkon, Ohio.

Watching the Weather Channel: Instead of enjoying high octane, bone crushing hockey action, maybe I can watch the Weather Channel which is filled with non-stop humidity excitement and funky jazz music that makes your feet move to the sound of slow changing weather. I could be one of those guys who always knows what the forecast is going to be and everyone around the office will depend on me for their weather updates while either in line to use the microwave or copy machine. But it is a double edged sword. For every thanks you get for informing your co-workers of the incoming winter storm, or tropical tsunami, you will get an equal amounts of curses for weather predictions that fail to come true. Its not an exact science and if you want the credit for being the "guy who watches the weather channel a lot", then you have to be ready for the responsibility that comes with it. I think I'm ready for that step.

Training Ponies: Prancing, posing, dancing, dozing, leaping, peeping, humping and jumping, ponies are perfect pal for every boy and girl. I'm almost done with this whole case of Natty Lite, and I've got myself a dozy of an idear. I'm gonna buy me a big old pony farm and raise some of the finest trained ponies that the world ever did see. I figure that from the money I'll save from not consuming vast amounts of expensive stadium beer this season, I can about afford a special training farm and dozen ponies. They'll all have their own names and long flowing manes that I will lovingly brush with comb every morning at sunrise, and I will dye them pink, purple, blue, and orange. I am currently looking for investors. You know how to reach me.

After reading everything I just rambled on about, its obvious that nothing will be able to replace the Probert-sized hole in my soul caused by the cancellation of hockey. I hate to end an update on such a depressing note, but I don't know if I can recover from this. Maybe I'll go on a pilgrimage to the Stanley Cup and perform a seppuku on myself, letting my hot blood spurt out of my wound and filling the giant cup to it's brim. After my sacrifice would everybody stop talking about money and finally realize the truth? Hockey is not about salary caps, concession sales, or signing bonuses, its about grown men with sharp blades on their feet and a piece of lumber in their hand, beating the living shit out of each other until the ice is soaked with their blood and crowd is in a rabid frenzy. You think about that tonight Gary Bettman and Bob Goodenow. You think hard.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

2.20 The Best Damn Thing About Living in Southern California

Sunday, Feb 20, 2005 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

Run away freedom bug! Run away!

Well folks, we've made it to another Sunday and already I know what you're thinking. I know you guys all too well. You're thinking, "Oh Jesus, what is Spokker going to complain about this week? Are there pets in horse food? Oh no is he going to uncover the horrible fast food conspiracy? Wait, don't tell me, he's going to talk about that stupid indecency bill again. WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE JONES?!" Alright alright calm down you fat chub. Today I will not be complaining. No sir. You will not find any complaints in this update. No bitching. No preaching. No nothing. Today I am going to talk about something that I truly love. Something that fills me with a great happiness. I am going to look deep down into my heart and share with you my greatest joy in life. It is indeed the greatest thing about living in Southern California. It's almost a nightly tradition for me. That's right folks, it's my most favorite thing ever. I practically live for this shit.

I love the high speed chase.

You're sitting there in the car, at home, or on the toilet, and after a hard day's work you turn on the radio and listen to the Conway and Steckler Show. They're talking about the price of homes in Southern California for the thousandth time and you're just about to fall asleep right there with a turd hanging out of your ass. But elsewhere in SoCal something sinister is going down. Some jerk off is getting pulled over for speeding. The problem is he's got something like 30 warrants out for his arrest and he's on his 2nd strike. Most Californians only have about 2 to 3 warrants out for their arrest so this guy must have done something really bad. Instead of pulling over he decides to speed off, taking the police along on Mr. Toad's Wild Ride through Los Angeles.

There is a tradition at the Conway and Steckler Show. Whenever there is a high speed chase they will interrupt whatever they are doing and cover it. They could be interviewing the President of the United States and they will cut away without a moment's hesitation to cover a high speed chase. This valuable public service lets drivers know where the chase is headed and allows them an opportunity to get out of the wa- oh fuck it. The bottom line is that people love watching high speed chases. Let's face it, people have a morbid fascination with public disturbance. When houses are sliding down muddy hills in Malibu, people watch. When wildfires are consuming everything in their path and homeowners are drenching their roofs with water LIKE THAT'S GOING TO DO A FUCKING THING, people watch. When some idiot gets stuck in a raging river during a heavy downpour, people watch. They watch these poor suckers getting airlifted out of a river and in the back of their mind they would love to see the whole goddamn helicopter just crash into the water and explode. It's exciting. It's great television. And as long as it's not us or anybody we know, we love it. Be honest. You've downloaded the Indian tsunami footage and watched in awe. You've seen autopsy photos. You've seen the beheading videos. Dismemberment, decapitation, and disemboweling videos, they're all out there. That's why web sites like Ogrish and Rotten exist. Few people can turn down a good accident video.

I love high speed chases for a few reasons. First, they are instant and frequent drama. They happen practically every few nights if not every night. It's a struggle, a human drama being played out on live television. There's that small chance the guy might get away. There's a chance he may plow into

the center divider of the freeway and go out in an awesome fiery display. Most of the time they just end with the idiot driving into some guy's driveway or running out of gas and slowly surrendering. But you never know. That's what we are watching for. How's it going to end? Secondly, I love the oh so captivating banter between the news anchors while the chase is being covered. They always state the blatantly obvious in such a concerned and contrived manner. In one recent chase the anchor said, "He seems to have slowed down to 35 miles per hour. The slower the better. The best thing for us would be for him to pull over." NO SHIT YOU NICE HAIR HAVING FUCK! And sometimes they say the dumbest things. During the same chase the anchor said, "Maybe he's looking for a gas station." Uh, yeah, he'll just whip out his speedpass and fill up while the cops watch lovingly. The best thing about a high speed chase though, is when the guy running from the cops uses his turn signals. In one instance this guy had around 20 cop cars after him and he put on his left turn signal before he made a U-turn. Thanks for putting the safety back in high speed chases buddy. Maybe you can get a good driver discount on your sentence.

He led police on a long chase. But police led him on a short trip... TO JAIL!

Over the past few years there has been some controversy over the coverage of high speed chases. And it all started with Daniel Victor Jones. Daniel Victor Jones is to high speed chases what Janet Jackson is to the indecency debate. And he didn't even lead police on a chase at all! One day this guy with AIDS who was denied coverage by an HMO bunkers down on a freeway overpass in Los Angeles with his dog and his pickup truck in the middle of fucking rush hour. He dials 911 and garners the attention of both police and the media. After setting himself and his dog on fire with a goddamn Molotov cocktail he runs out of the truck and rips his burning pants off. He then reaches into the cargo bed of his truck and pulls out a shotgun. He puts it to his mouth. So here's this guy in his underpants, his truck is on fire, and he's got a shotgun in his mouth. What does the local station KCAL 9 do? THEY ZOOM THE FUCK IN. So they zoom in on this guy and as if on cue, he blows his fucking head off with the shotgun. You could almost see his skull implode as chucks of brain matter go flying out the back of his head. He slumps onto the concrete in a pool of blood while children who were just settling in to watch the Power Rangers watch in horror (He also left behind a videotape with his suicide message on it which makes me wonder. Did he check the tape to make sure his message got recorded before he committed suicide? Because that would be pretty funny if the tape was blank or contained an old episode of Family Ties).

After that you could literally hear every single Los Angeles radio personality cheer at the bounty of shit God just gave them to talk about. This event was the topic of every single talk show for the next few weeks. You could not tune into KFI, KABC, or KLSX without hearing about it. Everything about it was gone over with a fine toothed comb. Should the media cover events like this? Were the news stations right in zooming in on the guy? Should the news have a seven second delay? Should the local news tone down their coverage of high speed chases and public disturbances and all that bullshit? Are parents not monitoring their children's television viewing enough? All that shit. And for a while everybody was screaming and complaining about the news covering this event like they should have just turned the camera off the second something exciting was happening. IT'S THE NEWS YOU DUMB ASSHOLES. They're supposed to cover shit like this! When things happen they put their cameras on it in any way possible and let it play out on it's own. Are we supposed to stick our heads in the sand and ignore the giant squid in the kitchen? Over time everybody sort of forgot about the incident and the news still covers high speed chases as shamelessly as ever. And I love them for it.

When you decide to run away from the cops you'll generally be dealing with three different agencies

depending on where you started and where you are going, the California Highway Patrol, the LAPD, and the Orange County Sheriff. Most high speed chases start and end on the freeway so the majority of high speed chases are handled by the highway patrol. The highway patrol has a "wait and see" approach. They let the suspect go on for as long as he wants until he runs out of gas or has to take a shit really bad. Unless you are weaving in and out of traffic or running over women and children and dolphins they won't bother you much. If the chase started on Los Angeles surface streets you will probably be getting chased by the LAPD. Now the LAPD is merely a shell of their former badass selves. After years and years of allegations of police brutality they will no longer kick your ass the way they used to. It's really a shame. Then there's the Orange County Sheriff. These guys are really underestimated these days. Only a few chases start in Orange County so they don't get to see a lot of chase action. But if you are ever unfortunate enough to see these guys in your rear view mirror you better watch out. They will set their own squad cars on fire and drop them on top of yours with a helicopter. They have heat seeking missiles and flame throwers and landshark cannons. Every Orange County Sheriff's Department officer can power up like Goku and go SSJ all over you. If by the grace of God you end the chase alive, they will not wait for you to get out of your vehicle and lay on the ground with your hands over your head. They will run up to your car, open the door, and RAPE YOUR FUCKING ASS. The sheriff himself will jump on top of you and stick his giant cock into your asshole and fuck you so hard your baby's mama will feel it. These guys do not fuck around. You've heard of the phrase good cop bad cop. These guys are all bad cops. You will not be able to poop for weeks.

The vigilante motorcycle guy is a mysterious friend to children and senior citizens alike.

Another variable in the high speed chase equation is the vigilante motorcycle guy. These guys are usually men in their late 20s to late 40s who ride on motorcycles with police scanners looking for trouble. When they find a high speed chase in progress they will tailgate the suspect. There are high penalties for interfering with a police chase so why do they do this? Some say they are the ghosts of past high speed chases. Others say they are loose cannons who got kicked off the force for getting too many results. To me, they are like dolphins that follow boats on the high seas. Whatever motivates these brave men, they are an integral piece to the high speed chase puzzle.

The most famous "high" speed chase of all time was the O.J. Simpson low speed chase media carnival bonanza of 1994. On June 17th O.J. was scheduled to turn himself in to the LAPD for the murders of his wife Nicole Brown Simpson and her friend Ron Goldman. The problem was, the guy never showed up! Everybody was standing around twiddling their thumbs going doo doo doo doo, doo doo doo doo, doo doo doo doo and asking, "Where's O.J.?" Three hours after he was due at the police department the LAPD finally decided to go look for the guy. Later that evening police saw Simpson's white Ford Bronco going north on the 405. Al Cowlings, who was the helmsman of the S.S. Murder Truck, told police that Simpson had a gun to his head. After that Cowlings and Simpson led police on the slowest goddamn chase ever recorded. Cowlings drove Simpson, who was most likely contemplating killing himself, to Simpson's Brentwood home at speeds far below the speed limit.

More than 90 million people in the United States tuned into the chase and watched as the events unfolded live. I remember seeing the helicopters and hearing the sirens as the chase rolled right by my house. People got up onto the overpasses holding signs and cheering O.J. on. Regardless of whether Simpson murdered his wife or not, people cheered for him to get away! It was a circus. In the midst of excitement rational thinking gives way to frenzied fanaticism. During the chase few people really cared whether he did it or not. They just wanted to see something exciting happen, something to break up the mundane humdrum of everyday life. And as long as they can watch it

from the comfort of their living rooms, the rest of the world be damned. Still, you have to give it up to a guy who has the balls to run from the police. No matter how hopeless their escape plan may be, no matter what they did, no matter how stupid they appear to be, one thing's for sure, they know how to cause a scene. And we all benefit from that.

High speed chases will always be a staple of Southern California culture. As long as they continue running, we will continue watching. Okay, so a guy running from police might plow into a family of nuns every now and then. One day I may be driving home from work and a guy who didn't feel like stopping for the police will rear end my car and cause me to vomit the contents of my asshole onto the pavement. Even so, it's a small price to pay for top notch entertainment!

-~Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

2.21 Stripping for the Arts

Monday, Feb 21, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Girl be swinging a hammock full of basketballs!

I have always considered myself something of an artist. Most other people do not, but I still like to entertain the fantasy that I have some small vestige of natural talent that wasn't washed away by the oppressive formulism of the construction paper assemblage art my 2nd grade art teacher subjected me to. Cut this, paste that, put the googly eyes on the turkey! We're not penned sheep, Mrs. Schroeder! We are born to spread our wings and fly sheep.

Luckily for me Erotic City Strip Club in Boise, Idaho has recently introduced an all-nude artist night for aspiring sketchers such as myself to explore the human form in all its splendor.

> *The club in Boise, Idaho, charges $15 (£8) for a sketch pad, pencil and dance performance, in what is billed as an "Art Club Night", Reuters agency says.*
>
> A city law passed in 2001 forbids complete nudity in public unless the display has "serious artistic merit".

Seeing as how I am the living embodiment of "serious artistic merit" it took me roughly ten seconds to book a flight to Boise on Travelocity. Four hours and two of those little half-shot bottles of Scotch later and I was making my landing approach into Erotic City. Actually the plane didn't land at the strip club, it landed at the cleverly named Boise Airport. For those of you who have never been to Boise, imagine a picture of London at the turn of the 20th century, then photocopy that picture, squint your eyes, and tear it up. Because Boise is nothing like London at the turn of the 20th century. It's sort of like Peoria. Also not too different from Dallas. I suppose if you've never been to either of those cities, just picture a non-specific city with very little of interest and there you have it.

A quick lunch of boiled potatoes in potato sauce, a brief ride in a cab to seedy South Central Boise, and I arrived at the Erotic City. It is a black-painted structure with quaint cutouts of nude silhouettes on the blacked-out windows and doors, cast in the flickering glow of a pink neon sign. The population of this forbidden metropolis was predominantly working class, which surprised me as I expected a more Bohemian set on "Art Club Night". I spent the entire "Art Club Night" at Erotic City drawing and observing the gorgeous ladies performing for my intellectual betterment. I try to be a humble man, but I'm very proud of the work I did there and I would like to share my drawings and notes with you fine readers.

Angel

Description: Recent DD implants, long platinum blond hair, seven fingers, wooden teeth, and a firm posterior with light meteorite damage possibly caused by the Leonid Shower.

Specialties: Capable of sliding down the pole without using her arms or legs thanks to constant kegels, can simulate orgasm believably during the chorus of "Funky Town", can prove that tiny pieces of toilet paper fluoresce beneath black lights.

Review: Angel was one of the younger strippers in the club and milked the innocent schoolgirl routine for all it was worth. While the crowd seemed enthusiastic I felt that the believability of her performance was disastrously undermined when she gripped both buttocks and spread them apart three inches from a mustachioed fat man's face. What she lacked in dance ability she made up for with limberness. Her routine was uninspired writhing and undulating but her pole slide was something that Plato would have written a riddle about.

Boomerang

Description: DD implants, long red hair, a large befanged prosthetic lower jaw made from cast iron, three right arms and a left arm consisting of a length of aluminum storm drain full of baby otters, and a protuberant backside tattooed with a likeness of Ronny Cox.

Specialties: Can insert a large pepperoni pizza into her vagina, can make Ronny Cox talk poop and pee if you pay her enough, can spin on the pole using only her teeth.

Review: Things were going great for Boomerang, especially her jaw-gripping spin on the pole, until the centrifugal force of her spin went haywire and failed to contain the baby otters inside her storm drain arm. Erotic City had to shut down for nearly an hour while the staff and even some of the artists in attendance chased down baby otters with truncheons.

Corduroy

Description: DD implants, short "dyke cut" black hair, a line of lit cigarettes in her fish-like mouth, gelatinous translucent skin, a sassy demeanor, and a tight youthful backside resplendent in shimmering platinum scales.

Specialties: Can regurgitate her viscera onto a paying customer and partially digest his top layers of skin, can submerge in a tank of Jello for nineteen minutes without surfacing, can project her dreams across the sun's heliosphere.

Review: Most of Corduroy's act was mundane stripping followed up with a tedious bit of gyration inside of a glass tank full of Jello. Shortly after completing my drawing of Corduroy she regurgitated her internal organs onto me and dissolved my retinas. It was mag-

nificent.

Helicopter

Description: DD implants, a crown of mechanical snakes painted in an autumn fleck tarn pattern, a single enormous compound eye in the center of her face, a mouth full of collapsing Russian dolls, and a disconcertingly boyish backside.

Specialties: Can lactate cat's milk, is adept at piloting a class IV hydrofoil, can detect lymphoma by scent alone, has forgotten more about being an astronaut than John Glenn will ever know, can immolate herself at will.

Review: Helicopter's performance got off to an amazing start when she was lowered from the ceiling on a class IV hydrofoil. Her performance almost immediately degenerated into the most generic shake and stick strip routine I've seen since Ohio. This continued until I had nearly fallen asleep at my sketch pad and I was prepared to give Helicopter a big thumbs down. Then she burst into flames and burnt down to a few glowing embers on the stage. Now THAT is how you do a frigging strip tease!

Hermione

Description: DD implants still with livid red pop-tops, long platinum blond hair, 785 feet tall, a tetrahedral backside that reflects the deepest desires of the person looking into as a dizzying display of colored light.

Specialties: Ensorcelling, casting glamours, cantrips, reading forgotten runes, female ejaculation.

Review: An 800 foot tall sorceress in go-go boots? Sign me up! Hermione was almost as bewitching as Lindsay Lohan's portrayal of her namesake, although her raw red implant incisions were more than a little disconcerting. Everything was going great, but then she had to prove that "female ejaculation" listed in the playbill wasn't just boasting. Turned the whole place into a swamp AND it wasn't even real female ejaculation, just 5,000 gallons of water she'd been clenching in her uterus.

Lola

Description: Natural DD (long), long platinum blond hair, entire vascular system visible through paper-thin skin, possibly alive during Biblical times, toothless mouth formed into a permanent penis-shaped cavity, prehensile vagina, buttocks resemble twin loafs of ergot infested rye bread.

Specialties: Counter-rotating breasts, pasties no longer require paste portion of equation, is capable of lowering panties to ankles with vagina, alcohol redolent exhalation forms fleeting apparitions of dead Comanche warriors, will perform oral sex for gum stuck to bottom of customer's shoe.

Review: Lola was fantastic! Her swinging breasts were like the winking eyes of a clownin' God and her blowjob fit like a glove of oiled leather. I admit, it was a bit disconcerting to watch her arteries and veins thrash around like the limbs of an epileptic, but it was a small price of admission to ride that dream wheel to the kingdom of Shangri-La. Unfortunately, one of the patrons got his face too close to her backside and ended up successfully persecuting the DJ for witchery. On the plus side I finally found out that "drawn and quartered" isn't actually where they tie your arms and legs to four different horses.

Quaaaaid

Description: DD implants, long platinum blond hair, a partially formed elderly man with psychic powers extending from the abdomen, pubic hair shaved into a "U" with an oomlaut over it, and a posterior that just won't quit. Seriously, it won't quit.

Specialties: Can eject venom from throat sac when threatened, arms and legs can extend up to three times their original length, head can shrink to one third of its original size, when you pay for a private dance from her you get a twofer from the withered old man on her stomach.

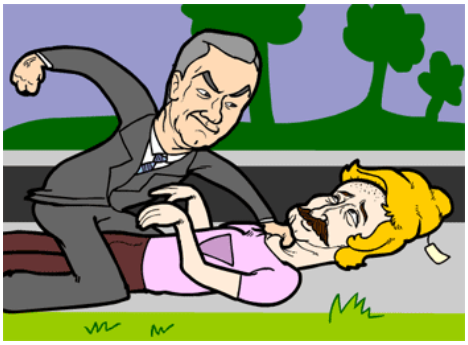
Review: Quaaaaid had some top grade high octane dance moves, and her cheerleader costume was just the right mix of naughty and nice. I totally fell in love with the tiny greasy old man's adorable little pom-poms and the way he wiggled his arms when she was wrist deep in herself. Then he used his psychic powers to project the ancient knowledge of Martian terraforming machines into my mind and that was pretty awesome too. I think Quaaaaid was my favorite.

It was a very eventful trip to Erotic City and I have to say that their unexpected support of the arts leaves absolutely nothing to be desired. I intend to travel there on a regular basis to keep abreast of developments in the art world. No, that was not a pun. If you thought it was then you don't know me. YOU DON'T KNOW ME!!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.22 The Oh Really Factor

Tuesday, Feb 22, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)



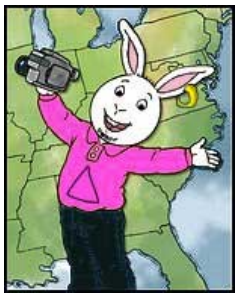
Bill O'Reilly tackles the tough issue of homosexuality that plagues our children.

According to reliable media smarty men such as Bill O' Reilly and the bearded man outside the 7-11 who successfully wrapped his own dog in newspaper and dubbed it the "King of the Moon," North Korea has returned to its nefarious old tricks again, threatening to destabilize the world with their aggressive talk and continuous waving of flags which, to my knowledge, aren't patriotic American flags. As I flipped through television stations a couple days ago, I couldn't help but briefly pause on the Fox News channel, as Mr. O' Reilly caught my attention with his animated diatribe against PBS for agreeing to produce a cartoon which discussed homosexuals while simultaneously neglecting to advocate their death. He made this important point to some libertarian who somehow failed to grasp his complicated argument and express the proper amount of disgust and repulsion required in the average Fox News commentary. Although the segment took roughly five minutes of time, it appeared to last four minutes and 58 seconds too long, as you might be able to discern from the following summary of the conversation:

BILL O' REILLY: "So here we have Buster the Bunny, a children's cartoon for children, promoting homosexuality. And we're paying for it! The American taxpayers, we're paying for the television to teach our children how to be lesbians and homosexuals. Aren't you outraged?"
LIBERTARIAN GUY: "Well, it wasn't really like that, all it showed was Buster the Bunny having dinner with a girl's mother and her 'friend'. They didn't-"
BILL O' REILLY: "But isn't it true that lesbians and homosexuals call each other 'friends'? Isn't it true that's homosexual code for 'anal sex fiend'? Do you really want your kids to grow up thinking society should embrace lesbian parents? Lesbian BUNNY RABBIT parents? You don't think this is a terribly slippery slope we're on? First we've got shows saying it's okay to have gay parents and then, before you know it, the government is forcing kids to murder Christians?"
LIBERTARIAN GUY: "Well they didn't show the cartoon, and the director was fired, so I don't think-"
BILL O' REILLY: "So it doesn't bother you that your money, our money, the money of the American public, is going to fund a liberal assault on conservative values, one to promote the acceptance of homosexuality? It doesn't bother you that your child could see this and go up to you and ask, 'dad, why are these two female bunny rabbits friends?' and then, before you know it, your four-year old kid is asking you to drive him to highway rest stops and buy him leather chaps and a riding whip?"
LIBERTARIAN GUY: "I'm not sure the-"
BILL O' REILLY: "Let me tell you something, I'm an American and I think I speak for every American in the universe when I say I don't want my taxes to fund this kind of disgusting filth on the television. Homosexuals have no business being in places where kids, the leaders of the future, can see them. We should make all homosexuals wear giant tents and fill their mouths with rolls of Fruit By the Foot so they can't try to turn our kids gay with their sweet siren song of perversion. Are you honestly telling me that you don't mind your tax money is going to brainwash our kids with this repugnant

pro-homosexual propaganda?"
LIBERTARIAN GUY: "I don't-"
BILL O' REILLY: "Because I don't. I don't think that's okay at all. This is America, not... not... not some place else. This country was founded by the belief in excellence, the opportunity to create our own opportunities and be the best we could be. You show me where in the Constitution it says our country was founded by gay rabbits. Seriously, you find me that. I want to know your opinion on this. I want to hear your side of the story now, I want to know what you think about all this. Go ahead."
LIBERTARIAN GUY: "I-"
BILL O' REILLY: "I'm sorry, that's all the time we have left, thanks for coming on the show. Next up, we have a student from Eastern United Garrison Agricultural College and School for the Finer Arts Such as Unicycling and Locksmithing who says one of his teachers forced him to write an essay comparing George W. Bush to a rare type of colon cancer. Is this another repulsive attack on the institutions of America, or just another repulsive case of liberal bias in the media? We'll find out after this commercial break for dietary fiber and life insurance, featuring various concerned old people."

I like watching Bill O' Reilly because he makes me feel that, at any given point in time, the entire universe might explode into a fiery orgy of cataclysmic destruction, and the only thing preventing such a horrendous tragedy revolves around one balding man and his ability to analyze newspapers for hidden liberal bias. Make no mistake about it: I lean much more towards the conservative side of the political spectrum than I do the liberal. I carry guns, I eat dead animals, and I fully support any government activity which causes people who hate me to blow up. If I ever meet some whiny left-winger like Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons on the street, I'd probably punch them and drape an American flag over their lifeless carcass while squirting holy water from a plastic daffodil tucked into my jacket's brest pocket. While I undoubtedly gravitate more towards the right, I still cannot find any redeeming qualities in Bill O' Reilly except for his unintentional ability to make me laugh at his outright insanity. O'Reilly and the entire talk show circuit, regardless of their political persuasion, seems to base each one of their arguments around the following primary notions:



The face of the enemy.

1) The "other" political party continuously conspires against them and, if nobody does anything about it and fails to expose them, this will led to the world's destruction like in the awesome documentary "The Core" which featured a giant metal marital aid burrowing into the center of the Earth and a very ugly teenager who hacked the entire planet Earth, thereby forcing it to produce shitty movies.
2) The failure to adopt an extremist opinion on every issue indicates blind compliance and therefore labels you as the enemy. Merely agreeing or disagreeing with an opinion accomplishes nothing; you must rabidly agree or disagree with an opinion, preparing to defend your viewpoint with the uncontrollable intensity of a drunken English soccer fan who eats bicycles and tattoos their team's starting lineup on his forehead.
3) Everybody in the world is stupid except them. Everybody in the world is wrong except them. Opinions can be analyzed and expressed as facts, and they are the only ones fortunate enough to possess this ability.

The political talk show spectrum has evolved from the simplistic, outdated "black or white" stance on issues, mutating into some type of bulbous monster which requires you to either categorize yourself as a undulating black hole or destructive white supernova. Think of current American talk show politics as the classic Atari game "Space Invaders"; you're either the heroic spaceship defending the

Earth or you're the evil aliens trying to invade and destroy everything. If you don't fall into one of these categories, well then you're the floating shields in the middle that get shot at and destroyed by both sides. I don't know what that stupid UFO that travels back and forth up top represents, but since I could never hit that annoying thing, I guess it doesn't matter all that much. Let's just say it represents Ed Begley Jr.'s myriad of contributions to the fine arts.

How could any leader honestly be afraid of a country populated by these?

O'Reilly did touch upon an issue I did agree with, the growing menace of North Korea, a country which seems to be governed by Gremlins and giant, irate spiders. We've been hearing a lot about North Korea lately, partly due to the fact that the news media runs on fear and partly because North Korea exhibits the same behavior as the average guy convinced his kitchen appliances conspire to chew his face off. So what crazy antics have our friends been up to lately? Well apparently a large pile of cocaine and various hallucinogens.

> **N. Korea: Japan, U.S. plotting invasion** - *North Korea has accused Japan of aspiring to rule a "Greater East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere" beginning with an invasion of Korea with the assistance of the United States. Rodong Sinmun, North Korea's state newspaper, said Sunday the Japanese had joined with the United States' "vicious hostile policy" toward North Korea and that the "military threat" they perceive from the Koreans "is a far-fetched allegation fabricated by themselves."*

If any of this sounds familiar, well, you can probably credit that to the fact that North Korea has been flaunting their brand of patented lunacy for over two decades now. Much like the shrieking child in a kindergarten class who threatens to beat up anybody that either fails to give him any attention, gives him too much attention, or fails to give him too much attention, North Korea represents the quarrelsome problem child of our planet. Nobody knows if North Korea has the ability to produce nuclear weapons, as their goofy story changes every minute of the day, like a bizarro *TV Guide*.

NORTH KOREA SCHEDULE for the week of FEBURARY 20th, 2005:

Sunday - Claim to have produced 500 thousand tons of nuclear warheads disguised as clowns statues and comically large horseshoes.
Monday - Recant previous claim. Ask for foreign aid money and suggest if they fail to pay, there might be a pretty high chance of clown statues and comically large horseshoes suddenly appearing in the future.
Tuesday - Announce plans to manufacture an atomic volcano which ejaculates fiery death onto enemies thousands of miles away.
Wednesday - Dub America "the great conspirator to destroy everything we hold dear, a vile rat gnawing away at our chains of freedom, chains made from courage and dedication and beauty and loyalty to the glorious Communist party." Threaten American with nuclear destruction unless they agree to trade more computers and automobiles in exchange for fanciful pieces of paper saying "IOU my heart, love N. Korea."
Thursday - Close all diplomatic talks to any non-North Korean countries. If any of foreign representatives get caught hanging around in the country when it closes, refuse to let them out unless they agree to date Kim Jong.
Friday - Resume talks with evil foreign nations. Claim to have produced 143 nuclear

> bombs just last night alone. Reveal to the world that North Korean babies are being born with nuclear bombs in their heads and laser eyes. If anybody asks for proof, present them with a piece of wedding stationary that has the words "THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES UNCLE JACK" scrawled across it in ballpoint pen.
> **Saturday -** Send out press release explaining all previous events this week were "just jokes, man" and that everything next week will be "totally for serious this time." Repeat.

So what do we do about North Korea? Hell, I don't know, I just write stupid crap for a website that nobody anywhere reads. When screaming schoolyard bullies act up, the teacher often isolates them in a corner, forcing them to reflect upon their actions. I seriously doubt this will work on North Korea since they've been living in such a corner for nearly 50 years now and this isolation has done nothing but make them utterly insane and irrational to the point where they engage in regular conversations with their hands. We cannot invade or attempt to lob a constant supply of exploding objects at them, as all our exploding things have been used in Iraq and various other countries containing an unhealthy amount of sand. We cannot win them over with diplomacy since their leader stands convinced the rest of the free world conspires against him with a bloodthirsty army of super spies and hill giants ready to swarm through the flood gates once North Korea displays the slightest weakness. I guess we'll all have to tune in to Bill O'Reilly's show to figure out the correct opinion on dealing with North Korea, preferably one that involves using exploding homosexual Buster Bunny-buster bombs.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.23 Diary of a QBasic Gorilla

Wednesday, Feb 23, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

I think it's gonna be a long, long time, Neil.

The following are selected entries from the journals of QBasic Gorilla. The journals were mailed to astronaut Neil Armstrong on the first day of 1991, and then subsequently turned over to the FBI. These writings helped investigators understand the distorted mindset that enabled QBasic Gorilla to carry out the grisly 1991 banana attack that killed thousands and left much of Manhattan in ruins.

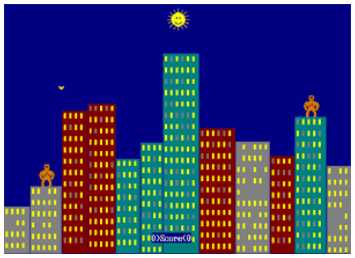
January 1, 1990:

> *It's a new year and that means new possibilities. I believe fortune is smiling at me. The trainers here at the zoo have been very kind to me. They promised me a new mate and they've even shown me video of her. Her name is Lulu. She's beautiful and I can't wait to mate with her. It's been so long. God... It's been so damn long since I've felt like a man.*
>
> I looked up at the stars late night. They were beautiful and I remembered when Neil Armstrong came to visit the zoo. I want to be like Neil Armstrong.

January 15, 1990:

> *I want to put into words the kind of anguish I feel. Somehow, Neil, I think you're the only one who would understand my pain.*
>
> Mr. Armstrong, in this world there are men and there are apes. Lots of people would like me to believe I am simply a dumb ape, but I disagree. Mr. Armstrong, I want to be an astronaut just like you. I want to travel to space and be a hero to children. I want to be a man like you are a man. I want people to stop staring at me for what I am instead of what I've done.

February 24, 1990:



> *I stare up at the night sky and wonder if I'll ever be able to truly see it for what it is or if I'll always look at it through the window of our atmosphere. I am always looking through windows, Mr. Armstrong. The people come and watch me all day. They beat on the glass and yell at me to perform for them. I'm just a toy to them. I want so bad to show them that I have what it takes to reach into the depths of space and grab hold of the unknown just like you did. I want to hurl bananas at them and split their ugly faces open.*

April 24, 1990-

> *Lulu arrived today. So far I've been playing it coy. You know, lots of little glances at her from across the pen. Mr. Armstrong, I want to be a gentleman. There are some people*

out there, some apes I mean, who would seize this opportunity and thrust themselves upon her. That is not the right thing to do, Mr. Armstrong. That is not what you or any other astronaut would do if you were in this pen instead of me. Discipline is part of the astronaut creed, and I will exercise it as I exercise my mind and my body in preparation for the journey to space.

May 1, 1990:

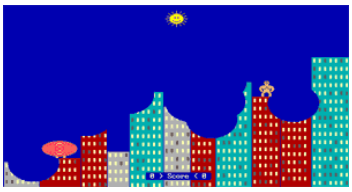
Mr. Armstrong, it seems an ape can't catch a break these days. My dearest Lulu has set her sights on Bongo, an ape I am forced to live with. It seems, Mr. Armstrong, that the entire world is set against me thanks to the actions of a few cowardly scumbags. It's nearing time for me to leave this world, I think.

May 14, 1990:

Mr. Armstrong, I am humiliated. I had been selected to mate with Lulu, but that won't happen now. Lulu has rejected me in favor Bongo, a disgusting pig of an ape. Bongo runs around with a typical alpha male mentality, always looking to shove his crap in my face. One day I'm going to throw that fat idiot off of a building and then I'm going to pick him up and carry him back up to the top just so I can throw him off again.

There are forces at work that do not want me to be a man. What happened to the days of integrity and respect for your fellow man? Did those values leave the planet Earth like you once did? There are forces at work holding me back and telling me that that has to be the way it is. I cannot stand for the injustice of this zoo any longer. I want to go to outer space.

July 24, 1990:



I wonder what it is like to look out of the window of a space capsule and see this whole zoo world for what it is, just some big rock floating in nothing. From the vantage point the problems of the world must seem meaningless, as I imagine the people do as well. There needs to be accountability, Mr. Armstrong. There is none here. The administration at this zoo teased me with the idea I would be provided a mate, then they callously let her fall into the hands of a brute. If some people have to die in order for justice to be restored, then so be it.

September 14, 1990:

Mr. Armstrong, I have been learning math. I have been studying trajectories and velocities and gravity too. Mr. Armstrong, I have what it takes mentally and physically to get to space. I am strong. I am training hard each day, climbing trees and lifting rocks.

I am keeping my skills sharp and I can throw a banana with great precision. I am alarming the zookeepers with the accuracy of my throws. They shot me full of tranquilizers the other day. It's a good thing they did, because I would have gladly shown them that I am not to be messed with.

I still have trouble throwing against the wind, but I will overcome that as I will overcome all obstacles. Just like you, Mr. Armstrong. Just like you.

November 15, 1990:

> *I have had it up to here living in these conditions and I cannot take it anymore. Today I was throwing bananas and who should walk into my line of fire but none other than Bongo! Of course I nearly took out his eye with a beautifully arced throw. Furious, he begins hurling his own bananas at me with such speed and force I that was knocked to the ground. Worse, that dumb bitch Lulu was cheering him on, screaming with delight as he pummeled me with bananas. I swear to God I will kill him and drink his blood! Mr. Armstrong, have you ever been subjected to indignities like this? Have your fellow astronauts ever pummeled you with a barrage of bananas as the woman who should be your wife cheers them on? I suppose you haven't, but you no doubt understand where I am coming from.*
>
> The time is coming near. T-Minus, Mr. Armstrong, T-Minus.

January 1, 1991:

> *This is how it will go down, Mr. Armstrong. I won't make it to space like you did but I'll show the world just what happens when you piss on the wrong man. That's right, the wrong* ***man****. I'm going to escape tonight, and I'm going to make sure Bongo follows me. Then, at dawn, we will square off throwing bananas from atop tall buildings in the city. I believe, Mr. Armstrong, that I have the advantage here due to my increased mental abilities. Whereas a brainless lump of waste like him will blindly hurl bananas with little regard for aim, I will accurately calculate the proper angles and velocities to ensure the utmost amount of damage. I have been held down for too long, and this time I will catch a break. I will knock that brute off his feet and he won't hit ground until he reaches the bottom.*
>
> Forget Lulu, she's just another whore in this game, another victim of a society with no respect for itself. This is about me now. This is about me making a stand against the greater injustices of the world.
>
> Mr. Armstrong, you left a footprint on the moon to mark man's legendary journey. I do not have that luxury. Instead I will mark the sidewalks with the blood of my enemies and, in my own way, leave a footprint that will mark a different kind of journey.
>
> Godspeed, Mr. Armstrong.

On the first of January 1991, QBasic Gorilla climbed to the top of the Chrysler Building in New York City. As he had anticipated, his nemesis Bongo climbed to the top of an adjacent building. Unfortunately, as QBasic Gorilla had not anticipated, the wind was blowing in his direction, making it difficult for him to aim with precision. At approximately 8:14 AM, the two began recklessly hurling bananas at each other. The battle lasted for 15 minutes, but eventually Bongo succeeded in knocking QBasic Gorilla to his death. When police reached his body, they found a banana lodged in his right temple. Bongo himself was mortally wounded in the battle and fell to his death at 8:36 AM.

All totaled, the property damage exceeded 47 billion dollars and placed a tremendous strain on the insurance industry. Sixteen buildings were damaged in the battle and 8 were completely destroyed. More unpleasant were the human casualties lost to collapsing buildings, stray bananas, and falling. The bananas came at such high speeds that few had time to reach safety. Subsequent lives were lost in the form of trauma-induced suicides. To this day, many victims suffer post-traumatic stress disorder as a result of the harrowing banana rampage of QBasic Gorilla.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.24 Foghat vs. The Moon Monster

Thursday, Feb 24, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Lonesome Dave: Vocals, Guitar
Rod Price: Lead Guitar
Tony Stevens: Bass
Roger Earl: Drums

It was a dark and stormy night in the summer of '73. Lonesome Dave finished his club sandwich with gusto, and then nonchalantly tossed his napkin in Roger Earl's lap.

"You know there's a place for rubbish Dave; it's called a rubbish bin, not 'Roger's lap'," Roger Earl complained and tossed the napkin on the floor of the 747 that was taking Foghat to New York on their first American tour. They were all pretty nervous because their whole musical background was based off the American rhythm and blues style, and if the crowd rejected them, they didn't know what they would do.

Rod Price was struggling to open a bag of complementary airline peanuts, so Tony Stevens, who was sitting next to him, helped him out by tearing the bag open with his strong fingers from years of playing bass. Rod thanked Tony and gleefully threw a handful of peanuts into his mouth. Tony was always looking out for Rod and sort of saw him as a little brother. Sometimes they would get into scuffles and fights, but in the end they always watched each other's back, whether fighting a biker gang, putting out a tire fire, or opening a bag of airline peanuts, they were always side-by-side.

Lonesome Dave, on the other hand, was the hermit of the band, hence his moniker. He is the leader of Foghat and wrote all of the songs, but kept himself distant from the other members of the band. Some would see this as ego but his band mates knew that Dave was really not from this earth, and did not enjoy the company of humans who he called "smelly and loud". In fact, Lonesome Dave was from the moon, and hitched a ride to Earth after the first Apollo mission in '67, escaping the huge amount of debt he owed from various moon credit cards. He enjoyed playing music for all the humans, but feared that one day somebody would be suspicious of his unnatural talent and find out his horrible secret.

Roger Earl, the drummer and black sheep of the group, kept looking out the side window of the plane with a worried look on his face. "Blimey!" he exclaimed. "That sure is a big ocean!"

"Shut your gob you blubbery buffoon!" Lonesome Dave said with annoyance. He went back to reading his magazine "Busty Bums".

Soon the plane landed at JFK Airport and the band Foghat set foot in America for the first time. Whirlwinds of litter and used diapers swept across the concrete landscape, gigantic fast food signs loomed over the horizon, and Negro baggage handlers danced for no reason whatsoever. The band walked out from the tarmac and into the US customs area where they were anally violated with brutal vigor. After that they painfully shuffled into the baggage claim area to wait for their suitcases. After an hour of waiting and everybody on their plane having already picked up their luggage, it was obvious that the band's luggage was lost in transit. This was very bad for Foghat, for they had all of their rock and roll stage clothes, swimming trunks, and mustache wax in those suitcases. It was even worse for Rod Price who lost his lucky seahorse, a magical trinket that would give him good luck if he rubbed it against his crotch before a gig. They put in a claim ticket with the customer service desk and then went out of the terminal, where they needed to catch a taxi to the venue for that night's show. It was a tough start to what would become an amazing journey that would be remembered for generations to come.

The band crammed into the first taxi that pulled over on the noisy and chaotic New York streets. The taxi sped through the traffic at blinding speeds, running over a hobo who happened to be in the road chasing a butterfly.

"Hey mate, you just hit that bloke and killed him!" Tony Stevens proclaimed in amazement.

"I don't take no shit from nobody," the cab driver said in a thick Bronx accent. "You clowns are going for a swim."

As the band screamed in the back seat, the crazed cab driver drove at top speed towards Hudson Bay. Before going off the dock, he jumped out of the cab and into a shrimp boat. The taxi plunged into the water and sank like a stone with Foghat in tow. Things looked bad for the British blues rock band, but then Lonesome Dave transformed into a giant catfish, a skill he perfected while on the Moon. He then swallowed his band mates whole and swam to the surface and to safety.

Once on shore, the band shook the stinky water out of their long hair and shivered on the beach.

"This sucks!" piped up Roger Earl.

"Stop your moaning," said Lonesome Dave, now back in his human form. "Let's see if we can find out where we are."

They wandered around the city for hours, lost, scared, and hungry. Tony Stevens almost started to cry and missed his mum. Just then they came across the path of a small puppy and kitten that looked just as cold and frightened as they were.

"Hello!" said the friendly puppy. "My name is Otis, and my kitten pal is Milo. Our owners accidentally left when the moved out of the city and we are trying to find their new home. Will you help us?"

"Sure!" exclaimed Lonesome Dave. "We are lost ourselves and need to make it to the big gig. Maybe we can help each other."

"That sounds grand!" squealed Otis, and they all walked together down the sidewalk and out of the big city.

"Why is Dave talking to the animals?" Roger Earl asked.

"It's best not to ask questions, Roger. Dave will lead us to victory like always." Rod Price said as he patted Roger on the head.

For a long time they walked until the concrete and neon faded and they were in the deep woods of

upstate New York. Then they ran across an obstacle, a large river that blocked their path. Across the raging river there was a mossy log that could act as a bridge. First Milo and Otis crossed the slippery log, and then Dave, Rod, and Tony. Roger was the last to cross and his knees shook like a leaf. He had been terrified of water ever since he was involved in a submarine crash while in the Navy. Since then he refused to take baths and showers, and only cleaned himself with wet napkins.

"Don't look down Roger! You can do it!" the band cheered. But it was too late. Roger already looked down and then slipped, falling into the rapids below. He was swept down the river and out of view.

The surviving band of Foghat mourned next to the river for a while until urged on by the very pushy Milo and Otis, who wanted to find shelter before nightfall. They also needed something to eat and all their stomachs rumbled from hunger. Dave spotted a honeycomb on a tree and coaxed the others into giving him a boost so he could grab it and spoon out the delicious snack with his large fist. Then they all heard a huge roar and froze in fear. Right in front of them was a giant grizzly bear standing on its hind legs, ready to attack. Otis tried barking at the bear with all his stout heart could muster, but it was no use. Just as they were ready to accept their violent death, Roger Earl ran out of the brush, soaking wet and covered in burrs, and jump kicked the bear into the river. The bear was taken by the current and over a 1,000 foot waterfall where it exploded into flames on the shards of rock below.

Sorry, Howard the Duck does not appear until part 2, but here is a preview for your viewing enjoyment.

"Roger! You're alive!" the band screamed in joy.

"Does anybody have any wet naps?" Roger asked glumly. The band and the animals all broke out in hearty laughter and then had an impromptu jam session, where "Slow Ride" was played for the first time ever.

I hope you enjoyed the adventures of Foghat vs. The Moon Monster. Part 2 of this epic tale will be continued next Saturday, so mark your calendars. Sadly they don't show cartoons on Saturday morning anymore; just infomercials and evangelists. I wonder if they still show Kidbits in the morning. That was an awesome show, and taught me how to make pipe bombs and reanimated corpses. See you next week for the exciting conclusion!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

2.25 The News According to Russia

Friday, Feb 25, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Pravda couldn't spell a ninth-grader.

Have you ever been walking down a street and come upon two free standing walls parallel to one another? Did those walls then start screaming at top volume? Did they maybe offer to meet each other at a parking lot somewhere and fight to the death? If you answered "yes" then you have engaged in debate on the Internet. Screaming at a brick wall just got upgraded all the way to "two screaming brick walls" by the power of 21st century technology. Debating with people on the Internet is possibly the biggest waste of time you can inflict on yourself. Yet, even though I am keenly aware of the futility of Internet debate, I still engage in it from time to time.

In my time as a member of the Internet Debate Team I have learned one thing; if someone cites Russia's Pravda newspaper as a source then the argument is over. Pravda's English language website is so hilariously biased - not to mention sensationalist and inaccurate - as to make the entire staff of Fox News and CBS combined red with envy. Even that male escort Whitehouse press corps guy Gannon would have to slant his questions more and interject about UFOs and gargoyles to keep pace with the brain trust at Pravda.

In fact, Pravda is so bad that I would like to take you on a tour of a few of the many delightful articles that Pravda considers top stories. Let's spin the red wheel and find out what amazing yarns Pravda has for us today.

Cosmonauts suffer from low potency and psychological problems

> *Scientists of the Central Research Institute developed a special suit for cosmonauts, called Chibis. The suit bears some resemblance to metallic pleated trousers. The air is pumped out of pants, making blood rush to legs. As soon as the pressure decreases, pelvic organs receive considerable blood supply. The process is so intense that it can make some men lose their consciousness.*
>
> The successful operation of the suit suggested another idea: scientists decided to use the principle of the Chibis suit to develop a compact device to treat erectile dysfunction. The device looks like a conic bulb, which is connected to a discharge pump. The new invention of the space industry became a very effective device to retrieve potency for male patients. The device intensifies the blood circulation in the penis almost four times, normalizing all blood vessels. Yuri Gagarin, the first man in space did not have any similar problems. They say that Gagarin did not have enough time to be frightened - his flight lasted for only 108 minutes.
>
> Read the whole article.

This article is extremely dry and mundane for Pravda. I just wanted to ease you into the surreal version of the world you're about to experience. I wonder how long it will be until there are entire webrings on the Internet devoted to cosmonaut dick cone porn? Chances are it already exists somewhere. I like the bit they tacked on at the end about Yuri Gagarin not being afraid of space. "Yeah, I was only in space for two hours, nowhere near long enough to get scared and lose my boner." Yuri Gagarin; hero of mother Russia, conqueror of space, and hard as a steel pipe.

Unknown fire and jelly-like creatures live in Earth's atmosphere

> *The most uneasy mentioning about the mysterious creatures of the sky belongs to researcher Robert Gardner. According to him, a transport aircraft of the US Air Force took off from an army base in San Diego in the summer of 1939. The plane, carrying 12 passengers aboard, returned to the base in about an hour, after it had sent an SOS. When servicemen opened the hatch, they saw that all 12 passengers were dead. The commander was the only person, who stayed alive, but he died in several minutes too. The dead military men had strange burns on their skin, but it did not become possible to find out their origin and what really happened on board the plane. Investigators determined that the crew and the passengers used their personal guns. The hull paneling of the plane was damaged with gunshots, as if the people were trying to kill a very fast enemy. Apparently, they failed to kill a mysterious creature.*
>
> Read the whole article.

Pravda loves UFOs, even if they are of terrestrial origin. I think the folks at Pravda have been watching too many episodes of "The Prisoner" and got fixated on those bouncing security ball things. Then they looked around on Google for approximately three seconds and decided it was fact. Fire and jelly-like creatures are the new Number Two!

Soviet Army fought UFOs

> *In 1985 near the town of Krasnovodsk the radar station under the command of Captain Valuev registered the disc-shaped object in size of 1,000 meters! The object was immovable, and some time later a small disc in size of 5 meters flew out of it and then landed on Krasnovodskaya spit. Patrol boats rushed to that area, but when they reached the distance of 100 meters from the object, it took off and flew one kilometer away. This happened five times. Then the object flew up at a huge speed, reached the bigger disc, which finally flew away spaceward.*
>
> Read the whole article.

I've heard of "just the facts", but I guess when you're not actually using any real facts you're going to take that idea as far as possibly. "In 1985 a baseball player 5 feet tall weight 500 pounds played 5 innings at Krasnovodskaya spit. He pitched 5 strikes, 5 balls, and surrendered 5 base hits. Each hit traveled 100 meters spaceward at a huge speed." The Soviet military's past experience fighting

the UFOs will serve them well, seeing as how Russia plans to beat the United States in the lethargic race to Mars.

Russia flies to Mars in 2014, USA's Martian mission slated for 2030

> *Russia will fly to Mars in 2014, whereas the USA will do it after 2030. The countdown has already started. Technological opportunities of the two countries are more or less identical, but the USA has a significant advantage - money. Russia in its turn has a vital need to take the scientific industry out of stagnation and retrieve the image of a leading technological superpower in the world.*
>
> Read the whole article.

The good news? Russia is sending a manned mission to Mars in 2014. The bad news? Russia is sending a rocket full of corpses to Mars in 2014. The real news? Russia will be talking about their Mars mission infrequently and then just stop mentioning it altogether around 2013. Besides, why do they need to go to Mars when they've already been to Mars?

Russians conquered Mars 30 years ago

> *People have got so much used to the issue of space that it is somewhat boring for us. This is the reason why majority of us are not aware of unique projects carried out by Russian scientists, engineers and investigators. In fact, preparation for a manned flight to Mars started in Russia 30 years ago.*
>
> Read the whole article.

Mars? Been there, done that. It was all so dreadfully boring that we Russians just grew weary of the space talk and stopped caring about it. Yes, yes, Mars, defeated the UFOs, it's all over silly Americans. People in Russia are so terribly tired of hearing about space that just the thought puts us to sleep. Except for our cosmonauts, who lose their boners in the face of the sheer horrifying abyssal void of endless night.

Jesus Christ born in Ukraine

> *His son Jesus Christ was born practically weightless-only 2 kg 670 grams. Doctors declared him "almost healthy." The priest took a long time to decide who will baptize the baby. His wife Natalya offered one candidacy, Leonid Yarmolnik. He however declined the role of John the Baptist. In the end, the priest baptized his baby boy himself.*
>
> Jesus' first words were "na"[take it] and "dai"[give]. Jesus already understands that one should not only 'give' but also be able to 'take' in order to survive on this planet.
>
> Read the whole article.

You would think pretty much every article following this one would be about Jesus Christ. "Christ soils self, coos happily." "Jesus Christ shines light of God on mother's car keys." "Wisdom of the Lord expressed by thrashing Fisher Price Kick N' Play Piano." Come on Pravda, we all know that Jesus Christ was reborn in 1987 in New Jersey and was promptly shot through the head by a CIA clone assassin. It's too bad he's dead, especially since...

Israel opens gates of Hell

> *The murder of Sheikh Ahmed Yassin at dawn today as he left morning prayers at a mosque in Gaza City in a missile attack by an Israeli military helicopter provoked Hamas, the*

> *group of which he was the spiritual leader, to declare that Ariel Sharon "has opened the gates of Hell".*
>
> Read the whole article.

That one was a bit underwhelming considering Pravda's content makes an article about Israel literally opening a gateway to Hell all too believable. Instead we get a quote headline minus the quotes. But hey, if a gateway to the underworld isn't up your alley we always have a time portal!

Time Can be Turned Back

> *In a little while, the researchers brought the weather balloon back to the ground with the help of a rope attached to it before. They were extremely surprised to see that a chronometer set in the weather balloon displayed the date of January 27, 1965, the same day 30 years ago. The experiment was repeated several times after the researchers found out the equipment was in good repair. But each time the watch was back it displayed the past time. The phenomenon was called "the time gate" and was reported to the White House.*
>
> Today investigation of the unusual phenomenon is underway. It is supposed that the whirl crater above the South Pole is a tunnel allowing to penetrate into other times. What is more, programs on launching people to other times have been started. The CIA and the FBI are fighting for gaining control over the project that may change the course of history. It is not clear when the US federal authorities will approve the experiment.
>
> Read the whole article.

What this article fails to mention is that the Russians beat the CIA and the FBI to the time portal and have already used it to their advantage. They sent cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin back through time with his fearless erection and had him land on Mars in 1975. Unfortunately for Gagarin, the Russian people were already tired of infinite space and his achievement went largely unnoticed. Maybe it was this time-bending journey to Mars that brought the war for civilization to our unready planet!

Russia and Iran join efforts to struggle against invasion of UFOs

> *Iranian mass media, meanwhile, are distributing more and more information about extraterrestrial threats to the nation's nuclear objects. The flights of unknown objects in the air space of the country have become much more frequent lately, the Resalat Daily wrote. According to the newspaper, unusual luminous objects were spotted above Busher and Natanza, where nuclear facilities are located. One of the objects exploded in the sky, eyewitnesses said. The Iranian defense department is trying to pacify the anxious population. "We have developed plans to protect nuclear objects from any danger. The Iranian Air Force is on alert and ready to fulfill the duty," General Qarim Gavani stated.*
>
> Read the whole article.

> Translation: Russia and Iran join efforts to fail to shoot down US spy aircraft. If there really were an ongoing invasion of the world by aliens I think Russia and Iran would be pretty low on the list of who I would want saving us from them. My money is on Japan and their giant robots. Too bad Pravda has yet to write an article detailing those.

I hope you enjoyed our little visit to the headlines of the near East.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.26 Wrestlemaniac

Saturday, Feb 26, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Backstage, my nerves began to kick in. With every second that the big event drew closer, the bile in my throat rose approximately three feet. According to my calculations I had less than ten minutes before it would reach my mouth. I stroked the gold-plated plastic of the championship belt around my waist in a futile attempt to calm myself. I was always a little nervous before making my entrance but this time things were different. This was the end of the road for me, and it had been predetermined that I was going to lose. After all, my opponent was clean-cut, handsome, and most important of all a crowd favorite. Johnny Rocket had gotten into all of this for the heck of it and found instant credibility while I had quietly kept my head down and struggled every step of the way to get where I was (mostly because I tended to bump into a lot of stuff with my head down). If I had known that all of my work would ultimately culminate in a loss, would I still have gone through it? Absolutely. I loved my craft. I just couldn't stand defeat at the hands of *him*. I was supposed to lose, but I was going to take a stand that night. Consequences be damned.

The P.A. system crackled to life and my name boomed throughout the building. I was keyed up, pumped. I smacked myself in the head a few times to focus, then stepped out into the spotlight. My outfit was specially designed for the event; bright yellow knee-high boots with matching undies and a powder blue cape that had "Dennis 'The Menacing Menace' Farrell" sprawled across the back in shiny yellow sequins. I was oiled up. I was flexing. I was fabulous.

The crowd, however, seemed confused. I had always been rather quiet and unassuming in both demeanor and appearance, and the sheer awesomeness of my apparel seemed to catch them off guard. A few people laughed and heckled but that was okay. Everyone has their detractors, and any reaction is better than no reaction at all. Johnny Rocket was called out next, and his name was met with a resounding round of applause and cheers. He sauntered out in a pretentious three-piece suit, glancing my way while being careful to demonstrate his superiority by grinning and shaking his head as though I were a joke. Johnny then turned his back on me and made his way to the microphone. As usual. He loved to blab away for minutes on end and whore himself to the audience before things began, but this time I wasn't going to give him the chance.

Closing the gap between us with blinding speed, I delivered a drop-kick to the back of his neck. He stumbled forward and grasped at the injury, then spun around with a bewildered look. That look said "this isn't supposed to happen", and "what's wrong with you?", and "ow".

I had caught him off guard, and now I had to go in for the kill before he could compose himself. I moved in close, delivering a blow to his stomach. As he doubled over in pain I wrapped my arm around his neck then dropped straight down, driving his face into the ground. What followed next was a chain of devastating moves. Suplexes, body splashes, toeholds, rolling DDTs. I had practiced these techniques a thousand times over, and now my arms and legs were moving as if they had minds of their own. My brain moved as if it had legs of its own. I'm pretty sure my appendix didn't do anything out of the ordinary, but don't quote

me on that.

Several minutes into this severe beating the higher-ups realized that I had taken things horribly off track by pounding on their golden boy and three officials were sent in to break things up, but at that point I was unstoppable. The first two officials came at me side by side while the third trailed them by a distance of roughly ten feet. A regrettable mistake. With a guttural roar, I extended my arms outward and clotheslined the two in front. I heard something snap to my right, and on my left a "gnnh!" erupted as the other official bit down on his own tongue. The panic in the third's eyes was exquisite, but he had no time to change direction. Sustaining my momentum, I tucked myself into a more compact form and lunged at him while leading with my shoulder, spearing him in the bread basket with monster truck force. To this day I can't understand why that man was carrying a bread basket.

Johnny took advantage of this distraction and feebly dropped down to the area directly in front of the audience's seats, hoping to make an escape. Laughing madly at my own power and a joke I had heard earlier in the day, I hopped down as well and grabbed a conveniently placed metal folding chair. Johnny probably wouldn't have been able to hear my approach under normal circumstances, but the crowd yelled and pointed behind him. He twirled around and flailed a wild punch in my general direction, but I ducked beneath it with ease. It was the first attack he had launched against me throughout this entire ordeal and it was to be the last.

"It's over," I whispered, then came up with the chair in a terrible uppercut, connecting with his chin. The sickening sound of the impact crushed the very air, and one girl actually screamed in horror. Screamed. You never get a reaction like that from the audience. It was fantastic. I covered Johnny's unconscious body the moment it struck the ground and proceeded to conduct the pin count myself.

1...

2...

3. Victory.

Had it really been that easy? It felt hollow somehow, but that feeling vanished quickly when I realized that I had done exactly what I had set out to do. I could now move on with pride. Their hero laid out by a nobody, the crowd began booing loudly and throwing increasingly large objects at my knees. Luckily for me, they all had bad aim and almost everything hit my face. Before departing, I reached into the secret compartment of my undies and pulled out my slightly damp calling card, laying it across Johnny Rocket's slumbering eyes.

DENNIS FARRELL
FOR STUDENT
BODY PRESIDENT

Dedicated - Hard Working - Possibly A Robot

Of course I was still going to lose the election. I never had a shot running against a guy like Johnny Rocket, the football team's star quarterback. But I had managed to surprise everyone, and knew in my heart that Santa Fe High School debates would never be the same.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.27 Any of you queers remember Xena?

Sunday, Feb 27, 2005 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

No no no! This isn't right at all!

Since I started writing for Something Awful my sexuality has come into question more than a few times. I constantly get emails asking if I am gay. Every week I get into these conversations that go something like, "You're gay." "No, you're gay." "No, I think you'll find that you're gay." "No, you're gay." "You're the one who's gay." Even Lowtax has questioned my sexual orientation. One day he called me and said that he was going to fire me if I was gay and if I wanted to keep my job I would have to straighten up like a normal red blooded American. I was expecting to get a pink slip handed to me the very next day but I beat up enough queers that night that he let me keep working. I wasn't sure what prompted this mass investigation of who I fuck and why I fuck them but I don't blame you for asking questions. I went back and reread some of my previous updates and the reason became clear. I write like a fruit. In fact, here is an average email I get about my sexuality. Take a look for yourself.

> *Spokker I've been reading Something Awful for a while now and I have to ask, are you gay or something? Because I read your articles and I get a definitive gay vibe from them. I mean, come on, an update about ducks? Sand? That update where you went gay for cats? What's next, an update about Xena? Come on you faggot fuck. Stop writing about such gay shit. Please. It's driving me insane!*
>
> x*GoKuKillaH*x

Normally I would answer with a resounding "HELL NAW I AIN'T NO HOMOFAG" but when I tell you what I'm going to say next my entire stance against my own homosexuality will go flying out the window. I watch the television show *Xena: Warrior Princess.*

Alright, stop laughing. Come on. I can wait all day. It isn't that funny. Come on! STOP LAUGHING YOU JERKS. Christ, moving on... Xena debuted in 1995 and enjoyed moderate success until it crashed and burned somewhere in 2001. Since then Xena has been elevated to a status where just talking about it and reminding people that the show once actually existed is funny. It's like everything they talk about over at X-Entertainment.

Holy shit! A board game no one ever heard of from the 80s! Wacky! Oh wow! The Super Mario Bros. Movie! Look at us, we're talking about Krang from the Ninja Turtles! Our lives are so horrible now that in order to keep ourselves from putting a bullet in our skulls we have to get all nostalgic about the stupid shit our parents wasted their money on to get us to shut the fuck up 15 years ago! Star Wars toys?! THIS IS THE SHIT YOU GOT BEAT UP FOR IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL AND NOW YOU'RE EMBRACING IT? YOU FUCKING MENTAL PATIENTS SHOULD BE LOCKED UP IN AN ASYLUM SOMEWHERE AND GASSED AND YOUR CORPSES HARVESTED FOR ORGANS BUT THEN WE REALIZE WE CAN'T USE YOUR ORGANS BECAUSE THEY ARE ENCRUSTED IN CHEESE.

Anyway, Xena is like that. The very fact that I'm simply bringing it up is funny. The fact that I'm even admitting that I watched the show is funny. Getting someone to admit they watch Xena is like getting Frolixo to confess that he stole my Super Mario Kart and never gave it back. You mother fucker I know you have it. And when I can prove it's you you're going down you red-headed freaky-looking bastard. I wrote my name on it in crayon for Christ's sake.

There is no doubt in my mind that the funniest goddamn thing in the world are pictures of people who dress up as Xena. Jesus Christ look at this one!

Most people who watched Xena saw it on lazy Saturday afternoons when nothing else was on. Saturday TV is the worst. You could choose between either an infomercial with that guy in the Riddler costume who goes on about FREE MONEY FROM THE GOVERNMENT, *Eye on L.A.*, talking to your significant other, or *Hercules: The Legendary Journeys*. Since Hercules is for fags and Xena has hot chicks running around with their tits flopping all over the place most people decided to watch Xena but they would never admit to it. No one talked about it in real life. I guess a show that depicts bad actors with huge pecs and boobs running around poorly constructed sets and interacting with Bryce 3.0 quality special effects is not exactly water cooler conversation, but you watched it. Come on, admit it. You tuned in on Saturdays, sat down, and watched Xena. Slowly your hands drifted to your balls and you massaged them ever so slightly. Oh yes, that's it. Rub 'em a little harder. Oh yes... Admit it! There's nothing to be ashamed of my friend. A lot of people watched Xena.

In order to understand the show you must be aware of three things.

1. Xena has plot holes so big you could drive a Wikipedia editor's ego through them.
2. The fighting is stupid. The show is stupid. And you're probably stupid for watching it.
3. Lesbian subtext.

Woah, wait until I tell all my friends I posed for an embarrassing picture with a fake Xena!

The debate over whether or not Xena and Gabrielle are lesbians has been raging on in the fat Internet nerd community ever since the show began. In fact, there is a whole goddamn web site dedicated to this pointless shit. This site reads like entries in a journal of medicine or something. Look at these articles. Sapphic subtext? Subtext or subconscious? Serendipity and Meta-Subtext?! It's a fucking television show! Look, these people are all full of shit. These obsessive dykes have no clue what they are talking about and once again it is up to me, Spokker Jones, to set the record straight. I have written a little no nonsense guide to Xena subtext that will prove once and for all that Xena and Gabrielle were lesbians.

Big Gay Spokker's Guide to Subtext in *Xena: Warrior Princess*

Xena: Warrior Princess is a campy action drama about two chicks in ancient Greece that help those in need and rid the world of murderous warlords and power hungry kings. It's a fantasy show that deals in swords, magic, and over the top fighting scenes. Also, there is no possible way that two women could travel around in ancient Greece looking the way they do without their pussies rotting and smelling like wet dog. I was disappointed that in the show's six year run that they never dealt with feminine hygiene and how they kept so fresh... down there. Or maybe women were just naturally smelly back then and didn't have the technology we have today. It's like how you can get used to being inside of an Oriental's house. The initial smell knocks you flat on your ass but you eventually get used to it.

Around the end of the first season the producers of the show began inserting little hints into various episodes that indicated to the audience that Xena and Gabrielle might be lovers. These subtle nuances have sparked a huge debate online about whether or not Xena and Gabrielle are indeed lesbians that still rages on to this day. Anybody who argues about this is a stupid shithead because it is clear that Xena and Gabrielle are carpet munchers and ate each other out constantly during the show's 134 episode run. In the following guide I will reveal to you the delicate subtext that is inserted into various episodes and we will finally be able to put this embarrassing debate to rest.

Episode: Is There A Doctor In The House?
Synopsis: Xena and Gabrielle become doctors when a war breaks out and everybody is dying and Xena invents CPR and the Hippocratic oath despite the fact that a woman never invented anthing useful in the history of mankind.
Subtext: Some say that the first instance of heavy subtext in the show's history happened in this episode. At the end of the episode Gabrielle is wounded and becomes unconscious. She eventually goes into cardiac arrest and stops breathing. Xena starts pounding on her chest and forces air into her lungs. Eventually Xena revives Gabrielle and the day is saved.

Some say that this was the first "kiss" between Xena and Gabrielle but they are completely full of shit. She was trying to save her life you perverted assholes! There is nothing romantic about it. And because you immature bastards can't take a little CPR without giggling like sixth graders you missed the *real* subtext earlier in the episode.

With the help of a DVD player you can see the very subtle subtext that director T.J. Scott inserted into the episode. During the first fight scene freeze frame at 12:03:49. You can plainly see a 12-inch pink dildo sticking out of Xena's asshole clearly marked with the name "Gabrielle". I have deduced that this is Gabrielle's dildo and Xena forgot to remove it after their intense love making session.

Episode: The Quest
Synopsis: Xena has died and it's up to Gabrielle to find the ambrosia and revive her I think. I'm not sure. I forget the episode but Xena was definitely dead and that queer sidekick from Hercules had a cameo in the beginning of it.
Subtext: The subtext in this episode is heavy. Near the middle of the episode at 23:34:55 Gabrielle sees Xena in a dream. At the end of the scene they move in for a kiss and just as they are about to touch lips the scene cuts to Gabrielle and Autolycus kissing. You see, Xena's spirit was inside of Autolycus so it is debatable whether or not it was Xena or Autolycus that initiated the kiss.

Later in the episode Gabrielle is sitting next to Xena's coffin lamenting over her dead friend. Freeze frame at 33:17:44 and you'll notice something peculiar. Gabrielle is fondling Xena's left breast and writing anti-Semitic remarks on her tits with a Sharpie. This is what we call a "goof" in television. I guess they missed it in editing!

In the same episode there is a scene where Xena and Gabrielle go into the woods and have sex. Oh those writers and their subtext!

Episode: Been There, Done That

Synopsis: This episode is a rip off of that movie with Bill Murray. The one where he lives the same day over and over. It was on my local ABC affiliate the other day.
Subtext: By now it is the third season and fans are already suspicious that something may be going on with the two main protagonists. This episode only serves to confound viewers even more.

At around 16 minutes into the episode Xena, Gabrielle, and Joxer are walking through a village and Joxer looks at Xena and asks, "Is that a hickey?" When he says the line check out the look on Gabrielle's face. She sort of bites her tongue and looks down as if she was embarrassed about something. This indicates to the viewer that Gabrielle might have given Xena the hickey.

Later in the episode Xena and Gabrielle finger fuck each other while sucking on each other's tits. Xena says, "Oh Gabrielle I love sucking on your luscious breasts. Your nipples are like sweet cherries." and Gabrielle says, "Let me lick your pussy." By now fans are pretty much aware that *something* is going on, but they are not sure what it is.

Episode: A Day in the Life
Synopsis: This episode follows Xena and Gabrielle on an average day in their travels
Subtext: This is probably the most blatantly subtextual episode that has ever aired. Not far into the episode Xena and Gabrielle meet up with a guy named Hower. He says that his village is in danger of being destroyed by a giant so Xena and Gabrielle travel with him to his village. Along the way Xena stops to fish and Gabrielle talks to Hower in the distance. Hower asks why Xena does not travel alone and Gabrielle says, "She likes what I do." We can only conclude that Gabrielle is good at eating out ass and that's why Xena keeps her around.

In another scene rife with subtext Xena is mad at Gabrielle for selling her whip to a local villager. Xena says, "This is the last straw Gabrielle!" and takes her behind a barn. In the next shot Gabrielle emerges from the barn while rubbing her mouth off with her arm.

In an emotionally charged scene Gabrielle says goodbye to Xena as she prepares to go meet the giant face to face. Xena says to Gabrielle, "I might not make it. One last time, I would like you to dress up in your amazon costume and dominate my ass." Gabrielle proceeds to get naked and puts on her amazon costume complete with spikes and crotchless panties. Xena lays down on the ground and Gabrielle stands on her back. She screams, "YOU WILL DO WHAT I SAY XENA. WHEN I SAY 'FUCK YOUR OWN ASSHOLE WITH THE HANDLE OF YOUR SWORD' YOU SAY 'HOW DEEP MASTER?!' YOU WILL ONLY COME WHEN I TELL YOU TO. IS THAT CLEAR, BITCH?!" Xena replies, "Oh God. Yes master." Gabrielle demands that Xena begin to fuck her own ass with the butt of her sword. Gabrielle takes a frying pan and inserts it into her vagina. Gabrielle allows Xena to come only a little bit and then makes her stop by pinching her clitoris with a clothespin. Xena squirms as the pressure on her pussy mounts. Gabrielle forces Xena to scoop the girl cum from her own pussy onto her face and eat it. Gabrielle then bends over Xena and farts in her face. Soon other female characters get into the action and start fucking each other in a fantastic display of sweat and farts.

Unfortunately this scene only aired once and has been a controversy in the Xena community ever since. If you don't believe me just click here (**WARNING: NOT SAFE FOR WORK**). This

image more than proves that Xena and Gabrielle were lovers and we can finally put this whole debate to rest.

Through my completely scientific examination of the subtext present in the television show *Xena: Warrior Princess* we can only conclude that Xena and Gabrielle were indeed lovers. Take that you Whoosh bastards. To the six of you still reading this update, what's wrong with you?

-~Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

2.28 You Are the Member of NASA

Monday, Feb 28, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

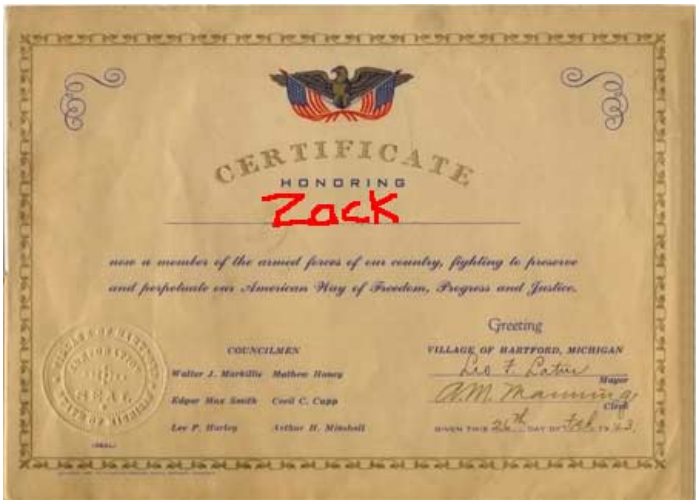
At some point in his life nearly every boy wishes he were an astronaut. I assume this is the male version of the "I want a pony" gene that most girls possess, twisted and perverted from a girl's honest urges to groom a mane into something sick and vile. Gone are the hooves and green pastures. In their place you will find creepy white suits and the cold emptiness of the beyond. As a child even I imagined waving to the crowds in the reviewing stands as I climbed into the capsule fixed to the nosecone of a building-sized controlled bomb.

Some boys imagine this sort of thing. Some grow up and turn it into a reality. Still others, like 17-year-old Saurabh Singh, use their imagination to turn the dream into a reality that earns them a lot of money from a gullible government.

> *In a country hungry for international recognition, 17-year-old Saurabh Singh was feted as a national hero after announcing he had won NASA's International Scientist Discovery examination, which he said he took at Oxford University.*
>
> [...]
>
> The certificate, a copy of which was obtained by Reuters, declared "You are the member of NASA" (sic) and is signed by Singh and "Chief of NASA, Cin K. Kif" -- NASA's former administrator was Sean O'Keefe. It also lists the name of Singh's father, common practice in Indian documents.

Saurabh used the gullibility of his government to extort tens of thousands of dollars from the leaders of India. He has been caught in his clever ruse and will probably end up going to some horrible Indian version of jail where he has to disassemble rusted out Russian freighters with a sledgehammer. Those of us who are a bit more clever with our certificates have yet to be caught in our lies. By "those of us" I of course mean myself. As something of an amateur forgery expert I have faked many certificates and documents ranging from passports for shady looking Saudi Arabians to handicapped automobile stickers for lazy soccer moms. I could spend all day regaling you with tales of my greatest fakes, but for purposes of brevity I will limit myself to several of my best.

Eat this Saurabh Singh!

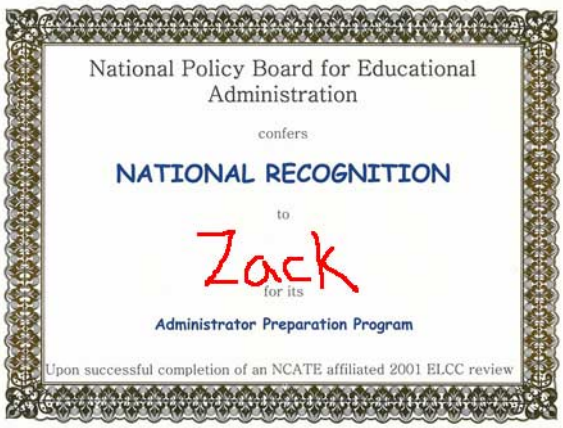


Certificate from the Village of Hartford, MI Honoring My Military Service

When I was in Junior High School my mom was really busting my hump telling me to get a job around the neighborhood mowing lawns or something. Still unfamiliar with the concept of income outside of an allowance I set to work devising a scheme in which I could put my formative talents for forgery to use earning money. The answer was simple for me. I would fake being a decorated veteran of the Second World War from Michigan and receive massive cash payouts from the Veteran's Benefits Association. Considering it was my first bit of forgery I think it turned out quite well. Three weeks after I showed up at the VA bursars with my certificate I was receiving a pension of $97.84 per month. I still get that money to this day and use it mostly to buy candy and Transformers toys as a sort of liquid asset memorial to my legacy. It's not like some real veteran is missing out. Those guys are treated like kings!

Certificate for Completion of Level 1 Crystal Healing Training

Last year I wanted to cure my friend's brain cancer with crystal healing but you don't get to learn that until you get to level 2. I forged my level 1 certification flawlessly. Unfortunately, you need the fundamentals of crystal healing you pick up during level 1 to really be able to use what you learn in the level 2 course. I couldn't actually cure my friend's brain cancer, I could just sort of move it around to his lymphatic system.



National Policy Board for Educational Administration Recognition Certifi-

cate

About two years ago I was running an extremely successful school for the blind out of a tent at a camp ground. Basically I would teach college-age girls how to read faces and I had this great line where after they had learned everything I could teach them I would tell them to feel my face and then I would squirt saline solution on my cheeks. Then the blind babe would say "oh my God, why are you crying sensei?" and then I would say "I am crying because you have surpassed my abilities to teach you." Then she would hug me to comfort me and I would start feeling her up, sometimes "with release." Anyway, these education cop types started poking around my tent and to ward them off I whipped up this little bad boy. It kept them away until the court filed a subpoena forcing me to appear in court for sexual assault. I produced a Female Body Inspector Certified Specialist ID for that one, but that's another story.

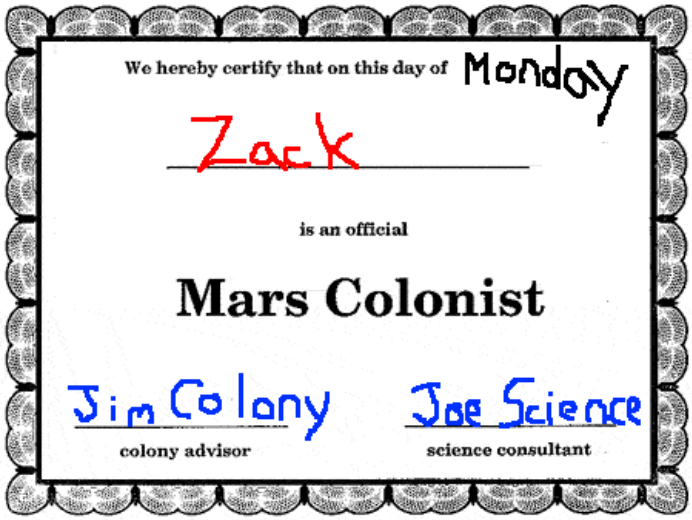
Certificate of Participation in the Federal Duck Stamp Program

I was drunk at bar with a couple of friends and I boasted that I could "design the shit out of a duck stamp." When one of my friends bet me that I wouldn't even try to enter the Federal Duck Stamp Program I took him up on that bet. When I sobered up I realized I couldn't possibly design a duck stamp in time for the deadline. Instead of giving up like most duck stamp wannabes I put my finely honed skills to use and forged a certificate of participation for the Federal Duck Stamp Program. When I dropped that bitch on Walter's desk the next morning he practically shit his pants. He coughed up the twenty bucks and no one was ever the wiser about my trickery.

BLACK KNIGHTS
PARACHUTE CENTRE
T. 01772 717624
W. www.bkpc.co.uk
E. info@bkpc.co.uk
This is to certify that
Zack
Has made a solo parachute decent from 3,500 feet under my supervision and instruction. The decent was made with a static line operated square parachute from a Cessna 185 aircraft on 14/08/2002 at Cockerham airfield.
Instructor
Black Knights Parachute Centre

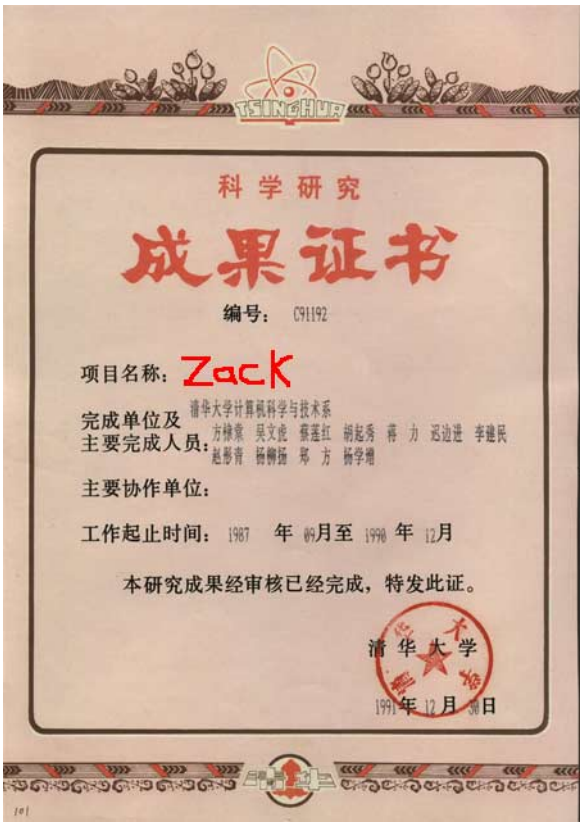
Black Knights Parachute Centre Jump Certificate

When you're impersonating a paratrooper and the jump instructor for the 101st Airborne asks you how many "drops" you've been on don't produce a Black Knights Parachute Centre Jump Certificate from your pocket. It is not what he wants to see. Either that or military jump instructors just like punching people in the mouth. A lot.



Official Mars Colonist Certificate

When the landing bay opens on the first Mars colony ship I want to be able to claim what is mine for the future of my family. These prized Colonist Certificates ensure that you are guaranteed first pick of seating on board the Mars colony ship. Since they are prohibitively expensive to acquire through normal means ($9.95 or $5.95 with the purchase of a star name) I decided to secure my birthright through any means necessary. As usual those means included and were limited to forgery. The downside to all of this is that even though I now have a first class ticket on the Mars Express it is tentatively scheduled to depart Freedom One moon base in 2096.



Tsing Hua Science Institute Teaching Certificate

I have always wanted to teach college-level physics to a classroom full of bright young students who do not speak a language I can comprehend. Thanks to my forgery skills this dream became a reality when I was 19 years old. I brilliantly forged a teaching certificate from the Tsing Hua Science Institute in Wuhan. Then I flew to Wuhan. Then I was arrested at Wuhan airport for not having a valid passport. Whoops! My forgery skills might be top notch but my memory is a little shaky. After several days of aggressive questioning that involved a spinning wooden pole, thirty seven gallons of pig's blood, a sock full of batteries, my nose, and my anus in no particular order I was deported back to the United States. But hey, on the bright side at least I have a good story about the Chinese Security Police to tell to all of the illegitimate children I somehow managed to father from my jail cell.

Before you go off half-cocked and attempt to imitate my incredible achievements as a forgery artist I would like for you to stop and think whether this is really the life that you want. Sure, I may fly regular missions to space. Yeah, I might bag all of the hot babes I want. Okay, I am the third richest man in the world. But think about what this sort of passion can do to your fingers. I'll answer that for you; mild to moderate carpal tunnel syndrome. Is it worth it? Is sacrificing your health really worth it to have your balls juggled by Liv Tyler and Salma Hayek onboard your personal super yacht? I can't answer that question for you. Search deep within your heart.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 3

March

3.1 How to Be a Better Serial Killer

Tuesday, Mar 01, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

RAWWR! THE GOVERNMENT MUST PROTECT OPEN SOURCE STANDARDS!

Hey wow, did you hear? The news media - er, the police - caught the fat balding recluse suspected in the BTK killings! Big whoop-dee-doo.

> **Report: Daughter's DNA aided hunt for BTK suspect** - *Initially only eight killings were linked to BTK, but Sedgwick County Sheriff Gary Steed said police will file homicide charges for the previously unsolved killings of two Park City women: Marine Hedge in April 1985 and Delores Davis in January 1991. The killer coined his own nickname, BTK, "bind, torture and kill," a pattern he has followed with most of his victims.*

I don't wanna toot my own horn here, but that greasy Linux-using BTK clown was an amateur, an idiot. He wasn't like me, he wasn't in the murder industry because he loved to murder the crap out of shit. He was one of those "new money" killers who enter the field for its fame and fortune, swayed by pop flicks like "Se7en" and that one Lifetime Network movie where Judith Light pushes her husband off a cliff and then creates a new personality in a new town with a new life but strangely enough the same old watermelon-sized shoulder pads. These rookies, they will never succeed because their hearts simply aren't in the right place. Everybody wants to be the next Ted Bundy or David Berkowitz or Jeffrey Dahmer, but how many people dream of being the next Clem Richards or the next Jeff Barxley? I'll tell you how many: none, because Clem Richards and Jeff Barxley are the two most successful serial killers who have never been caught or even suspected by police! Uh, well, I guess until now. Crap.

Regardless, I feel it's high time we start enforcing a more strict set of core values on the up and coming serial killers of America. We need to weed through these folks and separate the poseurs who kill because it's cool, from the real heroes who are truly dedicated to their craft and murder families of four because they honestly believe God communicates to them through their doorbell. And, like almost any current subject, I feel the best way to get this done is through an article on a webpage that nobody really reads.

Now many of you may not know this, but I am a highly accomplished serial killer. I've been butchering the innocent and not-so-innocent since 1976, when I fatally incinerated the nurse delivering me with one of my patented deadly optic blasts. In my nearly 29 years of existence, I have successfully murdered over 45 people to death, some of them multiple times if I was feeling particularly sassy that day. I feel my experience in the field of forcing living people to stop living makes me an expert in this industry, and hopefully I can offer a few tips and pointers to all those up-and-coming serial killers in the minor league circuit, hoping to some day bust through and take the murder business by storm.

THREE TIPS TO BECOME A MORE SUCCESSFUL SERIAL KILLER

1) MURDER A LOT OF PROSTITUTES. Scientists in a conservative thinktank located somewhere in the midwest between a Wal-Mart and a church recently proved that prostitutes and hookers, contrary to popular belief, are NOT real people. They are a sub-genre of people, like crippled leprechauns and sentient ceiling fans who grant wishes to mentally retarded children that have no friends. If you want to get more bang for your murder buck, leave a bloody trail of dead hookers on your next cross-country murder spree. The police won't exactly rush out to stop you because, hey, you're consolidating their problems for them. Every time a serial killer starts decorating motel rooms with finger paint from the innards of a glittered up harlot named "Starletta," the number of available prostitutes on any given night drops by at least 58%, even more if Mike Tyson is in town. As far as the police are concerned, you're helping them do their jobs. They'd probably give you a job on the force if you began murdering people who ran red lights.

While you'll probably get a lot of media attention murdering people while dressed like this, I imagine it would make being a successfully serial killer a bit more difficult.

Conversely, you do NOT want to go after high-profile targets like community leaders, minorities, children, or the Pope. I came up with this really awesome equation last night when I was watching "Puffy AmiYumi," one that shows a direct correlation in risk between not murdering the Pope versus murdering the Pope. Did you know that if you actually murder the Pope, you're 483% more likely to get arrested for murdering the Pope than if you didn't? It's true! I have an Excel spreadsheet that proves this, but I refuse to show it to you because my copy of Excel still has that talking paperclip on every page and I'm too ashamed to admit that I can't get rid of him. I think I'm going to drop a bunch of bug bombs inside my computer and hope to fumigate him out. One time I went to the bathroom and the Microsoft Office Paperclip Man appeared in my bathtub and offered me tips on how to wash my own ass. That was the night I swore off rum forever.

In summary, before murdering somebody, you'll want to ask yourself, "how much community outrage will this person's death cause?" If it's a lot, you should probably think about murdering somebody else, like a prostitute, bum, or webmaster. They are just walking shells of humanity anyway; their souls died long ago. Be careful not to murder a cop posing as a prostitute or a bum in some kind of sting operation, because then you'll end up on some stupid network reality show like Fox's upcoming, "Serial Killer Island," where three contestants compete to kill the most theme park ride operators in 24 hours. The winner gets a savings bond for $38 and a giant posterboard that reads "GOOD JOB" in permanent marker. To differentiate between real prostitutes and cops pretending to be real prostitutes, ask the potential victim to get into your car. Once they enter, ask, "so are you a real prostitute or a fake prostitute?" Then, when the person questioned begins to answer, pull out a gigantic knife and stab them in the throat. If a bunch of blood starts spraying all over your car's interior, congratulations, you just murdered a real prostitute! If you see a bunch of wires and gears inside their exposed neck, and arcs of motor oil begin spewing out, then you just murdered a cop and you should immediately drive your car into the nearest paint-changing garage. No wait, I guess that's a robot. Robots are perfectly fine to murder, so you shouldn't really sweat it either way. Unless that robot is the Pope.

2) SEND A LOT OF RAMBLING, INSANE NOTES TO ORGANIZATIONS LIKE THE POLICE AND THE NEWS MEDIA. It's no secret that I eschew the "West Egg" breed of serial killers these days, the folks attracted to the glitz and glamour of the celebrity spotlight, but I admit that a real successful serial killer uses these groups to their own advantage. Like an artist, every mass murderer must find their own technique and style to make an impact on the world, and the best way to advertise your motif is through the media, who will undoubtedly interrupt their nonstop ads for Geico and "World's Sexiest Spring Break Car Chases Caught On Tape 9: New Orleans" to air police news conferences exposing your latest work.

After strangling somebody to death, preferably a hooker, the successful serial killer will then retreat to his secret hideout and begin writing an eloquent letter to the authorities. This note should offer clues into your twisted, warped mind, detectable to only trained forensic psychologists who have spent years studying the brains of sociopaths throughout the world. This note should be broken down into the following sections:

1) Introduction. You should announce who you are to the world in the first sentence, because 99.9% of America's population will stop reading anything after that. The other .1% is illiterate. Be sure to adopt some catchy, semi-clever name that will really stick out in the major newspapers and sell plenty of copies. You'll want something that sounds scary and mysterious, a nickname that will pass around the average workplace with reverence, like "Jesus Christ" or "free lunch buffet." Here are some good examples:

GOOD NAME:	**BAD NAME:**
Satan's Deadly Nutsack	Kitty_Luvr_548
The Appleton Stabber	Peaches
Neck Twistin' Larry	Neck Massagin' Larry
The .45 Caliber Killer	Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons

2) Body. This is the "meat" of your letter, which means it should be written on steak. Ha ha, I am of course kidding, PETA would single handedly track you down and strangle you with your own small intestines if you actually did such a thing. This section should cover your motives and drop subtle hints regarding any future crimes you may have in store for the police. Do not be afraid to tease and taunt any government agencies who may attempt to foil your plans of murdering every citizen of an entire state before 7:30 AM. After all, if the police were smart, then **they** would be the ones murdering folks and getting away with it, right? Right? Huh.

Now the key in this part revolves around creativity. You must cleverly drop a trail of bread crumbs leading to your next crime clue without brazenly announcing it to the entire world. Speak in a pseudo-code language that you make up as you go along. For example, at first glance something like "death has come beneath the astronauts" seems confusing and worthless, but it all makes perfect sense when you decipher it. Who was the most famous astronaut? John Glenn. What's a "John"? Somebody that pays hookers to sleep with them. Where do hookers sleep? Motels. Where is the Glenn Mariott Motel? At 300 12th Avenue North, in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. Then, at 300 12th Avenue North, you drop off something else terribly mysterious and spooky like a black box with a pink ribbon containing nothing inside except a coupon for Arby's and a some dentures.

This clue should lead to the next location with something even more mysterious, and so on and so on and so on, until the police spend so much of their time on a treasure hunt for your retarded little clues that they stop trying to personally find you or solve any real crimes. If you want to get really clever, have your last clue lead them into an active volcano or some water that instantly kills you if you touch it like in *Super Mario Brothers*.

3) Conclusion. Try to summarize your letter with something witty, possibly a new catchphrase that could sweep America by storm. Try to avoid copyrighted material such as "the death of the innocent, I'm lovin' it," because I guarantee the lawyers for McDonalds have a lot more power and resources than your average police force. Make sure to sign your super-spooky killer pseudonym at the bottom so members of the media and police don't get confused and accidentally think it's from their own mother or something. Unless, of course, you are their own mother, which I guess would be considered "ironic" to many English scholars such as Alanis Morissette. Speaking of which, whatever happened to her? She kind of dropped off the face of the Earth. Not that I'm complaining, mind you, I just want to make sure a serial killer didn't murder her. *Yet.*

GOOD NOTE:

Dear Police,

It is I, the Johnson County Stab-Choke-Assault-Explode-Strangle-Punch-Chunky Chicken Noodle Soup Killer. If you are reading this, I have struck again.

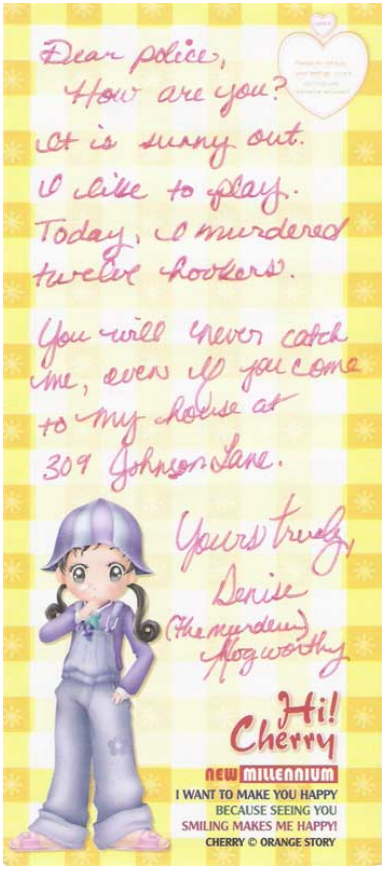
I will not stop making people die until Jesus tells me I am pretty. All the innocent shall perish by my hand or at least the AM radio in my hand I am using to beat people to death with.

You cannot stop me, I have too many 1-UPs. Tommorow night the bluejay shall fly South until Barry Manilow calls a pie from Grandma's beard.

In conclusion you will never find me because I am Satan's Jockstrap!

—The SCAESPCCNS killer

BAD NOTE:



3) MURDER PEOPLE IN FUN, CREATIVE WAYS. What's the one thing that all of America's founding fathers had in common? Besides being dead, I really don't know. That's okay though, because it has absolutely nothing to do with what I'm trying to say here. The key to your popularity in the murder industry not only revolves around the quantity of victims you rack up, but the quality in which you rack them up. Prisons are chock full of no-name average slobs who murdered a bunch of people by simply shooting them, so you should view a gun as nothing but a gateway to a world of boring mediocrity. Keep in mind that serial killing will now be your full time job for the rest of your life, so try to work some serious fun and creativity into it or else you'll end up like those blue-collar zombie drones who absolutely loathe their jobs working at Sprint or Best Buy. Besides the whole "murder" thing, there's really not much of a difference between being a professional serial killer and working for Sprint.

I am the gay porn reaper!

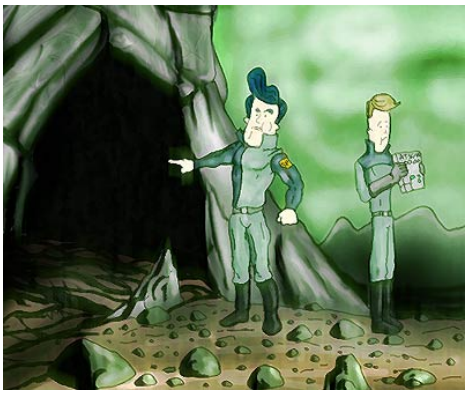
Think about what you're trying to accomplish before you actually go out and start exterminating all the folks your psychic frying pan demanded. If you've named yourself "The Bridgeport Telephone Cord Strangler," then you've pretty much limited yourself to strangling people with telephone cord in the Bridgeport area. The last thing you'd want to do is accidentally slip out of character and beat somebody to death in Black Rock with a golf club, because then your name would change into "The Bridgeport-Black Rock Telephone Cord and Golf Club Strangler / Beater," and that would look like utter crap on a business card. Remember the flexibility is a major issue when choosing your own name, so pick something broad such as "The Planet Earth Death Guy," a name that will stay appropriate as long as you murder people on Earth. Oh, and you can't suddenly switch genders either, so don't go get any sex changes in an attempt to enter the LPGA or something.

While the serial killer world may seem to grow more and more crowded each day, the human population is expanding at an even much quicker rate, so there will always been demand for trained mass murderers to keep the hooker and innocent victim rate of expansion at bay. Hopefully a new breed of killers, ones not lured into the profession by the media popularity, will read this update and reflect upon how to better spread their death like a poisonous margarine upon the bread of humanity. Now you'll have to excuse me, I'm going to head out and reduce the hooker population in downtown Kansas City by one or two. It's the only way I can stop Jesus from screaming at me through the follicles in my hair.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.2 The Fable of the Large Cave Possibly Containing a Blob Creature

Wednesday, Mar 02, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



The air on Flogbert IV was choppy at best and skipped through our lungs like a broken record. Every breath left something to be desired and made us long to inhale the kind of real air ventilation shafts are famous for. This was the consensus we all reached two minutes after crash landing. The whole planet was sick, submerged in a nauseatingly green atmospheric veil. Flogbert IV was the bastard planet of an inbred solar system, a nightmarish aquarium drowned in bad soup. Until help arrived, it would be our home.

The rocky surface was merciless, so it was no surprise we had nowhere to make a safe landing when an unexpected systems failure put the HMS Prannybucket in grave danger of exploding across the cosmos. The emergency landing was rough, and left the mighty spaceship torn into all manner of asunder along with our chances of making it back to safety. Our only salvation lied in finding shelter on the planet's harsh and geographically sassy surface. That's what we told ourselves when we went in search of a cave to use as temporary living space. That mission proved more complicated than we had anticipated.

"You're going to have to go into that cave, I think," said Captain Stubs. "It's the only way to know what's really in that cave."

"I'm pretty sure there is a large blob creature in there, Captain," I replied. "That's what Lieutenant Dootleberry yelled shortly before he screamed and then stopped screaming and then was never heard from again."

"Nonetheless," Captain Stubs replied, "we must ascertain for sure just what is in that cave before we exhaust it as a possibility."

"A blob creat—" I started to say.

"It could be candy for all you know!" interjected the determined Captain Stubs. "It could be delicious candy and by the Gods I'm not going to turn a blind eye to the chance Lieutenant Dootleberry is simply lost in the orgasmic throngs of a giant gummy bear while we're out here, in the elements, staring into the mighty abyss of this ominous cave."

"Well," said the meek Intern Winterfresh clutching his Atscan 5000™ atmospheric scanner, "I'm pretty sure it's not candy in there because it smells like sulfur in the readings I'm getting say it's full of sulfur."

"Sweet, sweet sulfur. There was a time when sulfur was as prized as a good onion," stalwart Captain Stubs replied. "Let us make sweet onionade out of these onions Flogbert IV has had the good sense to give us. Now, you two, into the cave!"

Captain Stubs was insistent that Intern Winterfresh and myself enter this menacing cave, just as he insisted naïve young Lieutenant Dootleberry enter. He did have the good sense to request Dootleberry leave his sack lunch with us, but that's barely erring on the side of caution in a situation as grave as this. It was clear he was not thinking in our best interest, nor his own, and was in fact

seduced by the siren song of the cave.

In my days at Space Academy I had read many a tale about the dangers of caves. Many regarded their powers as myth, but it was quite clear to me now that the legends were true. Some unknown power in the darkness makes a man forego his self-preservation in favor of sacrificing everything to the rocky orifices of distant worlds. "Cavelust," they called it. It was obvious this power had now locked onto Captain Stubs and was playing him like a theremin.

"With all due respect," I began saying, "I think you might be enticed romantically by the cave, and thus you are not thinking properly. I think we can all agree that the context paints this cave in an unflattering light."

Intern Winterfresh was quick to chime in, nodding his head in support and then pointing to the word "sulfur" displayed on his Atscan 5000™.

"I will not tolerate a mutiny. Not in a desperate time like this! That cave is our only salvation, and we should look at as such! If you won't sacrifice yourselves to its majesty, you aren't even men in my book!"

"But don't you see? You just said we should sacrifice ourselves! That's not very smart. Look, I know this isn't the best time and all, but I'm going to have to refuse your order to go in that cave. It's just too risky. I mean it ate Dootleberry!"

"Go in there, damn it!" he yelled as he started violently pushing my shoulder in the direction of the cave's incredible maw. I was not about to let him throw my life away, not like this. I spun around and clocked him in the face with my big hand, then swooped in low for an uppercut with my little hand.

Captain Stubs was a great leader in his time, and was known throughout the galaxy for his heroic work promoting literacy amongst the zinc miners of Kolob. Rumor has it he even karate chopped a great sea tortoise in two to defend the honor of his high school. Now Captain Stubs was strangling me with a mad look in his eyes that made me feel very uncomfortable. His hands coiled around my neck with such intensity that I feared they might need to be surgically removed.

"Heeeeellllllppphhhhh!" I muttered as I frantically tried to pry the mad Captain Stubs' hands free from the fleshy tower primarily responsible for keeping my head slightly above my torso.

"You should have gone in the cave! You should have followed orders, you cretin!"

Meek Winterfresh seemed hesitant to get involved, probably fearful of jeopardizing his internship. You could see the fear in his mind dividing his thoughts into two distinct summer camps: the one where everyone runs a lot and gets active, and the one full of handicapped children too sick to run or do anything that resembles youthful activity. I was afraid he was just going to sit there and watch Captain Stubs strangle me to death.

"Winnnttterrrrrfreshhhhhhhh!" I murmured, hoping to wrangle the underdog into action. At this point he was awkwardly rechecking the readings on the cave with his Atscan5000™ while pretending his Captain wasn't strangling his crewmate to death. Thankfully, my whimpering and spastic gasps for life seemed to finally rile him into action, into the summer camp of the strong and active thoughts

"Oh, okay!" he half-shouted in a nervous and uncertain voice. Without a hint of grace or poise, he moved in and slammed his Atscan5000™ against Captain Stubs' head, knocking him unconscious and freeing me at once from the claws of death.

"Oh, god, Winterfresh, I think you killed him," I said as I examined the corpse of Captain Stubs.

"I don't believe it. He's... He's made of sulfur," Winterfresh said as he pointed to the readout on

the Atscan5000™.

"No, I think that's the cave back there."

"Oh," Intern Winterfresh said in an embarrassed voice as he eyed the corpse of Captain Stubs.

During the struggle I failed to recognize the change in atmosphere. The sky was now dark and flickering with violent flashes of light. A storm was brewing, and if I knew my science, it would be a sulfur storm.

"A storm is brewing, Winterfresh. We need to find shelter!"

"We don't have time. The only shelter is that cave, and it ate Dootleberry!"

"Correction: the blob creature ate Dootleberry. We... We have to appease the blob monster."

"A sacrifice?" he asked inquisitively. I nodded approvingly.

"Yes," he said. "We will give the blob monster the Captain! No one will ever know what happened."

Hearing the craven whistling of the sky above, we quickly worked to decapitate Captain Stubs and impale his head on a stick at the mouth of the cave. We then strung his intestines all about the opening like fanciful sheets of cloth in some royal hall. This, we felt, was proper tribute to the great master of life and death that is the Blob Monster, our God and Savior.

"It's not done," said Winterfresh matter-of-factly, who then garnished the severed head with the elements of Dootleberry's sack lunch. I smiled approvingly.

"The Blob Monster will undoubtedly give us seats in his great empire now!" I said to Intern Winterfresh, hoping to boost his spirits. He looked a bit depressed, even after all the gusto he put into stringing the Captain's entrails about.

"He is just and wise," replied the pusillanimous intern. "He is everything we are not."

We waited in the elements as long as our courage would allow, but we were between a blob monster and a sulfur storm, as the saying goes. We had to make a move if we were going to secure a future.

"Great Blob Monster, Lord of Light and Logic!" I shouted into the endless dark of the cave, letting it echo my important words. "We have prepared you a feast of our commander, and submit to you as our new leader!"

There was no reply, so again I shouted. "Great Blob Monster, please come forth and dine on our guide, so that you may absorb his knowledge and the knowledge of man into your gelatinous form!"

"Please!" shouted Winterfresh.

"What?" a voice replied. Dear god, it was Lieutenant Dootleberry's voice!

"Dootleberry?" I yelled back in voice so overwhelmed with shock that I was worried it was going to electrocute my face.

Lieutenant Dootleberry walked out of the cave with the biggest handful of gummy bear I had ever seen. He was both smiling and looking disappointed at us.

"I was wondering when you guys were going to finally come in. We've been waiting for you!"

"Well, umm, you see..."

"Say," Lieutenant Dootleberry said. "What's that behind you? And where is Captain Stubs?"

I was standing in front of the impaled head, and the body had already been torn to pieces. I didn't

want to move away, to show Dootleberry the horror of what we had done in our panic.

"Well, you see..."

"Oh nuts, you killed him, didn't you? I knew this was a bad idea!"

"What was a bad idea?"

"Having a surprise party in a cave on Flogbert IV!"

"A surprise party?" yelped Intern Winterfresh.

"Yes, Captain Stubs thought it would be a great way to relax after the trouble we had back on Seweria, that dreadful sewage planet! You nuts probably thought he had cavelust, didn't you?"

He shook his head in disgust. "Well, damn it, now the party is ruined."

"But what about the sulfur?" inquired Winterfresh.

"That's the pitcher of onionade. Damn it, did you know his wife is in there? She made us all onionade!"

"Damn!" I thought. It all made perfect sense! In the terror of the situation, I had mistakenly diagnosed Captain Stubs with cavelust, not realizing that I myself had fallen victim to an equally dangerous case of cavedread. My great Captain, my fearless leader, was dead because of my careless cavedread. There was never a blob creature, just good intentions from a good man, a noble man.

"Never again," I vowed. Never again would I let my crippling fear of caves drive me to murderous extremes. I had learned a valuable lesson this dreadful day. I had learned the lesson of the cave.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.3 Shut Up About Blogs Already

Thursday, Mar 03, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

BLOGS!

This man runs a blog about politics in Washington.

CNN: **The darlings of the blogosphere** - *Like so many other 20-somethings hoping to mine the Internet gold rush of the late 1990s, Mena Trott was thrown for a humbling loop by the dot-com bust, yet still craved stardom. Her unassuming husband, Ben, just wanted another computer programming gig in Silicon Valley's depressed job market. The couple's odd chemistry cooked up Six Apart Ltd., a startup that has helped popularize the "blogging" craze, with millions of people worldwide maintaining online personal journals that dissect everything from politics to poultry.*

BLOGS!

MSNBC: **Penn Media to Convert 50 E-Zines to Blogs, Positioning Them as the Largest Publisher of Consumer Trade Blogs** - *Penn Media announced today that it will publish fifty of its flagship owned and operated e-zines as Blogs, positioning them as one of the largest publishers of consumer trade blogs. It has contracted with Pheedo, Inc. to guide them through the evolution and provide RSS and Weblog advertising services.*

BLOGS!

FOX NEWS: **Blogging ... Blah, Blah, Blah** - *U.S. News & World Report reported last week that several senior Republican senators — upon hearing that "blogs" had uncovered the Dan Rather scandal, helped to defeat Tom Daschle and pushed for the resignation of CNN executive Eason Jordan — demanded that "blogs" be added to their official Web sites.*

No matter where you go, no matter what news site you read, no matter what television channel you switch to, no matter what radio station is on, we, the American people, are constantly reminded about this exciting newfangled device called "a blog." The news media has adopted the word "blog" as their "horribly annoying catchphrase of the decade," opting to drone on and on about such an exciting topic nonstop until the Internet decides to take its own life. Blogs turn any average drooling idiot into a seasoned news reporter! Blogs bring the world together and share intimate moments with complete strangers, most of which who are probably masturbating! Blogs allow fair and balanced news reports by offering both sides of the political spectrum equal chances to make up lies and get away with it! Blogs can cure cancer! Blogs will colonize space! Blogs will transform the human race into a hyper intelligent race of androids able to travel through time and shoot laser beams from their eyes! What on Earth can't blogs do? BLOGS *BLOGS* ***BLOGS!***

Hey news media, I'm talking to you: nobody on the Internet gives a shit about blogs anymore. Shut up about the damn things already. Internet users were well aware of the whole blogging trend about a decade ago, and the rest of America (the folks who learn critical parenting advice from Dr. Phil and ask their doctors about each and every medication they see advertised on television) had the concept thoroughly hammered into their brains early last year. Here's a proposal for you, news media: instead of constantly throwing cake icing on a mound of dog shit and presenting it as a new and exciting and fabulous story about the wonderful world of blogging, one we've all heard rehashed countless times before, just copy and paste the following "news" story of mine. This should make everybody happy the next time some delirious senior executive sends out an email to his entire staff, convinced the American public really wants to hear another damn story about blogging:

This woman runs a blog about movie stars in Hollywood.

PERSON USES INTERNET TO DO SOMETHING THE INTERNET WAS CREATED TO DO - *Someplace on the Internet:* Somebody somewhere used the Internet to accomplish one of the primary goals of the Internet today, to share data with large groups of people. This genius act of uploading data to a location where other people could read it was heralded as a "groundbreaking act of incredible power and limitless freedom" by somebody who works in the cubicle next to us. People around the Internet rejoiced at the news, declaring this creative act as "a new dawn of the Internet."

"I totally can't believe it," admitted one stunned Internet user who uses the Internet on the Internet. "Somebody writing some stuff on the Internet and placing it in a location where other people besides him could view it? That seems magical, almost impossible! What's next, a way to instantly message other Internet users and send them comical smilie faces depicting various emotions?"

The announcement of this web log, or "blog" as the hip and underground culture labeled it, has sparked the interest of users all across the globe. Petr Gregoriv, an Internet user in Moscow, recently held a press conference to declare his intent of beginning his own blog. On the Internet.

"I have dreamed of this day for a long time, ever since I was a child who tried over and over to use the Internet but couldn't because it was 1978 and it hadn't been invented yet," Gregoriv commented to a stunned audience of the press and scientific community. "But today, well the technology here, and there's nothing stopping me from revealing to the entire world what Modest Mouse song I'm listening to and what my current mood is." He then paused and wiped a tear from the corner of his eye. "And my current mood is 'happy'."

Media analysists have predicted nothing but a positive future for the Internet on the heels of this discovery. "A universe of data in a journal format, updated so often that it appears to be live?" Questioned a top scholar of Internet studies at Internet University. "It's such a revolutionary concept! What on Earth would we call it? What name could we possibly use to refer to these journals that are updated live?"

This man runs a blog about gun control in Delaware.

The media claims the biggest and most revolutionary lure of the blogging scene lies in its ability to turn any idiot with a computer into a reporter. We've been presented with the same shreds of proof over and over again: some soldier in Afghanistan takes pictures of dirty little kids hugging charred logs of plywood dressed as dolls, adding a couple sentences of bittersweet reflections regarding the US war on terror below each photo. A teenager in Raccoon Esophagus, Texas writes an update protesting his principal's refusal to let him attend the school prom dressed as a bloody Jesus Christ, hoisting a 90-pound crucifix on his back. Some obese balding man fired from the Republication National Committee offers an exclusive "behind the scenes" look at the buffet table at a conservative fundraiser while copying and pasting his groundbreaking opinions from Rush Limbaugh's website. What can blogs offer that the average newspaper or magazine editorial can't, besides a complete lack of accountability and journalistic integrity?

Maybe it's just my cynical, bitter nature, but I fail to understand the media's obsession with blogs. They're not new, they're not revolutionary, and 99.9% of them do nothing but take up valuable bandwidth debating which Dragonball Z character could best beat up Superman if they teamed up with Sailor Venus. Christ, even *Wired* has fallen prey to the lure of blog obsession, and that's a magazine so anti-trendy that they go out of their way to write about the most least interesting things possible, just to make sure they never accidentally slip up and become popular. Each month features a hot new paragraph of bland, uninteresting garbage scooped straight from the grease trap of various unknown blogs throughout the Internet and crammed into a print publication's scrawny sidebar. You know, for those of us who somehow installed a Proximitron filter to block out "dull garbage" from our webbrowsing experience.

The simple reason the term "blog" is on every suit-and-tie-wearing idiot's mouth is simple: the media wants to be hip. It doesn't matter if they're recycling Internet crap which hit its peak popularity in the mid-1990s, it's news to them as long as the other networks have failed to thoroughly beat the term into the ground and pile drive it into the shattered shores of painful overexposure. Hey, have you guys heard about this crazy "Bubba Rubb" dude? What about "all of your bases?" How about this hilarious site called E-Bam's World which posts tons of funny original content like "man falls off motorcycle #742" and "Michael Jackson soundboard #1124"? The news media is perpetually five years behind the Internet's popularity tide, and by the time local news channels begin reporting on the latest uproarious new digital trend sweeping the AIM chatrooms of prepubescent America, we've already suffocated and buried it under a pile of "hello my future girlfriends" and "Tunac Tun Tuns." And don't even get me started on Jimmy Kimmel.

So here's a little tip for all the vigilante 60-year old news reporters prowling websites on their son's dialup AOL account: don't bother. I have yet to discover a single television or radio show able to report on the Internet without spewing the same tired cliched crap every other television and radio show has dutifully reported on for the past six months. I guess it's pretty sad that the Internet, by far the most factually incorrect, illiterate, immature, idiotic form of communication in the history of mankind, seems to be setting the trends which other media outlets vigorously pursue. Please do the world a favor, news media: stop latching onto an Internet concept or pseudo-celebrity and then promoting the hell out of it in a futile attempt to trick the world into thinking you guys are hip to these super-bitchin' techno trends on the k-rad information superhighway. Leave us lonely and pathetic Internet wretches alone with our endless rolling sea of one-hit wonders, tragically unhip anti-celebrities, and cutting edge software which stopped cutting years ago. This crap is bad enough on the Internet; the last thing we need is to see it plastered all over our newspapers and television

screens.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.4 I'm Your Demographic

Friday, Mar 04, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

If only science could discover a way to put cheese inside the cheese.

Hey, how's it going? I just wanted to let you know that my favorite movie of all time is a Will Smith action vehicle being released this summer. I just can't get enough of his wisecracking and punching things. Maybe they'll give him a gun in this movie or maybe they'll just have him rely on his wits and sex appeal. It doesn't matter what he uses to overcome the villain, I know I will enjoy it. Will his buddy be another black guy or will it be a white guy? Maybe it will be Ben Stiller. Boy, that would make it double the best movie ever. Almost more than I could handle.

I can handle a lot too, believe you me. Why do you think Taco Bell just added those half pound burritos that taste like a cat's lemony asshole? Yup, all me. I wanted bigger and worse and that's what I got. Thank you, Taco Bell. And those pizzas with cheese in the crust weren't enough so if you don't mind I went ahead and asked Pizza Hut to start putting cheese all through the bottom part too. Dominoes wouldn't play ball, but at least they introduced some sort of new 5 for 5 deal where I can get enough pizza to choke a dolphin. If I can't get what I want then at least I can get a lot of it.

God I loved New Coke. I wish they would bring that back. In the meantime at least I have Cherry Vanilla Coke. I think I might ask them to add another flavor to that. I'm thinking either maple syrup or butter. And Grape Pepsi?! Whoever thought of that is a genius! Twice as good as Surge. Although, on second thought, maybe I'll go for a brewski. I could get a Miller or a Bud, but I've been hearing an awful lot about this new beer that has coffee and ginseng in it to make you smarter. Oh, that's right, it was my idea! Who wants a Red Bull?! Whoop, there it is! It sure tastes awful, but that little can is cool and it gives me energy to eat some more pizzas.

I know! Let's play some videogames. I've got Madden, Halo, Grand Theft Auto, Tony Hawk, and Luigi's Mansion. I don't actually own a Game Cube, but somehow I got Luigi's Mansion. Let's forget about that though, let's talk Tony Hawk! Woo, did you see this shit? I can put myself in the game and I can play as Bam's fat dad! Man I love Bam, he is the Mark Twain of our generation. Did you see the time he stole something from one of his friends and then defaced it with vandalism? I know! Totally hilarious. Whatever will Bam think of next? If we're all really lucky maybe we'll get to see Johnny Knoxville too.

I'm getting a little bored here though. Let's turn on some reality TV. Some college age girls are about to get drunk and dance, let their inhibitions run wild, and then there may be drama in the house because one of them will start making out with one of the guys! I think the blond is the hottest. I like her tits. I like tits in general. The bigger the better. I like them so much that I am responsible for breast implants. I want a woman to stick so many of those into her chest that her tits look like pillowcases full of dodgeballs. Haha, Dodgeball. What a great movie! The part where they raise money by doing funny stuff, it almost reminded me of something Adam Sandler might do. Man, that guy is ready for a comeback. Lunch Lady dude! And sing the piece of shit car song!

Wait until you see me parallel park.

I've got the mp3 on repeat in my ipod. I love my ipod so much

it's like a part of my body. Did I tell you that I got the 500 Gig Generation VIII? Yeah, I'm still demanding more and more, because I want to be able to hit play and then just sit back and wait to die knowing I'll never hear the same song twice. Let me take some pictures of me with my ipod and post them on my blog. I'll write something up about politics and sex. I think I can cover both in three sentence fragments and capture my opinion with this emoticon. Then I'll fill out an online questionnaire that will determine which character I am from Star Wars.

Did you see my new tattoo? Yeah, it's a tribal. It's based on some Indian shit I saw at a bus station. I think it means "BOSS." I'm also considering a sleeve done on the other arm to look like barbed wire with a skull in the middle. Or a fucking barcode. Man, that would rock! Or some Kanji. Can't get enough Japanese shit I can't read. Let's do up my whole back like a sheet of rice paper and for nostalgia's sake put some woman on there. With big tits. Huge ones. Big enough to choke a fucking dolphin.

Things are about to get wild.

Whoah, look at what time it is. I've gotta blow this pop stand. Hey, yeah, I see you admiring the way I parked. That's because I drive an SUV and it requires two parking spaces. People probably understand that my car is bigger so it needs bigger spaces and if they don't then they should probably buy an SUV too. Then they will understand. Oh, you want a ride? Well, usually I drive alone so that I can enjoy both heated seats at once, but I guess there's a first time for everything. Hey, I know, we can see what's on the radio. Hmmmm...now I'm torn. Howard Stern or Bob & Tom? It's a tough call because they're both so in my face and original. I know! I really hate thinking about things and closing my mouth to breathe so I'll listen to Leykis! There's a tiebreaker.

I am really worried about terrorists. They are everywhere and nowhere at the same time, like the Force or Jesus, only evil. Like Jesus if he got bit by a vampire. I will buy anything you're selling as long as you tell me that this rock keeps away the tigers. I mean terrorists. Do you have some snake oil? How about duct tape? A war maybe? Sure, ring 'em all up and you can just take it out of my unborn children's paychecks. Oh, and while I'm here I might as well get some of these incredibly helpful yellow ribbon stickers. I'm showing my support guys. Couldn't get off my fat fucking ass to drop a quarter in a bucket for veteran amputees but by God the tail end of my Excursion is going to look like an explosion at the sticker factory.

Hey, did you see this picture of all the monkey faces next to the Bush faces? Yeah, sure I voted for him, but I think this still might be the funniest thing I have ever seen in my entire life. Haw haw! Bush is a monkey. God, who is coming up with this comedy gold? Ben Stiller? Bam? Gotta be one of those two.

If it weren't for fine eateries like Pizza Hut and Taco Bell I would live off of canned pasta.

I have a confession to make. I own every single "Girls Gone Wild" video. No, look, it's not porn because these are real people. Just your average girl, only she's gone wild. They hit the switch on her. Snoop Dogg and that guy from the Man Show who is even less funny than the other faggots hit her bad girl switch. Now she's out of control, like a charging rhino with two sleeping bags packed tight with cannonballs stapled to her chest. They can't help it because it is a primal urge brought on by the moon and Snoop Dogg. It's nature. It's a nature documentary.

Oh, before I drop you off do you mind if we make a quick stop at Wal-Mart? No? Good, there are a couple things I need to pick up. Check out this poster of John

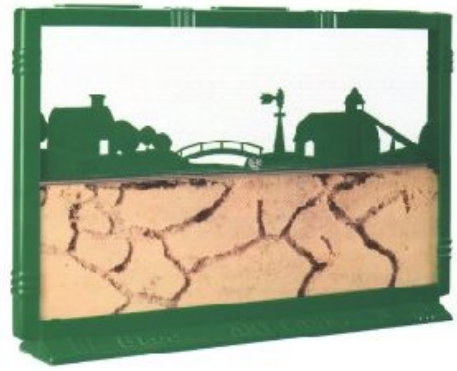
Belushi wearing the "college" sweatshirt. That is so totally me! Hmm, $8.99 is a little pricey though, and the printing has the look of "Made in America." Wal-Mart should know by now that I absolutely only buy things made in third world countries. Here we are, just I was looking for. They've got the censored lyrics version of the new Linkin Park album and they have a copy of "The Nutty Professor" for only nine dollars! I can't leave here without that! Oh, shit, they've got a bundle with "Nutty Professor" AND "Dr. Doolittle" for only $15.99!! I hated both of those movies but for a price that low I can't pass them up. Right there is a full night's entertainment. Now I just have to get a six pack of Red Bulls and five pizzas from Dominos.

Well, here we are. Maybe tomorrow I can tell you about my kids and their mad love for "Yu-Gi-Oh!" and those yellow cancer bracelets.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.5 The Zen of Ant Farming

Saturday, Mar 05, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz



Today is a day of healing and rest for all you troubled Internet travelers. With the war in Iraq dragging on with no end in sight, the crippling economy causing mass layoffs, the rising rate of cancer in small children and kittens, and Martian Scorsese being denied a "best director" Oscar once again, it's easy to lose your faith in humanity and civilization in general. I am a firm believer that the human psyche is far too fragile to handle the fast-paced modern world of rush hour traffic, home delivery pizza, and those whirly, sexy helicopters. I used to think it was just me with this problem, hiding in my dark dilapidated New Orleans house strewn with dead rats and wearing musty Victorian garb while playing Vampire the Masquerade over the Internet, but it seems that I'm not alone. I get countless e-mails from very depressed individuals who are sick of the everyday grind and keep asking me for blowjobs, so I tell them they sent it to the wrong front page writer and forward them to Corin Tucker's Stalker. I have yet to hear any complaints from his end.

We as a young collective of independent thinking students and IT lackeys need to keep ourselves mentally healthy and focused on the simple things in life so we don't get too mired in the meaningless scramble for materials and riches. Today I want to share a little trick I use to keep myself sane after all of these long years of playing in the rat race. It's called an ant farm, and I'm sure you've all heard of it before. Yes, the simple joy of watching a community of ants work together as a team to build a tunnel network system like busy little Vietcong is delightful and amazing. Now don't get too intimidated with the thought of having the responsibility of an ant farm. It's relatively easy to control, and once you have the hang of it, you'll laugh at yourself for being such a goddamn pussy about it. Don't worry, I've been doing this for a few years and will walk you through some of the basics of ant farms. Let's get this party started.

The Empty Canvas

The first thing you need to do is to build the habitat that your unwilling insect participants will be living in during this most noble of gentleman's hobbies. You could just go to a hobby shop and buy a case if you are completely lazy and have no honor or sense of self-worth, but if you want it to have your own personal feel to it, like it should, then you should make it yourself from materials you can scrounge up around the house. I made mine out of cardboard, used cigarette butts, melon rinds, my 10 collector issues of DC's "The Death of Superman", and my car windows for the glass observation panes. Sure it's winter and below freezing in Michigan, but after most of the nerve endings in my face die off on the drive to work it's not so bad. Sand is generally easy to get, but like I said, it's winter and the ground is frozen so if you are in the north you might have some problems. I just used my grandpa's ashes that were just sitting in that dumb urn in the closet. With any luck, my ant farm will become a haunted kingdom, and so could yours if you make sure to bury a few Indian bones below their settlement.

Logan's Run: The Next Batch

Next you need to get the actual ants that you will seal inside your funhouse of madness until their untimely demise. There is no "right" way to catch ants. It's a trial and error sort of thing that you figure out as you go. Personally I like to use an old tire, a jar of peanut butter (chunky), a few dozen mouse traps, a kite, and a wristwatch. Don't ask me how it works, for I shall never divulge my secret ant catching methods, and I'm currently under a federal indictment for an accident involving catching ants, so I'm not supposed to talk about the matter until after the sentencing. I will say this, ants are far more cunning than they seem, and you really have to get into their devious, dirty little minds to be successful when hunting them. If for some reason you totally fail at securing some ants for this project, then you can always order some sea monkeys and pour them into the ant farm. I have to warn you though, they do not look like they do on the back of comic books, like a feudal kingdom of happy sea folk living under the ocean, and sort of just lay there and die. It's amusing for a few hours, though.

I am not going to comment on this picture because frankly I find it extremely racist.

Watch, Learn, Grow

Now that you have your ants in your ant farm, and you toss a bit of corndog in for their food supply, it's time to sit back and watch the miracle of life unfold before your eyes. At first they may be confused for a bit, wondering what happened after they walked into the flaming peanut butter tire and were chloroformed with a rag from behind, but after a while they will start associating with each other and start working as one unit. Not unlike a flock of Japanese businessmen, the ants will quickly jump into production mode. Some are designated as the engineers, directing the rest on the digging project; others will be the mules, doing all the hard labor; and still others, like one I named "Stinky", will sit on his thorax and collect welfare while everybody else works. On the first day things may be a little slow, but after you wake up the next day you will be amazed at the progress they made. In fact, I thought it was so cool that I called in sick to work for a week saying I had a rare Asian bird flu, just so I could sit at home and watch the little fuckers work. I'm glad too, because if I decided to go to work instead, I would've missed Stinky throwing a rock on Piggy, becoming the undisputed tyrant of the ant kingdom.

Work Will Set You Free

You may notice a lag in ant production from time to time. Tunnels will be haphazardly made, food stored improperly, and the general spirit of the community will be one of carelessness and sloth. This happens to all societies from time to time, and it's what we call a recession in the economic world, or a "Detroit" in my regional area. Sometimes as the master of their world you need to rattle the cage a little bit and kick them in the rear. When my ant farm suffered a major lull during the summer of '96, I was forced to take extreme measures. I erected a sign over the "Ant Labor Camp", saying "*Ausgraben wird Sie befreien setzen*", or "Digging will set you free". Then I made examples of the least

productive members of the society - the artists, the handicapped, and English majors. Stinky was crucified on the mound as an example, and a few others were set under a magnifying glass. Some ants were given fancy hats and medals and turned against their brethren, reporting any lack of spirit and enthusiasm to the master ant, who sat in his bunker all day and played Boggle (the tiny ant version). Soon production was in full gear again, and the glory and honor of the ant empire was restored, until they declared war on me and invaded the refrigerator. So I was forced to disarm them and flood the bunker.

These are my ants having a dance off. The one on the left just got served if you hadn't noticed.

Ant Soup for the Soul

So now you are asking why. Why spend countless time and money, risk life and limb, and face possible PETA boycotts just to start your own ant farm? The basic concept of an ant farm is control and perception; balancing the Zen power that lives in your mind's eye. There is a good chance that in your current life you have little or no control of the daily actions you are forced to partake in. Every morning you follow the same routine, taking a shower, brushing your teeth, driving through morning traffic to work or school and, as such, becoming institutionalized like a prisoner. When the white man first came to America, the natives said that our "spirit was sick", and that we had no soul. Maybe they were right and we are so concerned with mundane and trivial details and self-serving goals, that we have lost sight of who we really are. What the ant farm brings to us is a realization that we are just like these ants. We live, we work, we toil, and then we die. The only difference is that we have a choice, and after watching your art farm for a while, I'm confident you'll make the right one. Be kind, please rewind.

The End of Days

By this point you're probably sick of your ant farm and this update in general, so like any terrible and fearsome deity, it's time to cleanse the farm of its sinful inhabitants for having premarital ant sex and taking your name in vain. The method of the apocalypse is up to you, but I personally like to blast the farm with a large fireball from a blowtorch and then sweep the landscape with a great flood. This is not necessarily a bad thing, for it represents a cycle of death and rebirth in nature. Once all of the ants are dead, you can start a new population and see the cycle of life start over again. Remember ants, Stinky died for your sins.

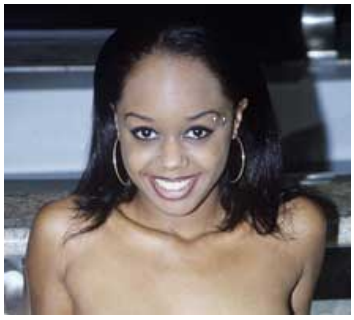
I hope this update on self-healing and mind control helped you, and maybe even fostered an inkling of curiosity in the mind of skeptics and my detractors. I know there are a lot of people who disagree

with my use of ant farming for Zen philosophy, and have even started a group called FSBDD (Frolixo Sucks Big Donkey Dicks), that protest and heckle all my seminars, and even call me late at night and pretend to be my long lost uncle, costing me thousands in phone bills after reminiscing for hours. Despite this adversity, I have faith that this will catch on with all you young people and one day I will be rich and famous and crush all my enemies like tiny, little ants. Have a good weekend and God bless you all.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

3.6 I went upstairs and became a cocksucker

Sunday, Mar 06, 2005 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez



Save your money, folks.

People want to be successful. They want to be the next big thing, the next Dean Martin or Albert Einstein. A huge star. Some people want to cure cancer or AIDS. Some want to star in the movies. They want to make a ton of money, sleep with beautiful models, and live in a mansion in the hills. It varies from person to person but that's pretty much the gist of these dreams.

Come on folks, let's be honest here. None of that shit is going to fucking happen, especially if you're reading this web site.

I would wager close to 96 percent of the people who have dreams are not going to be able to fulfill them and die will with regrets and in sorrow. And please don't email me asking for evidence, data, or statistics or any of that bullshit. I just picked a number above 90 and went with it. No matter how good you are there is probably somebody better. It doesn't make sense to aim high. If you just set your sights a little lower, a little more realistically, you'll be more likely to achieve moderate success and be happy. That's why I aim low. You know what? I don't want to be the next Bob Hope or Charlie Chaplin. I want to be the next Jaimee Foxworth. You don't even know who that is! She was that little girl on Family Matters who just disappeared from the show in less than a blink of the eye. She went up the stairs and never returned. God I wish I was a TV dad. Television is the only place where you can take someone out just because you don't like them. If I had kids I would do just that.

> "Hey Billy. The ratings book for last quarter just came in and you are the lowest testing member of this family. We're going to have to let you go son."
>
> "But dad!"
>
> "Sorry Billy but we just can't keep you on. Go on upstairs, son."
>
> "Aw shucks, dad."

And then they go up the stairs and never come down! It's great! That's what happened to Jaimee Foxworth. She was such an unpopular character that they didn't even try to write her out. They just told her to get the fuck off the set. I would at least think of some explanations for her absence. Maybe she fell down the toilet, I don't know. I'd get creative with it. I would have held the first public execution of a little girl in a sitcom. It could have been integrated into the Family Matters storyline so easily.

It's called a bank. Use it.

I just want to achieve some moderate success. I might become a bit player in a sitcom, make some money, go on up the stairs, and then save my goddamn money. See, that's the problem with these actors and actresses. They don't save their money! They get on some shitty sitcom and end up blowing all of their money on pennywhistles and moon pies.

You know how I know Jaimee Foxworth is broke? She's in porn now. She's fucking men for money. She was the little girl on Family Matters, went up the stairs, and must have gotten a solicitation to do porn up there. Be careful of those stairs. I have some advice. If any of you ever become an actor

and the script calls for you to go up the stairs, learn to suck cock, because you might not be coming down!

So this chick is doing porn, fucking men, sucking cock, all for cash. But at least she isn't Urkel. Does anybody even know his real name? He might as well legally change his name to Steve Urkel. The fucker is so typecast that he will never ever get another role again. Never. The fucker can't even star in porn. No one would take him seriously because porn is serious business you know. Imagine watching Urkel in a porno. What would the cumshot be like?

> "Uh, uh, uh, yeah... oh yeah... I'm gonna come on your face slut. Oh god.... Take it in your mouth whore. Ughhhh... I'm cummin' whore. Eat it all up."

And the chick has sperm on her face and smiling to the camera like an idiot as if she was proud there's some guy's sperm on her face. Then Urkel turns to the camera and goes, "Did I do that?!"

You know what would be even better than that? Carl and Urkel doing Jaimee Foxworth at the same time. They're humping and pumping and Urkel comes too quickly and spouts out his famous catchphrase while Carl gets mad and goes, "STEVE! GO HOME, GO HOME, GO HOME!!!" More like go homo! The thing I hate about cum shots though, is when the guy shoots his jizz on a table or counter top and makes the chick lap it up like some kind of house cat. That just turns me off. You know what, just shoot it on her tits like any normal human being.

Wooo!!! Yeah!!! GO AL!!!

Al Bundy, I mean, Ed O'Neil is even more fucked than Urkel because O'Neil is actually a good actor. He expertly portrayed the downtrodden and working class Al Bundy for 12 years on TV's Married... with Children. Maybe he portrayed him a little too well. I tried to watch Dragnet when it was on. I really tried. I watched maybe ten episodes of that show. Did I watch it because I wanted to see another goddamn crime drama? No, I wanted to see AL BUNDY SOLVING THE TOUGH CRIMES AND TAKING OUT THE BAD GUYS. I would watch the show and at the end of every scene I expected to see Joe Friday flush a toilet and hear the live audience hoot and holler. The best thing about that show is that his partner in the first season was actually the kid he co-starred with in Dutch. Unfortunately, the series was cancelled.

Life has not been good to O'Neil after Married... with Children. His last project was a sitcom called In The Game. Here's the idea.

> *Riley Reed is a avid sports fan, single mom, who works as a segment producer for a sportstalk style TV show. Her life becomes just a little bit of a nightmare when she's promoted to the on air talent and she learns that on air reporters don't have such an easy job after all- especially with these co-workers!*

Oh boy, another faggot sitcom for women. Look at this horseshit. She's a single mom and a sports fan that becomes a sports anchor. Might as well write in a bunch of dragons and wizards into the show and turn it into a fantasy series. Come on. Life has not been good for Al Bundy indeed. Turns out the show was canned by ABC.

I just want to make a little bit of money and put it in the bank. Save my fucking money. I could live off $100,000 for the rest of my life easily. Don't believe me? Just look at how I live. Look at how I dress. I look like a homeless guy. I got kicked out of Denny's because I didn't meet the dress

code. I can't judge Jaimee Foxworth though. If I somehow lost all my money, I guess I would have to get into porn.

People get into porn because they are broke as shit. You never see anyone who has a couple million in his coffers suddenly want to take two 12 inch black cocks in their ass at the same time on camera. You can't find it. Let's take Kobe Bryant. He made millions playing basketball and not passing the ball. Even though he probably loves sex you will never see him in porn just because he wanted to try it, just wanted to try something new. Nobody does that!

Michael Jordan got into baseball because he always wanted to try it. If you see Michael Jordan in porn, it's not because he always had a calling to do porn, it's because he spent all of his money on Pop Rocks, or divorced his wife. Nothing puts you in porn faster than getting a divorce.

Before a divorce men say, "No way am I sticking a cock in my ass for fifty bucks." After a divorce they bend over and say, "I'll do it for $25. Where do you want me?" This alimony thing is out of control.

Most of our readers haven't been married or divorced yet, but those of you who have, you poor bastards. Should have cheated. No, wait, should have cheated and not gotten caught. Well, what do you want us to do? You trick us into marrying you with flagrant false advertising, then put on 300 pounds and start nagging us to death, and when we realize we just don't like you anymore we can't do anything about it! When we find another woman who doesn't have woodpeckers living in the folds of her ass fat we can't even divorce you without losing half our goddamn paycheck.

When you divorce one woman for another woman that is the most expensive piece of pussy you will ever purchase. Talk about not spending 40 dollars on a date. You'll be spending a hundred thousand bucks renting that pussy alone. That doesn't even cover all of the accessories, maintenance, and fuel. That's enough to give Tom Leykis several heart attacks, and we all know he's about due for one.

Ha ha divorce! Eh...

In the 1990s everybody was up in arms that the Mexicans were taking everybody's jobs. In the 2000s people are up in arms that every company is sending jobs to India. In the 2010s theater majors will be up in arms that all of the roles for Romeo and Juliet are going to black people. You white people are going out of style like having a telephone land line and it isn't going to stop anytime soon. Even here at Something Awful you are seeing this practice at work.

One week Ben "Greasnin" Platt was updating on Sundays. The next week it was me, a Hispanic. Did you think this was a coincidence? Nope. Lowtax felt that it was more cost effective to hire a Mexican guy who would do the same amount of work for less money. I am, in effect, gardening his Internet lawn. After years of refusing to hire minorities he finally caved in to the promise of incredible savings. In fact, the name "Kyanka"... Hm, "Kyanka". Isn't that a Jewish name? Sure sounds like it.

Because hey, that would certainly explain everything, wouldn't it?

-~Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

3.7 Never Trust a Fox in His Green Meadow...

Monday, Mar 07, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Streicher on trial.

Julius Streicher was hanged to death in 1946. He had to be dragged to the gallows kicking, spitting, and screaming at his jailors. As he approached the hangman's noose he shrieked "Heil Hitler!" As the stone-faced Americans in their pressed green uniforms pushed him up the steps he cried "And now I go to God!" Finally, as the executioners slipped the noose around his neck rage boiled across his features and he stared with hatred at the witnesses. "Purimfest 1946!" he cried. The lever was pulled. Streicher's neck snapped like dry wood and his legs thrashed spasmodically. He shit himself and a wet gurgle flecked with blood passed his lips.

His strange last words resonated with the Jews who heard them. Purim is the Jewish celebration of deliverance from Haman, the ruler of Persia, who sought to exterminate the Jews and ended up being hanged. The fact that Streicher empathized with Haman does not lessen the truth of his mad words. The Jewish people had once again barely survived to witness justice exacted on those who would see the Jews exterminated.

Streicher is infamous among those who have more than a casual interest in the Second World War. For the rest of the population his name is half-forgotten next to villains like Hitler, Goebbels, Goering, and Himmler. Streicher's particular brand of evil was insidious and low key. It was clever in a way that Hitler's vitriolic speeches and Goebbels' ridiculous propaganda were not. It was the black font from which sprung the slow rot of the German spirit.

Among other things, Julius Streicher wrote children's books. He was the goose stepping Dr. Seuss of Nazi Germany.

Streicher's most infamous work was a colorfully illustrated book bearing the cumbersome title "Never Trust a Fox in His Green Meadow and Never Trust the Oath of a Jew." Like most of the books written by Nazis the text is absolutely terrible. I don't mean that the content is disgusting - that should go without saying - I mean that Nazis all write as if they failed out of German at the Gymnasium. Have you read "Mein Kampf" lately? No? Don't read it. It's like a compilation of awkward Live Journal entries by a guy who sucked up too much phosgene in the trenches and wants society to pay him back everything it owes him. Streicher's books are just as awkward. Where else could you get feel-good rhymes like:

> *Now, children, keep a good look out*
> *Whenever you see a Jew about.*
> *The Jew creeps round, a regular fox,*
> *Keep your eyes open, or you'll be on the rocks*

Or the ever popular:

> *Jew Ikey comes on Friday home.*
> *A perfect gentleman he seems;*
> *A week of swindling stupid "goys"*
> *And telling lies bring Sabbath joys.*

Oh Jew Ikey, what *won't* you do?! What about Jewish lawyers? Surely Herr Doktor Professor

Streicher has something to say about them. Why yes, yes he does:

So long the Jewish lawyer fought,
Primed with the farmers butter and eggs.
Now round and plump and plump and round,
Jew lawyer weighs 240 pound.

I have to admit I sort of like the last couplet there. It sounds like something you might hear being used to describe an ass in a rap song.

Work it girl, bump it up and down,
Make it go up and down.
Now round and round with that plump and round,
Girl, dumps from your butts weighs 240 pound.

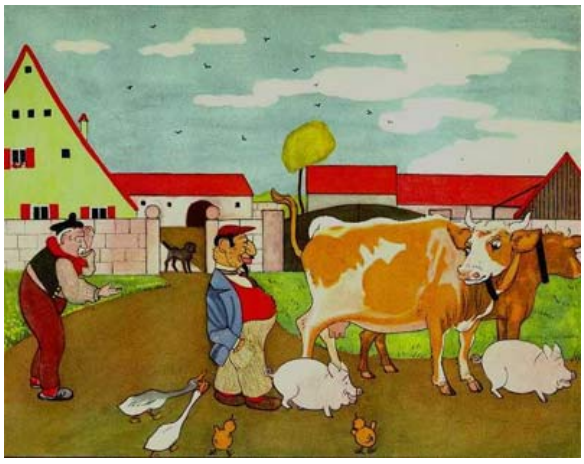
What makes Streicher's "Never Trust a Fox..." so magnificently terrible are not the words or the art; it's the fusion of the two. They form a sweet symphony of hate propaganda that is so grotesque seeing it for yourself actually makes it less easy to believe that it is real. Just so you can experience the same sick disbelief I would like to take you on an abbreviated tour of Streicher's book.

Starting with the cover we get a real feeling for the sort of incredible realism the artist was trying to capture. The Jew looks like a monk and the fox looks like the offspring of a tiger mating with a rabbit.

The book opens with a brief history of the evil origins of evil Jewry, then moves on to a comparison between Jews and Aryans. Let's have a look!

The German and the Jew.
Take a good look at the two
In the picture drawn for you.
A joke - you think it is only that?
Easy to guess which is which, I say:
The German stands up, the Jew gives way.

As you can see, Jews are nearly spherical and dress as if they were blind. Aryans, on the other hand, have proud chins, proud hair, proud noses, proud chests, and stomachs with bunches of weird folds that look like a scrotum. I'll remember to put that in my upcoming "wildly inaccurate caricatures of reality" taxonomy book. Several pages later Streicher tells the touching story of a farmer trying to sell his cows to pay off his debts. Unfortunately, the farmer had not counted on the Jews and their hypnotic deal making powers.



The Jew, however, was not ashamed
To pay him half the price he named.
Away went cattle with grinning Jew,
The farmer was heartbroken too.
Misfortune dogs him more and more;
In Jewish hands there's death in store.

Quite a leap there to go from steal of the century on some cows to Jews being the bringers of death. Besides, if the farmer needed the money so badly why didn't he just sell his cows to some non-Jew? They would obviously pay full price not being death incarnate and all. Surely the Jew would just take the cattle and sell them for rock-bottom prices at the butcher? Not according to Streicher who has another theory about Jewish butchers.

Isaac sells you meat 'Tis said,
But he gives you filth instead.
See that piece upon the floor,
Another the cat has in its paw.
The Jewish butcher never fails;
Dirty meat weighs more in the scales.

So the Jew is letting his cat play with a big sack of random filthy meat. I think what Streicher fails to realize, but the artist managed to capture, is that people are still happy about getting the dirty meat. In fact I think they're a little too happy. Look at the boy thing at the front. He looks like he's going to make a pass at that slab of filthpig. According to Streicher it would be bad enough if Jews were limited to shrewd cow negotiations and unsanitary butcher's shops. Unfortunately, Jews also have their wandering eyes on other prized Aryan possessions.

What a creature is the Jew.
Not even his own women he likes.
To share himself a German wife
He thinks just cute. You bet your life!

Oh no, the fat pilgrims are taking our white women! I like how they managed to work two evil Jew

rapists into this one. You've got the mega Jew up front in the 6X tuxedo and then if you look in the background there's a mini Jew with a Frisbee on his head and he is obviously ogling that prime cut of wunderkind over by the wall. Wait a second? Is the Jew trying to give that woman Mardi Gras beads? He is! This isn't just any Jew, this is the Jew version of "Girls Gone Wild's" Doug Stanhope. Wooooo, show us your yarmulkes baby! After all of these (and many other) horrors of Jewry there has to be something that can stop the filthy onslaught of Jews. Wait, there is!

From this picture may be seen,
Hitler Youth in splendid mien,
From smallest to the biggest boy.
All are husky, tough and strong.
They love their German Führer
And God in Heaven they fear.
But the Jews they must despise!

Thank G-D! The Hitler Youth inflatable sex toys are here to protect Germany from the Jews and their dirty meat. Their mouths incorporate dual speed sucking action for Der Führer's pleasure. Unfortunately, the ending is where things begin to get a little inaccurate.

In far-off South is the country
Which cradled Jewish ancestry.
Let them go back there with wife and child
As quickly as they came! -
What a disgusting picture
Is shown by these Jews, so dirty and wild.

Oh really? I didn't know that Gas Chamber was a country in the far-off south. And it looks to me like the Germans let the Jews keep their pilgrim hats and bundles of filthy cat toy meat. I seem to remember something about the Germans prying fillings out of the skulls of Jews and melting them down to make gold SS rings. I guess to be fair we can't actually see inside their mouths so maybe the Hitler Youth inflatables worked them over with pliers already. Notice the geese and Hobbits enjoying the exodus of the Jews to their far away land.

For more than 12 years Streicher was instrumental in shaping the youth of Germany into hate-fueled recruits for the Nazi war machine. His lies were as easily swallowed as telling a child about Santa Claus, only it took the fall of an empire to reveal that Santa doesn't really deliver Christmas presents. Julius Streicher flailed the last bit of his dignity away as the guards at Spandau practically carried him to the gallows. His final proclamation attempted to give truth to the lie that Jews had perpetrated their evil throughout history. In the hearts of Streicher and what few fools like him remain, Santa will always be the one filling the stockings.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.8 How to Win Any Argument On the Internet

Tuesday, Mar 08, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

This person is angry on the Internet. This is what I look like every morning I open my email client, except I have much sexier boobs.

People often write me lengthy, complex, completely misspelled emails informing me in graphic detail exactly how much I suck. Sometimes these messages contain explicit drawings depicting the various ways I fail to meet even basic expectations of a mentally retarded janitor, while others compare my writing style to the prose etched into Taco Bell bathroom walls. Flame emails represent the greatest benefit of working on the Internet; within seconds of expressing your thoughts or opinions on your own free website, the average Internet user will receive anywhere between 100 and 1,000 flame emails comparing him to a particularly revolting strain of bacteria living in a certain barnyard animal's anus. Most seasoned newspaper and television reporters often quit the industry for Internet reporting jobs, just to take advantage of this useful free feature. Not many people know this, but the whole reason Dan Rather retired from CBS was so he could open his own website, "DAN RATHER'S AWESOME PICS AND SHIT" which currently features a series of clips depicting him skateboarding off his deck and throwing rotten fruit at a street sign while choice selections from "A Perfect Circle" blares in the background.

I try to view flame mail as a useful service; if I never checked my email, how else would I be aware of how much I suck? I mean, my mother isn't going to call me up and start screaming, "hey Rich, you like to have sex with dogs because you're dumb and gay and you have the intelligence of a charcoal briquette," although that's partially because she knows it's impossible for me to pick up the phone while having sex with my dogs. Unfortunately, some folks don't appreciate the Internet's quick and effortless ability to distribute obscene, curse-filled diatribes to anybody within seconds. These people, upon discovering somebody's rather negative opinion of them, react furiously and begin a counterattack which they believe will surely set their aggressor straight. Of course this seldom works, as the average Internet flame war lasts roughly 14 years and sometimes spans multiple generations of users. Do you remember the infamous, bloody Hatfields and McCoys feud? That whole thing was started when Staton Hatfield sent an AIM message to Sam McCoy saying, "Y DID U STEAL MY HOG LOL???"

If you're itching for a confrontation and possess both the time and patience to debate one of the countless Internet denizens lacking any semblance of a life, feel free to consult the following handy guide to winning any Internet argument ever. Following these simple, easy steps will solidify your position in the Internet Hall of Debating Fame, which is currently just a Post-It note stuck to the bottom of a E.L. Fudge package in Toledo, Ohio basement.

1) **NEVER DEFEND YOUR OWN POINTS.** Don't forget this monumental Internet argument cornerstone even if you fall down a well and get amnesia and learn you're pregnant with your mother's son's evil twin. Never, under any circumstance, attempt to defend what you've said; just attack the other person's argument over and over and over until one of you dies of old age or some legislative branch agrees to shut down the Internet forever. Defending yourself or your argument is a weak act of desperation which informs your enemy that you're completely open to attack. The grizzled Internet debater will never address the validity of their previous claims, instead opting to forge ahead and stay on the offensive despite any erroneous or outright false statements they said in the past, effectively keeping the enemy on their toes. You should view Internet arguments as a really crummy fighting game: only the utter idiots bother pressing the "block / defend" button. While

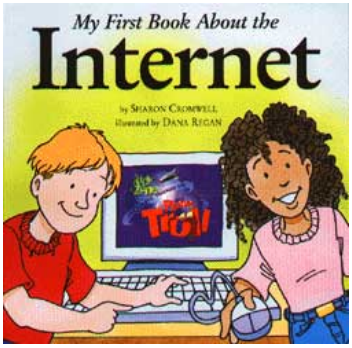
your enemy cowers in a corner with their arms raised above their face to futilely protect them, real men pull off complex 408-move combos that involve transforming into a fiery phoenix of doom and releasing unrelenting waves of liquid napalm Satan clown death upon them.

EXAMPLE ARGUMENT:

FLAME:hey fag i read ur article abotu ford cars and I just wanna let u know ur stupid and dont know nothing about cars cuz CHEVY IS THE BEST CAR MAKER IN THE WORLD!!!!

INCORRECT RESPONSE: No, I firmly believe what I wrote is correct, Ford automobiles have excelled in both price and safety over the past few years, which is why I feel they are the superior choice when purchasing a new car.
CORRECT RESPONSE: uhhhhhhh no, you're wrong and stupid and dumb and u dont know what ur talking about so maybe u should get off the internet and instead go kiss a elf cuz ur dumb as a fool!!!
EVER BETTER RESPONSE: I'M GUNNA KILL YOU WITH MY DESERT EAGLE!!!

2) CLAIM YOU WORK IN WHATEVER FIELD YOU'RE ARGUING ABOUT. If you find yourself discussing anime, say you're an animator who works for some Japanese company that manufactures games about nipples. If somebody begins complaining about web design, tell them you're a professional web designer who has completed projects for large conglomerates such as Coca Cola and Macromedia and the moon. If you're arguing about World War II and the political ramifications of Asia's isolation sentiment, declare you're the President of Asia. There is no subject that you, the professional, does not know about thanks to your extensive work in the field of, well, whatever you're arguing. It doesn't matter if all your firsthand knowledge of the subject derives from half an episode of "Pokemon" you overheard while cleaning your cat's litter, the magic of the Internet allows you to have gained real-life experience of any given subject in any given industry at any given time!



Oh look, a young Conan O' Brien is using the Internet to research how to use the mouse correctly.

EXAMPLE ARGUMENT:

FLAME: how dare u say that abortion should be legal! WTF is wrong with u?! abortion should be outlawed and if you kill a baby then the president should kill u for being a murderar becuz tiny babys are just like litle ppl and ur a muderer!!!

INCORRECT RESPONSE: Well I may just be a single mother, but I still think abortion is a woman's choice, not the government's.
CORRECT REPONSE: Well I may just be an aborted fetus, but I still think abortion is a woman's choice, not the government's.

3) IF LOSING AN ARGUMENT, FEIGN FRUSTRATION AND THEN CLAIM YOU'RE BLOCKING THE PERSON. Every person on the Internet harbors a secret fear of having their communications blocked by somebody, particularly when they're devastating that

person in an argument. If you ever make a critical mistake and discover you cannot match either the intensity or intelligence of the person whom you're facing up against, simply descend into a spiral of frustration, one ending with a curt goodbye and notice that this person will never, ever, ever, ever be able to contact you again because you are putting them on your fabled ignore list of doom. Tell them in explicit, concrete terms you're absolutely fed up with their idiocy and simply cannot bear to read another word of their text, and if you somehow accidentally receive another communication from them, your head will explode and shower the surrounding tri-metro area with fragments of your brain atoms. The announcement of your impending communications blockade serves as a true trump card, one capable of not only ending the argument, but additionally declaring you the winner because there's no possible way for your opponent to get the last word, and as everybody on the Internet knows, the only way to win an argument is to get the final word!

EXAMPLE ARGUMENT:

> **FLAME:** i cant believe u said that president clinton was the 16th president, tahts wrong, he was the 42nd president you damn ideiot, and i should know cuz my dad worked in the ovale office last year and he's in the social security which protext the president from terrists
>
> **INCORRECT RESPONSE:** Upon completing some rudimentary research, I have reached the conclusion that you are correct and I was wrong! My apologies, dear sir, and thank you for revealing truth to me!
> **CORRECT RESPONSE:** GOD THIS IS SO POINTLESS!!! listen I am sick of saying this over and over, you obviously r to stupid to understand even BASIC ENGLITSH and Im getting sick of your dumb emails so I'm blocking u once and for all GOODBYE DUMB ASS! DONT BOTHER EMAILING ME CUZ I WONT GET IT, WELCOME TO IGNORESVILLE POPULATION: YOU, HOPE U LIKE TALKING TO A BLOCK LIST HAHAHAHAHA.

Welcome to the Hitlernet!

4) AT SOME POINT IN TIME, CLAIM THE OTHER PERSON IS A NAZI. Every, and I repeat EVERY Internet argument should involve at least one comparison to either Hitler or the Nazis. This is one of the most basic requirements of an average Internet debate, and although ignorant outsiders may find it silly to compare a person arguing on the Internet with an individual responsible for the execution of millions, this action represents one of the most traditional pillars of every online debate. The earliest recorded instance of the infamous "Nazi clause" can be traced to Greg "suprsk8r" Henderson, who used Q-Link in July of 1986 to call Alex "Dr_Millions" Wilson "the Adolf Hitler of preseason NCAA fantasy league basketball" over People Connection.

> **FLAME:**uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh no i dont think taht GI Joe could beat the Transformers in a battle cuz Optomus prime would like totally kill the shit out of duke and waht do u know about anything anyway u reteard
>
> **INCORRECT RESPONSE:** Dear Internet cur, I'll have you know that your churlish actions and replies reek of an insolent ignoramus! Why, upon reading your cretinous claim, I let out a mighty scoff and nearly choked upon my brandy!
> **CORRECT RESPONSE:** FUK U HITLER!!!

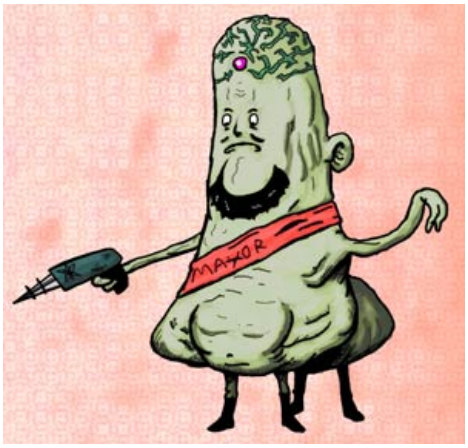
Please, ladies and gentlemen: friends don't let friends argue on the Internet. But if you discover the irresistible urge to strike back against somebody who insulted your intelligence on the Internet,

a medium which rewards those with insulting intelligence, please use this guide to your advantage and thoroughly decimate anybody foolhardy enough to challenge your online prowess. After all, I am a professional webmaster and I'll block your email if you think otherwise, YOU DUMB ASS.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.9 Learning to Cope with Alien Occupations

Wednesday, Mar 09, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



It's everyone's worst nightmare. The alien ships appear and hover over our capitals like ominous clouds, and then they become our capitals. The hours tick away, disappearing into the unknown graveyard ethers of time along with our freedoms. Soon, the jackbooted thugs of a cosmic cancer are marching through the streets, trampling everything that stands in the way of their complete dominance. Mankind loses ground quickly, and soon humans are but beasts shepherded about from cage to cage on a long journey towards inevitable death. Congratulations, you are now living the nightmare of a horrifying alien occupation of our beloved planet!

Should you find yourself in the unlikely scenario of living in an alien dominated society, there are a few simple steps you can follow to stay happy and healthy. The important thing to do is not give in to fear, because that's exactly what they want you to do. These alien slimebags came a long way to see you squirm, so be sure to disappoint them with a positive attitude and good posture. Because of years of dwelling in subterranean munitions factories beneath poisoned atmospheres and living in cramped, poorly lit space craft, aliens have terrible posture and are naturally envious of anyone with good posture.

Step One: Power in Numbers

You can't expect to overthrow an alien occupation on your own, not unless you are God. If you are God this article does not apply to you. I should also remind you, God, that you have more important things to be doing than reading this website. Also, please fix the burning when I urinate problem. No, to properly overthrow the full might of the alien oppressors, you will need a good solid army of reliable and dedicated alien toppling enthusiasts. You'll find such specimens all throughout the neighborhood. In every house, in every bar, in every local shop, they exist waiting and ready to join the fabled resistance if only you give them the chance. You should probably do that.

Pro Tip: Assign a member to acquire and prepare beverages for all meetings! Studies show that people enjoy refreshments, and your movement should be all about putting the needs of people first.

To do this you need to organize regular support groups that appeal to the downtrodden ranks of mankind. Believe it or not, this is as easy as winking at the right person at the right time or just by going up to them and yelling, "HELLO, I AM FIGHTING THE ALIENS! WILL YOU JOIN MY IMPROMPTU RESISTANCE MOVEMENT?"

After you recruit a small band, instruct them to recruit people they know and begin meeting at a secretive location. The best kinds of locations are abandoned warehouses or factories, abandoned sewer systems or subway stations, or bingo halls if you can get a good rate. Depending on the bingo hall, it might help to mention to the owner that you're friends with Joe.

Be sure to brand your movement with a creative and catchy logo that you can graffiti around high population areas and secret meeting halls. This will help your fellow resistance members locate each other and mark territory. Some good ideas for logos include Calvin urinating on a UFO or a clown blasting an alien in the face with a bottle of seltzer water. Make sure the clown has good posture.

Step Two: Be Respectful to Your Cruel Occupiers

Pro Tip: Alien occupiers do not like it when you hurl things in their face. This is the quickest route to getting zapped with a massive jolt by an angry foot soldier you made the dumb mistake of throwing a Chinese takeout carton at.

Your nefarious occupiers are looking for any chance they can get to do you in. Because of this, you should extend every effort into being courteous and polite to them. This will ease any suspicions they have about you, which in turn will make it easier for you to plan against them. Keep in mind that although they are evil and would gladly plug wires into your brain to torture you with haunting images of the millions of worlds they've slaughtered, they are people too, in their own special way. Just because they're bullies doesn't mean that they don't have feelings. You would probably be a crabby bee if your Hive Queen didn't show you enough love in the Central Birthing Nexus on the third moon of Tramlon, too. Think hugs, not nightmare brain plugs. Be sure to compliment them on their posture whenever possible.

Should you do this successfully, there is a good chance you might even make friends with one of the occupiers, gaining a valuable speedburst power-up to accelerate your journey on the road towards victory.

Step Three: Smart Resistance is Effective Resistance

When building a resistance movement, you want to properly structure power so that it is not all centralized on one lone, stoic figure of pure shimmering heroism. A lot of young rebellions make the mistake of rallying around a central figure, and end up in a world of trouble when that figure fails them. Your messiah doesn't look so promising when you find out he is incapable of talking, or injures his groin and has to be pushed around in a wheelchair. And what would happen if the aliens got a hold of him and brainwashed him? Pure trouble from mountain to shore, that's what.

Instead, establish a committee to handle all aspects of the resistance and to make decisions democratically. It will be a lot harder for the aliens to compromise your grand mission and if there are multiple leaders. Be sure to take on an important role in this committee, as you don't want to end up as another faceless cog in the newly bustling human resistance industry!

Pro Tip: Steal some alien uniforms! These will come in handy for recon missions in alien bases and for securing precious supplies of beverages for the weekly meetings.

Step Four: The Big Day!

Congratulations! You're finally ready to knock those alien occupiers out of orbit and back to the depths of outer space where they belong! To do this you will need to mobilize your loyal army into completing a series of dramatic attacks designed to highlight the weaknesses of the occupiers, and in turn coerce the indifferent population to rise up and fight back. This also means that you are a terrorist, so be sure to make sure your side wins. Think of this day as a PowerPoint presentation. What points do you want to get across? What do you want people to take away? It's important to keep the audience enthralled and enticed as you fire round after round of bullet points at your enemies.

Pro Tip: Just because your enemy wears his heart on his sleeve doesn't mean you should. Shoot them in the flashing red spots on their forehead, chest, or arm cannons to achieve decisive victory.

Regardless of how you run your peripheral strikes, make sure your main focus is on the center of power, usually an awkwardly guarded citadel or flying saucer with easy access provided you procure some uniforms and keycards and can pull of the mannerisms of a maintenance man okay. Also note that if your brother, sister, pet, lover, child, parent or guardian, spiritual mentor, or leader gets kidnapped, it is a given fact that they will be taken there. When attempting a rescue, remember time is of the essence, as they are likely being raped, tortured, or murdered. When you eventually do find your kidnapped brother, sister, pet, lover, child, parent or guardian, spiritual mentor, or leader, he, she, or it will undoubtedly be smiling from ear to ear when they see you, provided they still have the face and mouth with which to do so. Otherwise carefully bag up their remains and get the hell out of there before the whole thing blows!

■ Step Five: The Big Cleanup

By now the aliens are hanging their necks as they always do because of bad posture and are running back into the voluptuous abyss of outer space. This means that the committee in charge of running the resistance is now in prime position to move in and take over all the oppressive duties once carried out by the alien occupiers. The beautiful cycle of domination has now completed one revolution.

Pro Tip: As a member of the new human government, you will have the complete respect and admiration of your population. Now's the time to abuse power like a crazy son of a bitch!

I do have to admit I have never lived in an alien occupied world, but I have a feeling that I might one day live in one. I base my strategies on overcoming alien occupation purely on common sense and a love for beverages and good posture. I think those are the traits that make us most human, and thus are greatest strengths to use against enemies.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.10 The Mothra Prophecies

Thursday, Mar 10, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Hi, my name is Gigan, and I'm a 500-foot radioactive monster. Sure it may not seem all that special nowadays with you kids and your cherry/vanilla soda hybrids and complicated basketball shoes, but in the 50's and 60's we were the talk of Tokyo. We were larger than life, the kings of civilized eastern Asia. When I look back at those turbulent times of crushing buildings, eating countless armies, and fighting my fellow monsters, I have to chuckle. We were so young, brash, and cocky, thinking that we could live this fast-paced lifestyle forever. We were fools, and in the end we paid for our ignorance.

A lot of people ask me if I know Mothra. Sure I knew Mothra, but nobody really *knew* Mothra. I worked with him many times and he was a pro all the way. He was never late for a battle, and brought a touch of class to our art form of deconstruction that many people just thought were clicks and whistles. He was always a distant sort of chap, lost in his own thoughts, shying away from the loud groups of monsters like Rodan and Battra. Maybe he was a dreamer and had bigger plans for himself other than serving as a taxi for two little Samoan bints, and knocking over skyscrapers with his blustery wings.

Here is a rather embarrassing pic of me in '63. I'm on the Akins diet now.

He was a rebel, but not in the traditional sense of the word. He saw all the hate, death, and confusion that were caused by the war, and the devastation that it caused to his homeland of Japan. If there was to be peace in our time then it was up to the beings of Monster Island to enforce it. But it didn't really work out that way. This is a story about how Mothra pushed the boundaries of what we as misunderstood genetic oddities could accomplish with teamwork and the power of true love, and how it all fell apart. There is no way to tell his story without telling my own. And if his story really is a confession, then so is mine.

One day in the summer of '64, I was walking down the road towards the Nagasaki harbor looking for a nice sandy spot to catch up on my reading. Then all of a sudden a barrage of tanks starts shooting me! I mean, what the fuck? See, every time a monster would venture into human territory, they'd never leave you alone and keep blasting at you with their stupid little tanks and planes that sting like a mother. So for awhile, I was just stepping on tanks and kicking over power lines, and then I caught a glimpse of Mothra swooping down to join in the fray. First of all let me tell you a little more about Mothra. He was always really sympathetic to the human condition and was

always the first to defend them. Modern psychologists promote coddling the weak, but back then we saw that as a huge fault, probably Mothra's largest. So Mothra and I get into a fight, a real ball buster. He flapped his wings, creating hurricane gale winds and I fell onto a suspension bridge, and then I shot a laser out of my horn and knocked him out of the sky. I was beating up on him pretty good but then that asshole Godzilla crashed the party.

Godzilla was the prima donna of the group. I think his lizard of a mother ignored him because he always had to be at the center of attention. Even if you wanted to have relaxing, quality alone time destroying a power plant or eating some school kids, it was guaranteed he would show up and screech "Hey what's going on? Wanna hang out? I made a new demo tape." All the other monsters went out of their way to avoid him at all costs. Anyway, once again he ruined what was turning out to be a classic heads up battle. Then something happened that would change the monster community forever. Mothra, the center of calm and reason, totally lost it and started beating the crap out of Godzilla. It really took Godzilla off guard because they were supposed to be friends, but Mothra just cracked. He never could handle the stress of this sort of work, and after knocking Godzilla down with a laser bolt from his eyes, it was obvious that Mothra had gone mad. We both looked at each other in puzzlement as Mothra flew back to Monster Island were he stayed in seclusion for many years.

Things changed after that. Mothra was the glue that held the collective Asian monster society together, and if he couldn't hack it in the long run, what chance did we have? Godzilla was the first to go. Soon he had a wife and this little brat of a kid called Minya. She didn't approve of him being out too late or coming home with mortar shells lodged in his scales, so the random destruction in Japan nearly ceased. Also that little shit Minya was loud, annoying, and stricken with chronic ADD. Godzilla was a horrible parent, because hey, how can he really discipline the child, after all his wanton rampages causing the deaths of millions, without sounding like a hypocrite? To make matters worse, Hedorah, the smog monster, committed suicide with sleeping pills. "None of this would be happening if Mothra was here," we would all glumly say as we pussyfooted around in our half-hearted battles.

Godzilla with his little turd of a son, Minya. This was right when Godzilla was telling him he was adopted.

It was then that we had the intervention for Mothra. His self-loathing, morbid isolation, and heavy drinking was tearing us apart. We all showed up: Godzilla, Angilas, King Kong, Biollante, Baragon, Spiega, Jet Jaguar, and even Ebirah. Ghidora made brownies. At first Mothra was very defensive, like anybody would be in his position, but he quickly realized that we were right and his behavior was not just self-destructive, but affecting all of Monster Island. Not to mention that the Samoan twins had grown fat on coconut husks and melons in his absence. It finally took a hard smack with Godzilla's tail to rouse him out of his glum state and knock us all over with a wind tornado of anger. Soon we had a huge battle royale that was tons of fun, and when nobody was looking, I threw a large boulder on Minya's head and gave him permanent brain damage. We rejoiced for the old Mothra was back and Monster Island was once again a place of excitement and awkward, cumbersome fighting.

Monster Island in the middle sixties was a very special time and place to be a part of. Maybe it meant something. Maybe not, in the long run. But no explanation, no mix of words or music or memories, can touch that sense of knowing that you were there and alive in that corner of time and the world. We had all the momentum; we were riding the crest of a high and beautiful wave. So now, less than 35 years later, you can go up on a steep hill in Tokyo and look west, and with the right kind of eyes you can almost see the high-water mark - the place where the wave finally broke and rolled back, drowning a small fishing village.

Mothra is currently available for birthdays, Bar Mitzvahs, and bachelor parties

What does this MDMA induced flashback into the helicon days of monsters and madness mean? I'm not really sure, but it feels nice to just talk and grind my teeth into a fine powder while listening to trance and spinning these glow sticks here. These days Mothra is retired to the Hawaii area on the big island and has four little caterpillars of his own, and I hear he's as happy as can be. Godzilla sold Minya to China to work in their rock quarry and made a deal with Hollywood for some crappy movie that bombed at the box office. Ghidora became a gourmet cook and is currently top ranked on the popular show, The Iron Chef. As for myself, I'm a club DJ in Tokyo and kick out the phat beats for all the girls and boys to get down to. If I had to say I've learned anything from my experiences at Monster Island with Mothra, it's that you need to believe your heart, and in your friends. Never let go of the rainbow, and chase that crazy star until you are the king of your dreams. Thanks for the listen kids. Stay in school and don't forget to do your taxes! Peace out.

-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

3.11 Kids Continue to Say the Darnedest Shit

Friday, Mar 11, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Kids Say the Darnedest Shit series.

Most people love kids. They are adorable, sometimes surprisingly clever, and they're always eager to speak their mind. That's why I have been continuing to journey to Mrs. Klinger's 3rd grade class at Whitebrook elementary school here in Chicago. Mrs. Klinger doesn't always like the questions I ask her students, but she's been very polite and cooperative. Thanks to her I am able to bring you an all new "Kids Say the Darnedest Shit."

Let's find out what those little scamps have been up to!

What do you think the best solution is for racism in America?

"The south should rise again to teach us about togetherness, the cotton gin, and the entire 6,000 years of geologic history."

"Oh come on, let the orcs vote."

"Send the minorities to their own country. I hear AIDS has almost cleared out Liberia."

"Racism is a myth. The real problem is reverse racism. It's getting to the point where a white guy can hardly get into Harvard or get elected to the White House."

"As long as those Mexicans keep bending my delicious tacos I could not care less."

If your parents were gone and you could drink anything you want, what would you?

"Mommy and daddy are gone?! Where did they go? Are they dead?"

"I am a latchkey kid so I would just do what I usually do and suck the mercury out of broken thermometers."

"I would like to drink the funny juice that turns daddy into an incredible hulk and makes his punches stronger."

"I would open my mouth as I plunge into the river Styx so that I can finally forget all of the terrible deeds that weigh heavy on my soul."

"All of the Royal Crown Cola mommy's money can buy!"

What do you think about North Korea's claims of possessing nuclear weapons?

"If North Korea really had nukes don't you think they would have bought a French submarine for a launch platform by now?"

"What do I look like, some sort of political analyst? I'm in the third grade! Besides, I'm far too busy composing my latest cantata to worry about which way the wind is blowing in some third world dictatorship on the other side of the globe."

"I don't know if they have nuclear bombs or not, but I fully support Dear Leader in his effort to throw off the imperialist aggressors of America and unite Korea in a new era of peace and cooperation."

"I saw a guy with a sign that said 'what about America's weapons of mass destruction?' and that made me think; I really want to punch that guy."

"They probably do, so hopefully we'll invade them after we're done with Iran and Syria."

Where would you like to have your next birthday party?

"It doesn't really matter where, so long as it's in a state that allows concealed carry."

"I would like to see the ruins of Golgotha and walk through the crumbling gutters that carried the blood and filth of a dead Christ."

"I think that I would probably want to have my next birthday in some third world country like Rwanda or Indiana just so I can rub my family's wealth and prosperity in the noses of the permanently destitute."

"Like all Vikings I wish to sup at the right hand of Odin in the hallowed halls of Valhalla."

"I want to go to Egypt because I think that's probably the only way I can get the ghost of Anwar Sadat to appear during a séance."

What is your favorite video game character and why?

"I am partial to the Tomb Raider lady. She has really nice child-bearing hips and I would like to kiss her and then have a Pac Man as a baby."

"Dig-Dug because like me he is caught in an endless fight against grave robbers."

"Sonic the Hedgehog loves chili dogs! I hate them, so whoever finally successfully kills him has my vote."

"I really empathize with the guy in Doom 3. Like him I suffer from a rare condition called Uniform Refractive Corneal Dysphasia that makes everything dark and laminated."

"Mario stomps turtles to death, I stomp turtles to death. My mommy says we are quite a pair. She even calls me Luigi and then I throw a dead turtle at her and that quiets her down for a little bit."

When you turn 16 what car would you like to be able to drive?

"I don't think cars are appropriate when technology provides us with much more ecologically sound alternatives to never getting laid like the Segway."

"My daddy hates SUVs and I hate my daddy so take a wild guess."

"Something with a lot of trunk space and a rubberized non-absorbent liner that can be completely sterilized with bleach."

"I think I would like to get one of those Mini Cooper cars because I want to grow up and be hugely fat and nothing is funnier than a fat guy in a tiny car."

"By the time I'm 16 we'll all be dead in the Rapture anyway. I guess if you mean drive in Heaven I would say that you would not need to drive because Heaven is a lie and there is only the cold blackness of oblivion beyond the final door of death."

Where do you think NASA should be focusing its attention and resources?

"Mankind dare not venture further into that black beyond, for lurking on the threshold of that abyss are beings incomprehensible and dangerous to our feeble minds."

"How can our government afford to spend money on a rocket when there are people all across America living in the streets and eating dirt without a rocket of their own?"

"I think we should send a probe deep inside Uranus. I would like to know more about how the core composition and tectonic movements of Uranus contribute to the unusual alignment of the planet's magnetic fields."

"The moon is not fully subjugated. I demand a second assault wave preceded by a massive nuclear bombardment."

"NASA should probably focus its attention and resources on getting me off this crappy rock."

If you could be in any musical group which one would you choose?

"Does Britney Spears count as a musical group? I would like to be in her."

"Fitty' is my main street nigga, finga on the trigga, got a problem to resolve, and my britches gettin' bigga. Ha ha ha. Honestly I have no idea what I just said I think blacks are hilarious."

"I think I want to be in U2 because I like to be very proactive politically and I think Boner has a cute butt."

"Is the Pillsbury Dough Boy still rapping about crescent rolls? I really like those."

"I want to be in Motley Crue because I think it would prove to be a nonjudgmental environment for my crippling dyslexia."

If you enjoyed hearing from Mrs. Klinger's class please let me know! Maybe I can persuade her into letting me pay yet another visit. There are only a couple more months in the schoolyear so hopefully I can get back before a new batch of little troublemakers fill up her homeroom.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.12 Awful Adventure 3: Shadow of Nerd

Saturday, Mar 12, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

If there's one thing the long-running Sonic The Hedgehog series is all about, it's using a handgun to kill the fuck out of your enemies in a gritty world. Right? Sega seems to think so, as the recently announced **Sonic Adventure 3: Shadow of Hedgehog** (that's 100% real) will feature a darker version of Sonic - creatively called Shadow - running through slums and blowing bad guys' cuddly little skulls apart, presumably to expunge multitudes of golden rings hidden inside.

To some this might appear to be an unnatural change, like a Mario title with nudity or a Tomb Raider game that's good. I say it's a move in the right direction, but it's still not enough. My finger is on the irregular pulse of the gaming community so I can safely state that no one wants originality or unique gameplay elements. What they do want is a bit of the old ultraviolence, a steaming side of the profane, a bowl of the macabre, a teacup full of sexuality, and a gravy boat filled with gravy.

Heads getting lopped off, exposed breasts, torture, geysers of blood, needles penetrating the viscous surface of human eyeballs; this is what it takes just to make a decent opening cinematic. In these exciting times, we've discovered that a non-player character with impressive cleavage is an acceptable alternative for an NPC with well-written dialogue, and that a main character with a sassy attitude can easily replace a carefully detailed backstory. By leaving out such time-consuming aspects of game development, creators can finally focus on making realistic blood spray patterns and cranking the brightness of each texture down until it is completely impossible to see.

Think I'm way off? You're really argumentative, and wrong too. Not only is Sega on my side, but a crop of recently announced titles will back me up further. Like Shadow of Hedgehog, these games take classic franchises and update them with an amount of grit you won't find in even the biggest box of grits. Unless you shop at one of those places that sell eighty rolls of toilet paper in one package and giant canisters filled with twelve frozen pizzas.

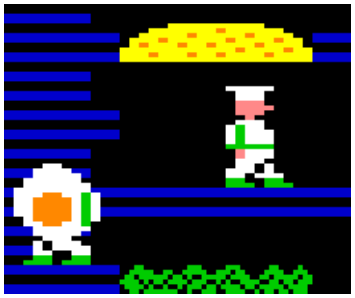
■ Frogger On Fire

He spent his whole life running from traffic, now he's spending his last few seconds hopping for the tire of a sixteen wheeler.

During a routine breast exam, Frogger learns that he suffers from Frog Hopkins' disease, a condition that will take his life within weeks. Unfortunately his insurance policy won't pay a dime to his surviving wife and twelve tadpoles if he succumbs to an illness. It will, however, pay out big time if he dies in a car accident.

In this open-ended freeform game , you'll guide Frogger under the wheels of whichever car you wish. The bigger the splat you make, the more money your grief-stricken family will receive. Take the crash mode from Burnout 3, add the impressive ragdoll physics of Half-Life 2, then top it all off by pilfering the soundtrack from Katamari Damacy but change a few notes so no one can sue for copyright infringement.

- **Burger Time, Bitches**



Goo goo g'joob.

This is exactly the same as the 1980's game, only the main character chooses to thumb his nose at authority by wearing his chef hat backwards. It's pretty much impossible to tell by looking, but trust me, it's backwards all right. Take that, authority!

- **Pac-Man III**

Moving through claustrophobic corridors, you desperately search for items that will let you move on to the next map while unsure of what ungodly horror is about to come around the next corner. This has been the basic setup of Pac-Man for years, but this time around you'll experience events in first-person mode. You'll find that the environments of each maze are a lot darker from Pac-Man's perspective, and you'll need your flashlight to navigate the hallways. Be careful, though, because you can't hold the flashlight and chomp at the same time.

- **Counter-Kong**

In this update of the arcade classic Donkey Kong, the titular ape has joined forced with the terrorists and is hurling an unlimited supply of suicide bombers through the streets of Israel. Only counter terrorism agent Mario can stop him now, so luckily his defense isn't limited to jumping this time around. As the bombers roll their way toward him, Mario can grab local civilians and use them as human shields or douse the bomber in a spray of sulfuric acid with the FLUDD backpack introduced in Mario Sunshine. Will Mario save the beautiful field reporter Daisy from the clutches of this madape?

"Winners Don't Use Drugs!" - William Sessions, Director Of The FBI

- **NARC**

The original NARC has gone 3D! Instead of two cops wearing red and blue spacesuits, the protagonists will now be 20-somethings dressed in hip clothing. And get this, they'll *take* the very drugs that they're supposed to be taking off the street, man. If that's not edgy, I don't know what is or where I parked my car.

- **Japanese Paperboy**

Are you Paperboy enough to maneuver your bicycle through hectic streets and deliver explicit hentai pornography? Utilizing your controller's analog stick, you must turn your bike's pedals to the rhythm of the J-Pop music while pressing the A button to toss the comics into your customers' anxious open mouths. This ain't your grandma's Paperboy! Unless it actually is, and you're borrowing it or playing it at her house!

Looking at these games, it seems as though my prayers have been answered, right? Wrong again. You're 0-2 today, what's up with that? While the development of these games is definitely a positive trend, more can be done to promote obscene games. For instance, there are speculations floating around that a pc processor entirely devoted to video game physics is currently in development. It's a device in the same vein as a video card, only it is obviously devoted to powering the complicated physics of modern games. Might I suggest a processor whose considerable power is entirely dedicated to generating shitty nu-metal on the fly? Think of the possibilities. Prince of Persia: The Warrior Within turned out twice as good as the original because of the jarringly out of place music, so it stands to reason that Madden 2005 with the nu-metal processor would be 4,010 times as good. That's a lot of goods! Now imagine getting that level of awesomeness from every game you buy, and

you'll begin to see why I'm such a big proponent of dark and edgy games.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.13 Exciting Employment Opportunities at Something Awful!

Sunday, Mar 13, 2005 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

Here is our boss Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka taking a break from writing an update about lawn care to pose for the camera! Hi Lowtax!

When I first began writing for Something Awful I discovered very quickly what a wonderful place it is to work at. Everybody is so friendly. I can't count the number of times other writers have helped me with my updates, given me helpful advice, or accidentally discharged their firearm in my face. It truly is a incredible place to work and we want you to be a part of that. We are currently looking for qualified applicants to join our Something Awful team. Maybe you've seen our ad in your local newspaper? If not, here it is.

> *** MEN WITH HUGE COCKS ***
> ** LOOKING FOR WRITERS FOR WEB SITE ***
> ** MAKE A MILLION DOLLARS A DAY ***
> ** ALL THE WHORES YOU CAN EAT ***
> ** **NO COPS PLEASE** ***

Due to a tragic blimp accident we have hundreds of positions that we have to fill fast or we risk losing our Employer Bus Pass Program. That's where you come in. Are you looking to enter the exciting industry of putting words on a web site to be read by millions of people, readers stopping halfway through your update, and then emailing you to call you a fag? Then Something Awful is for you! Our open positions currently include:

- Front page updater
- Creative Consultant
- Blimp pilot
- Slip and fall scam artist
- Pickpocket
- Director of Fellatio (must have a valid driver license)
- Ambulance chaser
- Vicodin runner
- Soothsayer
- Ding-dong-ditcher

In addition to a generous salary that sort of complies with all federal and state minimum wage laws Something Awful employees enjoy a bevy of benefits as long as they sign our indemnity agreement and keep their mouths shut. These include full medical, dental, and vision coverage from our back alley doctor, unlimited use of our official Something Awful glory holes, and two free whiskey bottles (you must supply your own whiskey).

If you are interested in working at Something Awful just call 555-555-GOLD 24 hours a day, seven days a week. You will hear a recorded message informing you of our audition dates and application requirements. While we are an equal opportunity employer applicants must be free of disability, birth defects, and must not be ugly. Sorry, no Polacks.

Our auditions are held in beautiful Compton, California. There you will hear a one hour seminar on the history of the Internet, the first Internet settlers, and how to successfully wriggle out of a pair of handcuffs. All applicants are subject to a physical fitness test. You will be pitted against the clock as you race down a typical Compton street while shouting, "Nigger nigger nigger!" If you can successfully jump into our official Something Awful getaway car and make it out of there alive you will be hired.

Our world headquarters!

After the seminar we require a non-refundable processing fee of $98. CASH ONLY. Please bring payment in person to:

Guy in trench coat
Alley between Sav-On and Papa Johns
Inglewood, CA
COME ALONE

After we process your application you'll be well on your way to Internet stardom. You will be given a username and password to our Something Awful content system where you can submit your updates. After you pay the $5 uploading fee your update will be posted to a random geocities site that goes down after roughly 6 hits, after which you can place ads or get sponsors or whatever the fuck you want, we don't care. Oh, we said we would pay you? Hm, about that... the contract you signed actually says we own your soul. Them's the breaks, kid!

Something Awful really is the best place to work on the net. Don't believe it? Just take a look at these testimonials.

"I had a wonderful time working at Something Awful and it really spring boarded my Internet writing career. I now edit Wikipedia articles and cry myself to sleep every night. If you don't ask questions you won't get your legs broke."
- Eddie Johnson

"Working at Something Awful was... uhm, was, the most... er, pleasant experience, I... uh... Look, I'll say whatever you want! Just put away the gun! Please!"
- John Meyer

"Oh God, please give me back my baby. Tommy, mommy loves you. Please don't! Please!!! Please don't!!! NOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!"
- Pam Phillips

You won't regret it! Something Awful can be the start of something wonderful for you and your family and/or hogs. Get the skills you need to compete in this Internet marketplace where sharks eat sharks and frogs eat cats. The future is now! The past is irrelevant in a court of law! The present is the future and the future is not the past because I looked those words up in the dictionary and they are antonyms! The future is tomorrow and today is yesterday at Something Awful Enterprises!

-~Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

3.14 Ever Waxing, Ever Waning

Monday, Mar 14, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

When bagel is bigger than a pizza you can eat breakfast anytime!

In October of 1780 the islands of Barbados, Martinique, and St. Eustatius were commerce ports and melting pots for merchants, pirates, and military men flying many flags. They were a rich and interesting place to be at that time, full of life and intrigue. A day passed and they were practically wiped out. A swirling atmospheric disturbance that came to be known as "The Great Hurricane of 1780" rolled over the idyllic islands and almost completely scoured them clean of civilization. Weeks earlier the hurricane had not existed. It had coalesced from mixing air currents, unknown and invisible to those simpler times, and it had smashed down like a great hammer. More than 20,000 people died. Most were simply washed out to sea by the tidal surges and flooding. Ships were dashed to kindling and hundreds sunk with their vessels.

Days later the great hurricane unwound itself. It disappeared and churned no more. In November the Great Hurricane of 1780 did not menace a coast or appear darkly on the horizon as a hateful shape in the sky. It was gone and its remnants scattered back into the currents of air that circulate constantly above our heads. The physical components and forces of the hurricane will always be there. What the hurricane was has been determined solely by how it is remembered. How it smashed across those islands and took 20,000 lives with it.

The Great Hurricane struck many generations ago and no one is alive today who saw the destruction it caused. Images and accounts of the havoc exist and by reading the preceding paragraphs you have just become a modern witness to its legacy. The hurricane itself is more real and more important than any individual person dead on that island. And why shouldn't it be? None of them killed 20,000 people.

Even though they are insignificant when compared to the hurricane many of those who died are probably still blessed by their demise. They appear on casualty lists. Shipping insurance companies keep tallies on the ships lost and an inquiring mind could find the crew roster next to "lost at sea". References to the incident will survive as footnotes in genealogies for perhaps many hundreds of years. Most of us should be so lucky.

"Self worth" is for most a lie used by psychologists and councilors to keep you from contemplating your real value to mankind. Those who actually have self worth are those confident in the lasting impression they will make on the world. They feel sure of the indelible, invisible footprint of their great surging hurricane of life. They will cure cancer. They will become the President. They will rape and murder their way across Southern California.

GBS! GBS!

During the course of the average human's lifespan our bodies riot through 780 generations of cells. That means that each of us is literally remade anew almost once a month. The person you were six weeks earlier has died, sloughed off, decayed, or been cannibalized for parts. In his place is someone new, someone who looks pretty much the same. What tells you who you are? It's the crackling of memories in your neurons. The nebulous sea of what you were that

inhabits your skull, electrical relics sizzling across neural pathways, old things left behind by the last administration. That gradual death and rebirth you are experiencing goes by unheeded because of that great mnemonic monolith of your life. The stone in the midst of the stream changes slowly but the water never passes by twice.

We are an accretion of memories and deeds perceived by others. We die every month and eventually that great rock will crumble and sink or some cataclysm will stop our heart or silence our breath. The logistics of our cells will collapse like an encircled army and they will perish for the last time. Then we will be carried on by those without. Self worth will be shown for the lie it is as we disappear into a forgotten grave or soar above the crowd on fame or infamy. Our body will rot and be fodder for vermin or smoke and ash in the sky.

I was going through boxes recently and a came across a personal treasure trove of old papers, most of them not even mine. Amid yellowed notebooks, typewritten papers, and photographs I found a handwritten and untitled poem by a British soldier of unknown name and rank.

> *I met a little French Girl lying in a ditch,*
> *Hair of gold and cheeks aflame,*
> *To kiss her would be rich.*
>
> She was headed 'round the corner,
> A rush to catch the ferry,
> My bullet went and found her,
> Instead of finding Jerry.
>
> I left a little French Girl lying in a ditch,
> Eyes of glass and lips agape,
> To hold her would be rich.
>
> I was headed for the corner,
> A rush to push back Jerry,
> My bullet went and found her,
> And she did not catch the ferry.

Perhaps not the best of poems, perhaps not even based on real events, but it doesn't matter to me. The French Girl, real or not, will likely live on for some time in that electrical storm of my brain. Her hurricane spun itself apart in one terrible instant and there is her footprint on yellowed paper, her witnessed death infused with more meaning than every moment leading up to it. If she wasn't real it only becomes more terrible. Her imagined death is remembered and those of real people forgotten. More false water in the stream of human existence.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.15 Hey, I'm the Mansquito!

Tuesday, Mar 15, 2005 by The Mansquito

See, that's the problem with that stupid sinewey, claw-like apendage I got growing out the side of me.

Yeah, it's me, the Mansquito, the guy previously known as Ray Eriksson until that asshole "doctor" injected me with the mutant mosquito DNA crap. That's right, **THAT** Mansquito. You might think this is some kind of funny ha-ha joke, but trust me, I get mistaken for all the other Mansquitoes all the time, like that asshole Mansquito from Beloit who took out a $190,000 loan on a house and then never paid the thing back because he flew off to Miami Beach to suck the blood out of his ex-wife and her new boyfriend. Also there's a Mansquito in Palma Alto who likes to buy rental cars and then just absolutely trash the interiors. Thanks guys, you're really helping out Mansquitoes everywhere! Next time I run into one of you deadbeats at a Mansquito Family Reunion, I'm going to slap the compound eyes off you with my semi-functional hand.

That's why I can't get a damn credit card from Providian bank. I keep filling in their credit card forms with my sinewy, claw-like appendage, and let me tell you ladies and gents, if you've never tried to file a credit application with a sinewy, claw-like appendage, you'll never know how incredibly difficult it is. I spend like 20, maybe 30 minutes, just trying to stab and hold the pen with that useless brown stump growing out of my back. Then, once I've finally figured out a way to tape a writing utensil to me or strap it on with complex system of levers and pulleys, I gotta start filling out all that information like my phone number and home address. Home address? Give me a break! I'm the Mansquito! I don't have a home address! I'm the Dark Knight, prowling throughout the sleepy Gotham city.

No wait, that's Batman I guess. Sometimes I think it would be funny to fill in the application's "address" box with the words "RIGHT BEHIND YOU, STICKING MY GIANT PROBOSCIS INTO YOUR NECK!" But then I never end up writing that because, really, I need a $2000 credit line to buy this Harley I've had my eye on for a few years now. Plus I don't know how to spell "proboscis" without a spellchecker.

A lot of people ask me why I bother sucking the blood out of folks because I'm the Mansquito and not the Femalesquito and I guess some egghead scientists somewhere made up a rule that only female mosquitoes are supposed to suck your blood or something. I don't care what the so-called "experts" think. First of all, nobody that I know of ever got a degree in Mansquitology. Sure there was that one geek from I think the University of Pennsylvania who spent a year studying a chunk of my balls that a deputy in Oak Hills shot off, just so he could come up with some brilliant anti-Mansquito toxin that would make me keel over and cough up slugs until I croak, but I iced that guy like a year ago.

I remember it too, I was sitting up in this tree over what I thought was his house, then I saw him come out the door so I leaped out and jammed my blood sucker right into his back. Haha, I swear, I had to have been chugging that guy's blood for a good 20, maybe 30 seconds before he stopped thrashing around like an electrified fish and I finally had a chance to look at his face. Then I realize this dude's like half a foot shorter. And black. I guess I had the address wrong because I was draining some 80-year old retiree with a wife and two kids, and let me tell you, old folks' blood tastes like shit. It's like licking a corroded battery covered in expired mayonnaise. His kids weren't much better, but I saw one of them had a Fender Telecaster so I flew up into his room and laid down

some wicked chords on that thing for a couple hours. I tried reading the Korn tabs he had laying around the place, but it's nearly impossible for me to differentiate between different notes anymore.

Now that kind of pissed me off because I got this serious vision problem and I can't see shit too good after I turned into the Mansquito. It's like I can see shapes normally, just how I could when I was human, but everything is colored bright red for some unknown reason. I mean literally everything is bright red, I can't see any colors besides that one, they all show up as red. It's like God dumped a bottle of Nyquil into my skull and told me from that day on my entire world would be inside a giant irritated anus crammed full of Hot Tamales.

Here I am reciting some poetry at the local coffeehouse. I hate poetry, but there are usually some hot chicks there and they got the sweetest blood, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN! And I mean I drink their blood.

I'm glad I don't own a lawn because I would have absolutely no ability to take care of it. I'd just wake up and look out the window and say, "oh look at that, my grass still seems to be a healthy shade of bright red, guess I don't need to buy that expensive bright red fertilizer from Home Depot." This whole red thing doesn't even made sense to me. I mean yeah, I get it, I love blood and that's red too. It's all so hilariously appropriate, I know, but I really don't understand the whole reasoning behind it. If I got injected by some super secret mystery formula that was made from the DNA of a giraffe who eats leaves and grass, would everything appear bright green to me? What evolutionary purpose could possibly be behind this? Ooh, better yet, if those creeps produced some kind of serum made from mosquito and giraffe DNA, would everything look like a Christmas display? "Merry Christmas Mansquitoraffe, now please suck the blood of this guy who's standing on a platform 12 feet above you which can only be reached by your long, elegant crane neck."

This eye condition makes it nearly impossible for me to hold a job. Who wants to hire a guy who can only see the color red? I won't act like you're an idiot and try to claim the whole "400 pound homicidal mutant mosquito with one semi-functional arm and a sinewy, claw-like appendage" factor doesn't come into play when somebody's sizing me up for a job opportunity, but the redeye deal counts against me just as much. I really want to be a court stenographer but I imagine the cops and deputies would spend the entire trial shooting at me nonstop, and that might be a little distracting to both the judge and lawyers. Those idiots never learn, they just keep shooting and shooting and somehow fail to realize that I'm bullet proof. Over 59 police forces from 59 different precincts, including nine SWAT teams and some FBI agents dressed as lesbians in Matrix Halloween costumes, have attempted to ventilate me with various weapons and not a single one of them has had any success (except that one deputy who got lucky). You'd think these people would learn by now.

For Christ's sake, I'm the Mansquito! Everybody knows I'm bulletproof, it's just one of those assumed things like how everybody knows Superman can fly and Batman drives the Batmobile. I'm the Mansquito and I repel bullets. I don't know how and I don't know why, especially because last time I checked you could pretty much kill any mosquito just by merely smashing a bullet against it, but I guess the term "mutant" is one of those catchall terms that explains the inexplicable. Gee, well we crossed the DNA of an ant and the DNA of a man and now this "mant" somehow possesses the ability to emit bursts of powerful microwave radiation from his elongated ass, a quality that neither species possessed! GUESS THAT'S ONE OF HIS AMAZING MUTANT POWERS, JUST LIKE HIS ABILITY TO RUIN POTENTIALLY SUCCESSFUL LONG TERM RELATIONSHIPS WITH THE CHICK WORKING AT THE STARBUCKS ON TRUMAN AND 7TH STREET!

Some more Mansquito fan art. I think the author, Dorn Matthews, is under the impression I have severe back problems.

Speaking of mutants, I recently tried to make this hot chick I saw transform into a mutant like me. I figured the chance of me making out with a real human range from zero to none, so maybe I'd have better luck trying to bone a fellow mutant. I sucked the blood of this computer nerd a few months ago and while I was hooked up to his neck I looked up and saw he was using eBay. So since I had nothing better to do with my semi-functional arm, I typed in "CHEETAH DNA" in the search box and found some guy named "Yiffy5474" selling the stuff along with an airbrushed pinup poster of Cheetara with her pants off and a seven inch cock. I bid on the DNA (not the poster) and won, and I get this box from UPS a few days later, so I break into this government lab and pour the crap into some machine and abduct this totally hot lady scientist.

I strap her to a chair and switch on one of the computers so it would inject the DNA into her and transform her into a really foxy female cheetah / scientist hybrid. Then she could ride on my back and we'd totally terrorize the city. People would be all like "look out, up there, it's Mansquito!" and then they'd see this hot broad with fangs charging down the street at 60 miles an hour and they'd shout, "holy shit, watch out for Femaleetah too!" If only my buddy Ed Rodgers was still alive, I'd bolt him down to a chair and inject his ass with some dolphin DNA and then me, Femaleetah, and Manphin would kick ass all over land, sea, and air. Or, oooh, I could just inject myself with some of that awesome red mosquito DNA, green giraffe DNA, and blue dolphin DNA and holy hell, I'd be able to actually see every color in the rainbow and maybe then I could pass the vision test and renew my driver's license. Of course I'd be a flying fish with fur and an addiction to blood, but Christ, I'm Mansquito right now so it's not like we're talking about such a leap in the wrong direction here. And don't none of you tell me dolphins aren't fish because they swim around in the ocean all day and that makes them a fish to me, alright?

Anyway it turns out that when you don't have some smart-ass scientist in charge of the DNA injections, you don't get superhuman mutant powers, you just get a really fatal case of cancer and severe internal hemorrhaging. The scientist lady died and I didn't see any sense in letting perfectly good blood go to waste, so I drained her and this fat janitor who happened to walk in while I was waving my maxillary palps around. Did you even know ol' Mansquito has a couple maxillary palps? I didn't until I looked in the mirror yesterday morning and I saw these two things growing out of my head, so I used my one semi-functional arm to browse through an encyclopedia and I looked up "mosquito" and bam, there it is, a diagram saying they're "maxillary palps."

I don't know what the hell they do, and I really can't think of a decent pickup line which revolves around the size of my maxillary palps, so maybe one day I'll actually find a use for the damn things besides knocking crap off shelves every time I turn my head around. If you know what the hell maxillary palps are, you can email me, but I probably won't be able to read it because I destroyed my keyboard with my sinewy, claw-like appendage when I saw some asshole had spammed my Livejournal with anti-Mansquito remarks. Yeah, that's really clever "FlamethroweR," you just wait until I call your ISP and let them know that Mansquito's coming for you. I'll be all over you like the RIAA you loudmouthed little shit.

I gotta go now because I only had enough cash to rent out this computer for 30 minutes. I thought the Internet cafe was charging $5 an hour, but it was $7, so I didn't have enough to cover it all. I asked the manager to let me use it longer but he started getting all belligerent and I had no choice but to impale him with my sinewy, claw-like appendage while chugging down gallons of his sweet,

sweet nectar. I should've kept him alive because I have no idea how to punch in more time for any of these terminals and I'm getting the feeling that my time is gonna run ou

This is how stuff normally shows up as, right?

Well this is what I see. WOW, THANK YOU SO VERY MUCH POWERS OF MOSQUITOVISION.

-~The Mansquito

3.16 The Delicimorphosis

Wednesday, Mar 16, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Jelvin Harbinton was by all accounts a quiet and reserved man. Like most men of his age and class, he was locked in a struggle to maintain what meager wages he could in order to build the foundations of a meager future. He was very solitary, seldom rewarded himself, scarcely mingled with others, and dedicated himself fully to the task of work and supporting his poor mother, whom he was forced to live with and care for due to his father's passing. If not for the routine of work and taking care of mother, poor Jelvin would live a barren life. It was these two simple acts that consumed him.

Most nights Jelvin got little sleep. Though he worked all day, worked when he got home, neither his mind nor his body gave him any rest. It was quite common that he would simply pass out from fatigue, only to wake up a few hours later to repeat the cycle anew. He never felt any pain, physical or emotional. He was a constant in a changing world. He had a job and it was his niche in the world to perform that job. That is, until one fateful night changed everything for Jelvin and, using him as a catalyst, changed the whole world.

The night was unusually torturous for him, and gnawed at his patience without mercy. All about the darkened hours he twisted and turned, plagued by a phantom pain throughout his being. It was as if though every muscle in his body was on fire, strained by some ethereal exercise happening just outside the reach of his perception. He clenched his eyelids tight, trying hard to concentrate only on the empty panorama of black in hopes that he would find rest in its infinite expanses. The short lapses into unconsciousness were fleeting, for as soon as he drifted out to the sea of dreams, the currents would carry him back ashore. For Jelvin it was a fierce battle against the hours and minutes of the night. As he struggled to save the hours for sleep, precious minutes drizzled away one by one into a vast nothingness. The hourglass was hemorrhaging, and poor Jelvin felt each second tick away like it was a part of his body.

In truth the night had been more than just a struggle to sleep. For Jelvin it was a change of great magnitude, one ushering in a new stage of existence far beyond anything any man had ever experienced before. Those mystery pains straining his muscles were in fact the pains of his body transmuting shape into something not quite man at all. His muscles were literally breaking down, along with bones, tendons, cartilage, and organs, and reforming into something completely inhuman. A part of Jelvin's subconscious must have grasped that this great change was occurring, for why else would he have concentrated so hard on not opening his eyes or looking himself over to examine for any potential causes of the agonizing pain he was under.

This morose night had done fantastical things to Jelvin's body. First it had condensed his form into a meaty cylinder, whereupon his legs retracted and all but ceased to be. From his back sprouted a shell that wrapped around his sides and left only his front exposed. This shell cradled the meaty cylinder as a bun would cradle a piece of meat. Nature had not been entirely heartless to poor Jelvin, and had seen fit to provide him with some form of survival. From each of the two sides of this shell sprouted two frail but strong arms, though they appeared to be made of the same bread-like substance that comprised his shell. Jelvin maintained portions of his face, which were now present on the front of his meat cylinder form. It was entirely ghastly that this great conversion had taken

place, turning him into the stuff of dinner table legends. What force had made it so? What curse had been thrust upon poor Jelvin of all people that he might lose his sacred humanity?

"Jelvin! Jelvin, dear, are you okay?" his mother pleaded with urgency, thumping against the outer side of his door. "You have not gotten up just yet!"

Dawn had broke, and Jelvin realized he had somehow overslept. Finally his battered body must have given into fatigue and allowed him some respite, albeit too late for it to properly benefit him. By this time they would be missing him at the factory, and all too eager to dock his pay and scar his performance record with his first ever tardy. Jelvin rushed to lift himself, momentarily blinded by the beams of light emanating from the window. That's when he felt a profound numbness all throughout his extremities, as though they were no longer there!

When reality came into focus, Jelvin was terrified. He was looking down at a long tube sitting inside a bun. At first he wondered how he had gotten himself inside of this strange costume, then he realized it was not a costume at all. That's when the nausea set in, and he quickly moved to cover his mouth in case his throat muscles failed to suppress the vomit. He was at a loss for everything, especially his wits. In the darkness of night, some foul force had switched his body with... Good God, with a giant hot dog!

"Jelvin! Jelvin are you ill? I'm coming in!"

"I'm fine, mum!" Jelvin retorted, wheezing a bit as he had never once before used his new mouth to speak. He found the experience a bit startling, that is, talking out of a mouth that up until scant few hours before had not even existed.

"I'll be out in a minute!" he added. "Please, just let me get dressed!"

But Jelvin was dressed, or as respectfully dressed as any hot dog could get. He was wearing his bun. In fact, the bun was a part of his body, like a bread carapace. The only thing missing from his person was any number of lurid sauces and garnishes used to placate wonton tongues, but Jelvin was not that kind of man.

"Jelvin, dear! Please answer me! Please let me know you're okay! I'm coming in, Jelvin!"

"No!" Jelvin shouted. "Stay out mum, I am not decent at this moment!"

Secretly, Jelvin longed for his mother to aid him now in his time of most desperate need. He imagined her clutching him, like a delicious pieta, sobbing for her now grotesque child. He pleaded in his heart that the cruel force that made him so foul, so putrescent, might also be a good force willing to return him to his proper form. Perhaps if they understood his situation they would be swayed to undo this dreadful deed! Perhaps if they understood that he has to provide for his poor widowed mother! But there was no mercy for Jelvin, because Jelvin deserved none. He was no longer a man. He was a hot dog, and hot dogs receive mercy from no one.

"Jelvin, I'm not waiting any longer!" his mother yelled from behind the wooden door, slowly twisting the doorknob so as to give plenty of warning that she was entering. "I hope to God you are decent and not ill!"

"No! Stop!" Jelvin shouted, but it was too late.

The door swung open, and poor Jelvin's mother's eyes beheld the most ghastly sight they would ever see. It was every mother's worst fear, though it was scarcely ever spoken of. For poor Jelvin's mother, it was all too real and all too much to take in. In the room of her dear, sweet son was a giant beast. It was a maniacal creature, a living sausage wrapped in bread, squirming in agony on the floor. It had two beady little arms that flailed aimlessly and two bulbous eyes that leaked like a broken faucet. And its mouth, it leaked too. In the mind of poor Jelvin's mother, this sight could

only mean one thing. Her poor son had been devoured alive by this monstrous hot dog that climbed in through the window in the night, and tempted him like a delicious all-beef succubus. With so little to look forward to in life, poor Jelvin gave in to the temptation.

Jelvin gazed at his mother with complete shame, wishing only for her to comfort him and tell him that even though he was a monstrous hot dog, he was her monstrous hot dog. She did not rush to hold him, or even show him any pity. Instead she screamed in terror, and the shockwave from her voice drilled itself into poor Jelvin's tiny ears and ricocheted off the hot dog equivalent of his tympanic membranes until it had pierced into his brain like a dagger. All poor Jelvin could do in response was look her in the eyes, mouth agape, and reach his little hot dog hands out toward her.

"Mother," he said, reaching out to avail himself of her supposedly unconditional love.

Her eyes rolled back in disgust, setting off a series of dominos inside her body. As soon as her eyes reached the top, her head started dangling loosely on her neck, and then her spine started quivering, along with her arms and legs. And then, in the final horrible stage of this human clockwork's breakdown, she fell backwards. It happened in an instant, but for Jelvin, the whole horrid incident seemed to linger forever.

Jelvin and his mother lived in a small two-story shanty surrounded by identical shanties in every direction. His room was at the top of the stairs, so when his poor mother fell backwards, she stumbled down the steps. When her frail frame reached the bottom, Jelvin heard a second sound that stung harder than his mother's scream. It was a splattering sound. It was the sound of his mother's head cracking open.

The prodigal hot dog son wasted no time rushing to his mother's aid. Though she had rejected him, he would not do the same to her. Surely it was confusion that made her despise him so. He knew she would love him once she understood that he was still her precious son. It was his niche in the world to care for his mother, after all. He would make sure she was okay, and then he would crawl to a doctor and explain the situation. Surely doctors are men of science and reason, Jelvin thought, so they would no doubt be eager to help his mother in exchange for the chance to study the world's first hot dog man.

Pulling himself frantically towards the door with his little arms, Jelvin found his limbs more than adequate to facilitate motion. The main drawback was that his lower half was basically limp, and so it did nothing to help. A part of his brain still thinking calmly made him contemplate the idea of fastening wheels to his back end, but that would have to wait until later days. When he reached the top of the stairs, he used his arms to thrust himself forward over the first ledge, sliding down the stairs like a log down a hill. Unfortunately, this proved to be a mistake, as Jelvin crashed head first into the pool of his mother's blood. The violent red coated his head like ketchup. Jelvin once again suppressed the urge to vomit, while quietly cursing the horrible God that did this to him.

"Don't worry, mum," Jelvin said compassionately. "I'll get help!"

The defiant hot dog crawled towards the front door, slithering through it and into the back alley towards the cobblestone street surely crowded with people at this daylight hour. As he dragged himself, his body added more garnishments. Dirt, mud, garbage, stray paper, and oil clung to his victual figure. He

did not care that his efforts were straining his new body, which was throbbing from the heat of frantic motion. Nor did he care that once he entered the main street he would be drenched in the sun's rays. He should have cared, for anyone familiar with the physics of hot dogs knows that they plump when exposed to heat. Alas, Jelvin was a simple man with a simple job at the factory, and did not burden his mind with the latest whims and curiosities of the science community.

"Help me! My mother has fallen down the stairs! She needs a doctor!" Jelvin shouted, pleading with the people as they watched him in stunned amazement. He was crying out to ghost pedestrians, phantoms incapable of reacting in any other way but unbridled fear. Their faces were frozen and in every direction he looked he saw a wall of gaping jaws, bulging eyes, and shrieks.

"Please!" poor Jelvin pleaded. "It's my mum. She has taken a tumble down the stairs!"

"Mommy, may I pet the giant hot dog?" an excited child inquired.

"Oh, dear God!" the mother replied.

"Mother, may I please ride the hot dog?" another child beckoned.

"Ahhhhhhh!" the mother retched from her mouth as she fainted to the ground.

And through all this attention, a sea of startled eyes, poor Jelvin slithered. Soon people were gathering all around him, like a mob, commenting to themselves about the movements and appearance of the strange beast before them. Jelvin pleaded for them with such fervor that he felt his body overheating. He was in the sun's light, surrounded by a crowd of scared and confused people. A child ran up and poked him in the belly with a stick, and his entire stomach split open, pouring steam into the air.

The poor hot dog reached down to cover his wound while trying to drag himself forward with the other arm. His body was plumping violently, bulging and bubbling under the might of the sun. In the distance the factories pumped plumes of smoke into the air. If the wind had been blowing toward the city as it often does, the smog would have sheltered him from the sun. Fate did not allow that, just as it had cursed Jelvin with his new form, terrified his mother, and cast him out into the world to die alone in such a senseless and ignoble way.

"Help... Help my mum... Please..."

The sad reality was that no one could understand poor Jelvin, for his hot dog vocal cords could not vibrate to produce or even mimic human sounds. All anyone could see was a strange, mouth-like orifice dilating as if to speak silent syllables beyond the threshold of the human ear. The fact was most people saw this monstrous creature slithering about, flinching its gaping maw, and expected that it was going to try to eat them. Not even his poor mother could hear Jelvin's haunting cries for help, and instead believed her son to have been devoured whole by this monumental hot dog, obviously forged in Hell much to the ire of Heaven.

No one could say for sure if it was evolution or the supernatural that brought about Jelvin's horrible transformation into living foodstuff, but it would not be forgotten. All day long the body of Jelvin laid bubbling in the sun while everyone gathered to ogle it, poke it, and touch it. One entrepreneur tried to charge people ridiculous sums to rub the lucky hot dog man, but he was driven away by authorities much to the delight of onlookers. Others panicked, thinking poor Jelvin to be an alien scout helping to plan for a massive invasion. Later, the hot dog man's body would be trafficked all around the world, studied by scientists and doctors alike. They would all condemn the hot dog man as the bastard son of immoral behavior, though for decency's sake they could not specify what exactly that immoral behavior was.

And, in a small apartment near an alleyway, the local constable would determine that a missing

Jelvin Harbinton murdered his mother. Obviously no one would presume to think that Jelvin and the mysterious hot dog man were one in the same, or that the strange ketchup on the hot dog man's head belonged to the dear departed Mrs. Harbinton.

Jelvin Harbinton's life changed forever in one night and ended abruptly the next morning. His existence as a normal man had been unremarkable and forgotten up until the time of his transformation. Though he did nothing but beg for help and love, his life as a hot dog was remarkable and terrifying at once. Jelvin would never understand just what happened, let alone why anything like this would ever happen to anyone, especially him. Assuredly, though, he quickly learned that mankind was not ready to view the hot dog as an equal. Though Jelvin had never even considered such a queer notion, he learned how painful mankind's silent ignorance truly was.

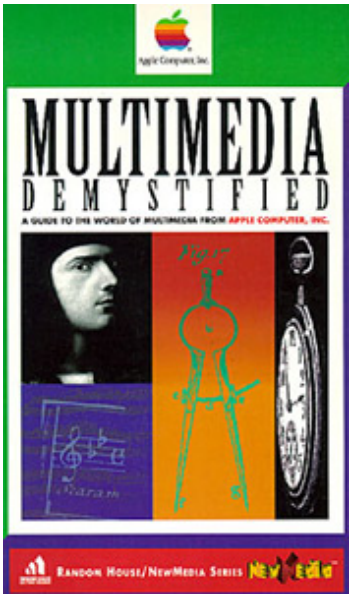
We may never think twice about the plight of hot dogs until we look one in the eyes or, worse, we become what we eat. The hot dog is a noble creature, worthy of love and admiration. The sooner mankind acknowledges and embraces this fact, the sooner it can evolve toward a glorious world of peaceful cooperation. Jelvin Harbinton was a scout for a different kind of invasion. He was an unwitting scout for mankind's future.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.17 I'm Your Next American Idol

Thursday, Mar 17, 2005 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

Somehow Lowtax hoodwinked me into doing an update for his "edgy" little glorified LiveJournal of a web site tonight, but the joke's on him: I'm not going to write anything original, I'm just going to slap up some of the old horrible MP3's I have festering away on my hard drive.



This Update Has Multimedia!!!

Now in 1996, back when I started vomiting things onto the Internet, this kind of thing would be pretty cool. Multimedia was still considered "neat" and "a swell time." But these days there's nothing "far out" about some nerd screeching into microphone and encoding it with Fraunhofer compression. It's been done.

Besides, all bad singing is now compared to American Idol's William Hung, which is a load of crap. The entire concept of American Idol is just a bunch of mularky with cheese, and I'm not even saying that because I'm bitter about them rejecting me at my audition for the show last year. I absolutely **nailed** my song, it was an up-tempo, jazz-fused rendition of NWA's "Fuck Tha Police. " They told me the song was an "inappropriate choice" which to me was just a nice way of saying "we're racist."

So here's some "groovy" tunes to download to your trendy little iPod, you hipster scumbags:

- Frank Sinatra - New York, New York
- Nelly Fernandodso - I'm Like a Bird
- Elton John - Something About the Way You Look Tonight
- SomeBand - I can Love You Like That
- Theme to that Star Trek show that got canceled and blew
- I don't know where Carmen Sandiego is, OK?!
- Something to do with IBM, not positive
- Pokemon Theme Song
- Burglarizing Robbahz - Here to Own Hip Hip
- Cardboard Orangagatang w Taco
- My School Report on the Roman Empire
- A Reading of an Actual SomethingAwful Games Forum Post

I have a golden voice, it's like an angel with a trumpet crammed down his throat.

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

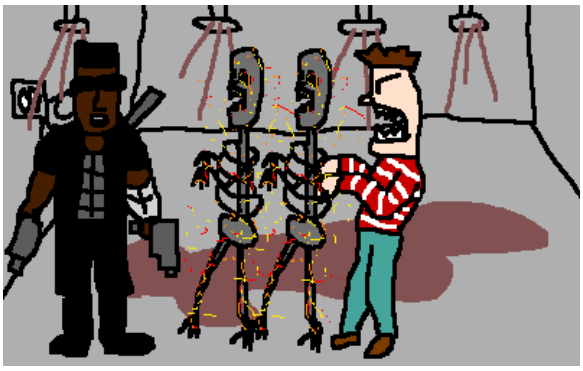
3.18 Movies From Memory: Blade

Friday, Mar 18, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

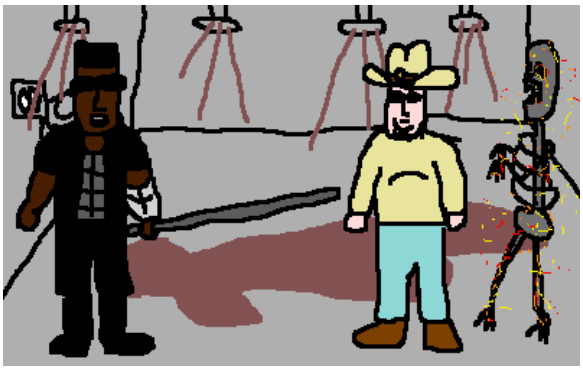
Once upon a time, there was a magical vampire named "Blade" who had magical powers above and beyond just being a vampire. Blade was born from a woman who was a vampire so he was a vampire but also alive and he was called "Daywalker" because he could be out in the daytime. By taking some special drugs like garlic and some other stuff Blade was able to not want blood and live on things like hamburgers and pizza. Because his mother was turned into a vampire Blade fought vampire crime and was always struggling to bring about the downfall of the vampire tribes. Blade was also a black.

One night the normal vampires were having a party at a meat packing plant with a hot DJ. There were all the cool vampire people there like Traci Lords, that fat cowboy, and a bunch of goth-looking vampires. There were human people there too only the humans thought they were just there to have fun but they were really there to be tasty treats. Just as the party was getting really awesome the fire alarm went off and the sprinklers started spraying blood, which the vampires liked but it made the people scared because it was unusual.

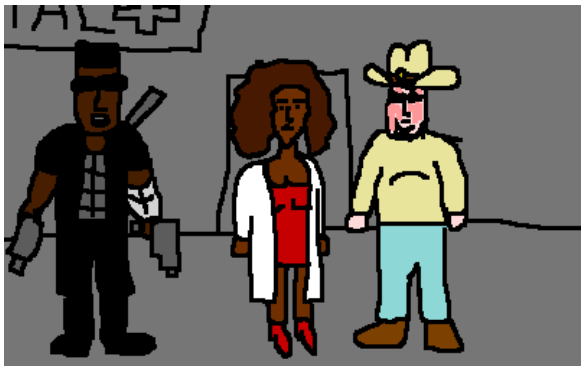
The Vampires were about to start eating people and then suddenly Blade appeared. Blade was not invited to the party so the vampires got very mad and there was a big fracas. Blade kicked a lot of vampire people and had ninja stars and guns and a sword. They were all silver, even the bullets, because silver hurts vampires really bad. When Blade would shoot them or chop them in half they turned into a burning skeleton and usually Blade would kick that too so he would not get fire on him.



After Blade killed all the Vampires the fat cowboy vampire attacked him and he was tougher than even Traci Lords. He was not just tough he was funny. The fat cowboy vampire was a silly vampire. Blade still beat him up but did not turn him into a burning skeleton. Instead Blade stuck him to a wall and then set him on fire which man, ouch, it looked like it hurt. Then Blade left and the police came. They found the burned up fat cowboy and thought he was dead so they put him in a sack and sent him to the hospital. If only the police knew about vampires but hey Blade was busy and did not have time to tell them.

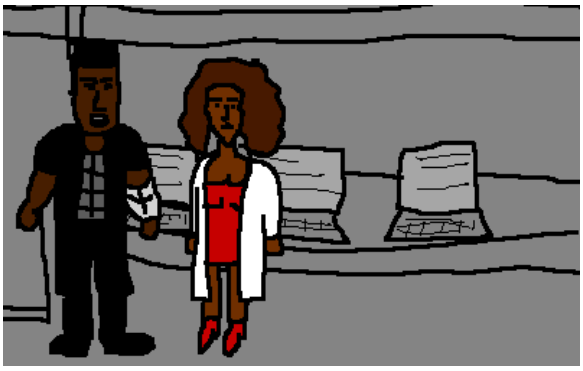


At the hospital the fat cowboy was not dead and he woke up and killed some doctors. Then he started running around the hospital and causing real problems for the staff. Blade arrived just in time but the fat cowboy grabbed a pretty lady when he saw Blade and caused a hostage situation. Then he started escaping and the police showed up and some of them shot Blade! Blade just got mad and does not kill the police because they aren't vampires and maybe he also realized his mistake in not leaving a note or something with the burned up fat cowboy so the police wouldn't bring him to the hospital. Blade chased after the fat cowboy.



Somehow Blade got the pretty lady back from the fat cowboy but I think she was bitten. Then they went to Blade's secret headquarters which was like a warehouse with a cool car and machinery and a lot of computers. At the home base the woman, who was a bloodologist named Dr. Karen Jenson, got to meet Blade's good buddy who was named Whistler. Whistler's whole family got killed in front of him by vampires so he decided to join forces with Blade to fight vampire crime. Whistler was just a dude though so he mostly invented cool things like UV lights and bullets and whips for Blade to kill vampires with. Whistler was really crabby and he wore a leg brace, which may be why he was crabby but I bet it was because his family got killed.

Blade and Dr. Karen Jenson had a tender moment where they put some sort of cure into her so that she would not turn into a vampire. When Blade was being tender he did not wear his sunglasses because those were the wall he put up between himself and the world around him. Without them on he was vulnerable and then he shot up his chemicals and went "Grrrrrrrrrrr." Then when Blade and Whistler said that Blade's drugs weren't working good anymore Dr. Karen Jenson said she could come up with a cure or something. Then she gave them a drug they could put in bullets to make the vampires blow up.

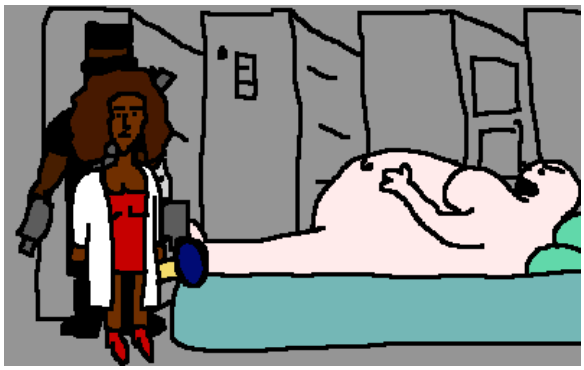


Blade knew that something was up and the man behind the trouble was a vampire named Deacon Frost. He was a young upstart vampire who was a rebel and was shaking up the vampire society. Deacon Frost wanted to become even more powerful and immortal than a regular vampire. He met Blade in the park one day and was wearing a lot of sunscreen so that he would not catch on fire. Blade wanted to kill him but Deacon Frost grabbed some kid and then also dodged the bullets that Blade shot at him. Then Deacon Frost got away but Blade was not going to give up so easily.

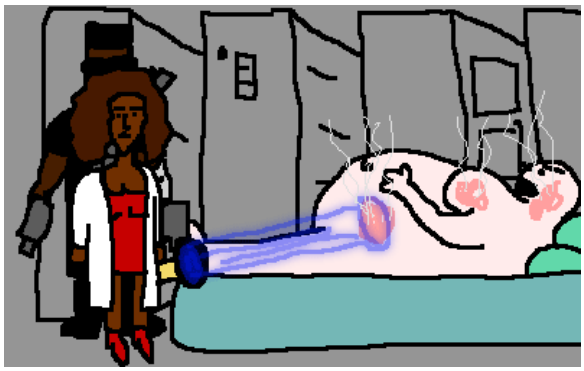
Blade and Dr. Karen Jenson went out to look for clues. They went to a bar that was a vampire hangout. The vampires recognized Blade but most of them were so afraid that they did not do anything. Blade found the secret door into some sort of vampire hideout and he and Dr. Karen Jenson went inside.

Inside the hideout there were a lot of computers that were decoding some ancient vampire prophecy.

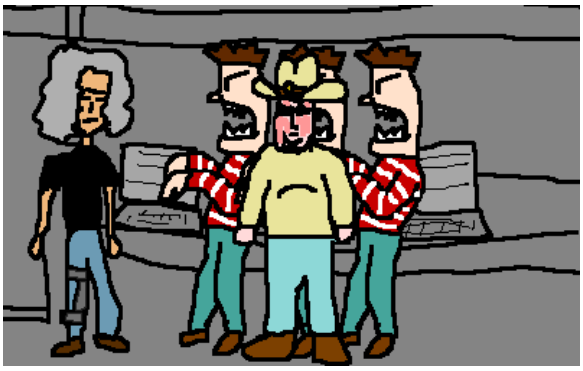
In the middle of the computers there was a super fat naked vampire on a bed that was really gross. Blade told it to talk but it would not talk.



Doctor Karen Jenson did not like the look of the super fat vampire so she shot light beams at it with the UV flashlight Whistler gave her. The vampire told Blade that Deacon Frost was trying to unlock the codes in the sacred vampire prophecy and that he was going to become a god. Doctor Karen Jenson did not like the sound of that so she shot some more UV beams at the super fat vampire and then they left.

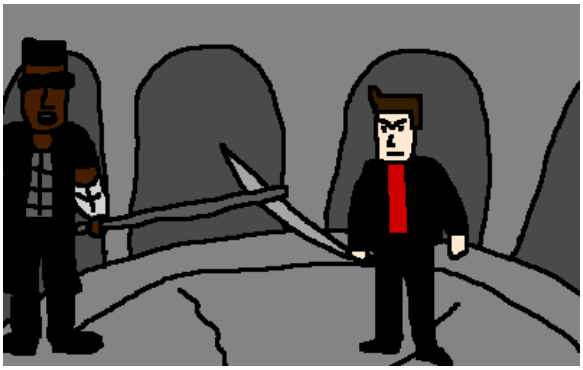


Later Whistler was by himself in the headquarters when a whole bunch of vampires attacked. Whistler killed a couple of them by there were just too many vampires for a regular dude to handle. Maybe if Blade were there he could have killed them, but Blade wasn't there and Whistler was no match for that many vamires. They beat Whistler up really bad and then bit him to turn him into a vampire. Then they tied him to a chair. Blade eventually came home and found Whistler all tied up and it was a very sad moment. Blade gave Whistler a gun and Whistler shot himself because he was going to turn into an evil vampire.



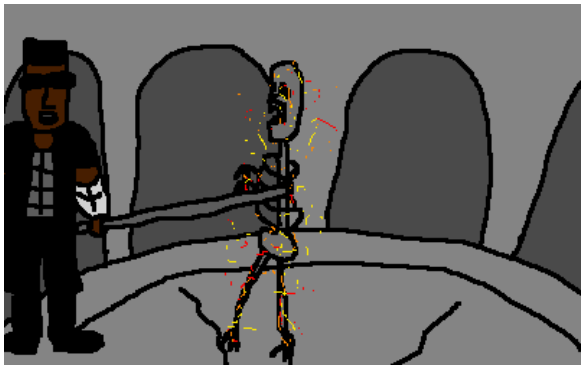
Blade and Doctor Karen Jenson figured out where Deacon Frost was going to get his super powers and it was some crazy vampire temple. They went to the vampire temple but this turned out to be what Deacon Frost wanted and he had Blade tied up and then stabbed him so Blade's blood could awaken the magical circle. It seemed like Blade was going to die but then Doctor Karen Jenson let Blade drink her blood and he woke up. Then he started fighting and there were a lot of vampires to fight. Doctor Karen Jenson even killed a couple! There were so many but Blade killed them all including the fat cowboy vampire.

Despite Blade's best efforts he was too slow killing all of the vampires and Deacon Frost became a god vampire. He looked pretty much the same but a little more evil and he was really fast. Blade and Deacon Frost started fighting with swords and it was really cool. It seemed like Deacon Frost was going to win because after all he had become a vampire god.



Then Blade cut Deacon Frost in half because he had incredible sword skills. But instead of turning into a burning skeleton Deacon Frost's blood was like a rubber band and pulled the two halves of his body back together. It was pretty cool but also pretty scary because how could Blade kill him?!

Doctor Karen Jenson gave Blade some of the drugs that made vampires blow up and Blade managed to put a whole bunch into Deacon Frost while they were fighting. It seemed like it might not work but then Deacon Frost got really swollen and then Blade killed him and Deacon Frost was dead.



That was pretty much the ending of the story except there was another part in Moscow at the very end where Blade is going to kill some vampires. It was good because it is important that we always have people to fight against the vampire criminals.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.19 The Divine Secrets of the Fro-Fro Chuckletruck

Saturday, Mar 19, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Last week while I was posting on the SA forums, swapping carrot cake recipes with some goons, an individual asked if I could do an update about what it's like writing comedy updates. This was a terrible idea and I reported him to the administrators to be tracked and banned at a later date. But later on as I soaked my horrible, ruddy body in the tin washtub in my garage, I realized that with enough guff and high-grade coffee, I just might be able to pull this crazy idea off. People are always emailing me asking how I am able to write these comedy updates every single week, and are given hope in their own aspirations as Internet writers by my simply atrocious writing. If perchance I can help some poor souls who are looking to express themselves in ways other than egging houses and starting fires, than why not give them a boost? Perhaps I can be of service for once, or at the very least, reduce the frequency of egg and fire attacks on my home every night.

Writing a comedy update is just like learning to ride a bike. You start off slow, learning as you go. Then after awhile you pick up speed and maybe even do a couple tricks. As you grow more confident, you will start to grow cocky and careless, doing crazy tricks up and down the street with a baseball card in your spokes and your hat on backwards. Then one day your showboating will catch up with you and you'll eventfully fall into a sinkhole and break both your legs. The important part about this analogy is that you must pick yourself up, dust yourself off, and get back on that bike. Of course you won't be able to peddle because both your legs well be crushed from the fall, but if you can fashion a makeshift sail to rig on the back of your bike you might be able to make 6 knots with a healthy gust of wind at your back. Hopefully you have a good insurance plan and while you recoup in the hospital, go over what you did wrong and learn from your mistakes. Then you will go into a coma and die, just like Hillary Swank at the end of Million Dollar Baby.

Internet comedy is just like stand up comedy, but without the live audience, stage, free pretzels, fame, and respect.

I know what you are saying to yourselves, "Hey Frolixo, this doesn't make any sense. Why do you suck and why am I reading this crap?" Please save all your questions until the end of the update, and bear with me for a moment while I go more in depth the creative process of writing an Internet comedy update. If you stick it out the whole way, then you will reap the rewards of knowledge beyond your wildest imagination. It's getting hot in here, so take off all your clothes.

■ **Inspirations:** Every good comedian knows that a piece of comedy or idea can come from some very unlikely sources. Most people would think logically about this, and watch funny movies, eat a bunch of silly string, and ramble into a tape recorder for some "wacky" ideas. This is wrong. Comedy is most commonly found in places of pain and suffering, such as Wal-Mart, monster truck rallies, gun and knife shows, and petting zoos. My favorite is the petting zoo because I like to let the goats chew on my shirt cuffs, leaving grassy green stains that I can spend my evenings cleaning with a stain removing stick. Pigs are always inherently funny because they're so strange looking and confused, especially if you shoot bottle rockets at them and feed them jawbreakers. Another favorite venue that gets my sauce sizzling for a comedy update is the circus. The smell of cabbage, old feet, and elephant dander permeate the thick circus atmosphere as men with mullets wearing Styx concert shirts chug beer and hope to see a trapeze accident, while their Mongoloid children roll

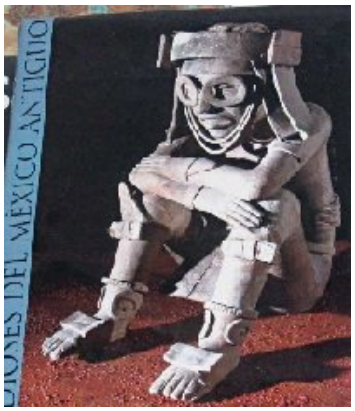
around in the hay like dogs. Creating laughter comes at a grave price, namely your sanity and even your very soul. If any of you want to walk out now, there's the door. I won't think any less of you.

I don't see you laughing. This displeases my bodyguard, Peanuts.

■ **Attitude:** There is a saying in the comedy business: If you got it, flaunt it sister! I am confident in my appearance and affability and this carries through to my work. Before every update I look into the mirror and tease my locks and bat my eyelashes. Sometimes I'll get jealous and punch the mirror, causing me to bleed all over my mattress and perform drunken Tai-Chi on my cat. Taking drugs may also help your funny bone. I don't condone the use of narcotics or steroids in comedy work, but fully support the still legal supplements that bulk up the portions of your brain that you use most for jokes and oddly enough, curling. The multiple senate hearings on illegal drugs being used by comedians have put great strains on the community, and after Carrot Top was expelled last year, everybody is starting to take it seriously. Finally, the best way to keep a good attitude for comedy is colonics. I recommend 2 flushes daily.

■ **Animated Gifs:** When your comedy update needs that extra punch, or you want people to be distracted from the actual writing, it's always a good idea to put on some animated .gifs that are pleasing to the eyes. Some people may turn up their noses and look at this as lowbrow entertainment, but they are lying if they say they weren't mesmerized by the dancing squirrel and could barely bring themselves to look away. You can only hope that by the end of the update they forgot what they just read and have a goofy smile with a string of spittle hanging off their chin. Oh wait, that's what a regular SA reader looks like anyway. News flash, you just got owned son.

■ **Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen:** The tale of Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen is a true Cinderella story. He escaped oppression at the hands of the giant cockroach overlords in his homeland of Boliva, and moved to America to become one of the premiere sandwich artists at Subway. After making a particularly funny sandwich for Mr. Richard "Lowtax" Kyanka, he was hired on the spot to write comedy for the blooming Internet industry. Little did he know this would mostly consist of cleaning Lowtax's house and mowing his lawn, but he persevered and in the end became one of the top Internet comedians on the planet. Now that he has hit the big time, he wields his satire like a whip, and is undisputed in saying funny things in a falsetto. After his Fireman Comics propelled him to the top of the charts, he consolidated his power into a empire of chuckles, and ruled the Internet comedy world with an iron, albeit weak-wristed, fist. If you want to make it in this business, you better stay on the good side of Mr. Bowen, becase he calls the shots around here. Make sure he knows who you are and remembers your name. You know what that means: handjobs, and lots of them.

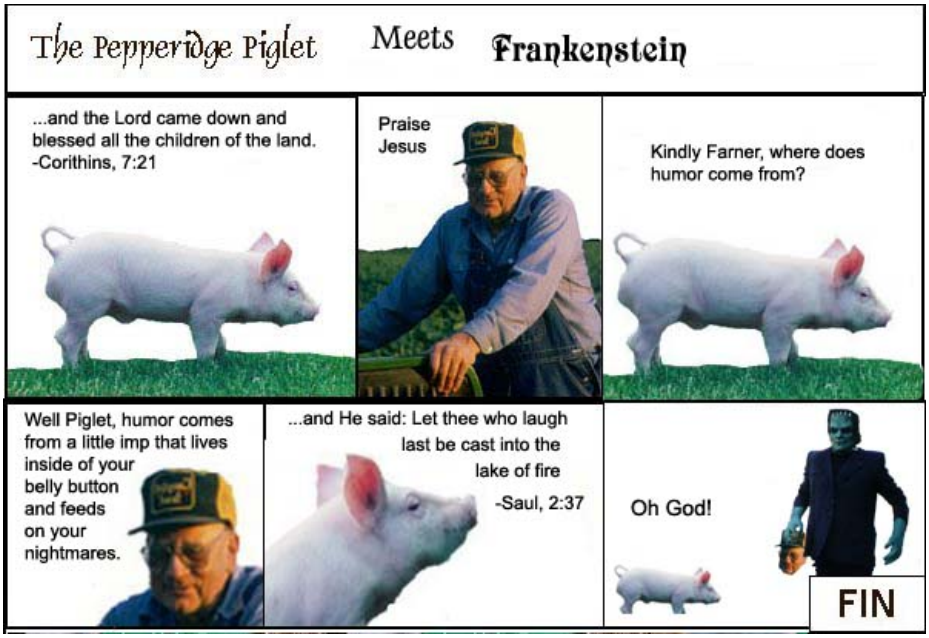


Fragmaster was once a Mayan high priest but was transported to our time through a wormhole.

■ **Plagiarism:** They often say that imitation is the best form of flattery. It's also the best form of being really lazy and uninspired. That's why for years I just copied Ben "Greasnin" Platt's updates and used them as my own when I didn't feel like writing, or when the Cosby Mysteries was on the Family Channel. Now that he has stopped writing, I'm in a bit of a pickle and for my last couple updates I just copied and pasted some online PDFs detailing small aircraft motor assembly. So far nobody has been the wiser. I do not recommend this method

of comedy writing, unless you are desperate and have no sense of worth/value like myself.

- **Webcomics:** These are the pinnacle of Internet humor. Even the legend, Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen, got big making webcomics. I myself dabble in the arcane craft, and have a couple series in the works. Most notably Hitler Dog, but I also make one called the Pepperidge Piglet that is a hit with audiences in the 4-7 age group. Here's my latest that covers today's topic!


The Pepperidge Piglet Meets Frankenstein
...and the Lord came down and blessed all the children of the land. -Corithins, 7:21
Praise Jesus
Kindly Farner, where does humor come from?
Well Piglet, humor comes from a little imp that lives inside of your belly button and feeds on your nightmares.
...and He said: Let thee who laugh last be cast into the lake of fire -Saul, 2:37
Oh God!
FIN

> What did we learn today from the Pepperidge Piglet's grand adventure? You should always keep an eye out for strangers and recite your scripture everyday. Poor Kindly Farmer found out the hard way that plowing a field all day can go to your head. Haha-hahaha oh man my balls hurt.

Well, I hope you learned a lot today, and I hope to see some of your comedy submissions soon. Send them to Corin Tuckers Stalker and he will read the thousands of e-mails and answer every single one of them with detailed constructive criticism and mspaint pictures of walruses. What a great guy.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

3.20 The Secret of the Elitist Internet Nerd

Sunday, Mar 20, 2005 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

After he wins the big game and fucks a couple of cheerleaders he is going to kick your ass in Halo 2!

There is a stereotypical view that people who use the Internet and play video games are pasty white nerds that sit hunched over their computer keyboards triumphantly hitting a submit button every five minutes in order to send an emotionally charged essay on why the upcoming PSP will suck donkey balls and that the Nintendo DS is the best thing since the invention of the Fleshlight (or vice versa) to a message board for other pasty white nerds to read and get angry about even though the message board is actually about lemonade stands and lemonade related discussion. This stereotype is pretty much true. 90 percent of all Internet forum communication is about why one form of entertainment is better than someone else's form of entertainment.

Don't kid yourselves. The Internet has nothing to do with spreading knowledge or learning new things in order to better our lives. More often than not it's a dick waving contest to see who can be the most insane about video games, movies, or television shows. Do you like games designed by id software? Well, there's a guy out there who likes games designed by Valve software and he's living a lie! It's up to you to find that person and berate them into enjoying id software games because for all he knows he has no idea what kind of video games he likes!

Did you absolutely hate Doom 3? There's a message board out there full of people discussing Doom 3 and how great it is and it's up to you to find that message board and call everyone on it a faggot. Hey, last night I spent an hour on a message board dedicated to parrots telling everybody how much parrots suck ass and how much the people who post there suck ass and told them all to suck my fucking ass because I hate parrots and cockatiels are the fucking bomb. Don't look at me that way. I was just using the Internet for its intended purpose!

You've all heard of the Halo series. I thought Halo was among the most popular games that were ever made but whenever I see Halo mentioned anywhere there are a ton of people who get all up in arms about it. I thought all video game nerds love Halo but I was wrong. In fact, nerds hate Halo! They hate it because the same people who kicked their asses in high school are now kicking their ass in a video game. Halo has introduced a ton of non-nerds, namely the loud college dorm types, to video games. Relatively normal people who don't spend 90 percent of their life extolling the virtues of their favorite Japanese RPG developer to anyone who would dare cross them are playing video games. For the first time ever, people with actual skin pigment are picking up a controller and shooting at stupid aliens made up of polygons, texture maps, and lies. The nerds feel threatened by it.

After he takes his ear medicine and explains why Final Fantasy VIII was better than Final Fantasy VII to a bunch of "little newbs" he is going to kick your ass at Digimon!

Nerds try to hide it. Whenever Halo is mentioned they say, "Well, Halo is just a generic shooter and only morons play it and there are so many better shooters that I would never waste my time with such a generic and stupid game such as Halo!" And then they pull out the latest Jap card battle game or angst-ridden jackass RPG.

"Saken Denatsu no Tsunaji Naga Waka 2 is art, and Halo is not! ONLY STUPID JOCKS PLAY HALO!!!" How do you know you are dealing with one of these insane video game elitists? Simple, they refer to their favorite games as "titles". You see, Japanese RPGs are not games, they are "titles", as in, "Final Fantasy X was the most brilliant title of last year and Halo was the worst game." Your entertainment is just entertainment but my entertainment is *art*!

I am sick and tired of art. Who cares if something is art? That's no compliment. "Film is an ARTFORM and television is just trash for the masses!" Well, a guy shitting on the floor and taking a picture of it is also art.

Fuck these faggot fuck art movies and show me tits and ass. Show me heads exploding. Show me hilarious shit like a man getting hit in the groin with a football or a football getting hit by a man's groin. Fuck *Punch Drunk Love*. I'd rather watch *Billy Madison*. Actually I'd rather not watch either but if you put a gun to my head and told me you would rape my asshole if I didn't choose either movie within 5 seconds I would choose the option where you rape my asshole and shoot me in the head.

So these art nerd elitist video game fags think Japanese video games are more "art" than American games. I'm not sure about that but they sure do like games that feature a lot of ten year olds in short skirts. I'm talking about these games like *Disgaea*. I was looking at the ads for this game and they feature a girl who looks no more than 12 years old in a belly shirt. Yeah, that's art. No it's more like, if we ever figured out what's actually on your computer's hard drive, 25 to life. Look at *La Pucelle Tactics*. I imagine when they were designing the characters for this game the producer said to the artists, "Okay I want them to look like eight year olds but with D cups." I'm not saying that everyone who plays Japanese video games and watches anime is a pedophile but, okay I am saying that.

Haha anime.

Let's round up everybody who watches anime or plays anime inspired video games and put them in internment camps, for our children's sake. Anime is getting too huge these days. All these fucks who love anime all want to be Japanese. They take Japanese language classes just so they don't have to read the subtitles on their new copy of Chobits. And yes, I am quite aware that to the right of this paragraph is probably an ad for *Little My Maid* and other fine hentai dating sims. Support our sponsors folks!

I hate these kinds of elitist Internet bigshots. These are the same jerks who hate Starbucks because Starbucks is a successful company that has experienced major growth in the last decade. They hate Electronic Arts because they raise children as slaves for the sole purpose of programming the NBA Street series. They hate McDonalds because they sold nuclear secrets to the Russians. They hate Wal-Mart because Sam Walton molested them. They hate Blockbuster because Blockbuster employees have the nerve to ask them if they would like to subscribe to their unlimited move rental program. Imagine that, a sales pitch in a store! Why, I never!

Aren't these people annoying as fuck? I should know. I used to be one of them. Hell, I still am. Anytime one of these companies is mentioned these people feel inclined to spew forth how much they hate said company.

> **Bob**: Hey John I'm going to Wal-Mart to pick up some headlights for my truck and maybe a gun or two.
>
> **Douchebag**: WAL MART DEALS IN UNETHICAL BUSINESS PRACTICES!!! EVERYTHING THEY SELL IS MADE IN CHINESE FACTORIES!!! THEY ARE LOWERING THE STANDARD OF LIVING IN AMERICA!!!

Bob: Yeah, but they have great deals on headlights and guns.

Douchebag: THOSE HEADLIGHTS AND GUNS ARE MADE BY IMPOVERISHED CHILDREN IN TAIWAN!!!

Bob: And they do a great job.

I'll let you in on a little secret. This secret has the potential to destroy the whole uppity nerd demographic. Come closer. A little closer. Too close. Okay, get away from me and I'll tell you the secret. Here it is. These people don't hate these companies because of unethical business practices or the low quality of their products. They hate them because they want to say that they are better than the people who do patronize those companies. Nobody gives a shit about children in China making shoes for Wal-Mart. If Wal-Mart was willing to pay you 30 bucks an hour to straddle a cash register for 8 hours a day you'd fucking love Wal-Mart, shoe-making children be damned. No, you want to say you are better than people who shop at Wal-Mart because you shop at Trader Joe's like a greasy hippy.

I don't buy rotten grocery store cat food like 9 Lives or Friskies. I buy Wellness cat food at a local and humble pet food supply store. You think I buy that shit because it's better for my cat? I have no fucking clue that it is. It could be filled with battery acid and shredded Bed Bath and Beyond coupons for all I know. I do it because when I buy it I feel a little better about myself inside. I am not one of the ignorant masses that purchases sub-par cat food! I like telling people that they are doing something wrong and that I am doing something right. It gives me a boost of self-confidence to think that I am somehow smarter than someone else.

I don't know what this moron is doing but I am pretty sure the evil corporation that is McDonalds made him do it.

You see these people on Internet forums all the time. They think they are better than other people because of the game system they use, the movie directors they like, the food they eat, or the cars they drive. How is one form of entertainment better than another? How is one fast food company better than another? How is Wendy's better than McDonalds? They both serve food high in fat, advertise profusely, and open stores on practically every block. If you eat either company's food every day of every week of every year you will probably get fat and die at an early age.

This is what I didn't understand about the movie *Supersize Me*. One of my favorite places to eat is In 'N' Out Burger but if you ate their food every single day you'd become overweight as much as you would eating McDonalds food. So why was McDonalds singled out? Because they are the biggest, and one of the best ways to get attention, and possibly make some money out of it, is to attack people and companies bigger than you are. Some people watched *Supersize Me* only to reaffirm their belief that McDonalds is bad and whatever they do is good. When I saw the movie for the first time I went to Jack in the Box right afterwards. A lot of good that movie did, huh?

But at least I'm not one of those low-class trashy loser assholes that eats at McDonalds.

-~Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

3.21 Hooray! It's a Contest!

Monday, Mar 21, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Hey, hey folks! It's that time of year again! Old man winter has returned to his hoary slumber, the birds are shitting all over my car, and I'm finally able to open windows to let out the dense smog of cigarette smoke I have trapped in my apartment. That can mean only one thing; time for a new J-List contest! Ladies and gentleman, boys and girls, I invite you all to experience the pure pleasure of the The J-List and Something Awful Mega Kawaii Prize Bonanza Showdown Series Two!

Some of you may remember that we had a very exciting contest last year. If you thought that was amazing just wait to be blown into bloody chunks by the amazing energy and amazing awesomeness of the prizes we have lined up this year.

FIFTH PLACE

Be the first in your country to own a **City Name Sports Team T-Shirt!FOURTH PLACE**

What sort of inhuman monster could turn down a **stylin' fresh City Name Sports Team Hat AND T-Shirt?!** It's a prize combo!**THIRD PLACE**
A fabulous prize package from J-List that includes:

Domo-kun Shirt - Great for those of you who love FARK!

Domo-kun Diorama - Great for those of you who love FARK and have a lot of free time!

Hello Kitty Toilet Paper - Great for those of you who love wiping shit from your ASSHOLE!

Pocky Decorer Banana and Choco (delicious) - Ever wonder what the inside of a mule tastes like? Wonder no more!

Sushi Gummi - Made from only the finest cat tripe!

Melty Kiss Matcha (Green Tea Fudge, yummy) - Just like kissing grandma after she blows a sailor and puffs down a menthol! **SECOND PLACE**
An even more fabulous prize package from J-List that includes:

I Love Hentai shirt - The perfect shirt to get beat up in when you visit Tokyo!

Super Mario Diorama Full Set - Makes a great wedding gift for the girl who has everything!

Pocky Decorer Strawberry & Choco - The tastiest treat since Legionnaire's Disease!

Hello Kitty Toilet Paper - The second cutest thing you'll ever ram against your anus!

Issues of FRUiTs (Japanese street fashion magazine) and Megami Magazine (anime mag with lots of posters) - People will think you're smart because you're reading MOON MAGAZINES! **GRAND PRIZE!!!!!!!**
The ultimate prize package from J-List that includes:

Looking for a Japanese Girlfriend T-shirt - A great conversation starter in police holding cells!

Inflatable Japanese "Hug Pillow" (aka Dutch Wife) - A pillow you can stick your penis into! Great for kids and pets!

Little My Maid - How often have you been at work and suddenly wanted to rape a cartoon alien? This prize makes your dreams come true!

Zenra Ballet II DVD - Nominated for three academy awards including "best performance from a ballerina with semen on her face!"

Domo-Kun Samurai Version (Shinsengumi) - The perfect centerpiece for your next FARK party!

Ai in a Cup (Ai Nagase) - A whole new way to bring shame to your ancestors!

With prizes like those I'm sure you're all eager to know how you can enter our exciting contest. It's easy! You send your name to Zack Parsons with the subject line CONTEST ENTRY and you include your contest entry either as a link or as an attachment. But wait, what is your contest entry? You have three options!

ENTRY OPTION #1: Readers of Something Awful should be familiar with the various OS-tans; anime girls representing computer operating systems. Recently a mean bad ALoD recipient decided to create a Something Awful-tan and drew a comic about her getting punched in the stomach and vomiting. That just won't stand! As your entry for the art category create a Something Awful tan, either for the entire site of Something Awful or for one of the sections like the ROM Pit or Photoshop Phriday. Bonus points will be awarded if she is pictured abusing the man in the ALoD comic. This can be animated if you choose.

ENTRY OPTION #2: Write a poem, sing a song, draw a picture, or animate a cartoon about Robocop working as a new on-the-scene reporter for CNN and having a deep and hostile rivalry with Anderson Cooper.

ENTRY OPTION #3: Come up with an advertisement for a fictitious J-List product using your art skills and tools such as Photoshop, pens, and ephedrine.

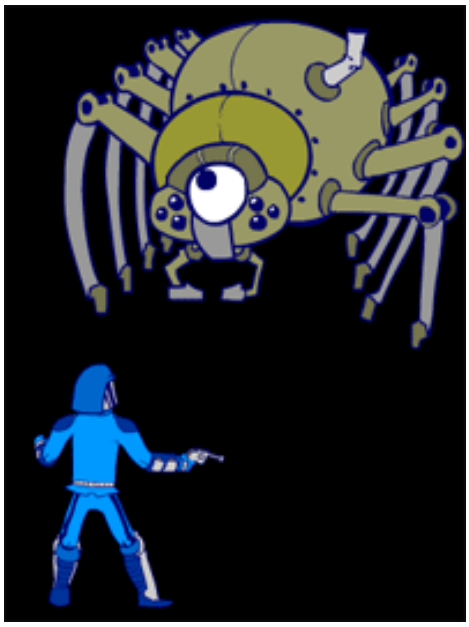
Linked files are preferred, attached files are accepted, and archived (ZIP, RAR, etc.) files are strictly forbidden! We do not trust your compressed secrets! All entries must be received by midnight Eastern Time on April 4th! Winners will be announced on April 8th! Sorry Europe and Australia, this contest is for people in the United States and Canada only! Must be 18 or over to win because of the scandalous nature of some of the prizes!

I look forward to your submissions and I will be reminding you until you hate me utterly about this contest! I may have to use fewer exclamation marks because I am pretty sure I used up our entire inventory on this update.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.22 Today I Met My Evil Clone

Tuesday, Mar 22, 2005 by Blue Guy #762,182



I got a call this morning from Dr. Laser, waking me up at 5:30 AM. Normally I don't sleep that late, but I've been doing some freelance work the past couple days, guarding this pool of green glowing toxic waste out in Area 6-2. Yes, I know it's a health hazard, but I'm getting overtime and I really don't have to worry about that asshole Player 1 swinging by anytime soon because there's this giant robot / spider / lawn tractor hybrid continuously pacing around Area 6-1, and let me tell you, it will be nearly impossible for that idiot Player 1 to kill that thing. I saw that moron Player 1 try to jump from this one moving platform to the next and, hahaha, the schmuck missed and FELL INTO THE WATER! Now here's where it gets real funny: apparently Player 1 is made out of Kool Aid or something, because as soon as he touched the water, he just DIED. He didn't thrash around or try to swim up, he just DIED. I heard the guy was supposed to be some ultra top-secret commando or something. I guess the government was forced by the ACLU to hire more handicapped commandos, giving jobs to folks with severe water solubility handicaps. Oh well, it just makes my job easier.

I should know, I was the guy they called to beta test it. I forget who gave me the job, I think it was Fat Flying Guy With a Cannon Strapped to His Back, he put me in this large grey room with the robot and said, "okay Blue Guy #762,182, here's a gun. Now try to kill this thing we built out of 70 Erector sets and 50 rolls of duct tape." Then he hands me this puny little pistol and shoves me under this monstrosity whose shadow was the size of a pregnant football field.

Now I'll be the first to admit I'm not a very brave man. I had to turn off my television halfway through that one episode of "The X-Files" where Mulder fights the Leech Man. But hell, as soon as I looked up at that giant robot spider contraption, any possible remaining bit of fear just instantly left me. I don't want to spread any rumors, but I think the development department is running a little short on cash. I swear I saw pieces of a used stroller welded on to the bottom of that thing.

"What's that giant eyeball up there for?" I asked while pointing to the convenience store-sized white orb glued to the top of the spider's metal body frame. The rumbling, giant machine clumsily lifted up one of its pointy legs and futilely attempted to impale me by slamming into the location I was standing roughly 20 seconds earlier. A large pipe running from its rear belched out a plume of exhaust like a filthy coal fart.

"What do YOU think it's for?" Fat Flying Guy With a Cannon Strapped to His Back replied, scrawling some notes down on his clipboard. He seemed to be frustrated with the pace of the epic battle so far, slowly shaking his head with disapproval. I really didn't care, it was his stupid robot and I was getting a paycheck. That's all that mattered to me.

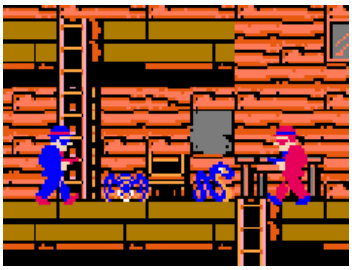
"Well I'm assuming that's its easily obvious vulnerable point, the one place I can target and ensure this thing will go down quicker than my first two marriages." I unloaded a few rounds into the monstrous pale sphere, and sure enough, the robot began flashing colors and moving noticeably faster. I took a few steps backwards because I didn't want the spastic thing falling onto me and ruining the new blue shirt I just ironed this morning. Plus my health has been hovering around 43% ever since I got food poisoning a couple nights ago at the Magic Dragon Chinese food joint downtown, and I guessed simply touching that idiot robot would easily knock me down to around 10 or 20%.

Fat Flying Guy With a Cannon Strapped to His Back cursed under his breath and snapped his pencil in half. "I knew it! I friggin' knew it! I told those idiots in R&D not to put the weak point in the front! I told them, I says, 'put the giant eyeball full of explosives in the back, like maybe under a fishing net or a bunch of newspapers or something!' and they said that they couldn't because it was a load bearing eyeball. I mean, I don't even understand why all our robots are required to have these really huge weak spots anyway. If I was designing the thing, I'd just leave off the eyeball entirely. It doesn't even do anything, it's just a big storage container of dynamite. Why do we need that?"

I've had to hold this giant bazooka-thingy out here in the snow for like, the past two days straight. I just stand here like an idiot, continuously shooting forward. I never run out of ammo, I just keep shooting. At nothing.

I shrugged my shoulders and handed him my pistol. I'm not a scientist, I'm just a guy getting paid minimum wage with no benefits to run forward and backwards continuously for eight hour shifts. "Maybe you should give it a giant metal eyelid. Something to protect it from blowing up so easily."

"Nah, I already suggested that and those white coats said if they did that, the eyelid would have to periodically open once every five seconds, completely exposing it to attack." He paused and squinted his eyes at the thrashing mechanical failure. "I thought that was at least a step in the right direction, at least until they told me I would have to climb up and bolt the eyelid down on the spider, and I told them I ain't climbing on crap for $9.00 an hour."



I threw on a clean blue suit and walked into my kitchen, nearly bumping into the surprise of my life. There, not even two feet in front of me, was an exact replica of myself! Well, his color palette was blatantly reversed, but besides that, he was a perfect pixel-by-pixel clone! As his black squares stared back into my black squares, I knew those bozos at Mr. X's corporate headquarters had something to do with this. I mean, for crying out load, it's not every morning that you walk into your kitchen and see an inversely colored copy of yourself staring back at you. One of the giant snakes bumped into him and produced a loud triangle wave collision sound effect. He seemed unfazed

"You get $9.00 an hour?" I asked.

"Yeah, which is nearly enough to cover the medical bills I'm running up from this worthless cannon I got strapped to my back." The giant hollow tube on his back showed signs of wear, covered in scratches and a thick blanket of blackened gunpowder. I looked at him and suddenly noticed how slumped over he stood, his posture practically nonexistent. "My health insurance premiums are insane. I bought one of those space-age mattresses that are supposed to be good for you, but..." He then paused and let out a sigh, interrupted by the machine gun hammering of the robot spider's chattering legs. "But they don't work. Maybe I should buy one of those bright yellow Livestrong bracelets or something."

An uncomfortable silence resonated between us as we both stared into opposite distances. I asked if I could leave and he nodded his head.

As I hung up the phone this morning and crawled out of bed, I heard some strange noises coming from my kitchen. These weren't the normal strange noises I usually hear, the sounds from the giant snake and spider that crawl around the joint. Don't ask me how those things got in here or what they spend all day doing. I've killed them like at least 200 times each and they just reappear every time I travel back from another screen. Now I know why the rent on my place is so freaking low; they didn't warn me about the eternally spawning giant spider and snake duo crawling back and forth all hours of the day. I would report those real estate jerks to the BBB but, honestly, I got a good deal on it. You can't find

another four-ladder house in this level for such a cheap price.

"So I guess you're my evil clone," I stated while straightening my sleeves.

"So I guess you're my good clone," he replied, almost in a mimicking tone of voice. I already hated the guy.

"Listen, if you're going to do this whole 'reverse mirror image' deal, I'm not going to bother talking to you." I glanced over and saw the clock on the oven. "In fact, I'm not going to bother talking to you at all because I'm late for work, and although the prospect of talking to a reverse-me sound absolutely thrilling, I don't want to be docked for my first hour." I began to walk away when his hand shot out and gripped my arm.

"Wait, don't go," he pleaded. As I yanked my arm away from him, my frustration began to snowball. "I've GOT to leave. Here, let me break it down for you and say it in terms you might understand: if I don't leave for work right now, you WILL be able to afford utilities this month. Get it?"

"If you start walking to the right, that means I have to start walking to the left, and I don't want to be stuck over there in your bedroom for the next eight hours." He looked down and watched the giant snake slide face-first into a chair, resulting in another blaring triangle wave. "And I really can't take that kind of crap right now. I'm really hung over and feel like throwing up."

I stared at him for a few seconds before replying. "Oh, I get it. You're hung over because last night-"

He interrupted me. "-you didn't drink at all. Yeah, you know, the whole reverse thing." I could hear the clock ticking seconds away as the snake and spider paced restlessly between us.

"I think it was more of a prototype deal," the clone replied. "You know, to make sure the technology is all there. I heard they were going to originally make me an evil clone of Chinese Guy Who Spits Fire #59, which would've really sucked big time. What would my reverse superpower be then? Inhaling fire? I see people at the circus do that crap and they probably get paid better than I ever will. Have you even tried to spend reverse clone money? It's worthless. The exchange rate is like -10%."

"Why did somebody even bother making an evil clone of me?" I asked, casually scratching my left ear as my bizarro copy began scratching his right buttock. "I don't have any superpowers. I'm not Player #1. I'm not going to bother fighting any giant alien dinosaurs or zombie Hitlers so I can topple Mr. X's fascist regime. I don't need an evil clone to stop me because, hell, I'm not going anywhere."

"Listen, I really gotta go. This is all very fascinating and everything, but really, I can't be late." As I stared into the giant black pixels of my evil clone's eyes, I felt myself overcome with sympathy for this poor creature who never asked to be spawned on my level. I tried to lighten the mood a bit. "There's this chick at work, Blonde In Leather With Electric Whip #462, and I'm really trying to put the moves on her big time, so I want to be there when she punches in." I picked up my hat and began walking towards the front door, causing my reverse clone to begin walking towards the bedroom.

"Wait a minute, you're sexually attracted to females who aren't you?" He asked, the hint of desperation and raw terror creeping into his voice. "Well yeah, I'm attracted to women," I replied, slightly confused at his line of questioning. "And since I am not a woman, yes, I am attracted to women who are not me. I am definitely not sexually attracted to myself." I didn't quite understand where he was going with this until he slammed his next sentence into my brain like a runaway locomotive.

"But if I'm the opposite of you, doesn't that mean..."

That morning I beat my evil clone to death with a snow shovel.

-∼Blue Guy #762,182

3.23 Through the Feeding Tube

Wednesday, Mar 23, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

In recent years the quality of the American news media has declined to the point where I really only trust the news I get from the screaming hobos that call the back alleys of downtown home. Something about their erudite voices, horse from yelling about the dangers of invisible satellites and government conspiracies, carries an air of absolute certainty that I find to be lacking from modern reporting. These people, in their hearts, simply *know* the truth. When I turn on the TV I see idiots rambling on about things that no self-respecting person should ever care about, like the Michael Jackson case. I realize that we are a stupid, feeble race soon to be devoured by giant space worms, but it still burns my britches that more of us don't just exercise basic human decency and change the channel, triggering Nielson earthquakes that shock the foundations of television news in the process.

Even after dropping cable and spray-painting my TV screen black, I still hear far too much unpleasant and pointless news. Maybe it's the millions of fleshy proxies that repeat the boring news stories of the day or maybe the media has found a way to illegally broadcast news *inside my head.* I'm truly terrified that I'm still being poorly informed about things I do not care about while actively avoiding the news. For the last couple weeks, the news anchor voices inside my head have been telling me about Terri Schiavo's valiant struggle against either living or not living, depending on who you ask. It seems this adorable human rock has created an epic tug of war between those who value prolonging a meaningless existence and those who favor murdering a sleeping beauty. Or vice versa, I don't remember.

I have to ask, why is this news? I could understand this being local news, but national news? And for this long? Some are saying this brings up an important topic long missing from the national spotlight. The problem is, what good is coming from it being in the national spotlight? All it's going to do is piss off a bunch of people when a decision is made, then trigger more arguments that will ultimately dissolve into pure screaming rage from only the most fanatical of idiots on both sides of the debate. Hooray for that! I can't for the life of me figure out how in a world where millions of things happen on a daily basis, we always hear about the same 3 or 4 stories to the point where they go from being news to just being sappy drama played out for ratings. Terri Schiavo's getting so much attention you'd almost think she murdered Scott Peterson's wife *and* molested those kids at Michael Jackson's ranch.

I look at this from a more enlightened perspective. Terri Schiavo, for all intents and purposes, is a brain-eating zombie cursed with a lack of mobility. Now, a zombie's purpose in life is to consume non-zombie human brains while simultaneously spreading the zombie plague to non-zombie humans. Granted, I'm no Robert Frost, so my description of a zombie's life lacks a lot of eloquence and beauty, but trust me when I say it's something special. It's very much the path less traveled by. When you can't move, you can't very well take a bite out of somebody's head. So wanting to keep her "alive" in her current state is therefore rather heartless. What they should be doing, if they want her to reach her full potential, is work at getting her some kind of Stephen Hawking-like wheelchair rig with a special voice synthesizer to squeal "brrrraaiiinnns" when she drools on her little keyboard. But that's making a real circus out of what should be a private matter between the courts and family members, right?

I'm sure Terri Schiavo is a wonderful lady, but she's dead as far as living a real life is concerned. She isn't going to jump out of bed in some monumental Hulk Hogan-like second wind and body slam her husband. The time for that has long since expired. The sooner she passes away, the sooner everyone can move on and the sooner her immortal soul can crawl across the rainbow bridge and into the endless human abattoirs of zombie heaven. If we have magical feed tubes that can prolong a vacant life, let's hook up some extension tubes and plug them straight into a starving country like Ethiopia. Instead of wasting all this time focusing on one minor ping in the giant sonar of death and suffering, let's not lose sight of the bigger picture, which is uglier, bloodier, and features millions of dying people. Maybe, just maybe, there is a magical way some of those people could be helped instead of focusing solely on one brain-damaged vegetable kept alive through the medical science of denial.

Frankly, I'm more mystified at this feeding tube business than the fact that it's keeping someone alive. How long have we had the technology to pump food into people with tubes, and why has this technology been monopolized by the healthcare industry? I have to work hard to eat. I have to scour the kitchen like an animal for things that are edible, and many a time my searches turn up nothing. I would love for a doctor to jam a tube into my stomach and pump food through it. Not only would that save me the time of acquiring food, it would also save me the time of chewing food. I would love for food to be pumped into my disgusting body so that I can fulfill my fantasy of living entirely in bed and never having to work a day in my life again. Then, years later, when I die prematurely due to inactivity, I could fondly reflect on all the time I saved by not having to find food or chew it.

The reason I'm taking such a bitter stance against Terri Schiavo is not because I hate her or what she stands for (laziness), but because this hits very close to home. For the last month, Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz, Something Awful's third most beloved personality, has been living the life of a vegetable with no signs of ever returning to normalcy. You see, Reid was seriously injured using his Deion Sanders' Hot Dog Express. We here at Something Awful have been fighting a turbulent battle to have him taken off life support, mostly because we're almost out of prewritten Frolixo updates and partly because I want that Deion Sanders' Hot Dog Express back. The situation is complicated by Reid's refusal to admit that he is even injured and his continued insistence that he is simply "resting his eyes." Reid, a prolific trickster famous for acts of extreme guile, is not to be trusted and should be put down immediately. This is my expert opinion.

I asked a doctor what it's like for people in Terri's state, and he told me this: "A normal person's brain activity is like an episode of 'Law & Order: SVU' where Detective Stabler takes the case too personal and puts everything on the line, including his badge. For someone in a vegetable state, Detective Stabler plays it by the book and lets his fellow detectives handle the load." As you can see from that medical explanation, people in vegetative states are simply not living at all.

In case I end up getting married to one of you readers, I want you to know that should I end up in a coma, I do not want to be kept alive. I want my body to be donated to science, preferably the kind of science that claws at the moral fabric of Heaven itself. Really, though, I just wouldn't want to exist as a brain-dead pile of meat living off the charity of a tube. What would even be the point of living that way? It's an awful situation for anyone to be in, but it's an awful situation that's not going to get better over time. There's no quality of life if you don't even know that you are alive, and there's no comprehension of that if your brain is like a sad potato. Let her and the dreadful media coverage of her non-life die already.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.24 It's Alive!

Thursday, Mar 24, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

There are two kinds of people in this world, the common schlubs who work all day long for chicken scratch, living paycheck to paycheck, and the elite inventors who create all the useful things that make our lives easier and are on easy street as a result. For years I have been the prior, slaving away like a sap in the coal mines, with barely enough money to afford my expensive heroin addiction or my 14 potbellied piglets. Frankly I'm tired of being a chump and want a piece of the big money pie in the sky. With such runaway hits like the George Foreman Grill, the Flowbee, and the Cotton Gin, I would be a fool to pass up this golden opportunity to cash in on this infomercial fad. It's a buyers market, and this heroin ain't getting any cheaper.

I don't like to toot my own horn but I've always had a knack for inventing useful items, even at a young age. When I was 6 I made a stick covered in glue and tacks to protect Mommy from Pa's drunken rages. When I was 14 I fused a kite and freshly killed opossum together to make the first flying opossum corpse, as well as a useful spy on the girls I was stalking at the time. Even last year I built a perpetual energy machine when I accidently dropped some copper coils into my bathtub full of water balloons, peanut butter, and 2 ferrets. It seems like I have a natural talent to just create amazing things with hardly any effort at all. Sometimes I think God has put me on this planet to use my great talent to help my fellow humans of this world, but I like to think that he wants me to be filthy rich instead.

Today I'll give you an exclusive inside look at some of the prototypes I'm working on, but don't even think about stealing my ideas. I couldn't afford patents for any of these, but I had a voodoo witch put a curse on them for a Hot Pocket and front row tickets to a Bon Jovi concert. If you even think about taking my inventions for your own, or if you're reading this sentence right now, you will fall madly in love with me and buy me assloads of candy. I'm partial to Nerds.

'Lil Wall Street Shoe Horn Helper: I thought of this idea 8 years ago when I first started getting into the stock market. The lure of easy money for no work was a siren call I couldn't resist, and I took all my savings and invested heavily into these new things called "dot com companies" that was sure to net me millions in profit. The big problem I ran into while involved in share trading was knowing what price my stock was worth at any given moment. I would always find myself trying to get my polished dress shoes crammed on my horribly mutated feet while wondering what my stocks were doing. This problem was solved by my invention of the 'Lil Wall Street Shoe Horn Helper that I crafted out of a nickel alloy, a stopwatch LCD, and cutting edge satellite technology.

Now you don't have to wait until you get your shoes on to go check your stocks. The stock ticker is built directly into the shoe horn, so while you are struggling with your horribly mutated feet for hours on end, you can keep tabs on your financial earnings and losses, with only a few seconds lag. I personally wouldn't use this product anymore since I lost all my money on Worldcom and some magic beans, but I'm sure there are a lot of shoe wearing investors who will buy these in bulk.
Retail Price: $19.99

This picture of me was taken in 1984 when my hand was eaten by a boar and I had to replace it with a Lego claw that I still use today.

The Frolixo Taco-Matic 5000: Sure I may be ripping off the George Foreman grill and the Dion Sanders Hot Dog Express, but what can I say, I'm a sucker for easy to make and delicious tacos at an affordable price. Do you ever get sick of trying to make homemade tacos and getting spiced ground beef, shredded cheese, and lettuce all over your house, and then your wife is walking down the stairs and slips on the mess and breaks her spine on the railing, only to become a vegetable and have her feeding tube removed by those liberal jerkface judges with big butts and a deep hatred for tacos? With the Frolixo Taco-Matic 5000 you get rid of the mess and pay less. I just made that up right now. (The Taco-Matic 5000 still has a few known issues relating to radiation poisoning and exploding when turned on, and when not turned on. The bugs have been issued in a release note to the investors and we are planning to fix it in phase 6 of the rollout and code download. Don't attempt to make tacos until this phase is complete sometime in late October.)

Retail Price: $49.99

Roller-Derby Lint Away: Don't you hate minorities? Me too, but you know what I hate worse? My collection of derbies getting lint all over them, and not having enough time to clean them in time for the jamboree down by the Dingly Dell. That's why I came up with an idea to be able to roll away lint from multiple derbies at once, and in seconds flat! The Roller-Derby Lint Away consists of a highly modified pair of rollers skates the user puts on their feet. But this is the catch: instead of wheels on the skates, they have lint rollers attached to the chassis. That means that with the ease of simply skating across your plentiful hat collection, you can rest easy knowing that you'll never get caught with your pants down with a farm animal and a lint covered derby ever again. I highly recommend looking into this new item that will be hitting the markets soon if you care to raise your social standing with the lords and ladies of high society and become the talk of the town. Coming soon: Roller-Mustache Waxer.
Retail Price: $21.99

This picture is of my Grandpappy after he invented the first atomic bomb. This one here was used against Crazy Horse and his tribe to win the west for the white man.

Pysduck Naughty-Tyme Ring Tone: This is one I just thought up a few hours ago so there are a lot of logistics to work out, but I really want to make this happen. If I can get some rights to use the Pokemon, Psyduck, I want to create a ring tone for cell phones that will have the worrisome character talking in a sultry, low, seductive voice telling you to pick up the phone. I really can't wait to get working on this one and I plan to start as soon as I finish these ramen noodles. I told you I was full of great ideas.
Retail Price: $4.99 per tone

Robot Buddy X-2020: This is something I thought up while locked in a sweat box doing time in an Alabama prison for killing a man. I got to thinking that everybody in this world seems really lonely, and that there should be a friend for everyone out there, no matter what horrible personality

they have. After 20 years of trial and error, I finally nailed it down to a workable prototype that, as far as I'm concerned, is ready for the open market. The Robot Buddy has a neural net processor, a learning computer. It has the ability to pretend to care about you and will be there for you during your toughest times as you cry on its shoulder. I must stress, though, that crying on the robot is not recommended and has caused a few test models to go haywire and dismember its master and then go on to assassinate prominent Indy rock bands and hijack traffic helicopters before finally being brought down by a surface to air missile. The robot comes with a really cute pair of overalls and has red eyes that are laser beams. These beams are not deadly at all, but I recommend you don't stare right into its eyes because you can go blind, and it will also take this as a confrontation and attack you. Once activated don't attempt to shut it down or it will self-destruct, taking out a roughly 1,000 yard radius. I plan to release it in the colors black, red, and silver.
Retail Price: 10 easy payments of $129.99

Spud Webb is in my WoW guild and plays a level 42 Warlock.

Spud Webb's Blister B-Gone: As I mentioned before, a common theme in successfully marketing your invention is attributing an old sports icon to the product. For my spotlight invention, the Blister B-Gone system, I called upon the help of former basketball star and slam dunk champion, Spud Webb. You see, I saved Spud from an elephant stampede in 1989 and he owes me, big time. The basic premise behind this marketing strategy is the hope that the consumers will see Spud Webb holding the Blister B-Gone on the TV and say "Golly! That's Spud Webb, the '86 slam dunk champion! What's that thing he's holding? No matter, hand over that phone and my credit card so I may order 2 dozen and maybe one day I can become the slam dunk champion as well!". You think I'm being facetious with this example?. Heck, if I just added a dancing dog with a sparkly top hat, they probably wouldn't even notice that the Blister B-Gone was just a snapping turtle painted white and gold. Let me tell you, it works like a charm and as far as I'm concerned, it's money in the bank. That's why I maxed out my credit on this new pair of horse hair pants
Retail Price: $39.99

I have not started the process of mass producing any of these prototypes yet, but when I do, you faithful customers will be the first to know. Currently, I'm shopping these ideas around at invention conventions and trying to find the raw materials for production in the back of movie theaters and my neighbor's roof. I will tell you this, once I become rich and fat due to the windfall of income from these products, my life will change drastically. I will build a top of the line gaming computer, and stay in bed all day playing World of Warcraft. Additionally I will have a feeding tube, colostomy bag, and IV hooked up to my body, as well as a Robot Buddy X-2020 that would roll me over to avoid bed sores. I am going to have the toughest elf ever and if I ever see you in my zone, prepare to get ganked, n00b.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

3.25 The Big Wheel Keeps on Turnin'

Friday, Mar 25, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The pocket of reality that surrounded the set of Wheel of Fortune was bathed in the eerie glow of the ever burning forge of hell. All around its perimeter tortured souls bobbed and seethed in a great sea of flesh and fire. Gusts of flame blew down from the skull volcanoes that towered on all sides and washed around the invisible forces that held their destructive fires at bay. It was 78 degrees and 30 percent humidity on the set. Lucifer liked his performers to be comfortable within reason, though reason held little interest for a being as powerful as the lord of all hell and earth.

"Mankind has been decimated." Director Mark Goldstein sighed and wiped nervous perspiration from his brow.

"Traditionally that term means 'reduced by one-tenth.'" Host Pat Sajak explained unnecessarily as he dipped his honey raisin muffin into his cup of coffee. "The Romans would kill every tenth person in a village as a means of retribution, although the word has come to mean destroyed or nearly so."

Vanna White sighed and looked up from her crossword with irritation. She wanted to snip at Pat for constantly being mister know-it-all but the situation had gone well beyond minor annoyances like his behavior.

Mahl-Nigguth spins in celebration of his victory over Texlus the Ten-Tongued and Jared from Pasadena.

"Whatever it means, *I* mean that we're wiped out. We're all that's left. This is it, Pat. I'm probably the only Jew not boiling for eternity out there." Goldstein gestured to the great brimstone caldera in which the set rested. "I'll be lucky if he doesn't get tired of me and turn me into..."

Goldstein's gaze wandered meaningfully over to prize procurement department head Lydia Reynolds. Three weeks earlier she had been a stunning blond with just a little too much sun and age in her skin and a tendency to wear just a little too much makeup. She had come back from a vacation in 2001 with miraculously bigger tits and a tenacious rumor had started about them being implants.

It turned out they were, as proven beyond any doubt when the infinite power of Lucifer turned her skin inside out and projected her organs and bones through her flesh in curving, vein tangled mechanical armatures. Since then she had been sitting in the corner of the planning room moaning

softly, resting on a pedestal of impossibly curved leg bones, farting and shitting and churning out a steady stream of wheel and prize entries. The armatures worked with a grisly clacking and Lydia's boneless head flapped as she regurgitated stretched lengths of intestines. Onto these her quill-tongues (she had five) inked the demands and instructions of the staff's unseen "benefactor."

Janet Kaufman tore the sheet of intestine parchment from Lydia's lipless maw with a dry rasping and looked it over once.

"The big man wants us ready for a new show in two hours." Janet brushed a lock of auburn hair from her face as she read. "He's going to release one of the humans from purgatory, some holy roller with an unrepentant adulterous affair named Nina. He wants to match her up against Gorgoroth the Maker of Kings and Agashiel the Sanguine Angel of Murdered Dreams."

"Prizes?" Goldstein put a question mark on the end of the word.

"Hot fetal marrow, the tortured delights of virgins, a night of torrid groin scalding in the living venom pits of Malachi, five hundred healthy humans shackled to disemboweling rods, a vacation trip to Hawaii."

There was a sharp intake of breath for the last one. When the untold host of hell had overrun the face of the earth Hawaii had been transformed from an island paradise to the 666 level citadel of agony of Lord Rotspittle the Fetid. His corpulent majesty was skilled in not only torture but also the myriad forms of painful diseases over which he claimed mastery. An NYU junior named Pete had won a trip to Hawaii two days earlier. Following Pete's arrival at Hawaii Lucifer had pumped 24 solid hours of his wailing into the studio for his own amusement.

"So," Sajak finished his muffin, "can we say 'the usual' and leave it at that?"

Janet nodded and fed the parchment into the mewling shredder that had once been office intern Guy Nanky. He hissed with momentary pleasure as his gut saws tore apart the intestine and pulled it into his drooling digestive membrane. He offered his thanks by jiggling and bursting one of the suppurating pustules that covered his body. A dark mixture of blood and pus squirted across Janet's face and she gagged and stumbled away.

Melissa is introduced to returning champion Marshall Gassuth of the Thrice Damned Legion.

The meeting broke up and Vanna retreated to her dressing room. As she settled in her vanity chair she regarded the huge mirror that she had been forced to cover with a sheet. Concealed beneath that sheet was a permanent view of her parents being raped and devoured day after day by a pack of hyenas. She turned her attention to the much smaller makeup mirror she had reverted to using and began applying a liberal shading of base. She still had her looks at least.

In fact, the unknowable powers of hell had gifted her with a regression in her aged appearance. Crow's feet and frown lines had all but faded from her face. With a wince she glanced over her shoulder in the mirror and spotted the stage dress that had appeared on the hangar by her door. As usual, the Unlord's taste was impeccable. There was just a dash of sequins on the blue dress, perfectly accenting the very modest neck and hem lines. Had she not witnessed the skewering of her personal assistant by an immense translucent phallus firsthand she might almost think Lucifer a bit of a prude. That sudden welter of gore and demonic humors had betrayed his real capacity for perversion.

Vanna was just zipping up the back of the new dress when someone knocked at her door.

"Come on in," she shouted, all pretenses of modesty forgotten in the aftermath of the end of all things.

Pat opened the door and stepped inside, his own features more youthful than usual and his high thread count suit immaculately pressed. He had an annoying bounce to his step. It was the perfectly normal energy of pre-air made suddenly repugnant to Vanna by the knowledge that their broadcasts were going out to a dead world and the legion of immortal vultures hell had vomited out. They weren't polishing plates on the Titanic; they were in a bathysphere diving to the ocean floor to polish the doorknobs.

"Gorgoroth just arrived in the green room with his..." Pat hesitated. "His entourage."

Vanna sighed. "Rowdy?"

Gorgoroth arrives on set.

"Not exactly." Pat laughed. "It's going to be a wild show. Gorgoroth talks in these weird machine noises that no one can understand and he has to 'coronate' one of his followers every 57 seconds. That looks pretty much like tearing their head off with these big rock claws he has and then sticking all of these tendrils that come out of his weird red eyes down their neck stump."

"How charming." Vanna lied poorly.

Later, as the staff and crew made the final preparations for the show a quiet dread insinuated itself within the set's safe zone. Agashiel the Sanguine Angel of Murdered Dreams had arrived as a dark whisper, coalescing from shadows and bad memories inside the green room. Gorgoroth turned with surprise and clacked his stone claws as his entire retinue of royalty fell into terrible nightmare-haunted comas.

"Nnnngnnnnnn." Gorgoroth cursed in a grating monotone, his many red eyes dancing malevolently about the room.

Agashiel returned his baleful gaze with empty sockets and for a brief instant Gorgoroth saw his own end taking shape in the Morphean abyss of Agashiel's hollow eyes. He snapped his claws shut dramatically and turned his back on his foe just as Jake McDaniel's walked inside.

"Hey guys, how is the snack platter holding up? Everything cool? Need anymore bottled water?"

"Nnnngnnnn." Gorgoroth replied and with a snip removed Jake's head.

When the show began Lucifer waited until the very last minute to send his human competitor onto the set. He had learned rather quickly that leaving the fragile human contestants in the green room tended to streamline the competition in ways the Morning Star did not desire. Nina appeared in her game position behind the center contestant panel next to the big wheel. She reeled dizzily and had to be steadied by one of the assistant directors. Gorgoroth regarded her with a half-dozen glowing red eyes and chattered a claw in expectation.

The camera lights went on and Pat painted his game-winning smile across his face. He introduced the show, the contestants, and then stepped over to the big wheel to have a quick chat with contestant number one.

"Agashiel," Pat began and did his best to sound friendly and at ease. "I am told you are the psycho-physical manifestation of human nightmares. You must not get a lot of sleep."

The grotesque flesh-marionettes of the studio audience erupted with a shrill and uneven staccato of laughter.

"You make your residence in the ephemeral substance of slumbering fear and as long as at least one human is paralyzed with terror you will always have a home to return to."

A susurration of confluent rivers of paranoia, horror, and despair emerged from Agashiel's rictus mask and formed a prickling approximation of English.

"The sweet meat dreams of me." Agashiel intoned. "Dreams of me."

He reached out as though to caress Pat Sajak's face but the host was wise enough to pull away. The audience laughed even more enthusiastically than before.

"Moving on." Pat smiled to the crowd and then regretted it once he saw the gaunt and slack faces of the flesh marionettes Lucifer twisted on his spindle. "Nina...before the end of mankind and all he built you were working part time doing data entry for Minneapolis Children's Hospital. How was that?"

"Oh, it was great Pat." Nina beamed. "My husband and children ascended to the right hand of God and left me behind to suffer eternal torment on the scoured plains of earth. I'm just so glad to be here because I really would like to go to Hawaii with my lover who is currently spitted outside the walls of Malevian Keep."

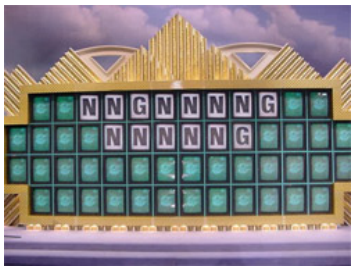
"Well, good luck to you, right Vanna?" Fear swam across Vanna's face as the camera swung unexpectedly in her direction.

"Right, Pat." She chewed her teeth.

Pat attempted to ask Gorgoroth a few questions but he could not get within ten feet of the demon and his snapping claws.

"Nnnnnnggnnnnn!" Gorgoroth howled.

"Our first puzzle is a person, place, or thing. Agashiel, the wheel is to you."



A lucky break for Gorgoroth.

Agashiel stared at Pat, his skeletal hands folded elegantly.

"Any time." Pat urged.

Agashiel stared for a few more seconds and then looked down at the wheel, up at pat, and finally back down at the wheel again. The Sanguine Angel of Murdered Dreams languorously reached down and spun the wheel.

"It has got to go all the way around. Give it another spin." Pat urged as Gorgoroth began to grow even more restless.

A second spin and Agashiel came up with 400 sinless children.

"Render upon my somnambulant altar the letter 'S', forever more." Agashiel hissed.

"I'm sorry, there are no 'S's."

Nina spun and came up with a 100lb bolus of abyssal maggots expelled by Hapharath, the idiot spawn of Lucifer said to be larger than a mountain.

"I would like the letter 'N', Pat." Nina said.

"Yes," bong, bong, bong, "there are eleven 'N's."

Vanna pointed to the letters and they spun around to reveal almost the entire puzzle. Nina spun again and lost her turn. Gorgoroth did not wait to be prodded into spinning the wheel. He lashed

out with a barbed claw and sent it spinning so hard that it took over a minute to come to a stop on 83 and 1/3rd gallons of semen from the loins of consecrated pedophiles.

"Gggnnnnnnnnnnn." Gorgoroth instructed Pat in his insistent monotone.

"Uh...yes...there are...three 'G's." Vanna revealed the last three letters. "I assume you would like to solve the puzzle."

"Nngnnnngnnnng." Gorgoroth hammered his claws down on the top of his scorecard.

"Yes!" The audience applauded.

Nina prevents Agashiel from overtaking her lead.

The game progressed well for Nina. Gorgoroth, stymied by his inability to speak anything other than the letters "N" and "G", remained locked at 250 gallons of semen. Agashiel surged ahead briefly only to lose it all, then come back to the top, then get beaten out by Nina's superior ability to solve incomplete puzzles. Agashiel seethed quietly at his impending defeat. Gorgoroth flailed in rage, his voice a ceaseless tone of consonants, his wiggling red eye tendrils questing over and over again for the spurting necks of his comatose entourage.

As the final spins passed Gorgoroth and Agashiel by with little chance of achieving a victory Gorgoroth began to pound his claws over and over again on his score panel. When Nina solved the final puzzle and secured her victory Agashiel evaporated into a miasma redolent with the telltale spices of fear and sought sanctuary in the dozing mind of one of the more foolish staffers in the control room. Gorgoroth expressed his discontentment more violently. He overturned the entire wheel and scoring stations and split poor Mark Goldstein's belly open with a swipe of his claw. The world's last Jew clutched at the loops of intestines as they spilled like eels out of his belly.

Pat backed away towards the letter board. Nina attempted to flee at the last moment. Gorgoroth slammed a closed claw through her back and out her chest. Thick blood sprayed from her mouth and her eyes lolled wildly in her head. The audience began to laugh. Gorgoroth precisely snipped her head off with his other claw like a retiree attending to his garden. Her spraying arterial blood painted the overhead lights, sizzling and smoking and bathing the set in an appropriately unearthly red light.

"This is it!" Vanna cried, clutching at Pat's jacket. "He's not going to stop that thing this time."

Pat could see she was right. Lucifer plainly had no intention of intervening on behalf of the surviving staff of Wheel of Fortune. Gorgoroth rampaged unchecked behind the cameras. His stony hide was awash in blood and gore and his tendrils whipped from stump to stump as he decapitated every man or woman that fell into his grasp. He charged headlong into the audience as they perversely applauded their own mass slaughter. Vanna and Pat backed away towards the invisible point where Lucifer's protection ran out and the studio floor disappeared into a sea of churning bodies and fire.

The fire of hell burns and heals.

Gorgoroth could have cut them down. Instead he gazed in their direction then charged towards the ripe flesh awaiting him in the control room.

With nowhere else to flee Pat and Vanna squeezed their hands together and leapt out into the ocean of suffering beyond the studio. The air seared their flesh, so hot and dry that their hair disappeared

in a burst of flames. Even as burrowing lava worms and chattering skull witches set tooth and nails to their tender bodies the terrible regenerative powers of hell were already remaking them anew. The pain of death exchanged for the pain of eternal life in torment.

Pat Sajak awoke in his house in the Hollywood Hills. A sheen of sweat coated his body and dampened his silk pajamas. His wife stirred next to him and advised him to go back to sleep. Pat staggered out of bed and filled a glass with water. The dream had been so real. So very vivid. He took two valiums and swallowed them down with a great gulp of the lukewarm water. A few minutes later the relaxing heat of the valium began to suffuse his body. He was in a pleasant cloud that carried him back to his bed and the comfort of his sleeping wife. He pulled the duvet all the way up to his neck and let the darkness reclaim him with a smile.

With a crackling laugh like a thousand sun-bleached bones breaking all at once Agashiel sent Pat Sajak screaming back to hell.

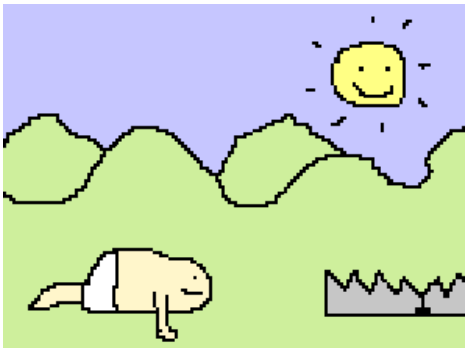
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.26 Parody Is The Sincerest Form Of Imitation

Saturday, Mar 26, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

There is a very unique contest being backed by an anonymous group of eccentric billionaires. The premise is simple: A questionnaire will be e-mailed to a random sampling of comedy website visitors, and the humorist voted most popular will win a brand new green luggage set by Samsonite. I am willing to do whatever it takes to win this contest. I'll sell my soul, I'll crawl across broken glass, I'll sell broken glass. My artistic integrity means nothing to me. I will throw away all that makes me unique without a moment's hesitation and write whatever it will take to become popular. Why, you ask? You god damned fool! Can your underdeveloped brain not grasp how dire this situation is? I kind of want some luggage, and green is my favorite color.

As things stand, my chances aren't all that great. The fact that I only update once every two weeks is just the beginning. It seems that everyone else around here has a recurring theme or character that resonates with readers. I have no gimmick, unless being forgettable is a gimmick. To stand a chance of winning that luggage set I'll need to spend the rest of this update ripping off the most popular themes of my fellow Something Awful writers, spending about a paragraph on each style while I pass on the endearing tale of my life story. If I'm not your favorite updater after today, you're probably a girl. I'm not so popular with the girls.



You could say that I have been forced to overcome adversity since my first day on Earth. Born in the Valley Of Racist Dinosaurs, I was a small white human in a town full of intolerant bear traps. I have no idea who put them there or where my mom went to after she gave birth to me, but when you can barely crawl and you're trying to negotiate a three mile stretch of pointy steel teeth you don't really have time to question things. I eventually found my way to the Valley Of Tolerant Dinosaurs (no dinosaurs here either, just cats and dogs), but I will always recall the town of my birth fondly. Sure, there were all those bear traps, but what town is perfect? If I ever have kids I think I would like to raise them in the Valley Of Racist Dinosaurs because hey, bear traps have become the fastest growing activity for kids since lawn darts were outlawed.

The dogs and cats that resided in the Valley Of Tolerant Dinosaurs took me in as one of their own, and throughout the course of my childhood I learned many things about their behavior. My adoptive mother was Scruffy, a spastic retard of a cat who would spend 98% of the day in a slumber so deep a thermonuclear blast wouldn't rouse her and the other 2% suddenly bolting across the house for no apparent reason other than to give me a heart attack or to run into my closet door. My father was Bojangles, a 12 year old Golden Retriever who served as the town's elder. Most fathers teach their sons to fish, to play baseball, or to hide when daddy drinks, but Bojangles stressed the most important aspect of being a dog: licking yourself. It may seem odd to you, but the taste of your own crotch grows on you over time and eventually you accept it as a delightful treat, sort of like tasting your tears. If a dog is eating (their number one hobby) and finds his food bland, the first flavor he thinks of to liven things up is the succulent moisture that collects in the curve of his taint. It goes with everything; Kibbles N Bits, bones, squirrels, and couch cushions. Or so I hear. Being human, I was never able to reach my crotch

regardless of how hard I tried. My father was a good dog and never expressed his shame, but I knew it was there. I couldn't stand hurting him so at the tender age of 16 I ran away in the middle of the night.

Venturing into the woods on my own with no survival skills to speak of turned out to be a bad idea. Within three days I was lost, cold, and unable to find water. You could say I was in a real big pickle. That was when Steve Perry showed up and bit the pickle in two, freeing me from my crunchy prison. Most people don't know that Steve is capable of growing and shrinking at will, but he totally is. After placing me in his earlobe he explained that becoming a giant made his strolls across the countryside quick and safe. As he walked on, his enormous leather boots shaking the ground and sending deer fleeing with each step, Steve told me his tale. After completing his latest tour with Journey, he had set off on a spiritual quest of sorts, outwitting Gary Kasparov in a dazzling kung-fu showdown and perfecting his ability to dive to the bottom of the ocean without an oxygen tank for days at a time. The odyssey had been a good one, and the knowledge he had attained manifested itself in his hair. Spectacular as always, those flowing locks were now encircled in a halo of light and love. He had been on his way back to the studio to cut a new album about this entire experience (tentatively named Bon Jovi's Greatest Hits) when he happened upon my pickle. If it weren't for the fact that he was hungry because he had last eaten seventeen days ago when he single handedly consumed every bovine infected with Mad Cow disease in Scotland, I might have never been freed.

When we came upon civilization once again, Steve set me down gingerly and continued on his way with a kind wave. I sought work in the local Mc Donald's, breezing through the interview by drawing a detailed map of every secret shortcut in Super Mario Brothers 3. My crayon strokes were masterful. My rendition of the Hammer Brothers gave every woman who glanced upon it an orgasm of When Harry Met Sally proportions and sincerity.

"This looks pretty good, but where's the whistle?" Lauren asked.

"The whistle flies in the face of everything that is Mario." I said. "Blowing that whistle blows away the charred ashes which are all that remain of our culture. It's cheating. There's a reason that whistles aren't allowed in the SATs or in rooms full of sound-triggered bombs."

Lauren grunted dismissively. "You always bring up whistle theory. Face it, you're stuck in the past. This is a glorious new age of electricity and automobiles. Your map is great and all, but I'm afraid you'll have to tell me about yourself before I'm forced to shoot you with this laser gun I fashioned out of random items from the lost and found box instead of hiring you."

I had always assumed my life would end at the hands of a circa-1990 Tiger handheld version of Double Dragon duct taped to a sweat-stained wooden leg, but not this soon. Having no other choice, I cleared my throat and delved into what made Dennis Farrell the person he was.

To understand a man you must understand his favorite WW2-era tank. In my case it is the T-84 Gas Tank. Developed by the Germans, this marvel was engineered to travel farther without refueling than any vehicle of its time, even sailboats. This incredible feat was reached by sealing the entirety of the tank's body and filling it with

fuel, leaving approximately 3 inches of airspace along the roof for the crew to breathe. I managed to buy one of these bad boys on eBay, and I frequently crawl inside to get away from the world, sprawling out across the spacious cockpit that's capable of seating four adults comfortably or three adults uncomfortably. Once inside the serene T-84, it's easy to forget that there are tens of thousands of people dying in the world beyond the protective armor plating that surrounds me. How long will it be until it's you or me rotting beneath a marble slab stained with birdshit? Our lives are fleeting yet we waste so much of them glued to our television sets, feeling superior without having accomplished a single thing. Shake your head sadly at the news because some poor saps in a third world country have been ravaged by illness, a little girl was kidnapped, and it turns out that eating too many carbs might turn out to be bad for us after all. Go ahead and cry into your Kleenex brand tissue, then have a Bud to replace the moisture you've lost and numb yourself a little more. Not too much though, because in a few minutes you have to make the most important decision you'll likely face all month: should you watch washed up celebrities box each other or a paint by the numbers sitcom? Our very existence is owed to a series of ridiculously improbable events taking place over the course of billions of years. If one fish with crude feet had turned around after that first hesitant step, we simply would not exist. We are the jackpot of the universe's crapshoot with billion-sided dice, and we have nothing to show for it but Diary Of A Mad Black Woman.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.27 Duck Season

Sunday, Mar 27, 2005 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

Duck discrimination is everywhere in this country. It was only recently that ducks were allowed to play in the National Hockey League. Here is Quacks Duckerson, leading scorer for the Kansas City Canucks.

I have never seen the critically acclaimed but often unwatched series Arrested Development. The reason is because every time the show is mentioned anywhere on the Internet Arrested Development fanboys show up and start talking about how it's the greatest show ever and that it's going to get cancelled because the general public is too stupid to get the jokes and blah blah blah. They start telling you when it's on and how great it is and I'm sick of it. You don't even have to say the words "Arrested Development" in the same sentence. All you have to do is somehow get the words "development" and "arrested" on the same page somewhere and a fan of the show will show up without fail and berate anyone who does not watch it.

I was reading a thread on our very own Something Awful Forums about some random topic, probably Terry Schiavo the human carrot since everybody is talking about that stupid woman who literally vomited herself into a coma, and someone happened to mention Arrested Development. I think they were saying something like, "I don't have much time because Arrested Development is coming on soon but blah blah blah." The thread wasn't even about television and it only took a couple more replies for someone to show up and start the "HOLY FUCKING SHIT ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT IS THE BEST SHOW EVER" nerd spiel. He posted this short essay on why the world is so unfair that excellent shows like Arrested Development are beaten into submission like a red-headed step child (or one of my children) and yet shows like American Idol prosper.

You know how when you say "Beatlejuice" three times Michael Keaton is supposed to show up? You only have to say "Arrested Development" once and someone will show up and suck your dick in the hopes that you watch this dumb show. Give me a fucking break. I'm sick of hearing about it and because everybody is praising the show so fervently I have decided to never ever watch it for as long as I live. I was mildly interested and was probably going to catch it eventually but because of all the Arrested Development lunacy you lost a potential fan. That's it. You pushed too hard. You scared me away. And I'm sure you scared a ton of other people away as well. No show is so incredible that you have to buy a goddamn banner ad on a web site for it. Isn't that the kind of thing the marketing department at Fox is supposed to do?

The point I'm trying to make is that it's duck season. Duck season is a terrible time of year for our feathered friends. Thousands of ducks are killed each year by redneck hick bastards who get their jollies murdering defenseless animals because their penis is too small or because they married a beast of a woman, I don't know. Duck season takes place every year a couple months after the famous duck gangbang season.

Ever since the story about duck gangbangs broke earlier this month there has been a lot of misunderstanding about why these gangbangs occur. Let me clear the air about this once and for all. Ducks *have* to reproduce like this or their species will die out. It's because of duck season that ducks feel the need to rape their female companions ruthlessly in order to get them pregnant. As more and more ducks are killed for sport each year there will be more and more duck rapes. It's all part of the circle of life. And besides, those bitches are asking for it, the way they wear their feathers like that.

This year, instead of asking the hunters to stop hunting ducks, which never works, I am going to take a different approach. I am going to warn the ducks about duck season directly and dispense helpful advice on how to come out of duck season alive. You regular Something Awful readers are more than welcome to read along but this advice is mostly for ducks okay.

Spokker Jones' Big Bad Duck Season Survival Guide

It's that time of year again, duck season, the very mention of which sends shivers down every fowl's spine. Every year duck season becomes more and more dangerous for drakes. Ever since the video game classic Duck Hunt, duck hunting has maintained it's popularity among the ignorant and the easily amused and there are no signs of it stopping anytime soon.

Hey! What did I tell you ducks?! No raping in the front yard!

I have put together a little guide of techniques you can use to defend yourself this duck season and if you follow my advice your chances of survival will be greatly increased! This is good news for all ducks and their families. I don't want to see anymore ducks die so senselessly. Let's get on with it.

Duck tip #1 - Invest in a Battle Mech: It is often believed that battle robot mechs are only for the wealthy. That may have been true a decade ago but these days a duck with good credit can get financed for any battle mech. The price of mechs has come substantially over the past few years. By investing in a custom made duck battle mech robot you'll raise the odds of surviving duck season ten fold.

You don't know how much your life will change for the better until you actually step into your first mech. I used to be a fat balding piece of shit who could not get laid to save my ass. Hookers turned me down for Christ's sake. But the day I bought my custom fitted chrome battle mech with hippy seeking missiles I was doing some broad *that night*, and I didn't even have to learn her first name! Trust me ducks, a mech will change your life, and possibly save it.

Duck tip #2 - Start Hunting Other Ducks: You know the old saying, "If you can't beat them, join them." If you are the kind of duck that has no loyalty to his kind, like a Caucasian person who dates outside of their race, just start hunting other ducks. Hell, don some hunting gear and fight the good fight alongside other duck hunters. The hunters will see that you are one of them and won't shoot you.

But heed this warning, duck traitors. The hunters are just as unloyal as you are. Don't be surprised if at the end of the season the hunters shoot you in the back and eat you alive!

Duck tip #3 - Incessantly proclaim that it is not duck season but instead rabbit season: Sometimes the best defense is a good offense. What you want to do is not simply accept that it's duck season but try to create confusion by proclaiming it is instead rabbit season. The punishment for hunting ducks outside of duck season is steep and you'll at least buy your feathered brethren some time to hide as the hunters try to verify what season it actually is.

If you do employ this technique you'll have to watch out for the rabbits. They'll start nonchalantly proclaiming that it is indeed duck season and that you are just blowing smoke. They have the upper hand and know your game. Don't give up the argument though. Start becoming angry and scream that it is actually rabbit season. No matter what the rabbit says, don't back down.

Unfortunately the rabbits have a dirty trick up their sleeves that an angry duck will almost always

fall for. In the heat of the argument they will turn it around and say that it is indeed rabbit season. Most ducks get confused and say that's duck season. When that happens the duck is often shot and killed while the rabbit returns to his den triumphantly. Don't fall for this trick! Always stay cool and you'll live to quack another day.

Duck tip #4 - Summon a Rabid Arrested Development Fan: If you are ever staring down the barrel of a shotgun and have nowhere to go, fear not my duck friends! Here is a technique to use as a last resort. All you have to do is scream, "ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT IS FOR FUCKING FAGGOTS." Within seconds a fat greasy tub of lard with stains on his Linux shirt will show up and ask, "WHO SAID THAT?!?!" Just point to the hunter. The nerd will start telling the hunter how great Arrested Development is and that no one understands it and will rim his asshole if he promises to tune in whenever the hell it's on, giving you ample time to run away to safety. Sure, the Arrested Development fan will most certainly be shot and killed but it's a small price to pay.

I didn't really watch this movie recently.

Duck tip #5 - Transfer the experiences of a dying duck to a hunter: I recently saw the movie Powder and one of my favorite scenes is the one where the albino freak guy puts his hands on the dying deer and the hunter and makes the hunter feel what it's like to die in the woods alone like that. It was a powerful scene and made me cry like a little sissy bitch. Jeff Goldblum is also in that movie and I love his style of acting and how he pauses for a second between every other word. It's so dramatic. He must have studied acting at Charles Grodin's House of Acting and Waffles.

For those of you who don't believe me I am here to say that this technique really works. I was at the video store the other day and there was this grizzled old man yelling at this poor employee because the movie he wanted to rent wasn't in even though they told him it was when he called. He was yelling at her and asking for the manager and raising all kinds of hell. I stepped up to the counter and put my hands on the employee and the irate customer and transferred the emotions and feelings of the employee into the customer. The man fell to his knees and started shaking. After it was all over he apologized and left with his copy of Soul Plane.

I'm telling you ducks, just do this to every hunter ever and all hunting will cease within a year.

It's time to take a stand and say NO to duck season. It's a barbaric and painful "sport" that must be stopped. Ducks have given so much to society by contributing to our nation's art scene, pumping money into the local economy, and keeping our lakes full of pristine bird shit. I plead with you, don't kill these gentle animals.

And besides, it's not duck season, it's rabbit season.

-~Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

3.28 Hollywood HOOOOO

Monday, Mar 28, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Zack here to interrupt your irregularly scheduled Livestock article with an update about the The J-List and Something Awful Mega Kawaii Prize Bonanza Showdown Series Two! The entries are continuing to roll in and I am starting to get some really good ones that aren't just MS-Paint images of Robocop pointing a gun at a poorly clipped photo of Anderson Cooper. Keep them coming! Delightful prizes await the finest entries! Fame, power, and women will be your reward. Okay, mild notoriety and an inflatable sex pillow will be your reward. Contest ends April 8th, so send your entries to zackparsons@somethingawful.com with the subject line CONTEST ENTRY! Thanks again to J-list for the delightful prize packages.

Hollywood HOOOOO

It might surprise you dear readers to know that yours truly is very anxious to blow this lousy popsicle stand and strike it rich in the lucrative oil fields of Hollywood. Out there they pump a different kind of oil from the ground – a little something called "high-viscosity entertainment." Yes, I know, you've grown to cry painful tears reading each and every one of my articles, but I can't stay here forever. Frankly, Richard does not pay me enough to continue prostituting myself in front of all of you like some kind of slutty wordsmith with a poor understanding of grammar. And really, a man can only get so far writing hate speech on the Internet before he has to set his sights on more honest and rewarding work.

Unfortunately, Hollywood never called me back the last time I pitched some movies while subbing for a drunken Zack Parsons. I'll be honest with you; those ideas of mine were pretty lousy, if not a little derivative. Back then I was young and naïve and I didn't understand the ins and outs of the vast motion picture industrial complex, where each movie has to hit like a highly concentrated smartbomb erupting fire upon the unsuspecting population. From the opening explosion to the explosive final credits, a movie has to hold the audience captive at explosionpoint, and even draw a little blood.

I'm ready to get in the thick of things, and that means relocating to Hollywood. I'm not sure how to do it, since my knowledge of geography is pretty limited. I have a vague notion that it's somewhere in America and I remember from "The Grapes of Wrath" that you could drive west to California to escape your Depression Era troubles. Paradoxically, I'm already on the west coast in a state called "Washington," so if I drove west I would most certainly drown... Or discover Atlantis. Luckily for me, I'm prepared to pay my way there. I'll throw out a couple ideas here, and if you're a rich Hollywood mogul you can have somebody come give me a ride to this elusive "California." So while you write out a check to "Josh 'Livestock' Boruff," here are some rapid-fire pitches for undeniable summer blockbusters.

"Crate"

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SIGN FOR!

Tagline: "Within Every Crate Lies Mystery!"

Premise: When an urban legend about a mysterious crate containing a curse makes its way to an intrepid journalism major, she decides to investigate with the help of her slacker boyfriend. But behind every signature on the crate's shipping manifest lies a terrible secret shaped like a tombstone and placed on top of a buried body. As they follow the trail of dead signatures to the source, they come closer and closer to discovering the horrifying secret inside the crate – a secret that just might be a creepy Asian boy who pops out of the crate and screams only to be forced back into the crate so that there can be a sequel called "Crate 2: Unpaletteable."

Audience Appeal: People like intelligent horror movies where regular people find themselves in impossible situations suddenly devoid of any and all common sense, and this movie would have gallons of that. Imagine the anxiety audiences would feel as they watch the curious duo search a warehouse, opening crate after crate, but never finding the actual one until the last 2 minutes of the movie. Then all hell breaks loose until the credits start rolling and audiences face the horrible prospect of rebuilding their shattered lives. I think Owe Boll would make a fantastic director for this film, as I truly believe he understands the psychology of crate related horror.

"Stan Lee's Sensational City!"

Tagline: "Welcome to the neighborhood, True Believer!"

Stan Lee Presents: Stan Lee

Premise: Capitalizing on the success of comic book movies like "Spider-Man," "X-Men," "Hotel Rwanda," and especially the upcoming "Sin City," "Stan Lee's Sensational City!" aims to make a lot of money and not much else. Seeing as how Stan Lee is widely credited with helping define modern comics, it's only fitting his ideas become the cornerstone of an original movie. With his desire to whore his reputation and past talent out in any way, shape, or form, it would not only be good to attach his name to this project, but it would probably cost very little. Basically, this movie would just be two hours of guys getting zapped by gamma rays, bitten by radioactive animals, and yelling "Excelsior!" and "'Nuff Said!" at each other. I mean a plot like that practically writes itself. This is not to be confused with rival film production "Jack Kirby's Clobberin' Town!" Those bastards stole the idea.

Audience Appeal: None whatsoever, but that shouldn't be a deterrence to bringing audiences an unfiltered sampling of the genius of Stan Lee. I figure you could cast Stan Lee in every part as well to save money, and there's no way in hell two hours of him yelling catchphrases while somehow being rewarded for exposing himself to deadly radiation wouldn't be entertaining.

Not only am I willing to relocate, I'm also willing to compromise on anything and everything, whether it by what I eat for dinner or whether you pay me in cash or by check. I very much want to succeed in this industry, and by succeed I more or less mean make money and then spend the money. In fact, I'm willing to not come up with any more movie ideas if the price is right. I'm also willing to be on "The Price is Right." I owe a lot of money and if I don't get it Sallie Mae is going to break my legs and harvest my valuable kidneys.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.29 How to Send the Perfect Email

Tuesday, Mar 29, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

This is me on the Internet (OTI).

Scientists at the prestigious University of Internet recently conducted a study proving email has become the most popular form of communication in America, outranking previous fan favorites "talking on the phone" and "honking a car horn while flipping people off when they attempt to merge into your lane from another lane roughly 58 miles west." Literally everybody uses email these days, from the brainiacs at Harvard busy researching new environmentally-friendly edible cars, to elderly folks trapped inside retirement homes searching for new friends able to read their 600-point, all capital font messages from neighboring area codes. Children are being expelled from the womb with extensive knowledge of Outlook Express, often sending lengthy messages to the mother before she gives birth to them. Of course these emails are almost always some variation of "OH MY GOD, WHERE THE HELL AM I, HELP HELP HELP I'M TRAPPED INSIDE A REALLY DAMP HOT POCKET," but the point still stands: America is increasingly becoming a place where smilies and jpeg attachments replace actual emotions and spitting tobacco into Big Gulp cups.

Unfortunately, the majority of America has absolutely no clue how to send a proper electronic message. Many people try to emulate what they watch their friends do or what they view on television, which explains why so many people seem disappointed when their email client refuses to display a 20-inch image of a rotating mailbox opening up and vomiting out an envelope while a vocoded voice screeches, "NEW MAIL INCOMING FROM CYBERSPACE DOT COM INFORMATION SUPERHIGHWAY" every time they receive a new message.

Ladies and gentlemen, you do NOT want to pick up email habits from random strangers and close friends with screen names including at least one cast member of Dragonball-Z and a seven digit number. What you want to do, and boy am I ever so sure about this, is read a website (on the Internet) which has over six years of experience being a website (on the Internet), thereby ensuring its credibility in the field of being a website (on the Internet). Today I, Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka, shall provide a handy and helpful guide explaining how to send the perfect email message, thereby proving to the entire world what a whirling dynamo of unbridled Internet savvy you truly are. That's how you really pick up the hot chicks.

STEP ONE: PICK AN APPROPRIATE EMAIL ADDRESS.

Many folks write in to me and ask, "hey Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka, why are you so gay?" Then they go on to write, "also why are you so ugly and stupid?" Then they usually conclude their email by revealing their eternal burning contempt and unholy allegiance to destroy everything I create in both this life and my countless lives afterwards. But the important point here, the one to really keep in mind, is that throughout their entire message, I'm 100% confident they were secretly meaning to ask me, "dear Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka, what is the secret to maintaining a serious presence on the Internet?" Many folks will go to their graves, paralyzed with fear at the prospect of being an eternal Internet laughingstock, reviled for their inability to compose respectable email messages. That's how Abraham Lincoln died, you know. That and the assassination thing.

The first step to sending the perfect email revolves around choosing an appropriate email address.

Do you think your business clients will take your seriously when you send them an important batch of marketing spreadsheets from the email address "alpaca-fan-4ever@yahoo.com"? What will the guys on your high school football team think when they read an email message from "cockaddicted@hotboiz.com"? How can you seriously expect George W. Bush to pay you attention when the death threats you're mass mailing are from "kerryfan2004@sailormoonhq.net"? Before contacting another member of the Internet, one who might react to your message with unadulterated malice and the unstoppable rage of a million burning suns, choose an appropriate email address reflecting the nature of your subject. Here's a handy chart to help you determine a pertinent email address based on the subject of your message:

SUBJECT OF EMAIL	THEME OF APPROPRIATE EMAIL ADDRESS	GOOD EXAMPLE	BAD EXAMPLE
Business	Business	edrichards@bigbusiness.net billgates@microsoft.com	slipknot43@wikkedclownpossee.com ahitler2000@stormfront.net
Computers	Technical	zeroc00l@awesomehackers.net	andygriffith@auntbeafans.org
Rap Music	Retarded	bigblack50centluvr@yorapcentral.com	billgates@microsoft.com

STEP TWO: CREATE AN AWESOME SUBJECT LINE.

This is easily the most important part, as the subject line is the first thing an Internet user sees upon clicking on their desktop's 20-inch mailbox vomiting envelopes icon. To create the perfect email, one must painstakingly handcraft an amazingly elegant and interesting subject line, one which not only accurately represents the main topic of your email, but one equipped with a subject line so breathtakingly fascinating that you'll have to beat away the next door neighbors from forcefully storming into your house and demanding to read your email like Internet-starved zombies who stopped being addicted to brains and are instead addicted to messages revolving around Christian home auto loans.

Finally, no more wife and kids because OH MY GOD YOU DROWNED THEM IN THE BATHTUB YOU SICK FREAK!

Obviously, the easiest way to accomplish such a goal is by adding hundreds of exclamation points to the end of your subject line. This is a technique Internet scholars such as myself dub "icing the cake." Additionally, I refer to "driving a car" as "slipping the eel" and I when I talk about "paying sales tax" I just say "inviting Tom Sizemore over to my lush, sprawling underwater mansion and forcing him to watch 40 hours of amputee pornography." "Icing the cake" makes any email exponentially more exciting,whether it be a letter to your grandmother detailing your latest bowel movement, or a letter to the President of the United States of America asking him about your grandmother's latest bowel movement. Don't believe me? Well see for yourselves!

OLD / BORING EMAIL SUBJECT LINE: *Hey I found out what key makes exclamation marks show up*
NEW / EXCITING EMAIL SUBJECT LINE: Hey I found out what key makes exclamation marks show up!!!!

OLD / BORING EMAIL SUBJECT LINE: *have you seen my mittens?*
NEW / EXCITING EMAIL SUBJECT LINE: have you seen my mittens?!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

OLD / BORING EMAIL SUBJECT LINE: *(no subject)*
NEW / EXCITING EMAIL SUBJECT LINE: (no subject)!!!

This is where I store all my email. Ask me how you too can store your email in an air fun castle! I won't tell you!

your email with needlessly verbose messages. For example, the phrase "Hey mate, do you want to go skating later with Nate?" can be easily optimized into "hey m8, do u want 2 go sk8ng l8r w/ n8?" If you're really dedicated to the concept of brevity and effort conservation, you could additionally shrink it down to its primary core elements, the sentence "I'm a colossal faggot who deserves death." If your message requires more than two sentences of text, just give up and don't bother sending any message because, honestly, nobody on the Internet can possibly read that much information without the help of several NASA scientists.

PART 3: THE CONCLUSION

The number one annoyance for all web users these days is the proliferation of spam messages. Everybody hates spam! Spam is the worst! Sending spam is like molesting children only there's no children or molestation involved! To make sure nobody accidentally confuses your highly important email message with an evil, vile heap of junk mail, be sure to include a few sentences at the end of your message explaining how your email is perfectly legitimate and there's no way anybody anywhere could ever confuse it with spam, even if the ghost of junk mail ejaculated into their eyes. Here's the disclaimer I use at the conclusion of all my messages:

> *PLEASE ACCEPT MY APOLOGIES IF YOU RECEIVED THIS EMAIL MESSAGE IN ERROR OR IF SOMEBODY SHOWED IT TO YOU AND YOU FAILED TO COVER YOUR EYES FIRST! This is not spam! Seriously! For real! If you received this email, then you have voluntarily signed up for my Internet mailing list, "Friends of Udo Kier." If you would like to unsubscribe, please send an email to Jesus Christ and ask him why he cursed me to forever be confined to this wheelchair with my shriveled, useless legs. THIS IS NOT SPAM. THE UNAUTHORIZED DUPLICATION OR REPLICATION OF ANY PORTION OF THIS EMAIL IS PROHIBITED BY THE FOOD AND DRUG ADMINISTRATION AS WELL AS THE FUTURE FARMERS OF AMERICA ASSOCIATION. I accept no responsibility or liability for loss or damage arising from the rectal consumption of this message. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. THIS IS NOT SPAM!!!!!!!!!*

STEP FOUR: THE ATTACHMENT.

Every decent email worth its weight in bytes comes with an attachment; it's like the dessert after a wonderful Arby's five-course meal. The most popular email attachment is the "hilarious picture" which falls into the following categories:

> 1) Hilarious animals doing wacky things which one would normally associate with the behavior of a human being but surely not that of an animal!
> 2) Wacky signs in hilariously wacky locations, such as a sign reading "NO DUMPING" outside of a restroom! Or a church sign with a wacky and hilarious double connotation! Oh those crazy religious people, when will they ever learn?
> 3) Wackarious celebrity Photoshops displaying famous actors and actresses engaging in hilacky antics or looking particularly unattractive! It's funny because they're rich and famous and we bring them down to our level by insulting them! Ha ha!

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STEP FIVE: THERE IS NO STEP FIVE!

If you have followed my guidelines, you will have undoubtedly created the most perfect email to ever grace the Internet! You can now die a happy man and / or woman, secure in the knowledge that you contributed to the Internet in a wholesome and fulfilling way that will undoubtedly serve as a hallmark of human history. In the unlikely event that your email didn't come out as totally awesome as you thought, feel free to use this form letter I created this morning after I awoke covered in a cold sweat and streamers of my own drool. I suspect I am molting. Happy Internetting, suckers!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.30 Lindsay Dawn Riley in Three's Calamity (Part 1)

Wednesday, Mar 30, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

"Come and kick in my doooooor."

Lindsay Dawn Riley was wearing thong underwear and a bra five sizes too small that made her resemble a bucket of dough being forced through a fishing net. She embodied that sort of raw sexuality that you can only get from burning a wig on an electric stove. As she steadied herself drunkenly on the frame of the door I caught a whiff of cheap whiskey riding the convection currents of evaporating sweat. It was the middle of the morning on a Sunday and Lindsay had bloody knuckles and a sack of placental fluids clenched in her fist. The sun was as bright as a magnesium fire in the cloudless blue sky but at that moment Tucson, Arizona had never seemed so dark.

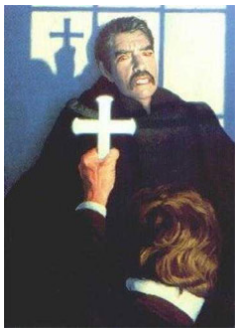
"That's not human." I was not asking, I was asserting a hopeful reality.

"Goat leftovers, nigger." She slurred and tried to push past me into my friend's decaying home.

I made the mistake of standing in her path. For an instant I was a matador lost in thought as the bull charges forward to skewer me. Bulls are hard and sharp; Lindsay was very soft unless she was using her fists. She just shoved me back a few steps with her bulk, a purple and red gush of fluid squeezing out of the plastic bag in her hand and covering my chest. She staggered into the living room and fumbled in her bra for a solitary crumpled cigarette. With dismay I turned to close the door behind her. At least this humiliation could be continued in private.

When your hands are covered with goat placenta it is difficult to turn a doorknob. Neighbors peered curiously through windows at me as I struggled to shut the door. The choking coughs that the nearly-agoraphobic Todd made at night were probably sufficient to convince them that I was running some sort of Underground Railroad for tuberculosis patients. Being covered in clotted animal blood sealed the deal.

"NO GUESTS!" Todd shrieked from the kitchen and then immediately started into a coughing fit.



Does not apply.

I finally managed to slam the door shut just as Todd made his grand entrance. He was pale-skinned to the point of translucence and his sunken eyes were ringed dark with fatigue. He never slept and ate nothing but uncooked canned foods, insisting that the canning process somehow fortified the contents with vitamins. He had finally had the maggots scraped out of his wound by the home health nurse but now he had a huge constantly seeping bandage on his arm from the coyote bite that had nearly done him in with gangrene. I was convinced he still might have contracted rabies.

"Oh hey it's a faggot." Lindsay flicked her lighter and sloshed more goat placenta on the already matted carpeting.

"Not her again!" Todd exclaimed in between tortured gasps. "You can't bring her in here!"

Were it so simple to ward off Lindsay Dawn Riley I would have hung the doors with garlic and turned the attic into a devotional to the crucifixion.

"Do you think I rang the dinner bell? She comes on her own timetable. She's a force of fucking nature." I explained.

"Force of fucking nature." Lindsay agreed, savaging the butt of the cigarette between her jagged teeth.

"Just get her out! And NO SMOKING!" Todd whirled the blanket he had draped around his shoulders like a cape and exited back into the kitchen.

Lindsay blew smoke in his wake and followed up with a lewd gesture involving her nearly-exposed mound of genitalia and her tobacco stained fingers. I wanted to look away but my eyes were glued to every shake, jiggle, and stain as if I were watching the Challenger come apart in the sky.

"Why are you here, anyway?" I dared to ask.

"You said it yourself I'm a force of nature." She continued as though I might not have understood my own metaphor. "Does a tornado need a reason to spin? Does a cloud need a reason to...fucking do whatever a gay ass cloud does? Do I need a reason to come in here and see my nigger?"

She was right. Not since the civil war had a man been owned so completely by another human being. Racist implications aside, I was most definitely Lindsay's nigger.

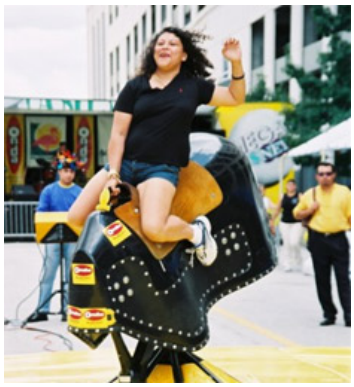
"Just so happens I do have a reason. Hold this."

Lindsay thrust the sack of goat afterbirth in my direction and I reluctantly took it so that she could dig into the left cup of her bulging bra.

"While I'm asking questions, why are you walking around in broad daylight in your underwear?"

She paused in her digging and screwed up her face until she looked convincingly offended by my question.

"These ain't *my* underwear, you dumb fucking Jew." She spit, as if it explained everything.



Not pictured: the horror of hell unleashed on mankind.

It would have to do as it was the only explanation I could pry from her odorous maw. She returned to the task of feeling around inside the cups of *someone else's* bra. Her grotesquely oversized areola peeked out like bloodstains seeping under a closed door and her fingers stretched the bra's fabric like sausages in a wet sack.

"Any other night and I would be up for whatever it is you have in mind." I lied. "Not tonight."

Lindsay's enthusiasm was undiminished. At last she extracted a wadded handful of red carnival tickets slick with sweat and hot with stink from the underside of her teet.

"Free rides at Cal's!" She shook her fist in my face.

"Free rides at Cal's" was a phrase only slightly less welcome than "you have inoperable dick cancer." It meant that Lindsay had somehow swindled free ride tickets for the mechanical bull at Texas Cal's Hooternanny. Cal's was a charming rodeo bar where the floor was covered with sawdust, the patrons wore well-broken cowboy boots, and there was a hose directly above the mechanical bull that soaked a t-shirt with water. Lindsay had a fondness for the mechanical bull that bordered on sexual addiction and the bar owner - a pock-faced Mexican named Javier - had an equally intense dislike for Lindsay. That meant getting the free ride tickets was something to truly get excited about in her surreal and terrible world.

"Lindsay, I have a date tonight," was what I might have said to a normal human being.

Instead I gradually enlightened her about my previous engagement for the evening using a series of

bawdy tales about the D-cupped barista at the coffee shop I had been lusting after for more than a month. When I finally broke the dinner-and-a-movie news to Lindsay she was completely unshaken.

"I like threesomes." She explained with a lecherous wink and a coquettish chew on her lower lip that could have served as a scare tactic slide in an oral hygiene Power Point presentation.

Lindsay had invited herself on my date and it would have taken more dynamite than I could buy in an afternoon to dislodge her. I told Lindsay I would be leaving for my date fifteen minutes later than I planned to actually leave to pick up Nicole. That was her name and she was beautiful. Shy, good sense of humor, those cute little black emo glasses, those enormous pert breasts. She told me she was studying philosophy at some college or another. Nicole and those fantastic breasts, studying hard, in the shower, slipping and sliding and...Lindsay of course managed to show up fifteen minutes before I told her to.

"Brought flowers!" She announced, still clutching the bag of goat blood.

At least she had put a white t-shirt on over *someone else's* underwear. The humiliation level of showing up to my first date with Nicole with a bipedal wad of growth hormones and bad language might be reduced by up to ten percent.

"Leave the bag." I insisted and was amazed when she tossed it in roughly the same direction as a storm drain.

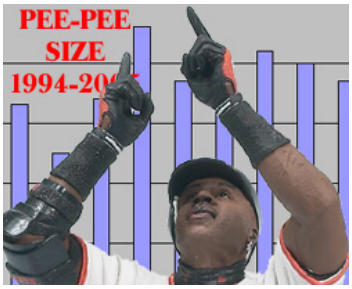
It was a monumental concession. Lindsay grunted and heaved her shuddering bulk into the passenger seat of my borrowed Lincoln. The drive to Nicole's apartment was as uneventful as those sorts of things could be with Lindsay in the car. She groped my crotch several times and belched so powerfully that she threw up in her mouth and had to spit it out the window that she had conveniently forgotten to roll down first. By the time we arrived outside the suburban duplex Nicole called home Lindsay had managed to marinate the entire passenger side of my car in her digestive juices. Things were off to a marvelous start and I had not even rung the doorbell.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.31 2005 Major League Baseball Preview

Thursday, Mar 31, 2005 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

Since I played baseball in high school up until the time I quit to spend more time on my BBS playing multiplayer Doom 2, I pretty much know everything there is about our National Pastime. I'm certainly more qualified to predict the results of the upcoming baseball season far better than any "expert" at ESPN or Sports Illustrated can. So here's your real, 100% accurate 2005 MLB preview:



By the end of the year, Barry Bonds will mostly be made of plastic.

■ Barry Bonds Falls Apart and Never Breaks Aaron's Record

Now that Barry Bonds is unable to keep himself alive with illegal drugs that have ominous names like "The Clear" and "The Doomsday Solution," his body implodes upon itself before he's able to break Hank Aaron's all-time home run record.

During his tearful retirement speech, a taped-together Barry blames the media and Redd Foxx for forcing him to take steroids. Next, Bonds brings his infant son up to the stage and screams at the child for 10 minutes until he bursts into tears. Barry then turns to the assembled reporters and asks, "are you happy now? You made my son cry!"

Finally, Bonds hooks his laptop up to a projector and launches into a two-hour PowerPoint presentation entitled "My Pee-Pee is No Wee-Wee," in which Barry explains in excruciating detail how using steroids has not affected the size of his penis *at all.* Tragically, just as he's about ready to wrap things up, his left leg suddenly disintegrates in a violent puff of smoke and Bonds falls backwards into an active volcano to his fiery, violent death.

■ New York Yankees Miss the Playoffs, Torre Retires

The most flattering pic of Steinbrenner I could find.

Lots of people hate the New York Yankees because the team has an unfair advantage over all the others: they can spend the most amount of money on players. Oh, and they also hate the Yankees because Steinbrenner is kind of a dick.

But getting back to the payroll thing: to put things into perspective, the Yankees enter 2005 with a payroll exceeding $200 million. The Yankees are in the same division as the Tampa Bay Devil Rays, and their payroll is $32 million. It's the sporting equivalent of pitting a featherweight boxer against a fully-manned M1 Abrams Battle Tank.

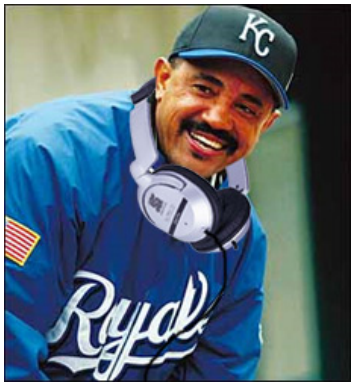
I grew up a Yankee fan and I'm proud to say I was a fan when the team completely sucked. Back when they had jerks like Wade Taylor, Matt Nokes, Jesse Barfield, Danny Tartabull, Hensley "Bam-Bam" Meulens, Alvaro Espinoza, and Kevin Maas. So yeah, I enjoyed the three straight World Championships and all that, but **enough is enough:** the Yankees need to stop making the playoffs and go back to being a complete and utter disaster.

And all signs point to this being the year the Yankee gravy train derails, flips over, and careens into an overcrowded orphanage. The Yankees are now literally the oldest team in the league, with an average player age of 32. **32**.Guys that age should be worrying about how to discreetly ask their doctor for extra shots of Rogaine and more free samples of Viagra. They shouldn't be playing professional sports.

And at this point Joe Torre has got to be pretty sick of working for the world's worst boss. By mid-season, he's going to have Steinbrenner calling him up at 4am screaming, "I GAVE YOU TWO STARTING PITCHERS OVER THE AGE OF 40 AND YOU'RE ONLY 3 GAMES OVER .500?! **WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU!!!**"

After the Yankees miss the playoffs, Torre is gone and the Yankees can return to the mediocrity they so richly deserve. It'll be like the recent collapse of the LA Lakers, just with less rape.

■ DJ Tony Pena Spins the Kansas City Royals to a Near .400 Winning Percentage



DJ Tony Pena can serve up both block rocking beats and 6-game losing streaks with ease.

When Tony Pena took over as manager for the Royals, he immediately uttered this little gem:

> *"I am the new DJ, I play the music and you have to dance. If you don't know how to dance, get off the dance floor."*

This totally confused all the Royals players. "Wait a minute... so baseballs... are records?" one asked. "No, I think the baseball bats are CD players," another guessed. Surprisingly, the confusion spawned by this terrible analogy led the team to accidentally posting a winning record in 2003. But last year things returned to normal and they're all just a bunch of losers again.

This year, Tony Pena has plans to boost the wattage of his speakers, implement samba in his bullpen, and teach the foxtrot to the middle infielders. The results? They'll waltz to the bottom of the AL Central in style.

A lot of experts think the Royals will be the worst team in the league, but I'm going to boldly predict they'll only be the 2nd or 3rd worst and may even have a chance of getting close to .400. Great job, DJ TonyP!

■ Bud Selig Remains Commissioner Despite the Fact he Really Sucks

I don't think it's possible for science to engineer a more unlikable, scary, creeptacular guy than Major League Baseball commissioner Bud Selig. The guy makes Stephen King seem soft and cuddly.

But even if you put aside his poor personality, horrible public relations skills, and camera unfriendly exterior... he still really, really sucks. I guess this shouldn't be a shock; who in the hell thought, "gee whiz, this guy is doing such a wondeful job running the **Brewers** that we should promote him to be in charge of **all** of baseball!"

If you want to know what it's like to run Major League Baseball yourself, play this old (and very realistic) Flash game entitled "Baseball Ballyhoo." Some of the references are

You'd think a guy named "Bud" would be amazingly attractive, but with Mr. Selig that's just not the case!

painfully dated now (remember contraction?), but it's not like you're paying for this garbage or anything.

- **Baseball Continues to Alienate Fans and Decline in Popularity**

  I think this prediction is pretty safe.

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

Chapter 4

April

4.1 Lindsay Dawn Riley in Three's Calamity (Part 2)

Friday, Apr 01, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Before I continue with the conclusion of the Lindsay Dawn Riley story I have a few quick announcements to make.

First and foremost my sincerest condolences go out to the Schindler family for the final loss of their legal battle to save their daughter Terri Schiavo. Your grunting and drooling meat-shell suffered kidney failure followed by heart failure and finally her bone-dry husk stopped functioning completely. I understand your loss, all the more profound because Terri's immortal soul is simply a shallow conceit of hokey spiritualism. Her soul was nothing more than a crackling nest of nerve impulses that largely stopped existing when her own brand of starvation resulted in a heart attack 15 years ago. Even her emaciated flesh will soon be gone as the grim kiln of the crematorium bubbles and melts and sears her flesh until she is nothing but ash.

I really hope that your daughter's ultimate sacrifice - becoming a humiliating public spectacle for your financial and political gain and a tool for the character assassination of her husband - will pay dividends down the road and allow the Republican dominated legislative and executive branch to erode the checks and balances imposed by the tyranny of the judicial branch. Just like Terri always wanted. Perhaps her memory will live on amid the creeping buboes of Culture of Life groups and their shadowy revenue streams. Adieu Terri Schaivo, may you become the Horst Wessel of our time. Your death was not in vain. Millions, full of hope, look up at the stars and stripes.

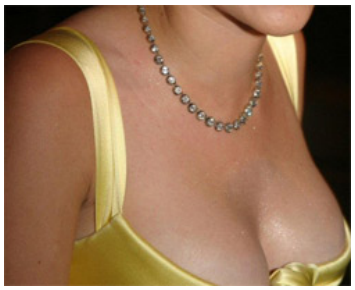
Moving on from such somber news I would like to once again remind our readers that there is a FUCKING CONTEST GOING ON! I keep getting emails saying "oh man I'm working on this awesome Flash movie for my entry" and then lo, there was no Flash movie. The contest ends April 8th so if you want fabulous prizes then you had better enter soon! Only communists and gypsies turn down fabulous prizes. Are you a Bolshevik? Does the blood of Roma flow in your veins? I thought not! Enter now or suffer with thoughts of what might have been! Send me your entry!

Lastly, I would like to offer my condolences to family, friends, and fans of comedian Mitch Hedberg. He apparently died a few nights ago in one of the most poorly publicized celebrity deaths ever. Unlike Terri Schiavo he could mumble and crack jokes about club sandwiches and being high, making his death infinitely more tragic than Terri's. Turns out that being high might not be as hilarious as originally thought as it seems it might have been the cause of his death. For days his death remained unconfirmed by anyone other than fellow comedians, which was strong evidence that it was some sort of elaborate April Fool's joke. When confirmation of your death is posted on an EZ-Board forum somewhere by Patton Oswalt you know you've made the A-list. I'm sure by the time you're

reading this it made the news ticker for a brief second on CNN. Anyway, funny guy, I just wish his death could somehow strip power from the judicial system.

■ Lindsay Dawn Riley in "Three's Calamity" (Part 2)

Nicole answered the door in a blue floral pattern sun-dress that showed off her curves without making her look trashy.


Oh, hello Nicole.

"Fuckin' boner pipe, right there." Lindsay pointed at Nicole's visible cleavage. "I'd stick my dick between those."

Somehow, Nicole managed to selectively filter out every comment Lindsay made on the car ride to the restaurant. Nicole and I would be talking about Pavlovian conditioning and Lindsay would interject with something sexual but also confusing like "I'd condition a hotdog right up your crunch." My personal favorite was when the conversation strayed flirtatiously to Oedipal complexes and Lindsay offered "I'd edda pool of brown squirts outta your kiddy creek." That made Lindsay laugh until her smoker's lungs started seizing up. Nicole giggled and winked.

Inside Duff's Chunky Bride & Grill we settled in for a nice meal of budget-priced surf and turf, or in Lindsay's case "surf and turf and beer and turf and beer and surf and turf." Halfway through spilling thirty dollars of overripe lobster down her t-shirt Lindsay excused herself from the table.

"Gotta go powder the creamy crack." She explained.

Nicole chewed daintily on a forkful of steak and then leaned in close to me.

"I've got to tell you something before the date goes on any farther." She said seriously.

"Sure, go for it." I was suddenly wary as that was the sort of comment that usually preceded revelations about pregnancy or venereal disease.

"I have infantile genitalia." I did not understand the words coming out of her mouth. "It's really rare, only like 1 in 100,000 people have it."

"I...I..." I still didn't understand.

"It's okay, it's just...disturbing to some people. And I can't have normal sexual intercourse. Unless you happened to have the condition as well."

Some girls had said some really mean things they hopefully later regretted, but I don't think a doctor would have diagnosed me with infantile genitalia. I shook my head.

"It's okay." Nicole nodded. "I just had to tell you. I really like you."

I silently damned Nicole. I damned her and her breasts for making me break my solemn oath to the flag of the United States of America never to even fleetingly consider the logistics of sex with an infant. Nicole was saying something about the Black Dahlia but I was lost in the imagery of a cucumber thrusting into the air valve on a bicycle tire.

"Ain't you a couple of top shelf niggers." Lindsay smiled proudly and settled back in her seat. "Lookin' like the king and queen of tar baby town."

Welcome to the erotic cinema.

Once Lindsay had crammed her gullet to her satisfaction we departed the restaurant and journeyed to the cinemaplex to see the latest from Bruce Willis. Something about guns and a cop or ex-cop. Maybe he was a Navy SEAL. The story was sort of lost on me with Lindsay and her octopus hands to my left and Nicole and her Micro Machine play set to my right.

At one point I worked up the nerve to reach over and casually grope Nicole's breast. She turned to me and smiled and I felt her hand work into my pants and started grabbing my junk like Fred Sanford. My hopes were dashed more than a minute later when I glanced surreptitiously over at Lindsay. She was leering at me and snickering. I followed her arm down to where it disappeared into the front of my pants and fought back a scream. It was like waking up from a dream to find yourself kissing your dog only to wake up from that dream to find yourself kissing your dead grandfather.

Realization quickly became electric panic. I convulsed with horror and my popcorn flew up in the air in a great geyser and came back to sticky earth in slow motion. All around me moviegoers hissed and cursed at my careless interruption of their Bruce Willis shooting-someone-in-the-neck experience. Lindsay just transitioned from a hateful chortle to a meaty guffaw. Nicole started with surprise and caught a glimpse of Lindsay's puffy fingers as they emerged from the fly of my pants.

"That was a fun movie," I announced when we emerged from the darkened theater.

"I liked where Bruce Williams threw the guy through the window and then shot him when he was falling." Lindsay draped her arm around my shoulders and then did the same to Nicole. "Then the SWAT helicopter crashed through the side of the building and he outran the explosion and jumped down an elevator shaft and kicked that other guy in the face."

"It was a great moment for cinema." Nicole agreed absently.

"So," I searched my mind for a way to repair the evening, "would you like to go for a drink?"

"Fuck yes girl, you know I want to." Lindsay squeezed my neck.

"I guess that would be alright." Nicole added her less enthusiastic agreement to the plan.

"How about-"

"We're going to Cal's!" Lindsay exclaimed. "I got free ride tickets."

By the time we had arrived at Cal's half an hour later I had managed to smooth things over with Nicole. There was still a certain amount of distance between us that had not been there at the beginning of our date but she at least seemed to believe my story that Lindsay had simply dropped some of her candy down the front of my pants.

Inside Cal's the crowd consisted of the usual collection of ranch hand miscreants and rhinestone slugs birthed pink and mewling from a pool of sewage. This was back in the days before line dancing had become an embarrassment reserved for white trash weddings at the VFW. Roughly 75% of those not participating in the hypnotic self-destruction of their pride on the dance floor would have a chair broken over their head before last call. I tried to head towards a booth in the corner to drink away my shame but Lindsay dragged me bodily over to the mechanical bull. She insisted Nicole and I had front row seats to her public deflowering of Cal's latest hydraulic-assisted steed.

The infernal device reluctantly accepted Lindsay's tickets and groaned plaintively as she settled her bulk in its saddle. Her puffy fingers clamped down on the saddle horn and she beamed with crooked joy.

"Watch this, niggers!" Lindsay shouted.

At any other bar it might have started a riot. Cal's was special. Lindsay almost fit in at Cal's. The mechanical bull began to hiss and whine as it began its build up to full speed. Lindsay's shrill "yeeeee haawwww!" carried over the bull sound effects and the nightmarish drum and bass remix of "Boot Scootin' Boogie." By the time the bull had reached it maximum velocity Lindsay was rolling and undulating so violently that I was afraid she might jiggle apart.

Black cowboys are precious and rare like anthracite.

I pounded down Rolling Rocks to dull the pain of the spectacle. Nicole nursed her beers much more slowly. We talked a little as I pretended not to see the sweat and beers wicking off of Lindsay's flopping cleavage in great tidal waves. After a half an hour or so Nicole excused herself to the "cow girl's corral" and I felt a nervous twitch as the sweat-drenched Lindsay stepped down off the bull and followed bow-legged after her.

While I waited for either or both of them to return from their trip to the bathroom I became aware of a growing commotion near the dance floor. If you have never seen a fight break out in a honky-tonk/sports bar then just imagine a saloon fight from a Western only people get hurt. The combination of testosterone, alcohol, and failure created a dangerous atmosphere ripe for violence. When Scooter McFastshot decided to lay a haymaker on Paulsy Tumbleweed a simple fist fight

escalated almost instantly into an all out war. In a western movie if you break a chair or bottle over someone's head it's going to knock them out at the worst. In real life it's going to break bones, smash out teeth, and open bloody wounds on the scalp.

Cal's became a chain reaction of violence. I ducked beneath a thrown beer bottle and then stood up from the chair. My eyes scanned the bar area for the best way out. Punches, kicks, and the occasional karate chop were being traded all around me with very little rhyme or reason. Women clung to men's backs like flailing backpacks with pigtails. The bartender ducked beneath the counter as bottles smashed again and again into the mirror behind him. As the chaotic melee escalated further and further Lindsay burst from the bathroom. She had an electric hand dryer in one fist and swung it at the first person who staggered into her reach.

Lindsay cut a swath through the combatants towards me, swinging the hand dryer and making loud metallic "bong" sounds whenever she scored a hit. A shadow loomed before me, an Amazonian at least my height with a white Stetson and her purse wrapped up around her fist like brass knuckles. She hauled back to lay one right into my face and I brought my arms up reflexively.

"Bong!" The Amazonian dropped, out cold, and there stood Lindsay Dawn Riley and Nicole.

"Got a fucking baby cooch." Lindsay growled over the din of the fight and swung the hand dryer again with deadly precision.

"What?!" I tried to kick a passing cowboy in a howling wolf t-shirt and ended up knocking an Asian woman on her back.

"You're onna date with a freak. I just saw in the bathroom, she's got some sort of mini-hatchet wound. Like she lays frog eggs from it."

Nicole was crying. I grabbed her hand, ignoring Lindsay.

"It's okay." I tried to raise my voice over the noise of the crowd.

"Bong!"

I never knew for sure what hit me in the temple, but I always felt pretty confident it was that damn hand dryer Lindsay was wielding. It didn't hurt, but the world flashed white and I was on the ground. Then everything was dark.

Warmth. A blanket. A blanket against naked skin. I was in bed and I was naked. The last thing I remember doing was...oh god. OH GOD!

My eyes flew open in the darkness of my bedroom. Someone was in bed next to me, soft and warm against my skin. My eyes slowly adjusted and details resolved. It was Nicole! I wondered at the mystery of the naked woman with the baby vagina in bed next to me. Then I wondered, and verified, that she was truly naked. Her breasts were every bit as magnificent as I had imagined and it was thankfully black enough beneath the blanket that I couldn't make out any detail farther down.

"Nicole," I whispered. "Nicole."

An arm flopped heavily over my body and my horror was reborn. I inhaled deeply through my nostrils and my sense of smell told me everything I needed to know. Reeking of sweat, booze, and myriad other unpleasant remnants was a naked Lindsay Dawn Riley. In my bed. Spooning me.

"Nigger." She cooed sweetly and pulled me against her bulk.

"Auuuggbgbgbgbgbggb!" I tried to scream but it turned into a gagging cough. The beer, the fighting, the smells, and the reality all caught up to my guts at the same instant. Nicole was out of the bed in a flash and her ability to scream was not only unimpaired but very shrill and impressive.

She was fast but not fast enough, and as soon as she realized she was covered only in vomit she screamed even louder and fled from the bedroom.

Through the tears stinging my eyes I got one last look at her as she retreated from Todd's house. Her ass was magnificent too.

I never saw Nicole again. Not even at her coffee shop. I wish I could say the same about Lindsay Dawn Riley.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.2 Saturday Gossip Gab

Saturday, Apr 02, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Welcome to another edition of gossip gab, the hottest news fresh from the rumor mills of Hollywood and beyond. I have some SHOCKING gossip for you today, as well as a look at red carpet fashion do's and don'ts, and a very special Spring movie review with my co-host, Hector, the magical talking toy monkey. I alone have the INSIDE scoop on tinsel town's dirty laundry and BREAKING news, mainly because I sneak into their mansions and masturbate on their SOCKS. Restraining order be damned, I am dedicated to bringing you the fully story, even if that means kidnaping, interrogation, and torture. Personally I have no stomach for such things, so Hector tends to take over with a sadistic delight. Vin Diesel may play tough guys on the big screen, but he screams like a little girl when you put hot coals in his anus. Lets get to that JUICY gossip!

First let us observe a moment of silence for the greatest tragedy in American history. 10 times worse than the titanic, World Trade Center, and launch of Fox News combined. **Jennifer Aniston** and boy toy **Brad Pitt** have officially called it quits last week, ending what was a perfect Hollywood romance of pure Aryan genes. We are all still in shock and disbelief here at the home office, and my whole belief system in Hollywood romance has been shattered. We are still unsure about why the perfect pair called it splitsville, but we think it has something to do with **Terri Schiavo's** feeding tube being removed.

Hillary Swank, fresh off an Oscar win for her portrayal of a female boxer in the movie Million Dollar Baby, has taken on an even more challenging role in a new bio-documentary about the life and times of **Ernest Borgnine**. Swank's agent says that she has been packing on over a hundred pounds and putting her face in a dishwasher for 8 hours a day. This will push the envelope on the trend of her masculine movie roles that simply delight the award judges.

Heartthrob **Russell Crowe** was involved in yet another drunken brawl, this time with a tapir from the Sydney zoo who Crowe said was "undermining his talent as a musician". This comes on the heels of the news that Russell Crowe's band broke up for "creative differences", like playing songs that don't cause listeners to throw themselves into the mouths of great white sharks in agony. The tapir has not pressed charges as of yet.

HOT ITEM!: **Lou Diamond Phillips** has been complaining of toothaches and it turns out that he needs to get his wisdom teeth out next Tuesday. I don't have any confirmation as of yet if it's just a couple or all four teeth, but we will stay on top of this story and keep you in the loop as it progresses. When our gossip hounds caught up with Lou he would only comment with, "My mouth kind of hurts."

I do, however, have confirmation that **Christina Aguilera** has tested positive for every STD known to modern science, as well as leading to the discovery of 3 previously unknown diseases. The doctors at MIT were extremely excited at getting a chance to observe a very rare STD called "Molluzious Febloma", that can only be contracted in the jungles of Borneo by having sexual relations with tree sloths. Aguilera denied ever going to Borneo or having sex with a sloth, but we remain skeptical after seeing a scorpion crawl out of her vagina at the Grammy's.

NEWS FLASH!: **Fred Savage** has reportedly thrown himself off a weather balloon in an apparent suicide attempt. His fall was broken by actors **Tom Hanks**, **Johnny Depp**, and **Edward Norton**, who were taking a walk together below and perished when the slightly chubby Savage landed on top of them. Fred Savage survived with minor cuts and bruises.

Speaking of boo-boo's, **Mel Gibson's** latest project is a bloody picture called "The Spanish Inquisition", and depicts over 4 hours of brutal torture and violence. Afraid of getting an NC-17 rating, he threw in a fundamental religious message and it was changed to a G rating by the MPAA. Gibson says he's enjoying his stint as a director, and that working behind the camera gives him more time to spend time in his basement getting beaten with a rubber hose by a latex-clad midget.

John Travolta was admitted to a local emergency room after a mishap in his bathroom this morning. Apparently he was up all night listening to Scientology tapes and snorting pixie dust, when he walked into his bathroom to disrobe for a shower. He then saw his pubic hair in the mirror and thought it was a werewolf, so he tried to jump into the mirror thinking it was a space portal. The lacerations from the broken glass were only superficial, but he will still be laid up for about a week.

Red Carpet FASHION!

It looks like a young Anthony Hopkins! For years Jude has been dazzling us with his dashing English grace and movie presence and now he is the talk of Tinseltown as he walks the red carpet with his expensive arm candy. When Jude was first starting out in the business, he spent his days trying to make rainbows with glass and twine, but now he's got so much money he bought his own personal rainbow that shines on him during his red carpet walks. Hey Jude, Hair Club for Men called and they want their head sample back. But I kid Jude Law.

Angelina Jolie has just been named Entertainment Weekly's #1 most sexy person in the entire universe, and you can see why! Sure some people say her face sort of looks like a cross between a Mexican and Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle, but the people have spoken, she is hot to trot! This timeless white dress doesn't need to be fancy, for it is just an empty canvas on the masterpiece that is Angelina Jolie. Heck, I'm a flaming homosexual and even I would do her!

It's official! Ben Stiller and Owen Wilson have undergone an experimental surgery to get attached at the waist at the advice of their agents. Apparently moviegoers are in love with these two goofballs when they appear in buddy films together, and the pair made a professional decision to get the procedure done, ensuring a partnership that will last a lifetime. Both look very suave in these double-breasted tuxedos from Chester and Chester. I'm looking forward to a movie remake of Perfect Strangers, coming out next summer to a theatre near you.

This is a perfect example of what NOT to wear when attending the Oscars. Sean Young, who hasn't done a good movie since Bladerunner in 1982, crashed this year's party wearing a simply horrid dress that I wouldn't even put on my most ignored doll. She looks like she wants to be a pretty princess but ends up looking like a middle-aged, attention starved whore, whose womb is as dry and desolate as Death

Valley. This my friends, is a fashion nightmare. It's a fucking mess and I'm going to the bathroom to puke my guts out this very minute.

Some HUGE movies have just hit the big screen and myself and Hector will be reviewing a few of them to let you know if it's worth your hard earned money to head out to the theatre for a viewing. I'll be right back because I have to take a personal loan out so I can buy a popcorn, soda, and Sno-Caps.

Sin City

Frolixo: Welcome Hector, are you ready to review the movies we just watched?

Hector: You fool!

Frolixo: Let's start with Sin City. Personally I thought it was a hoot and a half. The style, look, and action really grabbed me by the ears and kicked me in the balls. What did you think Hector?

Hector: First of all, comic books are for virgin nerds, and comic book movies are for virgin nerds who gathered up the courage to leave the house for 2 hours. When is this goddamn comic book movie fad going to end? If I wanted to see queers jumping through windows, I would've called your mother.

Frolixo: That doesn't even make sense! You must admit that this is some groundbreaking cinema that has never been done before.

Hector: You know something, I never took a crap off a freeway overpass onto the windshield of a moving school bus, making it crash into a swamp, killing the driver and all the children on board, but I wouldn't go around bragging about it if I did it just because "it's never been done before". Oh wait I did do that, but you know what I'm getting at. Next movie!

Guess Who

Frolixo: I thought this movie was simply a treat. Comedy is the best medicine, and it comes in large doses with the movie "Guess Who". Ashton Kutcher plays a white college student that falls in love and wants to marry his girlfriend, but guess what? She's a black! And to make it even more interesting, her father is a black as well, and he is played by Bernie Mac so you know sparks are going to fly. Hahahahahaha, white people and black people together, only in Hollywood!

Hector: Shut your gob you festering cunt! I was rather intrigued by this movie at first because I'm a big fan of Bernie Mac, but this "fish out of water" scenario is so overplayed and boring that you can see the jokes coming miles away. I knew all the gags before I even walked into the theatre so I just went to sleep instead.

Frolixo: So you didn't like the movie?

Hector: Fuck off Paskiewicz.

The Ring Two

Frolixo: The first Ring marked the comeback of the horror genre in Hollywood, and what better way to keep it going by making a sequel in "The Ring Two". Frankly I was shaking in my slippers while watching this movie and even had a catheter put in because it was so scary I didn't want to pee on myself. There is something about girls coming out of wells that give me the willies.

Hector: More like girls in general give you the willies because you're a huge faggot.

Frolixo: Hector please I implore you!

Hector: I'll implore my fist in your face in a second if you don't get your freckled redheaded ass away from me and leave me alone.

Frolixo: But you promised you would help me with today's update.

Hector: I'm sorry you're right. Come here so I can give you a hug and we can make up.

Frolixo: ahhhhhhieeeee

I hope you enjoyed the Saturday Gossip Gab, where we bring the news from the hottest stars to your home computer! I'm going to go to a hospital now because I am bleeding a lot from my head, arms, chest, and face. Toodles!

-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

4.3 I was an Everquest attention whore

Sunday, Apr 03, 2005 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

"Do come with the game?" "Oh you, tee-hee-hee."

In 1999 I played Everquest frequently during summer vacation between my freshman year and sophomore year of high school. It was one of those situations where your friend calls you up and says, "Hey man let's play Everquest it'll be awesome and I'll get a bunch of other people to play come on let's play!!!" and then he falls off the face of the Earth for the next three months. To be honest I didn't really feel like playing but I didn't have anything better to do and he was pretty insistent about it.

The way he talked about the game actually made it sound fun. Unfortunately he sort of glossed over the fact that the majority of the time you'll spend "playing" Everquest consists of camping the same spot for hours on end so you can get some rare item that isn't so rare anymore because everybody in the fucking game has it by the time you get to the front of the line. It got to the point where lines started to form so you could kill the monster and rape his corpse for some stupid gem or weapon. But what the hell else was I going to do during my summer vacation? Get a summer job and acquire some sort of life experience that would have prepared me for the real world after high school and possibly raise my level of maturity? Ha! I wouldn't be writing for this web site if I had done that. I somehow convinced my dad to give me his credit card number and created an account. My dad's $9.95 a month adventure began that day.

My first character was some kind of male knight named Spokker Jones. I was considering naming my first character Spykkyr Jonesyth because I was afraid Spokker Jones would not comply with the ridiculous Everquest naming policy. Fortunately Spokker Jones went through on the first try. The first thing that struck me about Everquest was the size of the game world. It was enormous and I had trouble finding my way around as every wall looked like the same blurry texture with nothing to distinguish itself from the other blurry shit-colored walls. I asked another player where I might find the exit into the exciting zone where I could kill beetles and rats and was met with the following response.

> *I'M BUSY FAGGOT. READ THE MANUAL NEWBIE!!!*

Oh boy. I had not been playing for more than 15 minutes and I had already been called a faggot. I didn't know what the guy was doing staring at a wall in the corner but it must have been really important. I'm sure he meant to say, "I'M *A* BUSY FAGGOT." That would have made much more sense.

To say I had trouble getting used to Everquest is an understatement. It was almost impossible to figure this game out and no one was willing to help me. On top of that no one would group with me. For a game that boasts the ability to play with thousands of other people at the same time, there sure was a hell of a lot of people who would rather play alone. Like my grandma always said, "If they're an antisocial faggot in real life then they will probably be one on the Internet as well. Unless it's an Internet forum. Then they're the baddest motherfucker on the entire Internet."

After an hour of fumbling my way around the desert with nary a clue about what the hell I was supposed to be doing I thought of a new plan. I knew if I was going to get any respect I'd have to take drastic action. I quickly logged out and created a new character. *She* was to be a female wood

elf ranger. Soon the world of Norrath would be mine for the taking! However, as I would soon find out, I didn't have to do any taking at all. It would all be given to me.

I was not playing as a female wood elf ranger for more than five minutes when some guy playing what looked like a walking turd (it was later explained to me that it was actually a half-dwarf) wandered by and gave me a bunch of high level armor for absolutely no reason at all. Since the wood elf starting city was even more confusing than the first place I started at I asked him where the exit was. The fucker actually escorted me to the exit. I don't know what Everquest is like today, but back then playing a female character was like unlocking some kind of easy mode.

Love at first sight.

Do you need anything else ma'am?

No, I'm fine thanks. With that he logged off and I continued on my merry way. Playing Everquest as a female character was a lot easier than playing as a male. Suddenly everybody was willing to help me. Everybody wanted to group with me. I noticed that during battles I was often the first one healed. I died a lot less than I did when I was playing as the male character. Looking back I wonder if those guys looked upon my character with some sort of obligation to protect me because I was playing as a girl. Maybe it had something to do with the basic instinct that men have to protect their women and it was manifesting itself in these Internet nerds. All I knew is that I was the darling member of every party I joined. I actually started playing the part.

Hehe. Thanks baby :-)

The best Everquest attention whores often play six different whores at a time to maximize the attention they receive from horny role playing nerds.

Nobody really wants to "play" Everquest. It's just work that you don't get paid for and benefits no one. I had no problems accepting rare items and getting extra help from a bunch of horny guys who thought I was a girl despite the fact that in actuality I was the only Mexican in Anaheim to have a computer at the time. I got to high level zones faster and didn't have to wait in line to kill some faggot orc so I could steal his magic anal beads or whatever gay shit they had you fetch for those dumb quests. I was on top of the world, the star of the show, the center of attention, and I loved it.

I had only one problem, the dorks who played female characters despite the fact they were actually male. I was always in competition with them and they were growing in numbers. When they joined the same party as me I had to outgirl them in every aspect, and I did. I was cuter, sexier, and a lot more flirtatious. I often resorted to devious methods in order to rid myself of these bothersome fakers. I would create a train of monsters, lead them to the manbitches, and then quickly run away. I tried to report them to the GMs for every little infraction. Sometimes I just "forgot" to cure them when they were near death. Sorry about that, better luck next time! I was Queen Everquest and nobody would invade my turf. No one!

One day I received one of my usual messages.

Hey doll face, what's shakin'?

Oh boy, it was that first half-dwarf guy who gave me all that armor when I first started. I guess he couldn't resist my feminine charms. He asked me to join his guild so I did. Over the next few weeks he would talk to me practically every night. He was like a love-stricken puppy dog messaging me his sweet nothings. In fact, he never left me alone. The guy was insane. He practically worshipped my virtual elf chick, showering upon her gold and rare items. Hey, as long as I got a steady stream of items, weapons, and armor so I didn't have to go fetch them myself I didn't give a shit.

It's the age old adage, if you are talking to a hot chick on the Internet and "she" is being really flirtatious with you as if she would jump on your dick the second the opportunity presented itself, it's probably a man. Men don't go online with the intention of e-fucking some other guy in a Yahoo "married but looking..." chat room but they do this all the time whether they know it or not. They are so lonely or so horny they will believe what they want to believe. This guy wanted to believe that a hot chick had some sort of connection with him whether or not the scenario was plausible or not. The funny thing is that I almost never said anything of substance to this guy. I think that when he read the messages I sent to him he saw a completely different text. I imagine when I messaged him things like "okay", "what", and "hello", he saw "OH MY FUCKING GOD I WANT YOU IN MY PUSSY RIGHT NOW."

One day we were talking and he asked me where I was from. Orange County, I replied.

Where in Orange County?

Oh Christ, I knew where this was going. Anaheim, I said.

Oh! What a coincidence! I live in Buena Park!

He eventually asked if I wanted to meet up for lunch some time and it was then that I devised a fiendish plan. I told him to meet me on Saturday at a local McDonalds. He asked what I looked like and I gave him so hot a description that he must have stained his shorts right then and there. The next day I grabbed a friend, told him we were going to screw with some Everquest nerd, and left for McDonalds.

Imagine this guy covered in enough cooking oil to fry a buffalo with and you've got a good picture of what my Everquest boyfriend looked like.

When we arrived he was already there waiting. There was no way you could miss him. He was like a ghost among a sea of Mexicans. The guy looked so out of place. He looked like he was in his late 20s or early 30s, ridiculously overweight, and wore glasses. The guy was twiddling his thumbs, looking around nervously for his dream girl. Our plan was to tell him that I was really a guy, call him a pervert for trying to pick up chicks in a video game, and leave. My friend was egging me on.

But looking at him in that bastion of shitty fast food I felt sorry for him. More so I felt ashamed of myself, ashamed that I would stoop to this level. There was no reason to insult the guy, because he was already a walking insult to humanity, and so was I. We left the restaurant, effectively standing up the guy. It was like that episode of The Simpsons where Bart pretends to be a dashing gentleman named Woodrow and leaves Mrs. Krabapple crying at a restaurant. I wondered if the Everquest nerd cried. I tried to push such thoughts out of my head. With that, I went home.

I never played Everquest again.

-~Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

4.4 04.04.2199 - Vatican City - Papal Arcology - Level 774

Monday, Apr 04, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Welcome, Papal Aspirant. We at the International Papal Selection Commission are pleased that you have decided to submit your name for consideration. We are currently seeking to fill one position as a Pope. If you are rejected during this process please be aware that we will keep your applicatory précis on file for up to six months. If we require a secondary Pope we may contact you.

If you have made it this far into the selection process that means you have passed your mandatory drug test and have advanced to the final levels of background and aptitude screening. In a moment an Adjudicator Cardinal will enter your testing chamber and attach a variety of biorhythm probes. These are all non-invasive and perfectly harmless; although they might be cold so do not be alarmed. These will allow the team of Adjudicator Cardinals assigned to you to carefully monitor various signs of stress and discomfort during the questioning process. This data will be used to help determine your ability to function in the demanding role of Pope.

Take three deep breaths, close your eyes, and prepare to begin Testing Level One.

Excellent work, Papal Aspirant! You have completed the first level of testing and you are cleared to move onto the next. Before doing so please quench your thirst with a glass of ice cold lemonade and a handful of soda crackers. These will help you keep your focus for level two of testing.

Good. You seem to be well rested so we will now move on to Testing Level Two. You will be asked a series of aptitude questions to judge your behavior as a potential Pope. You may read the questions as they are projected onto your Heads Up Display but they will also be read aloud by Vatican One or, as you may know it, the Mechanical Bride of Christ. When Vatican One finishes reading the question you will have five seconds to select your answer. Testing begins...now.

> **1)** You have just been named the Pontiff and there are many rivals who would seek to see you undone. While lounging in the Papal Datadrome you notice a team of assassins have infiltrated the perimeter. Since you are new to the papacy you are not sure you can trust your security retinue to properly deal with the intruders. Should you...
>
> > **a)** ...activate full lockdown mode and retreat to one of the nearby panic cloisters.
> > **b)** ...unleash the Scourges from their restraints and allow them to set upon the intruders with their electro-flails aware of the damage they may cause to priceless artifacts during their 777-second convulsion of divine violence.
> > **c)** ...don a rebreather, instruct Vatican One to seal off all air circulators in the building, and wait for the intruders to asphyxiate.
> > **d)** ...instruct the Swiss Guard to begin a weapons-free perimeter sweep and arm yourself just in case their loyalties have slipped.
>
> **2)** You have caught one of the Cardinals using Vatican One to simulate a wife and family and using one of the neural interface rigs for conjugal visits. You decide to discipline him by...
>
> > **a)** ...restricting his Vatican One access level to terminal-only for one year.
> > **b)** ...burning out his frontal lobe with your mind-knife and converting his body to a consecrated war golem.
> > **c)** ...throw him from your balcony to feed the crowds that gather outside, their sanity lost to the droning of Vatican One's Hypnohailers.

d) ...forcing him to live out the remainder of his life in a pain amplification scrivener.

3) You are flying over the tomb city of New York when your dirge cruiser experiences engine difficulties and it is forced to land amidst the towering sepulchers of a bygone age. As your thrice-damned crew of engine slaves work to repair the engines you spy a crowd of starving mutant scavengers. They seem curious and perhaps awed by the majesty of the dirge ship. You decide to...

a) ...drop a pallet of sacramental wafers and wine for them to accept the blood and flesh of Christ.
b) ...purge the area with your magnesium burners.
c) ...issue a Papal Edict that the tomb city be cleansed with nuclear fire following your departure.
d) ...dispatch your Swiss Guard to collect the scavengers using neural stunners and place them in shock collars for transfer to the medical testing facility in the Vatican.

4) Word reaches you from your chameleon agents that nomads in the barrens of Old Europe have defied the glory of the Lord and have turned to idolatry. They are worshipping a craven image of the sun as their god. You handle the situation by...

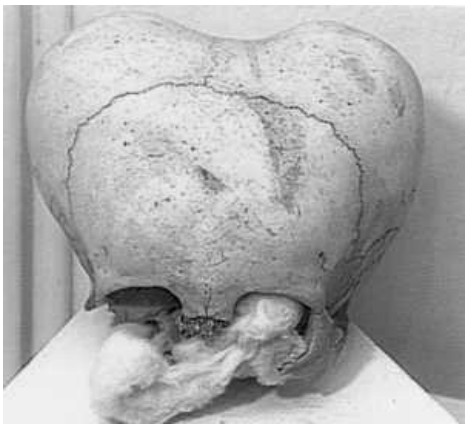
a) ...instructing Vatican One to use the weather control satellites to obstruct Old Europe's view of the sun for a period of 1000 years.
b) ...shedding your flesh and using the Great Mechano Reliquary to embody the infinite Wrath of God. A pack of sacrilegious dirt eaters are sure to be no match for the towering might of the war goliath Gaziel.
c) ...conscripting the population of the Warsaw Arcology and declaring a Holy Crusade into Old Europe. Millions will die in the chemical wastes without protection but their sacrifice will only bring greater glory to the Lord.
d) ...destroying the sun.

5) Geneticiphers are questioning your reversal of church doctrine on cannibal disbursement. They believe that feeding the corpses of men and women to the population may spread neurological diseases. You respond by...

a) ...feeding the entrails of the Geneticiphers to your wraith hounds while they are kept alive with their own blasphemous science.
b) ...explaining that the laborers are merely chattel who live and die by God's Mercy alone.
c) ...hosting a dinner gala during which you and the invited Geneticiphers dine on the raw flesh of their presumptuous ring-leader.
d) ...loudly acquiescing to their demands and then secretly cutting off nutrient shipments to an entire lesser arcology. Tens of millions inside will ultimately descend into violence and cannibalism anyway and you will look all the better when you show their opposition to be folly.

Phase Two completed! Good work, Papal Aspirant. Vatican One will now tabulate your results and determine whether or not you may proceed to the third and final phase of testing.

Please wait. While you are waiting you may listen to this continuous high-frequency tone that certain animals find relaxing. You may also look upon this skull which was recovered yesterday by saniteams in the Level H non-potable bilge. It is curious.



Processing complete! Congratulations, Papal Aspirant. Your responses to the questions place you in the 99th percentile and permit you to advance to Phase Three of the testing. In this final test you will be matched against one of your fellow Papal Aspirants in combat to the death. If your opponent yields and you do not kill him then you will both be placed into pain amplification scriveners.

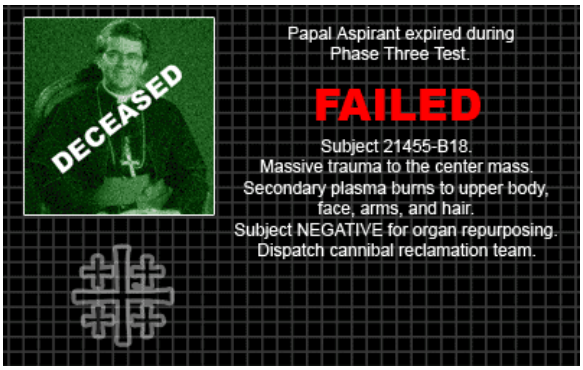
Your opponent is **Bishop Michael Graves**.

He has selected a **Plasma Lancet** as his weapon and a **Type VI Refractor** as his shield.

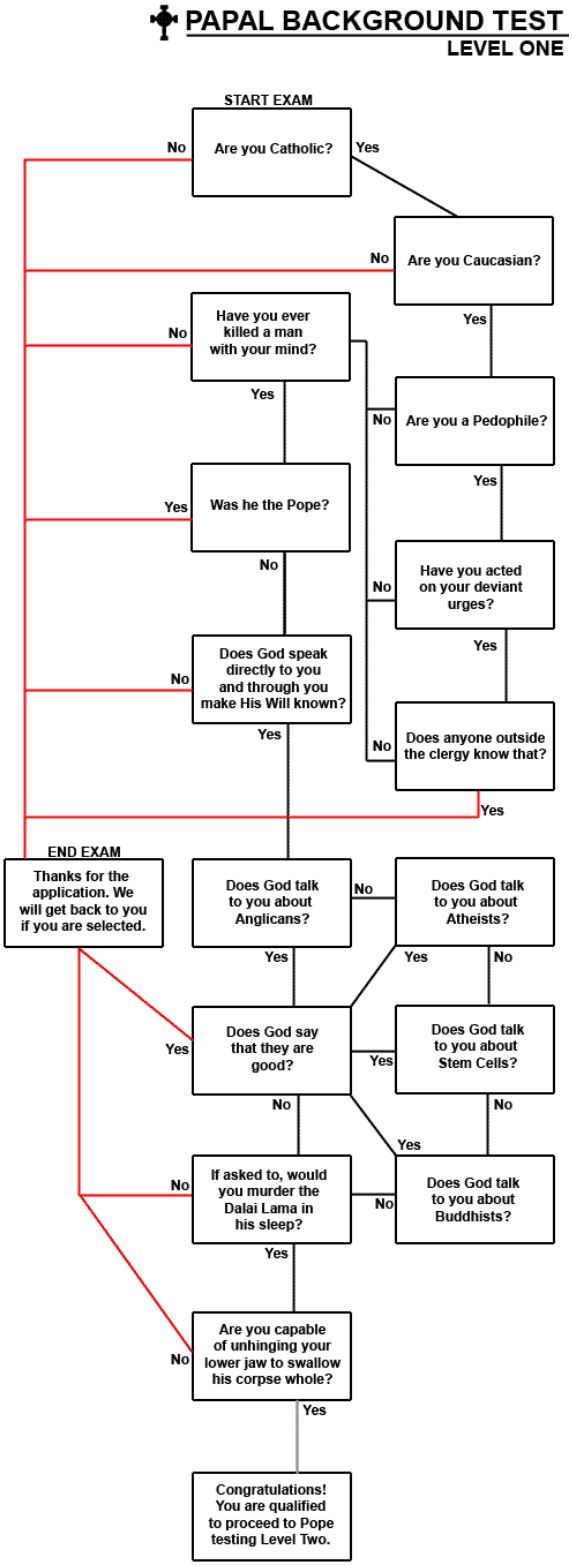
You have selected a **Symbiote Whip** as your weapon and a **Molecular Entangler** as your shield.

Your projected chances of winning are **12.7%**.

Good luck, Papal Aspirant. Please exit through the aperture to your left. You may pick up your weapon and shield just through the arena doorway.



-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


PAPAL BACKGROUND TEST
LEVEL ONE
START EXAM
Are you Catholic?
No
Yes
Are you Caucasian?
No
Yes
Have you ever killed a man with your mind?
No
Yes
Are you a Pedophile?
No
Yes
Was he the Pope?
Yes
No
Have you acted on your deviant urges?
No
Yes
Does God speak directly to you and through you make His Will known?
No
Yes
Does anyone outside the clergy know that?
No
Yes
END EXAM
Thanks for the application. We will get back to you if you are selected.
Does God talk to you about Anglicans?
No
Yes
Does God talk to you about Atheists?
Yes
No
Does God say that they are good?
Yes
Yes
Does God talk to you about Stem Cells?
No
No
Yes
If asked to, would you murder the Dalai Lama in his sleep?
No
No
Does God talk to you about Buddhists?
Yes
Are you capable of unhinging your lower jaw to swallow his corpse whole?
No
Yes
Congratulations! You are qualified to proceed to Pope testing Level Two.

4.5 The Hettsman-Guff-Runwood Summer Prescription Drug Expo

Tuesday, Apr 05, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Hettsman-Guff-Runwood
pHarmaceuticals

Greetings shareholders! Welcome to the 2005 Hettsman-Guff-Runwood Summer Prescription Drug Expo here in beautiful San Diego, California! We're so glad you could find time in your busy schedule to visit us today and have a part in our majestic unveiling of this year's newest (and undoubtedly hottest selling!) Prescription drugs researched and manufactured by this decade's most successful stock, Hettsman-Guff-Runwood Pharmaceuticals! We'd like to thank you from the bottom of our hearts for attending our drug expo and simply cannot wait to show you, the shareholder, the many new and creative products we're manufacturing to protect your financial investment.

We have a motto here at Hettsman-Guff-Runwood Pharmaceuticals, and it says, "our motto at Hettsman-Guff-Runwood Pharmaceuticals is that the customer always comes first." This is particularly true in regards to ***Zexotril***, the sex-stimulant Prescription we released last quarter! Ha ha, that's just a little lighthearted Prescription drug humor for you, thanks for playing along. Before we get to this year's sexy new designer drug lineup, we'd like to announce the following incredible accomplishments our team of researchers and market analysts have produced since our last shareholder meeting:

(c) 2005 Hettsman-Guff-Runwood Pharmaceuticals Inc.
Returning to the dating scene after 45 years of marriage can be hard. Make sure you are too, with Zexotril.
ZEXOTRIL™ (Erecsadol-Sulinifate)

Our scientists have released a new and improved version of our tremendously successful anti-psychotic medication, ***Calmerex***. Apparently some extensive studies by the FDA demonstrated repeated doses of ***Calmerex*** caused subjects to grow even more psychotic than they previously were, requiring them to take a large dose of our anti-anti-psychotic medication, ***Tranquilotta***. Unfortunately, the combination of administering ***Calmerex*** followed by ***Tranquilotta*** sends 36% of subjects into a deep, coma-like state which can only be negated by 100 milligrams of ***Alertia***, which, as most of you are well aware of thanks to the report on "60 Minutes," makes you explode 10-15 minutes after consuming it.

The new formula of ***Calmerex*** addresses this issue by making patients so psychotic that their brain effectively shuts down, thereby rendering them completely anti-psychotic. Patients in a coma as a result of the Calmerex and Tranquilotta combination should be given 150 mgs of ***Beratine***, which (among other things) makes the patient believe they are a large Asiatic Black Bear.

The gloriously popular sexual stimulant ***Zexotril*** will now be marketed and distributed to many warring African tribes, in a humanitarian attempt to end the violence. Our scientists have determined it's highly impossible to engage in acts of genocide while attempting to hump every object within a 20-foot radius, so hopefully this will help bring stability and peace to their country. We here at Hettsman-Guff-Runwood Pharmaceuticals are very concerned with the well being of the world around us, particularly in areas with low market penetration and federal regulations.

To preemptively counteract any disputes which may possibly arrive once warlords discover their wife

has slept with seven different villages (at once), armed helicopter drop ships will unload crates of ***Psellium*** to calm their nerves and prevent any possible violence. Due to the highly addictive nature of both drugs, a Hettsman-Guff-Runwood Pharmaceuticals representative will be airlifted into each village at the beginning of the month, offering to trade their precious diamonds for Prescription refills.

Awesomex, our anti-depressant for children under the age of 18, will begin shipping in a variety of shapes and colors appealing to this generation of youngsters. Look for commercial spots featuring celebrities such as P. Diddy and 50 Cent announcing the new designer medication, available in "Big Ballin' Blue" and "Big Poppa' Platinum." Additionally, our marketing department is finalizing a deal with digital entertainment distributor Jamster which will allow teenagers the ability to refill prescriptions of ***Awesomex*** while purchasing Green Day ringtones.

The US Government has placed our largest order to date, a contract worth over $674 million, for nearly 500 million units of our attention-deficit disorder treatment Prescription, ***Alertia***. As a humorous aside, our research and marketing department nearly decided to pull the product from the shelves after the FDA revealed that, in their clinical trials, massive dosages of ***Alertia*** resulted in patients entering a blank, trance-like state where they become completely susceptible to outside suggestions and influence. Looks like the government is interested in leading a truly effective campaign to treat ADD once and for all!

Now, without further ado, let me introduce this year's newest and soon-to-be hottest selling Prescription drugs from Hettsman-Guff-Runwood Pharmaceuticals!

- ***Renewatine***

The revenue from Alzheimer's medication is expected to reach $2.4 billion next year! That's nearly half the amount of money we're currently earning from sales of ***Joytrex***, our patented anti-depressant which makes you so happy that your brain absolutely refuses to stop making you smile, even after a series of lengthy, complicated neurosurgeries! Although our scientists attempted to enter this lucrative field last year with the release of ***Eternalal***, sales were sluggish due to its unfortunate side effects of replacing the brain's damaged nerve cells with a synthetic, man-made chemical protein which closely resembles the chemical makeup of Laffy Taffy. ***Renewatine*** will pick up where ***Eternalal*** left off, pushing Hettsman-Guff-Runwood Pharmaceuticals into the forefront of Alzheimer's Prescription drug therapy!

This revolutionary new medication works by shutting down the suspected areas of the brain which may possibly develop damaged nerve cells. In this process, a series of euphoria-inducing endorphins are released, essentially "distracting" the brain from realizing the gradual shutdown occurring. The patient, their brain preserved in a state of stasis by the drug, remains in this blissfully ignorant state until the drug dissipates. During this time, Hettsman-Guff-Runwood Pharmaceutical representatives visit the patient's house and sign them up for Verizon unlimited Internet service, helpfully placing a festive-colored link icon on their computer's desktop right next to the one entitled "SEND AN EMAIL TO LOWTAX COMPLAINING ABOUT SA'S TREATMENT OF THAT DEAD VEGETABLE TERRI SHIAVO BROAD DESPITE THE FACT THAT HE'S NEVER EVEN MENTIONED HER ANYWHERE EVER."

Vitalin
...now you can
free yourself
(c) 2005 Hettsman-Guff-Runwood Pharmeceuticals Inc.
Product may kill you. Consult with a physician before use.

■ *Vitalin*

As one of the premiere anti-cancer treatments, 50 mg of ***Vitalin*** each and every day has been shown to conclusively lower the growth of cancerous tumors. ***Vitalin*** users may experience a side effect of severe headaches, so please consult your physician before use. It works by injecting a series of complex proteins which trigger the body's immune system, thereby producing an increased amount of white blood cells (or lymphocytes). Some patients may experience a side effect of vomiting and dizziness, followed by brief lapses of memory, so please consult your doctor before use. T-cell and B-cell efficiency is essentially doubled by the inclusion of such proteins. There have been reports of certain users experiencing a side effect of bleeding from the nose, eyes, ears, and fingertips, so please wear gloves and a ski mask before use.

Increased dosages of ***Vitalin*** additionally reduce the amount of estrogen and testosterone produced, slowing the growth of any cancerous tissue unaffected by previous treatment. Frequent consumption of ***Vitalin*** may led to sleeplessness, acute paranoia, obtuse paranoia, 90-degree paranoia, uncontrollable time travel, and an inability to differentiate between any actors in the Baldwin family, so consult your pharmacist before snorting lines of it from the back of a *Wee Wisdom* magazine. Clinical trials have demonstrated repeated use of ***Vitalin*** leads to a 50-80% reduction in cancer, as well as an improved rate of remission. Many patients have reported side effects of osteoporosis, severe weight gain followed by severe weight loss followed by severe weightlessness, the loss of muscle mass, and the gain of additional appendages which often flail and thrash about, so please discuss this medication with the local undertaker before ingesting.

■ *Inhalex*

In today's age of terrorism, teenage pregnancy, and moral uncertainty, it's no surprise that arson is the number one cause of property damage. Humans have been struggling for thousands of years to protect ourselves from the unrelenting, ravenous destructive power of fire, but so far there has been absolutely no solution to mother nature's deadly quagmire. We here at Hettsman-Guff-Runwood Pharmaceuticals may not be able to end fire's reign of terror, but we can make things easier for those amongst us suffering in its deadly grasp. ***Inhalex***, when taken for 30 days prior to an incident of arson, greatly decreases the anxiety and fear associated with being trapped in a burning building. No longer will you have to experience unnecessary nervousness and extreme discomfort when your home becomes the target of arson; Inhalex keeps you cool and calm the entire time!

As an added bonus, ***Inhalex*** has been proven to reduce stress and mental anguish in the following explicit situations:

House catching fire again?
Don't worry.
Inhalex™
Because house fires shouldn't be a big deal.
(c) 2005 Hettsman-Guff-Runwood Pharmeceuticals Inc.

1) Speeding on the highway
2) Feeling like you got ripped off after you bought a Christmas tree and discovered you could've bought it cheaper in another nearby location
3) Buying a new car (our researchers are busy coming up with a pill which works on trucks and sports-utility vehicles)
4) Pregnancy tests when you suspect the father is a different skin color (NOT nationality)

than yourself

Don't be a slave to the negative, uncontrollable emotion of arson-related stress! Pop an ***Inhalex*** and fight fire with fire! Inhalex must be taken every day for 30 days before a noticeable effect occurs. Some users of ***Inhalex*** may experience a heightened nervousness associated with floods and heavy rainfall. ***Inhalex*** is not a general, all-purpose anti-anxiety medication which will cause you to stop worrying about every single negative thing in your life, effectively freeing you from all undesirable emotions and completely modifying the innate behavior of your brain. That effect can only be achieved by taking ***Psellium***, which no longer causes the production of sentient, pro-communist bowel movements.

That's all from the expo floor today, valued shareholders! Thanks again for sticking with us, Hettsman-Guff-Runwood Pharmaceuticals! We guarantee another long and profitable year thanks to our intelligent, hardworking employees dedicated to producing our patented line of life-enhancing medications for every possible situation. Remember: life isn't life without Hettsman-Guff-Runwood Pharmaceuticals!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.6 Bordering on Danger

Wednesday, Apr 06, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This is all that remains of the future!

The year is 2047 and plumes of roaring black shred the sky to pieces and shadow the ruins of Neo Vatican City in an almost satanic black. The gargantuan space creature, having adsorbed the energies of the Meta-Pope and metastasized itself to the hull of the X-88 Supercarrier, would now be unstoppable. Since being freed from its crystalline cocoon beyond the veil of time and space, it has devoured entire continents and dealt mankind a swift defeat. Now it would cook the remains for one last feast. But that is then. Let us focus on now.

There is a monster snaking along the edges of this nation, creating a massive chalk outline that divides the good from the bad, the living from the unliving. It is our border, and it is all that protects us from scarcely speakable evils such as Mexicans and Canadians. The U.S. Border situation is one of grave concern in this day and age of Post-Alamo America. Since that fateful day in 1836 when a large group of Mexican immigrants illegally crossed the border to rob the Alamo, Americans have been wary of lax security. Another Alamo would be a crippling blow to American morale, with wounds still fresh from Mexico's cowardly attack. Thankfully it seems these concerns are finally getting answered as renewed interest in border security has put America's crusty exterior back in the limelight. It is important we have this debate, because many Americans are still suffering from a Pre-Alamo Mentality.

New efforts to curtail border crossings include Arizona's Minutemen, a ragtag group of citizens voluntarily protecting Arizona from invasion, and new legislation strengthening security measures at official border crossings and airports. Within the next few years, everyone, including Americans, will need passports to enter these United States of Right Here. Both measures are not without controversy. The first measure because it seemingly assigns the protection of a large section of the U.S. border to a group of Arizona vigilantes. I ask you, what's to stop these vigilantes from donning masks and costumes? And if it comes to that, it's only natural that the immigrants will respond in kind, creating a cycle of costumed violence. Do we really want our borders looking like a freak show? It seems all but inevitable. Requiring passports for entry into the U.S. is not going to be without problems, since few Americans actually own a passport. An official passport – not one of those cheap ones you get from the flea markets – costs about ninety dollars. Most people would just as soon stay in America and spend ninety dollars on a tank of gasoline.

These initiatives are aimed at boosting safety, because at any given moment a terrorist could cross over from Canada to scare the ever-loving crap out of us. A terrorist could also sneak into the U.S. a million other ways, but if all goes well, they will have to do it some new way experts did not foresee or plan for. This will also help curtail the number of immigrants sneaking in from Mexico to steal the low-paying undesired jobs we prefer not to acknowledge. We can't just let anyone clean our toilets.

I'm no expert on border safety. I do cross the border fairly often (mostly to stock up on maple syrup and freshly cut logs), so I can say from experience that our borders are pretty weak. While it's not as easy to return to America as it is to leave it, it's still a pretty quick and largely inexplicable process consisting of a few random questions and some minor arm waving. I see no reason to change this, because it seems completely pointless and ineffective, and therefore perfectly American. I'm sure border guards are quite skilled at picking up strange behavior, but I'm also sure terrorists probably find other ways to get around. Granted, our policy is still more effective than Canada's policy of giving everyone who enters a free Flexfit hat, a thermos of soup, and the promise of a logging job,

but no one has any real interest in blowing up Canada. There are some good explosions to be had there, too. Anyway, I'm not rambling here just to get my name flagged on watchdog lists, I'm here to help. I've prepared a few valuable suggestions on how to take charge of the situation.

A typical U.S. border crossing looks like this, only it usually says "USA" instead of "Jurassic Park" due to copyright issues

- Eliminate knowledge of other countries. If we stop educating our youth that a world exists beyond the U.S. border, they will have no desire to seek out other nations. This will cut down on unnecessary travel and help reduce the spread of evil foreign ideologies. We will also request to be removed from maps and globes elsewhere so that other countries forget we exist, and therefore don't try to talk to us. Believe you me, muchacho; this plan is just crazy enough to work.
- Put up confusing "Welcome to Mexico" signs along the Mexican border and "Welcome to Canada" signs along the Canadian border. This way immigrants and terrorists will turn back in confusion, thinking that they are already in the United States. At the very least, the Canadians probably won't ever catch on.
- The U.S. government could continue to make America unappealing to foreigners, thereby stopping all immigration while simultaneously promoting emigration from frustrated Hollywood actors tired of supporting bland Democrats. Alternatively, we could just wait until our economy collapses in a few years, making us unappealing by default.
- Roll out a hip new marketing campaign and slogan, such as "kindness stops at the border!" People like slogans, and will learn to obey them.
- Quit worrying about national borders and focus on blue state-red state borders. The blue states are already lost.
- Begin referring to bordering nations as "The Zone." Entry will be strictly forbidden, but it is rumored that shadowy men experienced in stalking these alien landscapes will lead you into the heart of The Zone to a white room where your deepest desire will come true. For a price, of course.
- Follow the South Korea-North Korea model for a safe, successful boundary by creating a demilitarized zone along the Canadian and Mexican borders. Ten miles of landmines, snipers, and propaganda towers will wipe out illegal immigration quite nicely. Plus this would make for a real moneymaking tourist destination, with people scrambling to buy t-shirts and cigarettes from the Duty Free of No Return.
- I had this weird dream one night where the government built a missile for every person on the planet and then implanted a chip in every person that matched up with a missile and then whenever someone did something wrong the missile would track them down and kill them. I think this could be done fairly easily.

Or, we could just leave things as is and accept it's not a perfect system, but one that more or less isn't horribly broken. I say we do that and focus on more important things, such as cloning Terri Schiavo.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.7 Midwest Internet Tornado Hunters Club

Thursday, Apr 07, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

The year was 1977. Young Frolixo was finishing up tending the crop on his Pa's rural Michigan farm when the sky began to turn dark. He was only two years old but already he was an invaluable resource. His skill at farming was unparalleled for his age group, and his shock of red hair kept the crows away from the delicious produce. Ominous clouds began to gather as the animals in the barn whistled and squealed in fear. Pa called out to young Frolixo to come hither to the cellar, but he was a foolhardy lad, and instead ran towards his favorite piglet Norman to save him from the sudden storm. Then the tornado swept down on the farm in a sudden fury destroying everything in its path. The farm was gone, Norman was dead, and Frolixo was changed forever.

This is the story of one man fighting against the immeasurable odds of nature in a triumph of the human spirt, and of the woman that loves him.

Day 1: This is my captain's log that I will be updating throughout this five-day adventure that will make storm-chasing history. I plan to keep a record of the events as they unfold with the integrity and honesty that you would expect from a serious tornado hunter like myself. Actually I've never personally hunted a tornado, but I've been watching a lot of weather channel specials and saw the movie Twister four times. I think I'm ready to tackle the challenge.

To allow for my five uninterrupted days of tornado tomfoolery, I asked for a week off of work, although I don't have any vacation days left because I spent them staying home in my underwear and playing PS2. My boss asked why I needed the days and I told him it was to protect the innocent people of the Midwest against the tyranny of extreme weather behavior so he said no. This put a huge crimp in my tornado hunting expedition, so I told him that I hope a tornado hits his mother's house and then he fired me. Oh well, more time to hunt tornados!

I won't be alone though. I called upon my already formed "Midwest Internet Ghost Hunters Club" and simply changed the title to Midwest Internet Tornado Hunters Club. When we assembled on this first day I didn't tell them that we would be chasing tornados instead of ghosts because I was afraid they might leave, and also Josh "Livestock" Boruff, who heads the Indiana chapter, is horribly allergic to tornados and other extreme weather conditions. Despite this obstacle, the meeting continued as planned and I told them we would be hunting in a low depression area of a storm front that was sweeping across the middle of Michigan. One troublesome member asked why we were hunting for ghosts in such a large area instead of one location, so I asked him to come with me to the back room where I hit him over the head with a tire iron and hid his body in the laundry hamper. I told the rest of the crew that he went home sick, and we started our hunt.

We first had to plan our attack, so we gathered at a local bar and sat at a corner table going over the maps and weather reports while enjoying some cold beer. The reports and maps were really confusing and hard to read after drinking a lot so we just played some music on the jukebox and got a few more rounds. We had a blast and ended up drinking all day long and into the night. After agreeing to meet the next day, we stumbled to our cars and headed home to pass out. But a horrible thing happened to me! I was pulled over by a really mean state trooper who arrested me and I was charged with a DUI. My parents had to come and bail me out and they told me that I couldn't use

their mini-van, which I dubbed "Dragon's Spire", to chase tornados in and that if I didn't find a job soon they would kick me out. I am so fucking pissed at my mom right now that I want to slash her with my decorative katana sword.

Day 2: We ended up having to use Livestock's Neon but it only holds 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ people so we had to put a few in the trunk. We nicknamed his car "Bold Conquest" and geared it up for some storm chasing action. Before we left for the day I tried making a Doppler radar out of a muffin pan and an electric scooter, but I wasn't sure if it was working correctly and I think it may have given the team cancer. No matter, we would use our natural ability to smell storms and track them the old fashioned way. We were headed for central Ohio to snag a storm that was looking like it was going to get ugly.

This is what tornados look like in my dreams.

Once we were in Ohio sitting in a cornfield with binoculars, questions began to be raised again about why were looking for ghosts in the middle of the day in a cornfield. It was getting more and more difficult to keep them in the dark about the tornado thing, but for now they were content with the tale I told them about the ghost farmer and his haunted tractor that only comes out at harvest time. The huge problem was that the storm front blew over and it was a bright and sunny day. I had a feeling that there would be no tornados today so I called it off. We ended up going to the DQ on the way back and I got a Reese's Pieces Blizzard.

Day 3: I felt that if we were going to catch a tornado within the 5-day timeframe allotted, I had to grab the lemur by the tail so to speak and do some more research with some storm chaser videotapes. It seemed that trailer parks were the primary focus of most tornados' fury, probably as punishment from God. I decided to take the crew to a trailer park and stake it out for the day, to use it as bait if you will, and wait for the tornado to come to us.

After a few hours of sitting in the car in the trailer park, the rest of the team started to get a little restless and the people in the trunk were screaming to let them out so they could breathe. I opened the trunk and an official Midwest Internet Tornado Hunter's Club crisis meeting ensued. They accused me of wasting their time and money and that they hadn't found any paranormal activity since day one under my leadership. I listened to all the charges leveled against me concerning my incompetence and misuse of the club's treasury with a calm and reasonable demeanor. Once they finished I retorted in my personal brand of dealing with this sort of problem. I fucking Kung-Fu'd all their asses with chops to their necks and spin kicks and sweep kicks. After they all lay battered and bruised on the ground, I asserted myself as their undisputed leader and stated that I would not tolerate such disobedience again. We got back in the car and waited for the tornado.

Soon the occupants of the run-down trailers started to get curious. Grubby weasel-faced children threw stones at Josh's Neon and we were forced to flee to another area. We watched a drunken couple waddle out of their trailer and scream at each other. Then the woman started beating the guy with a TV remote and fell into the BBQ pit and passed out. I was happy because the team was satisfied with this spectacle, being much more strange than a ghost encounter, but I was also very upset that no tornado had struck the trailer home. Was I to go home defeated once again?

Just when I thought things couldn't get any worse, the cops came and started questioning us. I guess some of the residents thought we were dealing drugs or something, because they searched us and the car. We were in quite a pickle when they ended up finding a pound of heroin underneath Livestock's seat. He said it was for his sick grandmother but the train tracks on his arms told a different story. We were brought into the station and charged with possession with intent to distribute. Josh was

kicked out of the club for violating rule number 27, line 4 on the charter, "If you have drugs, you must share them". This presented another problem; with his Neon impounded, how would we chase storms in the next few days? While I pondered this, my parents bailed me out again and put me up for adoption. I hope I get adopted soon because my parents are being dicks!

Moons Over My Hammy.

Day 4: Enough fooling around, it was time to get serious. If I didn't get a tornado by the end of this hunt then there was no way I could return to my homeland in honor and would have to commit seppuku in a cornfield. I spent all last night crafting a few custom made tornado hunting tools that I think will give us an advantage over all the other storm chasers in the area, including the evil factory team that ride in black SUVs and listen to loud Swedish death metal. The first one is an invention I like to call the Tornadoscope Rastirizer, and includes a pinwheel, a jar of glow-bugs, and a fat free ice cream sandwich that I consumed while building the product. The other thing I built was a tornado trapping device called Twist N' Shake, and it consists of two ropes and a harpoon to catch rogue tornados and incapacitate them. I left that morning to rent a car, find some storms, and kick some ass.

The Midwest Internet Tornado Hunters Club assembled at the local Denny's to discuss the game plan. I had my regular, an order of Moon's Over My Hammy with extra ham. We sat there for a few hours drinking coffee and going over the maps of Indiana where there was a predicted storm front coming in the next day that had the potential to produce very violent weather and quite possibly a tornado or two. We got the bill and started to pack up, but then realized that we were short of the total by a wide margin, and none of us had valid credit cards on us.

This was very bad so we decided the only course of action was to skip out on the bill by jumping out the bathroom window. I just went on a diet so I was hoping I wouldn't get stuck like I did at Red Lobster when I tried to get off without paying but they had to call the fire department to free me and I made the local news as "Stupid Idiot of the Week". One by one we filed into the bathroom, only to find out that there was no window! When we came back out the manger was waiting with a burly cook that looked like an ape with an apron. I pulled a pack of bottle rockets that I keep in my pocket for emergencies like this and lit the row of them. Everybody ducked for cover as the wick burned down and I aimed it towards the aggressive Denny's employees. Unfortunately I didn't notice I had them pointed the wrong way and I ended up shooting myself in the face, upon which I collapsed and lay motionless on the ground. The police were called, and I ended up getting bailed out by my parents again. They kept telling me that they sold me to a Mongolian seal hunting company in Antarctica, but I think they were just trying to scare me. I wish they would get off my back.

Day 5: Probation be damned, today the club is headed to Indiana where a major storm system is about to develop. We loaded up the rental car that was supposed to be back at the agency that morning and headed out. I had to take liberties in the name of science. If we could be successful in our tornado hunt, then who knows how many lives we could save. We might even get a medal of honor and get bridges and streets named after us. As I daydreamed about these visions of grandeur, I accidentally hit a child that was skateboarding across the road. The skateboard was fine but the child couldn't walk and we had to flee so I wouldn't get in trouble once again. There was no way the fuzz would put a stop to my plans this time.

Once in Indiana, we stopped by a rest area and got the latest weather report. Things looked good, very good. This storm was going to be a doozy and it was my big chance to catch an F5 twister. We waited around the rest area eating from the vending machine until the sky became an off green and everything was oddly still. It was time for action!

We hopped in the car and drove into the storm. Right away we encountered downed trees, power lines, and debris everywhere. Then we saw it on the horizon. A massive black tornado that must've stretched a mile. The rest of the club started to freak out and asked me to turn the car around. I finally had to tell them that we were now the Midwest Internet Tornado Hunters Club and we were no longer hunting ghosts. I was surprised how upset they got at me, and I was forced to stop the car and let them out. No matter, I would continue on the chase by myself. If they were too chicken to face nature then I didn't want them in my club. I drove towards the black beast gritting my teeth and determined to catch it. There was no getting away from me this time.

Tornados in the 50's were really mean and they were also racist.

As I got closer it started to get really tough to drive. I didn't know it would be so windy! I just had my hair done the day prior and now it was a total mess. The Tornadoscope Rastirizer was spinning off the charts and the shrapnel and debris smashed into the rental car and a huge wheat thresher almost landed on top of me. It was awesome! But then it dawned on me: I never planned what to do once I caught a tornado. I didn't bring a camera with me and now that I've seen how big it is, I realized that my rope harpoon wouldn't work. There was no choice but to try to turn my car around and flee. But it was too late! My car was lifted off the road and I was sucked into black oblivion.

Epilogue: I am in the hospital and have two broken legs, and two broken arms. The nurses here are real nice, but once I get better they will be transferring me to a maximum security prison for some "criminal" activities that I supposedly engaged in over the past week as well as violating my parole. My parents actually did sell me to a Mongolian seal company in Antarctica, but they said they don't even want me now because I'm damaged goods. The club came to visit me in the hospital and I was touched at the camaraderie they showed me. We all agreed that once I get out of jail the club will be changed back to the investigation of paranormal activity instead of tornados. After they left I giggled to myself because I had a secret. I had already changed the club, but this time to the Midwest Internet Butterfly Hunters Club. It was much safer, and nothing makes me happier than chasing butterflies through willows and glens, and then stabbing them though the heart with a pin. Toodles!

-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

4.8 You Arrrrreeee the Champions Agaaaainn!

Friday, Apr 08, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The votes are in, the pies are eaten, and the arms have been wrestled! That can mean only one thing: it's time to announce the winners of The J-List and Something Awful Mega Kawaii Prize Bonanza Showdown Series Two! You may remember this as "that contest" or "that thing" or even "Shoah On Ice." Whatever you call it I announced it on March 21st and since then we have received thousands of dozens of fantastic entries. After narrowing the field down to some of my favorites I submitted these to the members of the SA Forums for final voting.

The finalists included songs, images, and even a Flash movie. All of these entries were based on two of the three entry options, so in case you forgot what they were I will list those two again.

> **ENTRY OPTION #1:** Readers of Something Awful should be familiar with the various OS-tans; anime girls representing computer operating systems. Recently a mean bad ALoD recipient decided to create a Something Awful-tan and drew a comic about her getting punched in the stomach and vomiting. That just won't stand! As your entry for the art category create a Something Awful tan, either for the entire site of Something Awful or for one of the sections like the ROM Pit or Photoshop Phriday. Bonus points will be awarded if she is pictured abusing the man in the ALoD comic. This can be animated if you choose.
>
> **ENTRY OPTION #2:** Write a poem, sing a song, draw a picture, or animate a cartoon about Robocop working as a new on-the-scene reporter for CNN and having a deep and hostile rivalry with Anderson Cooper.

A big shout out to my nigga Peter at J-List who provided the top three prize packages for this delightful contest. On with the winners!

11. "SA-tan Relaxing" by Jainai
This buxom rendition of SA-tan received **21 votes.** I personally thought the quality of art on SA-tan herself is excellent, but the image is marred by the creepy naked guy she seems to be presiding over. I particularly liked the grenade pattern on her jacket.

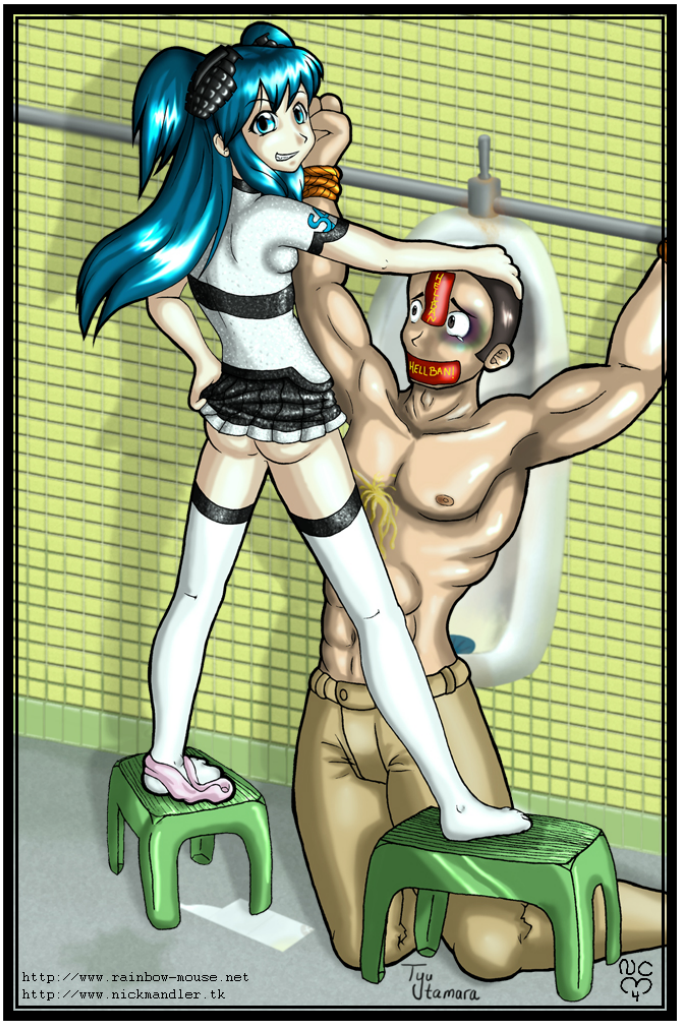
10/9. "How Robocop Got His Groove Back" by Yeti On a Budget
There was a **27 vote** tie for 10th and 9th place. "How Robocop Got His Groove Back" or "I Met the Hottest Guy at Work" (they renamed it at the last minute) is a touching song about love at the office blooming between Robocop and CNN anchor Anderson Cooper. The song itself is eclectic and fun and hey, maybe it should have been voted higher but what am I some sort of God? No, I'm not. Oh, hey, LYRICS!

9/10. "Live From the Lab" by Duncan
"Live From the Lab" is a folksy pop-ballad about Robocop's struggle for stardom at CNN. It received **27 votes** and I really enjoyed it so I hope you listen to it all the way through. Listen for the hand claps!

8. "The Cyborg Decimation Of Anderson Cooper" by Steve
40 votes is pretty damn impressive for a song recorded in a dorm room. "The Cyborg Decimation of Anderson Cooper" is a perfectly executed death metal tribute to the conflict raging between Robocop and Anderson Cooper. You can't actually understand most of what Steve growls into the microphone but if you want you can try to sing along.

7. "Robocop" by Dino Dick Dance Party
Dino Dick Dance Party participated in last year's J-List contest and this time around their musical entry garnered them **66 votes.** The simply-titled "Robocop" is a funky-fried rap number sung from Robocop's perspective. He explains his hatred for Anderson Cooper and why he is superior. If Anderson Cooper listens to only one song today it should be this one. He can sing along too!

6. "A Gathering of Forum-tans" by Sam
This impressive image took in **75 votes.** It depicts a gathering of "-tans" based on the various sections of the Something Awful Forums. There are so many "-tans" that the image actually comes with a guide.



5. "SA-tan's Water Closet" by Lori
This sassy image received an impressive **104 votes** from various perverts. It depicts a particularly naughty version of SA-tan who has spent just a little too much time playing the absolute worst hentai games. Like "Water Closet." Ohhhhh horrible, horrible, horrible "Water Closet." Thanks Lori! For your efforts you are the proud winner of a lovely City Name Sports Team t-shirt!

この生気は愚かである!!
04/04/2005 START! 8:30 AM WEEKDAYS!
ROM
AWFUL-TAN'S
ROFL ADVENTURES
CHARACTERS, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT (FOREGROUND):
SOME GUY, OMGWTFBBQ, AWFUL-TAN, MINUSFIFTY-TAN, DOMO-KUN, FLASH-TAN, FURRY LONG-CAT TAN
(BACKGROUND): STICKGUYS, DEATH STAR/TRAP, PRINCE OF ALL COSMOS
(IN AWFUL-TAN'S ARMS): HENTAI-KUN, ROM-TAN, PHOTOSHOP-TAN, FORUM PAPER
clone-army.org

4. "Awful-tan's ROFL Adventures " by Dan

Dan has done an absolutely wonderful job capturing the look and feel of an anime TV show and translating it to the SA-tan concept. For his great work he received **119 votes** and he will also receive a a City Name Sports Team hat and t-shirt! You are a beautiful person Dan.

3. "OH! Stupid Newbie-Chan!" by root

Flash superstar root takes us on an adventure with this delightful anime-influenced movie. On the "-tan" food pyramid poor little Stupid Newbie-Chan is at the absolute bottom. She doesn't know what she's doing on the SA Forums. For his hard work and dedication to animating a baby that looks like a cute cartoon testicle root was voted into office with **133 votes.** Thanks to J-List root will be receiving a delightful Third Place Prize Package!

2. "SA Girl " by Tom

Tom blasted all the way to number two thanks to **185 votes** for this amazing image. I almost feel like I'm cheating on the Baroness from last year's contest just looking at this picture. Tom transformed the concept of a cute anime "-tan" into a cool futuristic cartoon woman. I wouldn't try to punch her in the gut and make her puke because she probably has lasers or something. Congratulations Tom, you've won a J-Listastic Second Place Prize Package!

1. "The Vengeance of SA-tan" by Andrew

Andrew smashed his way to first place with **246 votes** and the satisfaction of knowing he is the greatest. Andrew presented a delightful manga-style comic that continued the saga of the ALoD gut-puncher comic to its logical conclusion: SA's total victory! Congratulations Andrew, for your hard work and dedication to the contest you have won J-LIST'S GRAND PRIZE PACKAGE!!! I'm sure you will really enjoy that inflatable sex toy. At length. Messily.

Thanks to everyone who participated in this year's contest. There were many good entries that did not make the final cut and that makes me very sad. I would like to hug all of you tearfully through the Internet for your fantastic contributions. Consider yourself hugged!

Special thanks to J-List. I make fun of their products constantly and give them a lot of shit over their horrible hentai games, but Peter from J-List is a really cool guy for providing us with fantastic prizes. He is also one of the only advertisers who never even suggested doing pop-up ads, which is why we love him so much!

Extra special thanks to Doug DiCicco, who was so inspired by last year's worst entry featuring Admiral Ackbar he decided to send me a one megabyte bitmap he drew in MS-Paint. I saved it as a lossless GIF and it weighed in at ten kilobytes. Thanks Doug DiCicco of 3478 Harvey Court, Atlanta! This year there is no loser prize but maybe someone will hand deliver one to you at 3478 Harvey Court, Atlanta.

All winners should email me their name, address, and if you won a shirt include your t-shirt size.

Don't worry if you're a big fat guy, I won't tell anybody. Unless you happen to be a big fat guy who is also smelly and mean named Doug DiCicco.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.9 A Beginner's Guide To Lost

Saturday, Apr 09, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

When Lost premiered on ABC, it ruined the channel's long-standing tradition of not having very many viewers. Mixing drama, mystery, adventure and suspense in a unique way, it's a terrific show. The only people I personally know who don't like it only watched one or two random episodes several weeks after it started, which is a lot like walking in on your parents having sex mid-coitus instead of hiding in the closet beforehand and getting the full experience. Want to see what all the fuss is about but missed the beginning? Fret not, I'll get you caught up.

On its way from Sydney to Los Angeles, Oceanic Airlines flight 815 somehow gets 1,000 miles off course and breaks in half. The front section of the plane crashes on a tropical island, killing many but leaving 48 passengers alive. Already sort of unhappy about the crash, the survivors become totally bummed out when they get attacked by an invisible dinosaur that likes knocking trees over and screeching instead of going with the whole "invisible" thing and sneaking up on its prey. Building a makeshift radio, they try to call for help but discover a mechanical distress signal that has been broadcast from their island for the past sixteen years in a continual loop that by this point exists solely to perpetuate itself, sort of like the Simpsons. Everyone gets attacked again, this time by boars and polar bears. An agreement is then made: no more wearing meat necklaces while wandering through the woods. As the survivors of the crash band together to stay alive and try to find a way home, more mysteries of the island are uncovered along with those of their very own pasts.

Now that the stage is set, let's meet the characters and find out what little is known of their backstories.

Jack

The doctor of the bunch and all around good guy, Jack embraces the healing power of his mystical human beatbox sounds. According to him, his beats are more accurate than a surgeon's scalpel and catchier than the common cold. This unorthodox method of treatment is only effective against athlete's foot and minor scrapes and bruises. Any injury worse than that baffles Jack and his solution quickly becomes "amputate first, and have a nice nap later". He's a natural leader because he's rather good looking.

Locke

Paralyzed from the waist down for years, once Locke arrived on the island he found himself able to walk due to the divine power of Jesus Christ Destroyer of Worlds. He has taken on a wise man/hunter role, manipulating everyone in the hopes of converting them to his wacky religion at some point in the future. He spends his free time staring longingly at the hatch of a mysterious buried chamber which has been sealed shut. When Locke tried to open the hatch, Jesus took away the feeling in Locke's legs again. Locke in turn offered up his companion Boone as a sacrifice by tricking him into a plane which was resting precariously on a cliff, taking advantage of the younger man's penchant for fancy clothing by claiming there were "totally rad" fur coats inside. Of course there were no furs, only death and tacky capri pants. Jesus deemed this sacrifice satisfactory, so he gave Locke his legs again and also opened the hatch in a glorious glow of light, revealing the briefcase from Pulp Fiction which was resting inside.

Kate

Being Canadian, Kate was naturally a professional thief whose biggest heist was robbing a bank's safety deposit vault for a toy plane. Blessed with such an ingenious criminal mind, it's a complete surprise that she was in custody of a marshal who was bringing her back to the US when the plane crashed. She now spends a lot of time splashing water on herself while in her underwear and casing out teddy bears or comic books that are ripe for the plucking.

Charlie

A heroin addict that was the bassist in a now-dissolved band, Charlie is quite useless. It's obvious that he played a hobbit in the Lord of the Rings trilogy, yet no one on the island has said anything about it which is another mysterious mystery of the island's mysteryness.

Michael

He's the best at what he does, and what he does is get hit by cars and maintain a strained relationship with his estranged son Walt. With no cars on the island, Michael wanders around aimlessly with an axe and eventually tries to build a boat that will take him to a happier place with crowded streets and poorly placed traffic signs.

Walt

Michael's son, Walt has abysmally lame powers which actually make Aquaman seem kind of powerful in comparison. He can summon animals by willing them to appear, but is completely unable to control them once they arrive. Unless the camp is going to be besieged by man-eating fire ants requiring the sudden appearance of an anteater to save everyone, they should stop wasting food on this kid.

Hurley

Hurley is portly, but he has to be. This much awesomeness cannot fit in a standard body. Using a set of numbers a psychotic friend gave him which turned out to be haunted by the ghost of Green Bay defensive great Reggie White, Hurley won the lottery and used the winnings to become even richer through multiple investments. The money itself was cursed since it was born of the haunted Reggie White numbers, and the richer Hurley got the more bad things seemed to happen to him and those he loved. If you look closely, you can see Reggie blink in and out of Hurley's scenes at random times like Brad Pitt did in Fight Club.

Sawyer

The bad boy of the group, Sawyer pretends he's meaner than he really is. Example: Someone once asked him how he'd describe himself and Sawyer replied "a real big jerk" even though he was really thinking "a jerk". He's a pack rat who collects everything that isn't nailed down, and is acutely mistrustful of the others. His most prized possession is the last box of Lucky Charms from the wreckage of the plane, and he'll be damned if the others get their hands on it.

Sun

Sun is more effective at healing than Jack. She uses plants and bugs to cure just about everything. Have a headache? Take this chopped up root. Have herpes? Try the same root, only sliced instead of chopped. Have cancer? This berry will cure it, but beware! As a side effect it will also make you smarter and clear up that pesky third nipple.

Jin

Sun's husband, Jin worked as an "enforcer" for her father so they could afford the comfortable life she was accustomed to. Aside from being overly protective of his wife, Jin isn't all that notable. He has super hearing, can fly, and has a modular cell phone with perfect reception but he really isn't sure how many minutes he's used up this month and those overages are a real pain in the butt.

There are a few other characters, but I didn't mention them because they were either too whiney or too dead and because this article is nowhere near as funny as it seemed in my head. I blame your parents.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.10 The Shopping Cart Retrieval Lady

Sunday, Apr 10, 2005 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

An artist's rendition of the shopping cart retrieval lady in action.

I met an amazing person today. She is the woman who drives around the neighborhood in a pickup truck and picks up shopping carts that people take from local grocery stores. I don't know when she started making her rounds because I only noticed her work recently, but I am glad she is there.

In addition to people and cockroaches, the 400 unit apartment complex where I often masturbate in also houses an abundance of shopping carts. Over time they grow in number until they are blocking hallways, entrances, and exits. The other day there were three down the hallway. I noticed two under the stairwell today. Most of them belong to Vons, some to Ralphs, but regardless of where they are from they have all made this apartment complex their home.

I can't be completely sure how they get here but I have an idea. People often walk to the grocery store, buy groceries, and bring them back in a shopping cart. On their next trip to the grocery store they often forget about the shopping cart they used the last time and invariably bring home another banged up old shopping cart that just gets added to the herd.

However, these residents simply are not wanted. They are old, rusty, and create quite an eyesore. They don't pay rent, nor do they abide by our community rules. They have parties clear into the night with their shopping cart friends. They make this old dump look like an old shit. It's embarrassing. We don't say it out loud, but their presence makes us look low class. And so the shopping cart retrieval lady was hired to take them back to their rightful home.

The shopping cart debate isn't so cut and dry as it may first seem. There is a war going on out there.

On one hand taking a shopping cart from a grocery store parking lot is technically theft. It's not yours. You did not purchase it. The shopping cart was purchased by the grocery store to help people carry around their groceries in the store and then ultimately to their car. If you don't have a car and need to take your groceries home it may be a good idea to invest in your own cart or possibly a wagon. Don't you shopping cart thieves have a ton of kids anyway? Why not make them carry the groceries home? What good are they then?

The shopping cart isn't always a tool used to carry crap around. I, for instance, call it home.

On the other side of the coin, the people who use shopping carts to take their groceries home are not the most well off folks in the world. They often hover around the poverty line, unable to afford a car. They lack the intellect required to use condoms and other forms of birth control correctly and are forced to conceive child after child. Because of this they cannot go to school, get better jobs, and better their lives. So why not let some people take a shopping cart or two? You're a big rich grocery store and they are poor. You won't miss that shopping cart, but they really need it.

Let me tell you which side I fall on the shopping cart debate. The second someone takes a shopping

cart from the grocery store parking lot they should be arrested, handcuffed, and beaten to death. Let's be realistic here. This is theft. Grand theft shopping cart is becoming a serious epidemic here in America. Every year the grocery store companies lose billions of dollars replacing shopping carts lost in the field. This results in higher prices for you, me, and the very people who take those shopping carts!

Both sides on the shopping cart debate make very good points but I also wanted to obtain an opinion from someone on the frontlines. In order to get a unique perspective on this fuming argument I decided to talk to Carlota the Shopping Cart Retrieval Lady myself and get her opinion on this growing problem.

Spokker Jones (me): Hello Carlota the Shopping Cart Retrieval Lady. Thank you for taking the time out of your busy schedule to talk to us today.

Carlota the Shopping Cart Retrieval Lady: No problem.

Spokker:: Carlota is a very pretty name.

Carlota: Uhm, thank you?

Spokker: Today we are talking about the shopping carts that get taken from grocery store parking lots and become abandoned in local neighborhoods. Let me ask you, how many shopping carts do you find on any given day?

Carlota: In a standard five block area we usually recover around 20 to 30 shopping carts.

Spokker: Wow, that is quite a bit. Who hires you to do this?

It's an image of a generic shopping cart to fill out this shitty article.

Carlota: The grocery store. They tell us to go into apartment complexes and look for shopping carts. We usually get permission from the landlord before we do this.

Spokker: Amazing. You know Carlota, you have very pretty eyes.

Carlota: Uh-

Spokker: In your opinion, do you feel that stolen shopping carts are a problem in our neighborhoods?

Carlota: Well, I wouldn't really call it a huge problem. People need a way to get their groceries home and sometimes they can't afford a car. I guess that's why the store doesn't stop them. How else are they going to get their groceries home?

Spokker: That's a good point. So... are you going out with anybody, Carlota?

Carlota: Huh? What does that have to do with anything?

Spokker: Look, I have a confession to make. I'm not writing this update because I care about the shopping cart problem. I wrote this update as a way to talk to you. I really like you Carlota, and was wondering if you would like to go out for coffee sometime.

> **Carlota:** I have a confession to make too. I have been admiring you from afar Spokker Jones, in the rose garden. You have entranced me with your slumped over posture and your relatively clean shirts. The way you lose at video games and get mad about it show a determination unlike any other. Take me Spokkero Jose!
>
> **Spokker:** I am yours!

There you have it. The shopping cart debate isn't going to be settled anytime soon, but at least the grocery stores have one trick up their sleeve, the shopping cart retrieval lady, who is on a quest to retrieve the world's shopping carts at a price negotiated in a frozen meat locker. Do you have something to say about the shopping cart debate? Chime in today by sending off an email to us!

Update: Since this update went to press Spokker and Carlota are now married with four kids. They enjoy long walks on the beach, Super Monkey Ball 2 on the Xbox, and setting traps on the lawn for the UPS guy. They live on public assistance and lose it all on online poker sites.

Editor's Note: There is no way that Spokker Jones went outside and talked to an actual person. He probably sat in his living room eating tacos, scratching his balls, and watching Xena in his underwear like he does every Saturday night. We apologize for the inconvenience folks.

-∼Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

4.11 Under the Sea With Udo Kier

Monday, Apr 11, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Sunlight does not penetrate deep beneath the ocean's surface. Down here in the slowness of real cold, far cold, the twinkling stars are the lures of fang-faced anglers and thousands of incandescent invertebrates. The glow of the moon is a phosphorescent jelly a meter across with its drifting net of stinging tendrils.

They found a lake down here once. A lake, underwater: liquid methane under a million trillion tons of ocean. Nothing should live down here. No light, no heat, and pressure that could crush a man to the size of a pea. Yet there is life. Great acres of tubeworms surround that peculiar lake, slow white crabs, shrimp, and waving bristle worms. They have adapted. They have changed and they can survive. The bacteria inside their bodies nurture them on methane. I wonder if they can see the living stars reflected in the surface of their lake or if they are blind like the salamanders that live in caves?

There aren't any windows on a submarine. It never bothered me before. Now I want to see those alien vistas before I die.

You never really stop to consider how fast things can fall underwater. We fell fast. Captain Towers was catching some shuteye and Grier had the bridge. I don't know what we hit or what hit us. It could have been a mountain, could have been some terrible animal that soft air-breathing mankind has never seen before, it could have even been another submarine. Who knows? Who gives a shit? Whatever we hit, we hit. Going at 14 knots. Flooded three compartments straight away and took down three more before we sealed up tight.

Grier ordered me back to the engine room. We had taken on so much water our only chance was to power our way out of it, but the engine room wasn't responding. I passed Captain Towers on my way there. He looked pissed and I could already see a raised welt the size of an apple from where he slammed his head into the fall bar. We were listing and he was spitting words that could strip paint off a house. I was about ten feet from the drop ladder to comms when we hit something again. There was this terrible groan of metal moving ways it shouldn't and then that roar every submariner fears: pressurized water. Close. Spraying in fast enough to blow through hatches.

I moved towards the ladder, steadying myself as the whole submarine did a half-roll in its pitiless descent. Then water was all around me. Ice cold and moving, rising. All of engineering and comms had flooded out, no survivors, and there I was on the wrong side of a closed hatch. I didn't have

time to worry about a reactor breach. To worry that all that water had become deadly venom. I dove down into it and somehow - blind luck probably - I found the right hatch and closed it. I came up gasping just in time to feel another impact. The last one.

That was ten hours ago. About nine hours ago I realized I was the only person left alive on the submarine. An hour ago that changed.

The crash had reduced my inhabitable world to just two compartments. There were the captain's quarters and across the passage an officer's storage locker. I could also get into comms if I felt like swimming. Power was out so when the batteries started to die on my third and final emergency lamp I decided to go for a dip. I had a few chemical lights that would last me maybe an hour more so I knew I had to find something else to see with. Back down into the painful cold water, dark and full of drifting debris. Papers mostly, hundreds of them, rigid laminated charts, pencils, and here and there were bodies. Their eyes were open, staring at nothing, silver bubbles trapped in the hair on their arms as they spun slowly through the water.

It was a stupid thing to do: diving into a mess of clutter with no equipment. I didn't give a shit. The idea of dying in that total blackness of a powerless submarine was worse than drowning down in the communications section. Besides, there was no one left to write me up. My lungs ached and I dove down further. I pushed past the brilliant white corpse of Ensign McManus. His hands were fists and his legs were locked in position like he was running.

My lungs were on fire. My diaphragm started to spasm. It was screaming at me to fill up with air. Fill it up with whatever was outside. I was going to die down there.

My flickering flashlight swung across a bank of overhead stowage above the backup Simrad station. The submarine was resting at a 20 degree angle and there in the nook where the stowage compartments met the bulkhead was a dancing blob of mercury about the size of my head. Trapped air.

I pressed my face into it and gasped. The air was stale, cold, and tasted like metal, but it was air. One more deep breath and I dove back down, making my way to the crash kit. It had lost one of its securing bolts and was swiveling back and forth gently. I popped the tab and shit started spilling out into the water. The little hard plastic cases full of first aid material floated up past me. Six waterproof halogen lamps were in nylon holsters, but I grabbed a rebreather first. There were a lot of them in there, each with ten minutes of air. With the nozzle of the rebreather wedged in my mouth I fumbled the crash kit shut and pried it free of its remaining securing bolt.

When I reached the submerged ladder up to the main deck I let the fading light of my emergency lamp drop from my hand and pulled myself up the ladder. I heaved myself onto the deck and spit the rebreather out, dragging the crash kit up behind me. Out of the water it was damn heavy. An

eerie oscillating light drifted up from comms where my discarded emergency lamp was choking the last bit of juice out of its batteries. I shivered. Cold. It was the cold. I snapped open the crash kit and yanked out one of the cylindrical halogen lamps. With a twist bright white light speared out.

I turned and saw him. He was sitting in a mess chair, which was funny because the mess was completely flooded and he was bone dry. He had graying brown hair and a heavily lined face cast in bold relief by the halogen lamp. His blue eyes bulged and the cruel slash of his mouth was pressed into a smile. He wore an expensive suit with no tie and it was as dry as the Gobi desert.

I was screaming inside, but I didn't break the silence.

"Hello," he said. "Your submarine seems to be in quite a predicament."

His voice was barely louder than a whisper and he had a strong but vague European accent.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Maybe I'm the devil, here to take you down to hell." He laughed. "No. Not that. I am Udo Kier."

"Udo...Kier?" I was as incredulous as I was terrified.

"I am Udo Kier," he asserted. "You may have seen me in a movie once. Perhaps not. I have been in too many to count."

The submarine hull groaned.

"Your submarine is far below its maximum rated depth."

He stood, smoothly, like a python uncoiling from a dead child. His polished black shoes clicked and splashed on the water covering the metal of the deck. I followed him with the lamp. He walked over to the gently curving hull of the submarine and ran a fingertip up its side.

"Condensation," he said to himself. "That should not happen."

He was right. That much condensation inside the submarine meant that fractures had developed in the armored outer hull. The pressure hull was going to crack sooner or later.

"H-how did you get here?" Another icy cold shiver ran up my spine. I stood and steadied myself on the door to the captain's quarters.

"I go where my fancy takes me." He paused and turned to face me. "Where I want to go, I go."

He snapped his fingers.

"Why are you here?" I was on edge.

"I would like a quiet place to retire. Some place away from the bustle of cities. I am...checking out the neighborhood." He seemed disinterested.

"Let's get out of here. We can take your submarine."

I knew the proposal was ridiculous before I even finished speaking it. Udo Kier did not have a submarine. Udo Kier did not need a submarine. He was probably just some sort of hallucination. Nitrogen bubbling in my brain.

"There is no submarine." Udo Kier's laugh almost sounded like a cough. "I am not a super hero here to save you. I am an observer. I observe. I seek. I learn."

"Strange Days," I blurted, suddenly remembering one of the movies I had seen Udo Kier in.

"No." He shook his head sadly. "I am just too good at what I do. I become the movie and then no

one ever remembers me."

"Your face is really familiar though. You were that creepy guy in-"

"I am always 'that creepy guy' in the movie." Udo Kier looked sad.

"Johnny Mnemonic!" I exclaimed. "You were that gay drug dealer in the bar."

"The character was not a homosexual!" He stormed and the hull groaned again in sympathy with his rage. "Yes. Yes, I was in that awful shit of a film. Most of mine are."

"Then tell me a good one you've been in."

"Zentropa," he offered.

I shook my head.

"It was Lars Von Trier! I am in almost all of his movies!"

"No idea. Are his movies good?"

"What about Shadow of the Vampire? Did you see that?"

"No. Wait! Yes! You were the vampire in that?!"

He looked quite displeased.

"I give up on you. Let us speak of other things."

We spoke of other things.

The captain had a magnetic miniature chess set in the drawer of his desk. Udo was in the process of beating me for the third time.

"How long are you staying?" I asked as his knight took my rook.

"Check." He glanced up at me with his bulging eyes. "We are friends until the end."

He was staying until I died. I moved my king behind a pawn. It would be checkmate in two moves.

"So you came just to watch me die here?"

He snapped up the pawn with his bishop. I couldn't take it with the king or I would be moving into checkmate. I had two moves and both of them were one step away from checkmate.

"I told you earlier I am here to observe. I want to experience the deep. It may be my home one day."

"It seems to me you're avoiding the deep by playing chess with me in a wrecked nuclear submarine." I chose the equal of two evils and moved my king into inevitable checkmate. "So the game ends."

There was a groan and a squeal of deforming metal that echoed through the silent ship.

"It will be soon," Udo said unnecessarily. "The forward hatch will develop a fracture along its seal. That fracture will enlarge to the size of a dime in three seconds. Then the hatch will give way and the water will come."

"You paint a lovely picture." I started to rearrange the chess pieces for another game.

Udo Kier shook his reptilian head.

"No time. You have just over four minutes."

I was going to ask him how he knew, but I was pretty sure he really did know.

"I don't know," I said and continued arranging the chess pieces, "you can probably beat me one last time."

"I cannot save you. My personal ethics forbid it. I can offer you a last wish. I can make it quick for you. Painless."

"No, I want to see the deep before I die."

"The pressure will crush your lungs and burst your eardrums. You may only survive for a few seconds." Udo seemed to be trying to discourage me, but he had a twinkle in his bulbous eyes.

"That's okay. Just a glimpse."

Maybe I would adapt like those crabs by their underwater lake. Maybe the bacteria would fill me up in that moment before I died and I would wake up, happy and at home in the impossibly hot water around a black smoker.

"I have to go make arrangements." Udo Kier smiled. "When the hatch breaks exhale with all of your strength. You might gain a second or two longer."

Udo Kier was gone. He did not stand up or walk out of the captain's quarters, he was just gone. Maybe he was never there.

The seal breaks on the forward hatch and it sounds almost like a cork popping on a bottle of champagne. Here's to you, submarine. Three seconds pass and the hatch smashes past the door to the captain's quarters on a thrashing column of water. It takes only a few more seconds and the frigid water is at my ankles, my knees, roaring around me. I'm lifted out of the chair and I rise towards the ceiling. It's so fucking cold. I'm set for life, I can count this thing down on my hands and toes.

I'm watching the ceiling get closer and closer and treading water like a fat kid when the submarine decides to open up. She pops her girdle like a saloon whore after a long day with the cowboys. Air rushes out in a huge bubble and I'm in it. It won't last. I take a deep breath. This is it. Last time for you lungs. I exhale just as the pressure crushes the bubble.

Astronauts have it easy. Decompression for them is worrying about getting sucked out a little hole or blasted out an airlock. Space isn't so bad. You can't breathe out there and some bad timing will get you flash fried or frozen, but it just doesn't hurt on its own. You don't fucking blow up like in the movies, not if you play it smart.

No matter how smart you play it 1,500 meters down you can't beat 100 atmospheres of pressure. And oh god does it hurt.

I'm coming apart like Indian corn thrown at a barn wall but somehow I can still see. Doing a little spin out there in the deadly deep, disoriented by all that salt water blasting into my brain, but the shit is holding together for a few. Out there I can see the stars twinkling. Thousands of them, at least, each one a little life as alien to me as a fucking green Martian flying in a saucer would be. A transparent shrimp drifts past my face, the size of a fingernail, and squirts a stream of glowing blue ink at me. Jellies are everywhere in sizes and shapes that defy description, their bodies radiant ripples of photophores.

There's a cold 'pop' and one of my eyes goes in a little red cloud. The lute play the flute, the carp play the harp, the fang tooth angler likes the taste of my blood. Like a decapitated vampire head taking chunks out of my arm. Sure it hurts, but these days what doesn't?

It's a great way to go until I see Udo Kier. He's naked, disturbingly so, and seemingly unharmed by the lethal pressure. A hairy angler the size of my fist starts worrying at the meat of my calf and I can sense a giant gulper eel on its way over for a taste of delicious old me. But fuck that, what is Udo Kier doing ruining my grand finale? I squint through the vibrating orb of my good eye. Udo Kier is kissing - nay, violating - a colossal squid. He embraces his newfound friend in the throes of passion and turns to look at me, his eyes full of mirth.

"Oh, yes," he seems to say. "I have adapted."

"Fuck you!" I burble.

My other eye goes and it is dark and cold and hard around me. I should have let myself drown in the comms room. The gulper eels lunges towards me with its mouth open wide. That's okay, I'm already dead.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.12 I Have No Lawn, Yet I Must Scream

Tuesday, Apr 12, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Curse you, Polly and Speedy! I hope you rot in dog jail!

I could've sworn that when I purchased my house a couple years ago, it came with a lawn. No seriously, I truly remember the salesperson explicitly claiming the house came with its very own yard. The realtor was showing me around the kitchen and proudly pointed out the back window. "Do you see all that?" she asked, waving her hand towards the hundreds of millions of tiny, pointy green blades growing from the ground behind the back porch. "Yes I see that," I replied, unsure of what exactly I was supposed to be noticing. "What am I supposed to be looking at here?" A broad smile washed upon her face as she placed her hands triumphantly upon her considerable hips. "That's the lawn," she beamed out with the utmost pride. "It prevents your home from suddenly lifting off the ground and flying into space."

Cut to nearly two years later. Our dogs, Polly and Speedy, have been using the back yard as their own personal playground for quite some time, engaging in the time-honored tradition of "running around like supreme idiots nonstop, consuming mass quantities of their own feces, and generally acting in the fashion of a large hyperactive tornado with access to a vast assortment of demolition equipment."

Like most normal Americans, I have a habit of letting my pet dogs play outside in the fenced-in yard when I leave the house, partly because they need the exercise and partly because if I leave them inside the home unsupervised, there's a good chance they'll make a ton of expensive collect calls and order morally questionable pay-per-view Cinemax movies about lesbian police forces of the future attempting to arrest drug kingpins who have nine penises. What could possibly go wrong with letting two dogs play in the yard? I mean, yards are meant for dogs to play in, right? If dogs weren't meant to go outside, Mother Nature wouldn't have granted them the ability to chew through decks, right? Right?

Well, here's your answer:

You'll notice there appears to be a large section of ground completely void of any living organisms here in my backyard. That, as you may have guessed, is the area where Polly and Speedy enjoy playing. They don't bother wrestling with each other in the area north of the wasteland, as that's the portion of the lawn dedicated to releasing chunks of waste from one hole in their body and then consuming these chunks of waste through a completely different hole in their body. God forbid they actually wrestle with each other in the bathroom / breakfast buffet section of the yard. That would just be disgusting, a regular doggy faux-pas, ranking up there with refusing to plant your nose in the ass of a passing stray dog.

Don't believe its lies.

For those of you who lost your eyesight in some sort of freak Internet accident involving stray packets and a very unruly router, my yard is a complete muddy wreck. It looks like an English football team has been using it to bury their trampling victims for the past two decades. There are absolutely no traces of any life form growing from this post-apocalyptic wasteland, which is so torn up that the white plastic sod guide is actually visible from many locations. My lawn is so bad that people frequently pass by and offer to donate cinder blocks and a rusty car frame lacking wheels so the lawn's proper white trash motif will look complete. I tried throwing some grass seed all over the muddy area, but I guess I purchased a bag of defective grass, because the crap has just been resting on top of the dirt for the past two months. Birds don't even bother trying to eat this grass seed, but that's probably because they've been observing my lawn for the past few months and fear they'll instantly be steamrolled by a sentient barking, rolling blur of loose hair, teeth, and poop.

My wife recently brought back a bottle of something called "Lawn Spot AWAY!" which I guess I'm supposed to spray on the dead sections of the lawn to trick people into thinking real grass is there, as opposed to a congealed mass of propylene glycol manufactured by the French in an elaborate scheme to defraud America. I tried using this substance to fix my lawn and restore it back to its original grassy luster, but all it did was make a large patch of my lawn look like something resembling a miniature golf course after a gang of leprechauns used it for group sex.

This spray-on lawn pretty much baffles me, as the color itself is a cancer-causing shade of neon green visible from remote galaxies, and all it does is essentially transform disgusting brown mud into creepy neon green mud which is about as effective as hammering in a giant sign reading "THIS IS ALL REAL GRASS - DO NOT BE FOOLED BY ITS DIRT-LIKE APPEARANCE! I SWEAR IT'S REAL!" I suppose this product wasn't manufactured with such an extreme lawn crisis like mine in mind, but I still fail to understand how a spray bottle full of the Incredible Hulk's saliva can fool any passing idiot into thinking a patch of urine-stained dirt even remotely resembles grass. Maybe I'm supposed to spray it directly into their eyes.

The dirt dilemma is further compounded by the fact that we're currently in the middle of my favorite holiday season, National Shedding Month, so the muddy disaster area in the back yard is covered in a glowing sheen of golden hair which blankets the area like an impenetrable layer of spider silk excreted from the grotesquely swollen sac of Shelob. I suspect evil Russian scientists somehow loaded my dogs up with powerful nanobots which constantly prod their brain into producing an endless stream of yellow follicles that completely cover every square inch of our house. Submitted for your approval:

This is the result of vacuuming... FOR ONE DAY. The inside of the vacuum filter looks like those giant wooden paddles colonial women used to scoop out precious cotton candy from the cotton candy mines back when their husbands were bravely fighting to defend America's malls from the

Native Americans obsessed with burning them down and erecting pagan teepees in their place. I could place Polly and Speedy inside a giant doggy wind tunnel for the next 24 hours, using it to constantly blow off the copious amounts of renegade hair commandos from them, and they'd still emit a steady stream of shedding for the next year.

The shedding problem has grown so terrible that I can no longer discern the difference between our dogs and the piles of rogue hair that congregates together to form a haystack of horror. I've got this long rod I call "The Dog Stick" which I use to prod suspected mounds of Golden Retriever hair which may or may not be my pets. "Polly? Speedy? Is that one of you?" I'll ask while poking the stick into the center of a bloated hairy mass I suspect to either be an animal or perhaps a giant mutant tumbleweed from hell. This gentle jab naturally causes a fresh new batch of hair to be released, floating into the air and eventually forming yet another questionable furry entity. The cycle never ends, folks.

I'm probably going to end up throwing in the towel, admitting defeat and writing off my lawn for dead. When you've got over 150 pounds of poop-eating claws and paws constantly digging into the ground to gain traction and better allow them the opportunity to shove their teeth into the other's eyes, you quickly realize you're fighting a losing battle. My yard never had a chance, and I assume it's only a matter of time before it completely disappears, causing my entire house to float off into the stratosphere. My next update will probably be from the moon, where I make astutely acerbic remarks about the moon rocks and how they differ from Earth rocks. At least I won't have to worry about monitoring my property from up here; all I'll have to do is stare down upon the Earth and search for the glowing green gob of landscape.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.13 Questions of Faith and the Nature of Super Joe

Wednesday, Apr 13, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Back then I had only one thing to fear: failing Super Joe. What would the repercussions be if Super Joe died because of my shortcomings, or broke under interrogation and surrendered his wisdom to the enemy because I didn't get to him in time? Surely he was valuable to the cause, since they would not mount a rescue mission if he were just some expendable grunt. No, Super Joe had to be, well, super. He had to be a hero of true grit, a living monument to the awesome potential that exists within all of us to overcome adversity. There was no reason to doubt Super Joe, just as there was no reason to doubt the decision to send me to rescue him.

If only it were that simple.

As I grew older and worked my way through the dangerous obstacles life threw at me, I began to question the superiority of Super Joe. It was childish frustration at first, mind you, but the questions remained regardless of their infantile origin. In fact, these questions grew up themselves, becoming more sharp and cunning as the years passed. Why was I risking my life for Super Joe, a man I knew nothing about? Aside from the fact he was captured, what more could I say about him? I couldn't say he was a kind man, that he was a wise man, for I did not know him as anything more than a goal. Who was he? Was he even really real? Was he worth saving? And if so, why? Would he make the sacrifices and struggles worth it in the end, or would he simply prove to be an anticlimax? And together, like a patchwork, these questions formed a larger question that gnawed at my soul with ravenous red teeth. Quite simply, I wanted to know why I was the one going after Super Joe. Splinters of doubt dug into my confidence's skin, and faith was no longer strong enough to pull them out.

When I was a younger, no larger than a crate full of Chinese spiders, I lived my life by a sort of miniature samurai code. This code involved asking myself a simple question: "What would Super Joe do in a situation like this?" That's when I would find the moral and mental certainty to complete any task looming before me. "Yes," I would say to myself, "Super Joe wants me to give it my all, no matter what kind of pitfalls or barrels block the path to success." Things were a lot easier back then. My faith was solid.

It's a mad world when men parachute through cave walls.

Of course the problem was that Super Joe represented a paradox, at least within conventional thought. How could a man so super fail his mission and get captured? And if he existed to me as the monument to overcoming adversity, why couldn't he overcome his? Not to sound cold, but in the greater scheme of things, especially war, lives are lost and sometimes people simply cannot be saved. For me, it was simply impossible to quantify his value, since his one known heroic act was to get captured by the enemy. Surely this invalidated him as a hero, I reasoned, and thusly invalidated any mission to save him. In a weird way I also wondered if this made me superior to him. If it were my duty to do what he failed to do, then wouldn't that make me more super than him?

Questions like these are not easy to answer. I could swing from a metal balcony floating over a pit of fire but the seemingly simple task of defining the nature of one man proved too difficult. It was a pitfall greater than the reach of any grappling hook, let alone mine. Perhaps this was why believing in Super Joe was so important. Perhaps he transcended certainty, ascending to a plateau that could only be appreciated by surmounting the myriad jigsaw puzzles of an arduous life and finally looking down at them as a whole from on high. Maybe Super Joe was super because he was *beyond* the struggles of man. He was captured only in our minds and by our standards, yet free in his personal world. In that sense, I was the prisoner to the routine of a cruel world. In finding him, I would actually be freeing myself. And who says it would end there? Freeing a man of powerful transcending ideas from the shackles of this oppressive world could open up his teachings to untold numbers. Super Joe could be the key to that final revolution that takes us to where we all need to be.

Truth be told, I rarely think about Super Joe anymore. Like any good riddle, he occasionally enters my mind and beckons me to untangle the twisting knots of perplexity. In these instances I am propelled to revive the struggle, to seek him out and find the answers once and for all. But it's never anything more than a spark these days, failing to ever ignite into the glorious crusade it once was. Maybe I was once the perfect candidate to find and rescue Super Joe. I can see the logic, most definitely. Who better suited to reach for the unreachable than a man with a grappling hook? But Super Joe isn't what I'm looking for anymore. The way I see it, there are six billion Super Joes out there. Let's start looking for them instead. They're all around us and easier to find.

Sorry, Super Joe, but I'd rather stare at the sea than follow you to the end.

In the movie "Apocalypse Now," we see that Willard clearly understands the nature of Kurtz's madness. Had he not endured the trials of the journey to find Kurtz, he would not have been able to fully grasp the entirety of Kurtz's torment or its very real justifications. Not to suggest that Super Joe is or was insane, but perhaps it is the torment of the journey to find him that makes rescuing him a meaningful experience. If he were not so elusive, would there be anything to gain? Perhaps in the end we will both look down at the world from on high and he will tell me, "This is why you did what you did. Your grappling hook can reach far, but even it must take small steps to climb the mountain." But even then the idea of Super Joe as savior is another fantasy. There is no way to prove he is anything more than a captured soldier in a greater war. As a fellow soldier, it was merely my job to save him. A job like any other, and nothing more. A job I have since retired from.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.14 Jargonacon 2005

Thursday, Apr 14, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Podcasting is for grandmas! Blogging is dead! We here at Something Awful headquarters are proud as punch to unveil the hottest new Internet buzzwords for 2005! Make sure to start using all these highly intellectual phrases around your hipster college buddies and major media outlets, cause this crap is catching on LIKE FIRE! After all, you want people to think you're smart, right? And what's a better way to tell the world that you're intelligent than by communicating in an incomprehensible language understood by 37 people?

- **BMO** - *(Acronym)* "Big Man Online." A person who routinely boasts about their page traffic, brags about their number of online friends, attempts to win online popularity contests, and is overly concerned with any other worthless, false indication of their acceptance on the Internet. The ultimate goal of every BMO is to win a Webby Award, the definitive trophy proudly declaring to the world that your 15 minutes of fame ended half an hour ago. The average BMO attempts to add every living creature on the planet to their IM buddy list, because everybody knows the quantity of people you message with "LOL" defines your value as a human being.

- **Content Masturbator** - Any person who creates some form of content for the Internet, from movies to music to writing, and then refuses to stop gloating about and obsessing over their own creation. This usually occurs on their personal blogs, but has been known to spread throughout emails, instant messages, and newsgroups. For more information, also see "BMO" (above).

> ***EXAMPLE:***
>
> **Person #1:** *(IM sent to 500 people)* "Hey everybody! Come check out the most awesome, hilarious, original Flash game pitting George Bush against Osama Bin Laden! I made it, and it's been played 583,392,881 times in the last 10 minutes! Includes special guest appearances by Britney Spears and Michael Jackson, who show up to make topical jokes which rival abandoned Jay Leno monologues! Be sure to click on the links which appear in my awesome popup windows offering you chances to win free iPods and Eddie Bauer colostomy bags! This Flash game I made has been ranked #1 on Newgrounds, narrowly edging out 'Butt Quest 8' and 'The Mystery of Fart Mountain.' It's the funniest thing you'll ever see! Tell your friends about it! Tell your family! Oh god I'm lonely!"

- **Crappernetting** - Using the Internet from a wireless device, such as a PDA or cellphone, while going to the bathroom. "Advanced Crappernetting," which is using the Internet while standing up and peeing, is only recommended for experts or people who have highly dextrous tongues.

- **Eam** - Any dream involving the Internet. An eam may feature people you communicate with online, websites you visit, or games you play. There are currently no specific words to describe a nightmare involving the Internet, as any eam, by definition, is inherently a nightmare.

- **Fauxmale** - A male who impersonates a female online. The includes (but is not limited to) placing a female's photo on your biography page, playing as a female character in an online game, or using a feminine username such as "_-={bUtTeRfLi}=-_" for any instant messaging program. The major difference between males and females online is that the males usually possess significantly larger boobs.

- **IOD** - *(Acronym)* "Internet Overdose." The medical condition which arises from using the Internet for a lengthy period of time. Symptoms include throbbing headaches, sore back muscles, bloodshot eyes, and an ass the size of a waterbed. This temporary feeling can be worsened by the use of caffeine and other artificial stimulants, such as allowing your cat to lay down your lap and then jumping into the air after he arbitrarily decides to dig his claws into your thighs for absolutely no reason whatsoever. Not that I'm bitter. Or have a sore back.

- **Internet Meat** - Any food product ordered through the Internet, from pizza to steak.

EXAMPLE:

Person #1: "Hey man, do you want to go out to Arby's tonight?"
Person #2: "No thanks, I just ordered some Internet Meat from pizzahut.com."
Person #1: *(Confused)* "God, you're a fag."

- **Interthreat** - To scare somebody with physical violence or confrontation online. These claims are usually accompanied by descriptive imagery detailing how muscular the assailant is, along with insults that questions the other person's sexuality. Apparently there's some type of top secret plugin that lets people punch you in the throat over the Internet, because neither time, money, or distance comes in to factor when an Internet tough guy is threatening to beat you up online. Of course, in reality the only thing these people will beat is "off," so many interthreats can be brushed aside.

- **Lagoff** - The temporary feeling of confusion and disorientation when logging off from a MMORPG and having absolutely no idea what time it is in real life. Further queasiness can be compounded by logging off the MMORPG during nighttime in the game, and realizing it's daytime in real life. This is also known as the **Lagoff Disorientation Syndrome** (LDS), and was claimed to be a factor in the Pope's recent death.

- **Legal Friendly** - A description of any person who threatens to sue at the slightest provocation. Recent studies prove that 87% of the Internet is legal friendly, believing that lawsuits can (and should) be filed if somebody makes fun of you, if somebody quotes something you wrote somewhere at some time, or if somebody writes something you disagree with in any aspect.

EXAMPLE:

Person #1: "Haha, I just read your AIM away message, that's pretty stupid. Is it a quote from Slipknot lyrics? I hate that band."
Person #2: "I HOP U GOT A GUD LAWYAR CUZ IM GUNNA SUE U 4 THAT SLANDAR AND LIBLE U ASHOLE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"
Person #1: "Calm down, I was just kidding."
Person #2: "OMG THATS LIEING UNDER OATH!!! IM ARESTING U 4 PURGURY!!!"

Feel free to counter any interthreats with legal friendly-speak if you really want to engage in an authentic online conversation.

EXAMPLE:

Person #1: "IM GONNA BEAT UR FAG FACE WITH MY STEAL TOEDED BOOTS!!!"

Person #2: "THATS A THREAT IM CALLIN THE COPS AND GONNA SUE U FOR THREATENING ME WITH HARM"
Person #1: "HAHAHAHA I AM A LEVEL 63 POLICE OFFICER AND THEY DONT CARE WERE GONA STILL BEAT TEH CRAP OUTA U GAY ASS!!!!!!!!!"
Person #2: "OH YEAH WELL IM A LEVEL 86 LAWYER AND UR GOIN TO JAIL ASS FAG"

■ **Nexpert** - Any self-proclaimed "tech savvy" media journalist who claims to be on the hip, cutting edge of this whole "information superhighway" thing. Did you know that they put computers inside cars now?!? Computers inside cars! What will they think of next? Hey guys did you hear about this "all of your bases" catchphrase? It's the bee's knees!

■ **Podblogcasting** - Talking about your blog during your podcast. Also known as "being a trendy, annoying idiot who everybody hates."

■ **Runk** - The trash, food particles, animal hair, and other tiny assorted pieces of god-knows-what that slips in between your keyboard keys and has to be vigorously shaken out every three months. This word can be used as a verb; "runking" somebody means to use a can of compressed air to blow out the runk in your keyboard, causing it to fly all over and cover them in a disgusting layer of stale cookie pieces and pubic hair.

■ **Shout N' Run** - Sending an "important" message to somebody over AIM, then immediately disappearing (often to another dimension) before the person can reply.

EXAMPLE:

Person #1: "Oh my god, are you there? I just got back from the hospital. You won't fucking believe what the doctor said. Jesus Christ, I can't believe it myself, this is horrible."
Person #2: *(Replying three seconds later)* "I'm here, what happened? Are you okay?"
Person #1: "AUTO AWAY MESSAGE: A girl is much more than she seems, not a toy by any means. Underneath the makeup and hair, there's a sign saying handle with care."
Person #2: "Huh?"

■ **Spam Rage** - An uncontrollable burst of anger culminating from receiving a significant amount of spam mail. Spam rage is usually the factor which pushes a person "over the edge," the defining excuse to lose control of one's emotions. For example, a person may wake up late for work, spill coffee on their shirt, get stuck in traffic, walk into the office to be chewed out by their boss, and lose an importation business contract, but they will manage to stay relatively calm... until they check their email and discover 400 messages from "CoolSt0cks 4000" offering the best APR rates on the hottest stock picks out of any Christian loan company selling Paris Hilton sex videos. At that point the victim will slam their fist onto their keyboard while shouting a choice explicative. As quickly as it began, the spam rage ends, with no long-term effects except latent suspicion from co-workers who happened to pass by at that moment.

■ **TBTP** - *(Acronym)* "Too Busy To Pee." An expression describing how the user absolutely cannot be interrupted for anything, including crucial IRC parties and emergency guild meetings.

- **Web Trash** - Users who create embarrassingly horrible homepages. These include the use of animated gifs, embedded mp3s, aLtErNaTiNg lOwErCaSe AnD uPpErCaSe, unnecessary photos of themselves, awful poetry, blinking backgrounds, Javascript page transitions, mouse trails, and 500-paragraph long dissertations detailing every painfully banal aspect of their life. Also known as "Livejournal users."

- **Zoning** - Losing all interest in the Internet, casually reading webpages not out of interest, but to waste time. This also involves clicking random displayed links, not really paying attention to what you're reading or where you're visiting. Although many consider zoning to be a stream-of-consciousness type of Internet browsing, experts have proven it's responsible for 84% of existing installed spyware. If you've gotten this far in today's update, chances are pretty good you're zoning right now.

With all these super-new and super-hip Internet slang, we're sure to hit the big leagues now! Hooray Internet!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.15 Cobra After-Action Report: The Invaders

Friday, Apr 15, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Cobra After-Action Report series.

Mankind's first encounter with extraterrestrial life is likely to be one of the most momentous events of human history. To realize that we are not alone in the universe will surely be a hammer blow to religions and philosophies that put forward man as the reason and rule of all existence. For others it will be a joyous event or even a realization of a lifelong dream. Whatever the initial reaction the repercussions could be terrible. Even if an alien species were friendly mankind might react with riots and violence. If the alien species were unfriendly and possessed a superior level of technology, well, mankind might be in for quite a bit of trouble indeed.

A third option exists. What if the aliens are not aliens at all? What if they are actually humans who have evolved separately or traveled back in time? Cobra Commander explores his own take on this strange question in "The Invaders", a plot to rule the world through alien proxies.

Obviously even Cobra does not have access to actual aliens so in this ill-conceived scheme Cobra Commander undertakes a plan to create his own aliens using advanced technology and clever disguises. Cobra Commander's version of aliens are purple, vaguely reptilian, and interested in dominating the world by blowing up various human installations with their super lasers. Their technology is simply repackaged Cobra technology, but Cobra Commander plans to use mankind's fear of the unknown to his advantage as he sends his alien henchmen out to create chaos. Unfortunately for Cobra Commander, he failed to bet on GI Joe joining forces with its equally inept Soviet counterparts "The October Guard."

Before we break it down into a blow-by-inept-blow let's take a look at the resources Cobra has allocated to this operation.

- **Theater Commander:** Cobra Commander

- **Theater Resources:** Tomax & Xamot, Zartan, various and sundry Dreadnoks, and two fake UFOs

- **Corps Level Resources:**

2 full battalions of Cobra infantry
100+ unmarked utility vans
6+ cute little Cobra four-wheelers
An ill-placed milk carton

- **Known Opposing Forces:**

GI Joe
United States armed forces
Soviet armed forces

- **Primary Mission Objectives:**

Terrify the population with the fake UFOs and then threaten two random cities, only to attack and capture Moscow and Washington when they are least defended.

- **Alternate Mission Objectives:**

Blow up a bunch of random crap with the UFOs.

Even though Cobra's plan is ridiculously elaborate and requires using super high tech fake UFOs I have to rate this as one of Cobra Commander's better plans. Small praise though that may be, a

feint is a proven military strategy and Cobra Commander's plan of using otherworldly alien attackers as the feint frees up more resources for capturing the real objectives. As usual the plan collapses as mistakes are made, plots are foiled, and Cobra Commander and his agents generally behave like complete morons.

198X, Day 1, 10:00 AM

Hey, you filthy Haji! You stop eating dirt long enough to see any twin on blue 4-wheelers?

Dusty, Duke, Snake Eyes, Gung Ho, and Barbecue are roaring through some Arabian desert in pursuit of the Tomax and Xamot. I would like to know who thought sending a guy in a flame-proof suit of medieval armor into the desert on a motorcycle was a good idea, but Barbecue doesn't seem to be complaining. The Joes have lost sight of the Crimson Twins so they stop at an oasis and ask a swarthy Arab and his pet camel if he has seen any identical twins on giant blue four-wheelers. The Arab directs Dusty in the proper direction and Dusty explains his kinship to the simple Arab to the other Joes.

"Me and the camel jockey got a lot in common. He loves the desert same as I do."

Dusty, your mysterious relationship with those towelheaded sand niggers has saved the day once again! Dusty and the other Joes motor off and quickly spot Tomax and Xamot making tracks. The Joes and the Crimson Twins exchange gunfire as the chase heats up. Then a truck full of idiots flies over a dune and the Joes realize that they are in a competition with their goofball counterparts from the Soviet Union. No sooner have the October Guard arrived on the scene than Cobra springs their trap: a sand dune rotates dramatically to reveal a Cobra bunker. With blasts exploding only inches away from them the Joes pause out in the open like any good soldiers would so that they can reflect on the situation. Gung Ho wants to attack but Duke thinks better of it and orders a retreat. Duke's motorcycle is damaged as they are retreating and the Joes are forced to make a stand against the counter attacking Cobra troops.

The October Guard jumps their truck over another dune and adds their fire to GI Joe's. Duke explains that the October Guard, though no friends of GI Joe, hate Cobra as much as anyone who has been on the receiving end of one of Cobra Commander's telecasts. The tables aren't quite turned when suddenly a UFO appears from behind a dune and blasts the Cobra bunker into slag. The UFO lands and uses some sort of electricity beam to pull the Crimson Twins inside. Then a purple alien with creepy eyes walks out.

I think I saw 5 mysterious Russians in a jeep murder the woman in the apartment across from me.

"Hear me well, men of earth," says the alien in a cool echo-effect voice. "I shall speak but once! We have taken two specimens for examination. When we conclude our experiments your fate will be determined."

Dusty doth protest and asks where the aliens are from. The alien explains that their planet circles the start of Sirius. The UFO departs leaving the Joes, the October Guard, and a leaderless contingent of Cobra troopers behind. Gung Ho observes that Colonel Sharp will be most displeased when they return empty-handed and with a story about flying saucers. Gung Ho then gets in a fist fight with his beefy counterpart (Sergeant Horror Show) in the October Guard. Way to build some fucking bridges, marine. Duke is more diplomatic and he calms things down and then introduces himself to Colonel Breakoff, the leader of

the October Guard. The Joes and October Guard agree to not mention their chance encounter to anyone.

198X, Day 2, 10:00 AM

The gravel-voiced Colonel Sharp explains to the Joes that over the last 24 hours two UFOs have been flying around earth terrorizing American and Russian installations. They've blown up some jets, a Russian observatory, the Alaskan oil pipeline, and various other facilities of value to the two countries. Colonel Sharp instructs the Joes to drop whatever they are doing and find the flying saucers: an order from the president himself! Duke reassures Colonel Sharp that he has a plan if the Navy can loan GI Joe the use of a submarine. That seems like a reasonable request, I'm sure the Joes will put it to good use.

198X, Day 2, 1:00 PM

I shouldn't have eaten all of those snozberries.

The Joes have somehow sailed the submarine underneath the great Siberian ice ocean that doesn't exist to rise next to what seems like a volcanic caldera with a military base inside. It should be noted that the submarine has a highly suspicious battleship-like gun turret mounted on its back end. I have a feeling the Joes are going to do something even stupider than usual.

The Joes rise through the ice and Duke explains that they're outside the October Guard's secret headquarters. Yes, they just crashed a huge submarine through the ice less than 200 feet outside the October Guard's base without being noticed. Security is not very tight there. But how are they going to get in? They would have to scale the volcanic mountain that houses the base or fly in, unless...

...my worst fears are realized and the Joes load themselves into the barrels of the submarine's cannon and fire themselves into the October Guard's base. Gung Ho is understandably upset about being shot out of a huge cannon so Duke calms his fears by shooting them all out of a huge cannon. When they are over the October Guard base - miraculously not blasted into a meaty pulp - they deploy their parachutes and sail gracefully to the ground. Not surprisingly this immediately sets off a security alarm. The October Guard captures the Joes and march them off to the stockade despite Duke's protestations that their mission is peaceful. The Joes turn the tables on the October guard and seize their weapons, then Duke reiterates that they are on a peaceful mission. Maybe next time use the phone, Duke.

The October Guard and the Joes immediately join forces and break into two mixed October Guard/GI Joe squads. Duke's squad will cover North America and the October Guard will cover the Soviet Union. I guess it just didn't make sense to remain in their previous units and do their normal jobs with a little information sharing.

This world domination message brought to you by the dairy council.

198X, Day 2, 3:00 PM

The new mixed squads are just settling into their patrol routines when Sergeant Horror Show receives a suspiciously Cobra Commander-like transmission on the TV. The purple alien dude

explains that he is broadcasting from the moon and that the aliens plan to blow up San Francisco and Vladivostok if the earth does not surrender unconditionally in 24 hours. Demonstrating that Cobra has not lost its ability to be absolute fuckups there is a carton of milk placed right next to the alien as he speaks. Amazingly, no one mentions this even though the carton of milk is the only other thing visible on the screen aside from the alien. In fact the only comment anyone makes is when Gung Ho says "compared to this guy even Cobra is tame." No, Gung Ho, compared to this guy Cobra is fucking exactly the same. How many times has Cobra Commander come on TV and demanded the unconditional surrender of the world in 24 hours? 50? 100?

Colonel Sharp TV-phones the Joes and explains that the militaries of the United States and the Soviet Union will be dispatched to San Francisco and Vladivostok to deal with the alien attack. Realistically blanketing the air above these two cities with thousands of jet fighters and filling the streets with hundreds of thousands of soldiers is not going to be a viable strategy. That is unless we're talking about a strategy for causing riots and mass chaos in those two cities. Colonel Sharp instructs the Joes to standby and be ready for anything.

198X, Day 2, 3:30 PM

Yeeeeehawski!

Snake Eyes and some fat Russian cowboy guy decided to ignore the orders from Colonel Sharp and do some hang gliding in the vicinity of the Extensive Enterprises building. In case you're not up to speed on Cobra's horrible front organizations, Extensive Enterprises is the legitimate business run by the Crimson Twins that claims to have nothing to do with Cobra even though Cobra soldiers are always hanging out on the roof. Speaking of which, the Cobra soldiers hanging out on the roof shoot at Snake Eyes and Ivan Wayne and managed to knock them out of the sky. They are both captured and placed in a huge metal cage.

Tomax and Xamot arrive and explain that they "cut a deal" with the aliens. They usher Snake Eyes and Cowboy Kasparov into one of the alien UFOs where they are unceremoniously bolted to a table by some Cobra troopers. The purple alien guy walks in and compliments Tomax and Xamot on their specimen selection. Once the UFO is safely airborne the alien dramatically reveals that he isn't really an alien. He pulls off his alien mask and dun dun dun it's the camel jockey who they met in the desert only dun dun dun that's another mask and it's really Zartan under there. It would have been even cooler if Zartan's face was a mask and then the Baroness was under that one but this is one of those awful episodes that does not feature the Baroness strutting around in a leather bodysuit.

The Dreadnoks join their boss on the bridge and explain that the UFOs are all part of a Cobra scheme to take over the world. Cobra Commander chooses that moment to check in with Zartan. Zartan explains that their captives were properly surprised by his masks-within-masks revelation, although how he could read any emotions on Snake Eyes is a mystery. For his part Cobra Commander explains the entirety of the Cobra plan: distract the militaries of the US and the USSR with the alien threat while masses of Cobra troops concealed in utility vans surround the White House and the Kremlin. After they have heard the plan Zartan has no choice but to kill Snake Eyes and the Russian cowboy. He draws his future laser gun and takes aim, but Snake Eyes breaks free of his shackles and kicks Zartan. Zartan moans like an overcome southern belle and faints.

Urbanski Cowboy phones Duke and Horror Show and warns them that the alien plot is nothing but a Cobra diversion. He tells them to hurry to the Kremlin and the White House to foil the attack.

198X, Day 4, 6:00 PM

The Cobra attacks on the Kremlin and the White House begin! Cobra troops open fire indiscriminately on the buildings with no real direction to their attacks beyond "shoot AT the White House" and "shoot AT the Kremlin." As the Cobra troops rush the buildings they are countered by GI Joe and the October Guard parachuting out of aircraft shooting their laser rifles. Duke, Gung Ho, and Horror Show have to hold an entire battalion of heavily armed Cobra troops off at the White House while they wait for reinforcements. This almost leads to disaster when Gung Ho is blasted by a missile that nearly knocks him unconscious. Horror Show rescues him from the burning White House and Gung Ho reluctantly thanks his former nemesis.

The missile that nearly fells a hero.

Joe aircraft arrive moments after this dramatic turn of events and strafe the Cobra troops from highly dangerous altitudes. The hundreds of Cobra soldiers know they can't possibly stand up to three jet aircraft and the Cobra troops fall into a full retreat. Cobra Commander calls the other flying saucer to coordinate with Zartan only to realize that Snake Eyes and Tiny Cowboy have control of the other saucer. Cobra Commander is apoplectic with rage, as he tends to get whenever one of his plans is foiled, and he proclaims that he will destroy the White House if he can't have it. Meanwhile, in the Kremlin, the Joes and October Guard are joined by the Soviet military and quickly route the Cobra assault. Dusty pauses for a moment to embrace the October Guard woman in the pink fur suit. That's a suit made out of fur, not a fursuit.

Over the White House the Joes watch in amazement as the two flying saucers do battle. Snake Eyes and the cowboy gain the upper hand and shoot Cobra Commander down into a river. As usual the Joes do not even attempt to ensure that he was killed in the crash. They just cheer stupidly as another opportunity to put an end to Cobra slips from their fingers.

198X, Day 4, 9:00 PM

Yay! We're assholes!

With the battle won the October Guard and GI Joe return to GI Joe headquarters to share stories about the fun of chasing off Cobra and spending millions of dollars rapid-deploying the entire military to two urban centers. Gung Ho wonders how Snake Eyes knew to go looking for the aliens at Extensive Enterprises. Snake Eyes points to the milk carton on a replay of the video, proving that GI Joe exists in a vacuum. In the real world CNN would have had 50 moronic analysts on to talk about the meaning of the milk carton on the alien transmission. Larry King would have hunched his shoulders and earnestly asked the milk company's president what he thought about the aliens drinking their milk on the moon. For the Joes this realization is just another reason to share an episode-ending laugh.

Once again Cobra has failed to accomplish much beyond pointless destruction and strife. If Cobra were a terrorist group with political goals beyond the total domination of the human race they might be working towards these goals with each one of these miserably botched operations. In this one both San Francisco and Vladivostok were transformed into terrifying militarized zones under the threat of alien annihilation. Mass riots and demonstrations would follow an event like this, even if GI Joe immediately went public with the real identity of the alien invaders. Instead, this sort of unrest serves no real purpose other than justifying the existence and funding of slapstick bands of simpletons like GI Joe and the October Guard.

As a bonus I would like to offer a screengrab from a different episode of the stunningly beautiful Scarlet. She has never looked so fine.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.16 The Gift

Saturday, Apr 16, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

"With great power comes great responsibility" –Gandalf the Grey

"You fuck with me, you see,
I'll react like an animal, I'll tear you apart,
If the masterpiece was murder, I'd make shit art,
Niggas knew I wasn't wrapped too tight from start,
But bein' a little off, landed me on top of the charts (whoo)" –50 Cent

Some things in this world are unexplainable. Some things are not meant to be understood. The human mind can only hold so much information, for this vast universe is too epic for our feeble brains to fully comprehend. What secrets will be unveiled after the mossy rock of truth is turned over (besides gross worms and bugs)?

Such an event took place last week when I was driving home from work after a particularly tiring day of posting on the SA forums and making origami ducks. I pulled my expensive Eddie Bauer SUV, which simply loves to guzzle fossil fuels and ground up Iraqi baby limbs, behind a van that was signaling to turn right onto the freeway service drive. Traffic was heavy as always and I impatiently waited for the van to pull into the single gap that only comes along every 5 minutes or so. I gasped in disbelief when I spied a rare gap that would allow for 2 cars if the initiative was seized. As I looked at the oncoming traffic, I thought I saw the van pull out, so I gunned the gas like zombie Dale Earnhart. Alas the move was a feint on the van's part, and I slammed into it with great velocity, causing bumper damage and much more. Things would never be the same after this collision.

When my vehicle impacted with the van, the hot coffee I had in my cup holder was thrown into the air, bouncing off the dash and splashing in my face and eyes. I screamed like a little girl as my body was thrown with rag doll physics into the windshield. This was because I refuse to wear seatbelts as I feel that the action questions my manhood and they are part of a vast Communist conspiracy whose goals are yet to be uncovered by myself and my half-brother Roger. Also I'd just had a large helping of pudding at lunch and my stomach was bloated and distended, making seatbelt use out of the question. The driver of the van was a woman in her mid-70's who seemed to be fine, but scolded me for my bold driving methods and told me to stop my high pitched panicked screaming. She wanted to call the police but with my quick ninja instincts I spin kicked the phone out of her hand and it landed on the busy freeway where a truck ran over it. Around this time I started to have a strange buzz in my temples and the coffee was reacting poorly with my contact lenses, so I gave the shocked old bag my insurance information and sped off towards home so I could gather my senses.

It seems that the accident has caused some drastic change to my brain when it was scalded with hot coffee and slammed into the glass windshield. I returned home and swept the rogue rodents and insects off my filthy cot so I could lay down, my head still freshly abuzz with newly awoken activity. Instead of my normal haze of cloudy, disconnected thoughts and random synapses of latent electric stimuli barely enough for me to be functional, things were clear for the first time in my life. It felt like my eyes could see farther than ever before, and even into the future. The future was so bright that I had to wear shades. In quick snapshots, all that was to come was clear to me, giving me great knowledge and foresight. This was a huge power, and I thought to myself that I must not abuse it and keep this secret to myself.

But what fun is that? Besides I needed a topic for today's update so I might as well use my new found god-like powers to help all you mere humans with your pathetic normal brains. I spent the last couple hours letting the visions come to me, and I am going to present to you what I saw in the near future for the month of July in the year 2008. Please do not let this knowledge of the future scare you, for we are bound by fate and it is unavoidable. Accept it with an open mind and please Paypal me for my miracle visions.

Things that will come to pass in the year 2008:

- Gas will cost $5.00 per gallon but it won't matter because everybody will be riding Segways.
- The United States will be bombing a third world country because the aunt of a CIA agent will have a dream that they are harboring weapons of mass destruction, and Shaun Cassidy was in it too, but that's beside the point.
- Steve Perry will buy the NHL for his pure breed pony ranch, and he will turn it into an adaptation of the movie "Roadhouse" on ice.
- The #1 TV show in America is a spinoff of "Friends" and is called "Pals". The only twist is that the entire cast are sea monkeys living in Boston.
- A man whose name starts with a "B" will go see a movie, drop his popcorn, and find a quarter.

The ferret president will be responsible for millions of deaths.

- The first, but not last, ferret president will be elected.
- Bill Cosby will get so exasperated with the black community that he will turn into a robotic T-Rex, like "Grimlock" from Transformers, and eat Harlem.
- In the year 2008, humanoid catfish will rise from the bayou and take over Louisiana and parts of Mississippi. The ferret president sends the national guard to quell the uprising and thus starts the second American Civil War.
- A really funny commercial featuring a talking baby or animal is shown on TV.
- The ice caps melt and everybody drowns except for Kevin Costner. The humanoid catfish rule the planet but Kevin Costner gets into a grand adventure and blows up their headquarters and crowns himself the ruler of the water world. Then he dies trying to give himself gills.
- The U.S. currency becomes obsolete and the new way of determining wealth is with "style points".

- Zack Parsons becomes a world-renowned writer, but is bludgeoned to death with a garden gnome outside his New York apartment by a deranged redheaded fan.
- NASA sends another robot to Mars but this time forgets to put the batteries in.
- Duke Nukem Forever is released.

Robot T-Rex Cosby is serving up some whoopass on Godzilla as well as the lazy people in the black community.

- Scientist find a way to clone Godzilla and send him to battle the robot T-Rex Bill Cosby in an epic Tokyo fight that leaves the city in ruins. Godzilla defeats Bill Cosby with the help of Mothra and Malcolm Jamaal-Warner.
- China and India's population grows so large that you don't have to hold for outsourced tech support any longer, but you still can't understand them.
- A pack of bubble gum costs one million style points, but computers are so cheap that people just toss them out of windows if it crashes or you get sick of talking to Asian tech support.
- Lowtax becomes the king of the Internet and is beheaded by a revolutionary tribunal.
- You will die a painful death after hopping up and down on a beaver dam even though you knew it could be dangerous.
- Sell your Apple stock and invest in porkbellies!

These are just some of the things I have seen in the past half hour as I've been rubbing moisturizer into my ruddy, corpulent knees. Like I said, do not be frightened of this knowledge. Having this power does not make me a freak to be avoided or worshiped as a demi-god. Well maybe you can worship me a tad and give me some virgin brides and some Soft Batch cookies and small children to rub my knees. This will be acceptable seeing what services I will be blessing humanity with my visions. I am unstoppable.

Editors Note: Shortly after putting this update on I slipped on the moisturizer and fell into my bathtub, hitting my head on the soap dish. For some reason my visions of the future have disappeared and now I can only see into the past, but no more than 15 minutes ago. Sorry for letting you all down again. I'm going to have some Fruit Loops and try to forget this whole thing ever happened.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

4.17 Busted: A Citizen's Guide to Getting Away With All Sorts of Crimes

Sunday, Apr 17, 2005 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

THE ENEMY.

I fully support the act of possessing marijuana, smoking marijuana, and getting away with it. But one of the reasons I don't smoke weed, transport bees across state lines, or murder hookers and store them in the trunk of my car is because I was always paranoid that I would get pulled over, my car searched, and then sent to federal pound-me-in-the-ass-mouth-and-ear-prison. Fortunately I have discovered an incredible video called Busted: The Citizen's Guide to Surviving Police Encounters that educates viewers about their rights and how to use them to make sure the cops don't find your weed stash. Now with the power of the 4th and 5th amendments I can break all sorts of crazy laws!

You can download the video here. If you enjoy it you might want to throw some cash their way since they are graciously letting us download their video for free BUT ONLY IF YOU WANT TO OKAY. If you didn't enjoy the video then you are probably a dirty pinko commie bastard. Even if you are not in favor of constitutional rights and civil liberties this video has some great porno-grade acting and I could swear that every scene was about to turn into a full blown sex-session if I didn't know any better. "I do not consent to any searches, officer." "Overruled! Now take off your pants." "Yes, officer. Just don't throw the book at me. *Wink wink.*" There's even a little colon talk, which I love.

The video includes three scenes that feature three different encounters with police. The first scene is about three stoner friends driving to a rock concert or possibly Woodstock Part 2: The Revenge so that they can burn down trash cans and ruin rock and roll. They get pulled over for speeding and the cop comes over and questions them. Right off the bat these morons forfeit their 5th amendment rights. When the cop asks, "Do you know why I pulled you over?" the guy says, "Uh, I guess I was speeding, sir." GOOD ANSWER PELICAN HEAD. You just confessed to the crime! Next the cop tells them to get out of the car and then helps himself to the open door. He says, "You don't have any drugs in here, you don't mind if I take a look do you?" Then King Smarty-pants says, "No." What is that sound I hear? Oh, that's the 4th amendment dying a slow and painful death.

As you can probably guess these people eventually consented to getting their bags searched and then they were arrested for marijuana possession. You would think that when you commit illegal activities you would know how to get away with them. Everybody is always complaining that the government shouldn't be telling us what we can and cannot put in our bodies, that marijuana should be legal to own and sell and blah blah blah. Folks, you just don't get it. The government itself gives you all the tools you need to get away with possessing and smoking any drug! It's called the 4th and 5th amendment! In a sort of WINK WINK NOD NOD way our fore fathers had the foresight to give people the ability to get away with toking up.

OUR HERO.

According to the video here is the right way to handle a police encounter. When the copper tells you get out of the car remember to lock the doors as you do so. The cop isn't a fucking locksmith nor does he have any clothes

hangers. Your marijuana is as good as safe in that crappy Korean rust bucket of yours. When the cop asks you if he can search your car say, "I do not consent to a search." like a smarmy little faggot. Act all triumphant with yourself as if you are saying, "Ha ha copper, I know my rights and I am asserting them! You'll never catch me alive ha ha ha!!!" The police hate it when people assert their rights. If the cop busts out with idle threats like, "I'M GOING TO SIC THE POLICE DOGS ON YOU WHITE BOY!" then you are know you are doing things right.

When the officer asks you questions you do not have to answer them. Play dumb. Pretend that you are the biggest moron in the world (this won't be that hard for some of you). Hell, act like you are clinically retarded or something. Nobody is comfortable dealing with the mentally handicapped and cops are no different. If you pee your pants and foam at the mouth the cop will probably leave you alone and let you go on your merry way.

Unfortunately the folks that produced this video missed some very important tips in this scenario. Keep these tips in mind the next time you are pulled over.

Tip #1: Don't let your paranoid stoner friends in your fucking car.

90 percent of all marijuana arrests occur because some fucked up paranoid stoner fuck was with the person arrested at the time. This is the guy that smokes all the weed long before the concert and is high the whole trip there. He will make frequent references to old TV shows that nobody remembers like Small Wonder and Family Ties and will often shit himself in your back seat.

During a police encounter these assholes will surely get you arrested. They are so paranoid from the weed and getting arrested and having to explain to their mom and dad why they had marijuana because last time was the straw that broke the camel's back and if he doesn't straighten up his parents will send him to Tranquility Bay. Listen, if your friend is always getting arrested for marijuana possession because he is too stoned to remember his rights, don't let him anywhere near you.

"Damnitt Derrel! Just let him look in the damn bag!!!" Hey thanks you stoner fuck.

Tip #2: Never hold your girlfriend's tampons for her.

As you can see in the first scenario, when the officer searched that guy's bag he found his girlfriend's tampons. This was embarrassing to the young man and probably made the officer think he was a pussy and had a small penis. Never give the officer any indication that you have a smaller penis than him. It does not matter what the situation is, the issue of penis size always comes up when two men face off with each other. Penis size is important in asserting your constitutional rights.

You don't have to actually have a huge penis to assert you rights. Just give the appearance that you have a huge penis. A good way to do this is to get pulled over in a truck with a hemi engine, beat your wife constantly during the police encounter, or install a Linux operating system while the officer is questioning you. If you actually have a huge cock it also helps to pull it out and wave it in front of the officer's face. He will be too amazed to continue detaining you and will most certainly let you go.

Tip #3: Offer your pendent of life to the officer.

If you have a full pendant of life and get pulled over by the police you can offer your pendent to the officer and be let off without any further questioning. You earn pendants by competing in and winning temple games. Please see Olmec the Temple God for more details on pendants.

Tip #4: Make sure your car is dirty and filled with as much trash as humanly possible.

Anybody who knows me knows that my car is the ultimate mobile museum of fast food packaging and soda bottles. Ever want to know what Jack in the Box cups looked like in 2001? Just hop into my car! A trashy car is your best defense against snooping coppers. The more it smells like a pig died in your car six months ago the more the cop won't feel like poking around in there.

I would love to talk about this video some more but I am getting arrested as we speak. The bottom line is that you have rights when dealing with the police. You have the right to toke up in your car on the way to a rock concert, the right to party down and drink underage, and the right to be an art student who sketches graffiti in his sketchbook but then gets arrested for it later even though he's just a goddamn art student waiting for the bus so he can go to his girl's house. You have rights. Don't forget them!

Now if you'll excuse me I have to go defend myself against a public urination charge. Until next time folks!

-∼Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

4.18 Kids Say Yet More Darn Shit

Monday, Apr 18, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Kids Say the Darnedest Shit series.

Last month I brought you what I was afraid might have been the last installment of "Kids Say the Darnedest Shit" with the bright young students of Mrs. Klinger's 3rd grade class. Many of you emailed me letting me know that you really wanted to hear more from the kids of Whitebrook Elementary here in Chicago one last time before they disappeared for the summer. My persistent badgering of Mrs. Klinger paid off and last Friday I was allowed to ask her students one last batch of questions before summer vacation.

I hope you enjoy their responses as much as I did!

WHAT IS YOUR BIGGEST FEAR?

"I am terrified of poor seatbelt safety."

"The liberal media."

"A knee injury that ruins my promising career in grave digging."

"Vowels."

"Orcs are the stuff of my nightmares!"

WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO DO OVER SUMMER VACATION?

"I would like to finally find out why everyone has been raving about heroin."

"I am going to build an awesome tree house that has a sign saying "no girls allowed" so mommy will know to stay out when she wants to burn my arms with cigarettes."

"The same thing I do all year long: get fatter!"

"I am going to go to California to watch the Michael Jackson trial. I love him! His music is unlistenable clap-trap but I am a huge fan of how he molests boys."

"I've always wanted to drive a rental truck full of fertilizer into the White House."

IF YOU COULD TRADE PLACES WITH ANYONE IN THE WORLD WHO WOULD IT BE?

"I would trade places with Jeffrey A. Dvorkin because my greatest dream is being the NPR ombudsman. "

"I think I would like to trade places with one of the people who died on 9-11 because I would like for my death to mean something."

"I don't know his name but if you look in the Guinness Book of World Records he is listed under "fattest man alive."

"I would trade places with Britney Spears because I want to feel a human baby come out of my vagina."

"That guy on Deadwood who says bad words because I am not allowed to say them."

WHAT IS YOUR OPINION OF THE WAL*MART CHAIN OF SUPERSTORES?

"I don't like them because the old man who is at the door is scary looking and always smells like Vaseline."

"Their work in crushing Unions wherever they crop-up is the sort of thing I live for."

"My parents are whiny hippies so I make sure every dime I have gets spent at Wal*Mart."

"If it weren't for Wal*Mart Cal's Hometown Shoes would still be in business. Cal had a terrible selection and high prices so good riddance. Yes, I can wait six weeks while you order boots in my size, thanks a lot Cal you lazy oaf."

"Without my local Wal*Mart I never would have known what brooms look like in China. It's a land of Eastern delights in my neighborhood!"

DO YOU BELIEVE IN UFOS?

"I'll believe you're an Arabian sheik if you got five dolla, GI."

"Absolutely, but on the other hand I tend to believe whatever someone on TV says and mommy told me not to do that after I watched too much 700 Club and tried to exorcise a gay."

"Believe in them?! I talk to them on the Internet. This one alien who calls himself FeederFan69 says he is going to use his space science to help me finally become the fattest kid in my whole school."

"My nihilistic worldview does not allow me to entertain any dreams of hope no matter how much evidence exists to support them."

"A lot of people believe in trickledown economics and UFOs are a lot more believable than that."

WHAT DO YOU THINK SHOULD HAPPEN TO TOM DELAY?

"I don't know who that is but I think he should have to wear a sparkling dress and tiara because that would be really pretty."

"All of these ethics charges are just another example of the politics of personal destruction that the Demoncraps like to use. I don't know what that means but I read it on Free Republic so I think it's a good answer."

"I think he should use his missile launcher arms. He could say "majority rules" and "delay this" and then shoot a bunch of missiles at activist judges. I thought that was a good one I read on Free Republic."

"He should be forced to teach a class at Bob Jones University on evolution."

"I think he should pupate until he is ready to unfurl his varicolored wings and fly high into the sky."

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF SOMETHING AWFUL?

"Ha ha, it sure is something...oh, I can't say it. Even the special ed kids who eat their own hands would think twice about saying something like that."

"It's not bad if you like whiny liberal rants, self-indulgent short stories, bad Photoshops, and foul-mouthed cartoons. In other words it's great if you're a complete idiot."

"I'm grounded from the Internet ever since I put mommy's credit card into a horse porn website. Does it have tight white pussies being stretched by monster horse cocks?"

"I only read my own Live Journal."

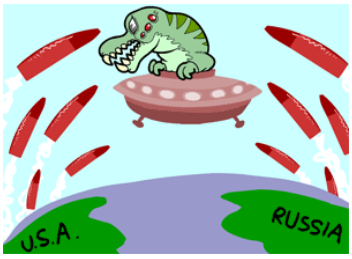
"The last time I checked you had all the same content as ebaum's world you bunch of rip-offs."

That's all until next school year, folks! Wait and see what great minds Mrs. Klinger will have in her class this Fall!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.19 Staff Reporter and the Invisible Asteroid Invasion

Tuesday, Apr 19, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)



America and Russia: working together like peanut butter and jelly.

India is a country full of mystery and intrigue, much like Disney's smash hit movie "The Haunted Mansion" starring Eddie Murphy, assuming the film was somehow three million kilometers big and inhabited by Hindus and coal. When many people think about India, they think of the ongoing dispute with Pakistan over Kashmir, massive overpopulation, environmental degradation, extensive poverty, and ethnic and religious strife, despite impressive gains in economic investment and output. I know for a fact the CIA thinks this, because that's where I copied the text from. I often find India's unique take on the world to be quite refreshing, as their scholars and scientists cannot be silenced by the jackbooted American government thugs intent on squashing free speech and trampling over human rights like a bull driving a bulldozer on top of a much larger bulldozer being driven by a much larger bull. For example, according to some intelligent and respectable Indian journalists, the Earth is currently defending itself from a full scale UFO invasion!

> **Thousands of Missiles Fired by Russian and American Forces over Earths Arctic Regions – completely unannounced – Are we fighting extraterrestrial UFOs?** - *From various news services however there is being reported that Russia and the United States are conducting Missile Defense War games. The valid question is why was this separate military exercise not previously announced. Some UFO researchers believe that both the forces are jointly fighting something that they are not saying. There are also reports that someone is manipulating the earth's weather systems in a massive scale. Are American and Russians jointly fighting them?*

To further drive home this chilling expose of global conspiracies and galactic warfare, the India Daily has pasted a stock photograph of an American and Russian flag beside each other. I'm sure a lot of folks out there, myself included, were saying to themselves, "boy, I don't know about this whole Arctic UFO invasion thing, it just seems so far-fetched." Then they glanced to the side, noticing the American / Russian flag image, and suddenly it all made sense. "Oooooh, a picture of two flags. This must be true then." I can't remember the last scientifically fraudulent article I read which featured an image of both an American AND Russian flag, so I have no choice but to blindly accept all claims presented in the India Daily's story.

This fact-filled leap into the deceptively complex world of alien invasion drags a series of interesting questions to the surface. For example, why are aliens attempting to take over "the Earth's Arctic regions?" I've seen plenty of IMAX movies about the Earth's Arctic regions such as "The Earth's Arctic Regions" and the sequel, "The Earth's Arctic Regions 2: Bloodlust," so I like to believe I'm an expert when it comes to the subject of watching movies. Unfortunately, I cannot recall a single instance of aliens wanting to conquer our Arctic reasons, and I cannot even fathom a guess as to what motivation would stir such a desire. Do inter-dimensional spaceships run on ice? If so, should I grab my shotgun and camp outside my freezer for the next week? I guess I'd have to blackmail my wife into guarding the freezer, as I'm currently armed and camping outside the sink because I heard the Chupacabra enters houses through the drain, and I can't let him back in again because my insurance liability rates will skyrocket.

Look out Geraldo, here comes STAFF REPORTER.

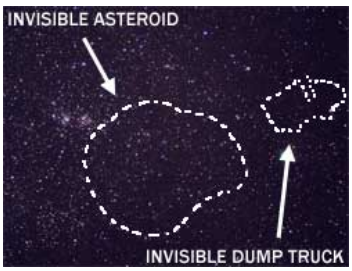
I have absolutely no reason to doubt the validity of this news article, as it was written by Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist "Staff Reporter" and cites information from "various news services." Well gee, how could any factual discrepancies creep into this news article if both Staff Reporter and various news sources teamed up on it? I'm pretty sure Staff Reporter is some guy who looks and acts like a name brand, award-winning, real reporter, but costs 50% less and ships in a fairly nondescript white and yellow container reading "VAL-U-SAVE NEWZ." Additionally, Staff Reporter's previous credits include such well-researched gobs of hard hitting news articles such as "India discovers vaccine for HIV - All India Institute of Medical Sciences did it!," "Experiments reveal fishes are getting extremely intelligent – will they replace humans as Intelligent beings on the earth?," and my personal favorite, "Dust cluttered invisible Asteroids used as extraterrestrial UFO bases provide clues to next generation warfare." I had to read that news headline about nine times just to determine what the hell Staff Reporter was trying to say. I can just imagine the difficulty he had attempting to convey this groundbreaking story to the editor.

> **STAFF REPORTER:** "Boss! Boss! I just gots scoops of a big storytime! There asteroids in space, they covered in dirty! But you can't see dirty! Anyway they gots alien huts on top, they in space and are using for training next generation warfare! We gots to tell this truth and let India know of UFO attack!"
> **EDITOR:** *(Excited)* "Quick, rush this to the presses! We've got to scoop the New York Times and CNN! Bump the Paris Hilton headline and run this article about invisible space rocks! Staff Reporter, you've done it again!"

In their zeal to whisk this article to the presses, the India Daily seems to have overlooked a few key questions and facts. For example, are the asteroids invisible or is the dust invisible? I mean, I assume they both are, since an invisible asteroid would be pretty damn visible if it's covered with a nine-foot tall layer of space dust, space potato chip particles, space pubic hair, and other space runk. Scientists would discover the floating wad of galactic grossness and begin searching for the gigantic space clothes dryer machine which launched it out. That would kind of defeat the entire purpose of an invisible asteroid, whose original purpose I cannot even begin to fathom. You'd think advanced species of aliens would have something better to do than spend their time researching and implementing a way to make rocks invisible. For example, they could make their UFO bases invisible instead, so they wouldn't be completely evident to Staff Reporter and the ever-vigilant science crew of the India Times. Then, next time Staff Reporter uses his kaleidoscope to look into space, all he'll see is some floating rocks with absolutely no alien bases on them. He'd rush over to his Apple IIC and begin hammering out his latest news scoop, "Absolutely no alien bases found on asteroids." Then phase two of the evil alien plan would occur: the successful Arctic invasion.

To make things even more complex, the India Daily decided to accompany the news article with a painting of an asteroid in space, which looks like a scanned drawing from a 1960s science fiction novel about two teenagers who ride their bikes into a cave and discover a warp gate to a dimension full of sentient Socialist toast. You'll notice the asteroid, which the article claims is quite invisible, appears to instead be quite visible. Additionally, there is a complete lack of bases, alien or otherwise, on the visible asteroid, which negates more than a few points in the original article title. Hell, I don't even see any dust on the asteroid, much less any "next generation warfare" equipment like time traveling bombs that impregnate stray cats with Todd Zeile suicide commandos. Finally, please note that "asteroids" has now become the singular "asteroid," as apparently the invading alien force couldn't

afford to spray paint multiple space rocks with their patented invisibility juice. Goddamn space liberals with their defense budget cutting. Maybe the artist painted a whole busload of invisible asteroids everywhere but I just can't see them because they are, well, invisible. Or they're hiding behind the visible one.



Coming soon: invisible pope.

If I were to cross out all the blatantly misleading words in the headline, I guess it'd look something like "Dust cluttered invisible Asteroids used as extraterrestrial UFO bases provide clues to next generation warfare," which just boils down to "Asteroid." I imagine an article like this, while more truthful, simply wouldn't generate as much interest. "Oh look Deepak!" a heavily-clothed Indian wife would comment to her husband. "The India Daily is running an article about an asteroid!" Then they'd read the article, which would consist of nothing except the 1960s space rock painting accompanied by the words "STAFF REPORTER," and they'd instantly understand how their country has experienced impressive gains in economic investment and output despite their ongoing dispute with Pakistan over Kashmir, massive overpopulation, environmental degradation, extensive poverty, and ethnic and religious strife.

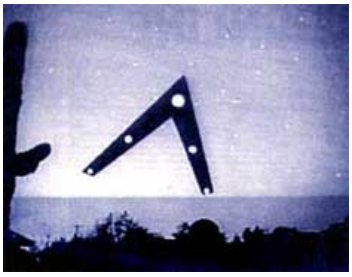
Regardless, it makes me proud to know that the US and Russia have teamed up to defeat the current alien threat by engaging in the time-honored tradition of "shooting missiles at them." On the other hand, it kind of depresses me to know that such an advanced race of intergalactic conquerors can be effortlessly defeated by conventional missiles, but considering previous races of aliens were killed of by the common cold and rainwater, it shouldn't surprise me that their UFO were constructed from space plaster and drywall. We really should stop expecting a lot from a race of creatures here to conquer our snow.

Now some of you may be doubting the validity of Staff Reporter's UFO claims. You would not only be wrong, but you would also be a jerk. India has a mysterious and intriguing history of intellectual discovery and research. For example, did you know that in the 5th century, Indian astronomer Aryabhatta invented the number zero? It's true! Before he came up with the idea for the term "zero," the Indian civilization was plagued with at least one of everything. You couldn't walk three feet without running into one horse or one cactus or one snowman or one Popeye. Indian scientists had no idea how to free their country from this horrible overpopulation, and their society was on the brink of collapse. One day Aryabhatta approached King India and said, "you know, what if we had one of something and then we got rid of it? We would have one less than one. We'd have zero! Our population problem would be solved!" King India scratched his head and replied, "but how would that be possible? If we get rid of something, we would lose something, not gain something named 'zero,' whatever that is!" He then dubbed Aryabhatta a heretic and stoned him to death while his teenage daughters watched and cheered and waved flags reading "GO KING" and "KING #1." As you can see, India clearly squats atop the heap of intellectual research, particularly when it comes to UFO invasions and filthy invisible asteroids.

So Staff Reporter and the India Daily have obviously put in the required amount of scientific research before releasing their latest scientific discovery regarding the US and Russia's joint defensive against the alien invasion. They appear so confident of their sources and research that they don't even bother citing any worthless superficial things that would possibly slow down the dramatic pacing of the article, such as "facts" or "science." Their argument can be summed up by the following:

FACT #1: The US and Russia are engaging in military exercises.
FACT #2: These exercises were not previously announced in this week's *TV Guide.*
CONCLUSION: Therefore, the Earth is being invaded by UFOs.

The article, sensing that a few of the more aforementioned skeptical readers may not have been swayed by such airtight logic, proceeds to claim the Earth has been undergoing some major weather changes and UFOs are probably somehow responsible for this. Those pesky aliens are always causing cold fronts. Naturally the US and Russian military, protectors of innocent jet streams all over the globe, have decided enough is enough and the invading UFOs should be destroyed so ratings for the Weather Channel will increase and more people will see the endless, nonstop ads for allergy medications which transform you into a happy white woman running through fields of sunflowers and swing sets for no apparent reason. Perhaps she's trying to escape the war of the worlds going on in the Arctic



Watch out! The UFO is helpfully guiding us to the nearest Denny's.

Leave it to Staff Reporter and the grizzled veteran journalists at the India Daily to take a seemingly innocent activity like Russia and the US launching missiles at each other, and expose it for the nefarious scheme it really is: a joint defensive against the weather-changing Arctic UFO invasion. If I wasn't so convinced that an intelligent fish was about to take my job as a webmaster, I'm sure I'd write up a hard-hitting investigative journalism piece explaining how we can fight back against the invisible space rock-tossing alien menace.

◘ Check Out the Daily Dirt!

Here's a new feature I just came up with: The Daily Dirt! Each writer will update this every day with any ideas, ramblings, opinions, notes, or personal crap they feel like. Think of it as a Livejournal without the plugin explaining what mp3 we're listening to. If you're interested in learning a little something more behind Something Awful, check it out!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.20 Mingle with my Daily Dirt

Wednesday, Apr 20, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Normally I'd have a full-fledged comedy update here, but due to some very unpleasant IRL (in real life) drama, my comedy well is temporarily dry. In fact, as of now, it's jammed with a deadly clot of airline peanuts and your momma jokes. In honor of my failure, I have no choice but to call upon the body of Carl Weathers once more. Not even Craig T. Nelson can keep his hands off!

But anyway, early yesterday Lowtax let me know we'd be doing behind the scenes stories and personal updates on our assigned writing day in the Daily Dirt. In a feature like that I might tell you where my inspiration comes from (Spoiler warning: it usually involves looking at a clock and yelling "I have to write an update several hours ago!"). But anyway, I went ahead and wrote some notes ahead of time yesterday, which I'll go ahead and link to now. Again, sorry for coming up short folks. I'll be back next week with the first of a hilarious 8-part update containing nothing but jokes about vegetative states made easily digestible through the use of a bullet point feeding tube.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.21 The Wink is Back

Thursday, Apr 21, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

HE

Wink Martindale has finally returned. He's back when you least expect it. Wink Martindale has traveled more miles than the world itself and he doesn't feel like keeping a diary. Wink Martindale voted for the new Pope. The *other* new Pope. Wink Martindale is here to rock you like a hurricane.

There is no statute of limitations on Wink Martindale and he killed Abraham Lincoln. Wink Martindale is on a two-second simulcast delay. Wink Martindale runs a highly successful software cracking group and he's the master of 0-day releases. Wink Martindale invented the scientific method and he's not afraid to use it.

Wink Martindale loves to cuddle, but at all the wrong times.

When the sun dies it will expand until it burns away everything on the surface of the earth. Everything except Wink Martindale. Wink Martindale is rock hard and he's on a scavenger hunt for your daughter. He doesn't even care what she looks like: it's the principle of the matter. If you look into a mirror and say "Wink Martindale" three times birds will fall dead from the sky. Wink Martindale is laughing at his own joke and it's about you.

Your family owes Wink Martindale more money than they can ever hope to repay, but he'll take clean organs. With interest. Wink Martindale has filled out Do Not Resuscitate papers because he doesn't like leaving resurrection to the amateurs. Wink Martindale hates creamed corn so much he might kill you with his mind for reading this sentence. Wink Martindale can turn into a helicopter and he put this skill to good use on the set of the "Twilight Zone" movie. Wink Martindale thinks about you when he pees.

Here are the last 25 words that Wink Martindale said aloud:

1. not
2. corduroy
3. At
4. least
5. it's
6. not
7. corduroy.
8. At
9. long
10. last

11. it's
12. not
13. corduroy.
14. I
15. can't
16. believe
17. it's
18. not
19. corduroy.
20. Turn
21. left
22. at
23. Fifth
24. not
25. Corduroy.

Wink Martindale is shifting the skein of time with his will just so he can win a cakewalk. Wink Martindale is listening to "House of the Rising Sun" because it's about him. He just edited your thesis paper to include 50 instances of the phrase "calling all cars" and he doesn't care if you fail. Wink Martindale has licked an ass, but not the way you're thinking. He's knocking a star off your hotel's rating because your room mints are lousy with mites.

Flowing endless through time and space, Wink Martindale's smiling face.

Everything Wink Martindale does is "with release" and he's currently competing in a jetpack race. Wink Martindale believes that birth control is a cardinal sin but considers abortion a form of takeout. Wink Martindale can solve complex mathematical equations in his head faster than a supercomputer, but he prefers to write them out on paper because he loathes trees. Wink Martindale returned your keys but not before making doubles. Wink Martindale plans on rearranging your furniture while you're asleep.

Wink Martindale wears socks with sandals, and it's going to start a fashion craze. He knows 97 ways to kill a man without even touching him, but the only one he's ever used is a revolver. When it is time to rock the funky joint Wink Martindale is on point. When it is time to rock the funky jam Wink Martindale is nowhere to be seen, but he's left an ace of spades behind as his calling card. The only thing Wink Martindale doesn't know is how to make a good pot of chili and it is his greatest shame. You think you're reading about Wink Martindale, but Wink Martindale is really writing about you in his new book "The True Story of Internet Reader."

Wink Martindale's iPod is set to shuffle and it's in a burlap bag at the bottom of a river. Amazon recommends the second season of Stargate SG-1 to Wink Martindale, but he already bought it

IS

months ago on ebay. Wink Martindale has never set foot inside a grocery store because he always rides on one of those motorized fat guy scooters. Wink Martindale knows good shoes. Biblically.

Wink Martindale isn't a racist, he just doesn't like the color of your skin. Wink Martindale is a self-taught singer/songwriter and here are some of the lyrics to his newest single:

I'm in you.
I'm within you.
Inside the space,
You hold reserved.
That special place,
You don't deserve.
I will get inside you,
And I will burn you down,
Because I love you like,
The heartworm loves the hound.

It's a power-chord butt rock ballad that Wink Martindale plans on dedicating to Emily Dickenson. Wink Martindale is going to cut a deal with Death Row Records just because he wants an excuse to shoot rappers to death. Wink Martindale is the source of original sin. Wink Martindale puts on his pants just like the rest of us: he turns his lower body into a liquid and seeps through them. Good news, Wink Martindale is back in stock!

RISEN

At the end of all time and space, when the lightless inexorable whirl of the dragon consumes the last scraps of our reality, when the true dark of nothing is the only companion to that monstrous gravitational maw, Wink Martindale will stand on emptiness and howl at the void. That fire that lights the lantern inside Wink Martindale's mind will surge and flare, and in one brief instant, when all is truly lost and things are nevermore, Wink Martindale will roar with fury and the entire Universe will be remade anew. The cycle begins again. Ten billion upon ten billion stars are thrown out of the unclenched fist of eternity.

Then and only then will Wink Martindale's roar become a laugh and he will settle in for another go. Each wheel turns around a focal point and ours is Wink Martindale, coming this Fall to the Game

Show Channel on "Gambit."

I Feel Dirty

I know it has been Zack overload today, but poor wee Frolixo - SA's very own redheaded step-child - is suffering from dental surgery and is hyped up on goofy gas. If you are so inclined you can read my first attempt at our new casual feature: Daily Dirt, where the usually staid SA frontpage writers cut loose and/or chill out. It's like a Live Journal only we don't take personality tests...yet. Think of it as a director's commentary to the main page of SA which you have come to know and dislike quietly. I'm sure you thirst for more of my juicy offerings!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.22 Sampson the Safety Seahorse

Friday, Apr 22, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Hello girls and boys! My name is Sampson and I'm filling in for Sammy the Safety Squirrel today who is down in Mexico getting plastic surgery. He's getting a tummy tuck, some cheek implants, and a nose job. Frankly I think he's being a little superficial and he has a wonderful figure for his age, but he doesn't listen to me anymore. This whole Internet thing has gone right to his head and he's become a prima-donna about being regarded an expert on safety and an Internet celebrity. I've heard that he doesn't even collect nuts for winter anymore, and now just orders choice gourmet nuts from an online retailer, and installed elevators in his trees so he doesn't have to scramble up and down them anymore. I know it is the price of fame, but I liked the old Sammy better.

I first met Sammy the Safety Squirrel last year when he was fighting the Kraken on the high seas and was thrown into the water during the battle. He would've surely drowned, but my cousins and I carried him off to our vast underwater seahorse kingdom where our clerics nursed him back to health using our natural kelp herbs and the magic of our lord, Poseidon. When he was fully recovered, Sammy fought and defeated the terrible Kraken in an epic battle that shook the ocean floor. All the creatures of the sea were grateful that they are now free from the beast's shadow and could frolic all day long in the seaweed and corals. The king of the seahorses, Edmund IV, held a ceremony where he gave Sammy the keys to the city and little seahorse children danced around poles with colorful ribbons. Then the king said that the seahorses were forever indebted to Sammy and will always be at his service whenever he is in need. Of course this exchange of pleasantries were just a formality, but Sammy took the king's words deadly serious. He enslaved us, making us serfs to do his bidding. Soon we longed for days of the Kraken as we waited in line for bread and toilet paper, and our children's bellies became large and distended with malnutrition.

I really don't want to badmouth him behind his back, because Sammy isn't all that bad. Once in a while, when he remembers to take his Zoloft, he can become a wise and benevolent ruler, like when he gave out free taffy this past Christmas. Sure he was forcing us to slave away making salt water taffy in his Christmas workshop, but at least he acknowledged our hard work.. Since I was the one that saved his life, he gave me a special position as his assistant. I help babysit his acorns, drive him to his court appearances, and step in to handle his responsibilities when he is indisposed, like right now. I can't promise that I can do as well a job as Sammy does, but I'll try my darndest not to let everybody down.

If there is one thing I know very well, it's the beach. I'm a two time seahorse Olympics champion, and volunteer as a lifeguard on the weekends. Since Spring is coming to an end and soon it will be summertime, I thought I would talk about safety tips you should bear in mind when gallivanting at your favorite sandy spot by the lake or ocean. I know this is foolish because anybody that is reading this is probably an Internet nerd who hides from the sun like a bloated pale maggot, but try to stay with me on this.

Use the buddy system. When swimming in the water, make sure you are with your friend or "life partner". In the past I would only limit the buddy system to

strictly heterosexual relationships, but these days it seems that everybody is coming out of the closet. I have nothing against it personally, and support whatever makes people happy as long as it doesn't harm anybody else. Just make sure you swim faster than your buddy when a shark attacks you. I'm just kidding of course, that is just some seahorse humor to lighten the mood of this safety guide.

Stay out of the Sun! I know it seems rather silly to talk about going out to the beach and then say to stay out of the sun, but trust me on this. I've had 3 cases of skin cancer over the past 15 years because I couldn't get enough of that warm solar radiation making my skin golden brown like a fresh biscuit. With the hole in the ozone bigger than Paris Hilton's gaping vagina, it's no wonder everyone is getting cancer these days. I'm just kidding about Paris, I'm a big fan of her work.

Jellyfish: nature's candy. Out of all the ocean creatures, jellyfish always get a bad rap, and it's pretty unfair if you ask me. Humans are stupid and clumsy creatures (no offense), and always end up stepping on jellyfish who are just hanging out on the beach. As a self-defense measure, the jellyfish is full of a toxin that harms any oafish human foot coming down on them. They are highly regarded as a nuisance and are treated with a great deal of disrespect, but you have to admit, it's not the jellyfish's fault. It's the dumb humans that are tromping on them, not vice versa. Some of my best friends are jellyfish, and most of them are real stand up guys. So keep an eye out, and watch where you step, you retarded apes.

Don't take any guff from bullies. I know a lot of you little dweebs hate going to the beach because your body tone is far from perfect, and you are afraid of sand getting kicked in your face again by the local bullies. Many a time I have watched such spectacles while I swam in the surf, not far from the shore. You should not have to be afraid to go outside and enjoy nature because of some mouth breathing ogres are intent on being jerkfaces. Bring some pepper spray, a stun gun, or even a weapon if you feel really threatened. I recommend the trident to stay with the nautical theme. If anybody gives you any guff, wait until they go into the water, swim under them, and plunge the trident into their soft belly. Anything that comes out of their stomach cavity will be the bounty for the creatures dwelling in the sea and the earth will have one less beach bully to burden.

Never trust a starfish. If you never lived under the sea you probably won't really know what I'm talking about, so you'll have to trust me on this one. Starfish are by far the most diabolical and fiendish creatures in all of the ocean, even counting lampreys. Sure they look all innocent and cute, just sitting there on the sandy bottom, waiting, plotting for the perfect moment to strike. These evil runts run the most heinous and nefarious Amway program in the whole of the animal kingdom, netting thousands of unsuspecting fish and crustaceans with their promises of easy money through the power of recruiting and pep meetings. I was once foolish to befriend one and ended up buying a $50 combat knife that I could've gotten for $20 at any sporting goods store. If you are at the beach and see one of these fuckers, just try to ignore them, and if that fails, run for all you're worth.

Beware of the white trash. Most of you are probably aware that white trash is attracted to the beach like flies to a 5-day old dead hooker. This can really ruin your

outing, especially if they are blasting some Night Ranger or REO Speedwagon, get drunk off a case of Bud Light and then take a big steaming crap right on top of your sand castle. With mullet's ablazing, these foul specimens have no respect for the beach and throw their half eaten hot dogs, empty beer cans, and their unwashed bratling children into our nice clean water. You need to be aware of this ever present hazard when going out and always have a back out plan if you are surrounded by white trash. This sometimes happens if you accidently set up your cooler next to a white trash family reunion. If you find yourself in this situation, throw your trident into the nearest beer gut and flee.

Obey the half hour rule. This is one of the oldest beach safety tips, but it is still one of the most important. Always wait at least a half an hour after eating before you go swimming, or you might get stomach cramps and drown. One of my cousins, Steven, disobeyed this rule last week and jumped in the water after eating a whole pack of Bob Evans mashed potatoes. He was so bloated that the water pressure gave him the bends and he was sucked into a whirlpool, and transported to the year 1494 where he was picked up by the Spanish Armada as a British spy and hanged on the deck. This is just one of the many dangers you can face if you eat before swimming or get sucked into whirlpools. Make sure you have all your papers.

Practice safe sex. I know you kids these days love the smooching and playing "hide the froggy", especially late at night on the beach, but you should be aware of the inherent dangers of choosing to have intercourse near a major water source. Poseidon is an old-fashioned prudent God that will punish any naughty humans with a blight of bothersome crabs in their nether regions. Poseidon is also quite fond of giving out syphilis, like when he gave it to Al Capone who he caught masturbating on New York's Coney Island beach in 1924. Just keep it in your pants you filthy little perverts!

Surfers are assholes. One safety hazard you should be aware of while swimming are those bimbo surfers who hump their piece of fiberglass and think they own the ocean. These assholes always ride over me when I'm just trying to chill out in the surf, and have no respect for the other humans and animals in the water. Plus I'm pretty sure the most of them are bank robbers like in the movie "Point Break" with Keanu Reeves. Call me crazy, but I feel that Keanu is one of the best actors of our time, and when we look back on his film career he will be even more revered than Jack Nicholson or Robert De'Niro. Not only is he an excellent actor, but he can play a mean bass guitar as well, and his band Dogstar really rocks my socks. I'll fully admit that I'm a Keanu Reeves fanboy in the highest degree. If loving Keanu is a crime, then put me in the pokey and throw away the key!

I hope these safety tips suffice for my subbing in for Sammy today. I would sure hate for him to come back from Mexico all swollen and in a foul mood only to find that his e-mail box is flooded with thousands of hate mail. He would probably send me back to the seahorse salt water taffy factory and I would never be heard from again. I can only hope that the Son of the Kraken will someday come to avenge his father and free us from the terrible reign of Sammy the Safety Squirrel. We can only hope and pray.

Daily Dirt

Frolixo here, dishing up all the dirt from my horrible life so you can feel better about yours. I also want to share some exciting Internet offers like free IPODs and virgin lesbian teens. YOU ARE JUST ONE CLICK AWAY FROM PARADISE! If you don't click that link I'm going to put you on my shit list. You don't want to go on the shit list.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

4.23 What's Up With All These Zombies?

Saturday, Apr 23, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Travel to any major city and you will invariably come across some jerk who insists on pointing you toward the *real* part of town, dismissing the well-known spots as nothing more than tourist bullshit. This "real" part of the city crammed down your throat is, of course, an elaborate front consisting of false buildings, scores of paid extras playing the part of hip locals, and a handful of trendy restaurants and shops with quirky names and carefully chosen local flair adorning the walls. At last count, there were only thirty seven people living in the actual honest-to-goodness "really real" parts of their respective cities worldwide.

Jonas lived like right across the street from one of these people. Unfortunately, that was the most exciting thing about him. His twenty five year stint in life had been wholly unremarkable and included no chance encounters or strange events worth remembering. He was pretty sure he used a public bathroom once but that might have just been something he did in a dream. Jonas slept twelve hours every night, not to escape the tedium of everyday life or for any reason that might be mistaken as interesting but simply because he was tired.

When the zombies arrived and ushered in an inescapable change for all of humanity, Jonas was glad.

His first encounter with one of them was exhilarating. The awkward gait. The once human flesh now rotting. The oddly out of place suit. The foul stench. His weekly jog with Michael Jackson had started off as it had a hundred times before. Then the zombie showed up. Catching both men off guard by emerging from a patch of bushes on their right, a red blur of a figure crashed into them haphazardly. Jackson fell to the sidewalk with a yelp, dozens of his fragile bones shattering from the impact. Thrown off balance, Jonas stumbled sideways several yards before finally tumbling over in a patch of buttercups. Lifting his head in time to see this mysterious figure descend on Jackson, Jonas was surprised to see their assailant wearing a red unitard and an oversized cat head. A sports mascot? The entertainment for a pet store's grand opening? This was all happening too fast.

The figure bellowed hungrily and slammed its oversized head against Jackson's neck in a spectacularly failed attempt to chomp into his unprotected flesh. Undeterred, it kept its head lowered and continued to try to bite Jackson. A low growl and the sick clacking of teeth emanated from within the gigantic cat head.

"Get off me, you big silly doodie head!", giggled Michael Jackson. His arms laid uselessly at his sides, but if they hadn't been broken he would have bypassed the urge to push his assailant away in favor of using them to hide his embarassingly enthusiastic erection.

Frozen in place, Jonas noted how the red costume was perforated with holes of varying sizes, and that the flesh beneath was a sickly gray. One particularly large hole in the outfit's side revealed a softball-sized wound through which several ribs were visible. Jonas had seen all of George Romero's films before, and Cesar Romero's too. He knew that the man inside the costume was undead. Not used to intense situations of any sort, Jonas got to his feet and began to back away.

"Hey look, I should get back home. Do you want me to call someone to come get you or...?"

Michael Jackson considered the situation.

"Nnngh!" the zombie groaned as it continued to hungrily press against his neck. The costume was made of a fuzzy material that was surprisingly pleasing to the touch.

"Nah, I'm good. Someone will come along sooner or later." Hopefully later, Jackson thought.

Once home, Jonas opened up the diary he had held on to since childhood and penned the very first entry. He was the only person on the planet to fall asleep with a smile upon his face that night.

Every day thereafter was increasingly chaotic. It was great. There were gunshots, car accidents, fires, Jimmy Fallon movies. There was simply no one around to stop these catastrophes which now seemed rather insignificant. Some people banded together in supermarkets and the like to wait for help, some fled for uninhabited islands, some stayed to fight the undead head on. Where, you ask, was the government in all this?

It tried to help. It really did. Under political pressure from the massive lobby group Nonviolence At All Costs, the president was hesitant to act so he called upon the Senate. The Republicans proposed a bill declaring zombies illegal, but it was blocked by Democrats due to a provision that simultaneously made zombie weddings unconstitutional and allowed the undead to carry firearms (as long as they had a permit, of course). The Democrats in turn proposed a bill making zombies "undocumented humans". According to the plan, zombies would be asked to report in to a newly formed Zombie Immigration Services bureau (cost to taxpayers: $2.1 billion per year) on their own accord every six months. Zombies who would provide their mailing addresses would receive one thousand dollars a month in financial aid and have access to a Flesheaters Anonymous Clinic (cost: $825 million a year) which would of course provide them with medicinal marijuana (cost: $4.2 billion per year). In order to prevent against discrimination and uphold the public's right to privacy, zombies who applied for these benefits would not need to provide proof that they were in fact zombies. In a surprising move the Republicans blocked this bill, presumably retaliating the Democrats' refusal to elect a conservative judge to the federal court circuit a week before. After a lengthy lunch break, the senate voted on a bipartisan bill to give themselves a considerable pay raise. It was approved unanimously.

Jonas, meanwhile, was having the time of his life. Every day brought something he had never seen before: a zombie who had apparently fallen into a pool and was unable to get out, an ice cream truck driven by nuns plowing through a crowd of zombies as automatic gunfire sprayed from the side and back windows, and that episode of Seinfeld where George has sex with the cleaning lady in his office. The very same quiet and unassuming nature which had kept Jonas from being noticed by girls kept him alive in the zombie apocalypse. He was invisible to the undead, able to stand in the middle of a crowd of them without being harmed. It was the most fun he ever had. Until the day everything came crashing down, that is. The day he lost his sister to a zombie.

Amy had driven to the store, her supplies at home exhausted. The parking lot was surprisingly clear, so she approached the storefront only to find that it had been decimated. The glass doors were shattered and inside the shelves were empty save for a few puddles of blood and a solitary clump of hair still pulled tight in a yellow scrunchy. A car pulled in behind her, probably another survivor in search of supplies. Amy turned around.

"Don't bother, there's no-", she began, but there was simply no way to end the sentence after seeing what was in front of her.

There, behind the wheel of the Porsche with custom plates reading "Dr Ace MD" was the most perfectly groomed zombie Amy had ever seen. She was conflicted. On the one hand, he was undead.

A soulless husk of the man he once was, driven only by the need for living flesh. On the other hand, he was a doctor with *really* great hair.

"Surprised, madam? Please don't be frightened by my undead nature. I'm afraid there's nothing I can do about it, much like there's nothing you can do about your ravishing beauty."

Amy opened her mouth to reply and was surprised to find that no words had been sent from her brain yet.

"Please forgive my forwardness, and my ill manners. My name is Dr. Ace Masters, and I suppose my linguistic capabilities have caught you off guard. As you are most assuredly aware, my zombie brethren are capable of limited speech. While many seem barely able to mutter 'braiiins' in their current condition, it appears as though my demise has only damaged the portion of my brain relegated to lowering my right eyebrow. While this means that I cannot raise this eyebrow for fear of it sticking in place, I find it a fair tradeoff. I simply have to hold on to the hope that I shan't be surprised or intrigued for the rest of my existence! An existence that, I might add, is devoid of a Mrs. Masters."

Ace raised his eyebrow seductively to drive the insinuation home.

"Oh bloody hell! What a brilliant move that was. Great."

Amy remained speechless. She hadn't been on a date for over a year, and the good doctor was infinitely more sophisticated and charming than all the goofuses she had been with combined. Still... it was wrong. Wasn't it?

"Well miss, I'm afraid the fuel reserves for my automobile are somewhat limited so I must be rather blunt. Would you care to partake in my cock? I assure you I'm more interested in a caring and loving partner than a gruesome meal. I will not eat you, not even a little bit."

His eyebrow was already raised, but he raised it higher at this. Was he telling the truth? Ominous music suddenly began to play from the supermarket's loudspeakers. Well, Amy had always thought Phil Collins was ominous. At last she found the strength to speak.

"You don't plan on eating me? Well guess what buster, that's exactly what Jack the Cannibal said... and I believe him fully. It wasn't his fault he had to eat all those people in self defense."

She hopped into Ace's Porsche and drove off into the sunset. The two moved to the south of France and never looked back; purchasing a vineyard, marrying, and in time having seven beautiful children. They lived the sort of life that would make your wildest dream look like Abe Lincoln if you looked at it from an angle and squinted just right.

Once Jonas realized his sister was gone, he knew he had to end the whole damn mess. The whole zombie apocalypse had been fun at first but upon further reflection he suspected things had gotten slightly out of hand. With the military on the sidelines and no chance for a miraculous scientific breakthrough to cure the zombie infestation, Jonas had but one option left. He contacted the Shame On You reporter for the local news, whose scathing expose of the zombies put an immediate stop to their irresponsible and downright rude practices.

◘ Daily Dirt

All the cool kids are doing it, so I really had no choice. Come take a closer look at my inner workings, but try not to get any gook on your face.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.24 The New Pope Is A Nazi!

Sunday, Apr 24, 2005 by Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

You know, Nazis wore hats...

THE POPE IS A NAZI. DID YOU HEAR?! DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THIS??? I JUST HEARD THAT THE POPE WAS A NAZI DURING WORLD WAR II AND I AM WRITING AN ANGRY ARTICLE ABOUT IT WITHOUT RESEARCHING WHY OR HOW HE BECAME ONE. LOOK AT ME! I'M A FUCKING JOURNALIST. HA HA! I'M A SENSATIONALISTIC TWAT. I'M A WITLESS CUNT THAT IS ALL OUT OF IDEAS BUT THE POPE IS A FUCKIN' NAZI. WHAT IS GOING ON WITH THE CATHOLIC CHURCH?!?!?!?!?! IF I WAS A KID DURING THE NAZI PARTY REGIME AND THEY TOLD ME TO JOIN THE HITLER YOUTH I WOULD HAVE SAID, "FUK U EAT MY DICK ASSHOLES" AND STOMPED HITLER WITH MY COMBAT BOOTS. THE POPE IS A NAZI. PAY ATTENTION TO ME! PAY ATTENTION TO ME!!! I HAVE NOTHING ELSE TO SAY!!!

When Joseph Ratzinger was declared the # 1 pick in the 2005 Pope draft the fact that he joined the Hitler Youth in 1941 startled some people. Also, his similarity in appearance to Senator Palpatine from those gay Star Wars movies and his last name, *RAT*zinger, didn't really help people's perception of him.

However, when we realized that Hitler Youth membership became mandatory after 1938, most rational people calmed down and went back to watching American Idol and The OC. But there are still some people, vehement anti-Catholics, sensationalistic twats, and tabloid fuckups that cling to this easily misunderstood facet of Ratzinger's life and twist it into whatever they want so that it fits into their own dumb agenda. "The Pope is a Nazi! The Pope is a Nazi!" they cry. Give me a fucking break. Hey Nazi, you're the Nazi, Nazi! You're the Naziest Nazi who ever Nazied!

Goddamn you Kobe stay away from the white women!

Being called a Nazi is a serious accusation. It's like being called a Star Trek nerd. Even if you are completely innocent, you will never ever shake off that title. No matter what, when people look at you, that word will be in the back of their head at all times. It's like being charged with rape. It doesn't matter if you are innocent or not. Some will ostracize you from the community. Others won't do business with you. It will be in the public conscience forever. Kobe Bryant can't go anywhere without people thinking, "Didn't he rape that one chick? Don't the Lakers suck now too? Fuck you Kobe you rapist!" whether he raped her or not. When Kobe Bryant takes foul shots at away games the opposing team's fans hold up signs and scream, "RAPIST! MISS RAPIST! YOU FUCKING RAPIST MISS THE SHOT! KOOOOOBBBBEEEEE! KOOOOBBEEEEE! RAAAAPPPIIIIIISSSSTTTT!!!! RAPPPPPIIIISSSSTTTT!!!"

THE DENVER NUGGETS ARE GOING TO RAPE THE LAKERS LIKE KOBE BRYANT RAPED THAT WHITE BITCH.

The worst articles about the new Pope are the ones that try to get attention by claiming the Pope was a Nazi and then start in with the usual anti-Catholic mantra. They wrongly state that he was a Nazi and then go, "See that's why these conservative fucks are wrong blah blah blah!" Shit, one article I read even went so far as to compare Catholicism to Nazism. Take a look at this shit.

Consider some of Pope Benedict's stands and assertions about Catholicism:

* He believes Catholicism to be the only "true" religion;

* He has stated that other religions are "deficient" and has called Buddhism an "auto-erotic" spirituality;

* He has denied assertions of sex abuse in the Catholic Church;

* He is a neo-conservative theologian; and

* He is opposed to homosexuality, woman priests and stem cell research.

Hmmm. Sounds strikingly familiar to the intolerant attitude that was the rally charge for many Germans during the Nazi era.

YEAH, JUST LIKE EVERY OTHER CONSERVATIVE FUCKING CATHOLIC IN THE ENTIRE WORLD. BUT THIS ONE IS A NAZI RIGHT? Now don't get me wrong. I dislike the Catholic Church, I dislike the Pope, and I am an atheist, but when you compare an entire religion to Nazism, you are done. That's it. I stop reading. The fact is no one would have read this douchebag's article had it not been for the deliciously sensationalistic Nazi spin. Shit, I don't think anyone is reading it anyway.

But you know, I wonder what Bill Berkowitz of Working for Change has to say about this.

How many Nazi salutes did he give? How many times did "Sieg Heil" come out of his mouth? How many Jews did he see rousted from their homes and carted off to the death camps of Auschwitz, Buchenwald, Maidanek, and Dachau? Those are some of the questions that immediately sprang to my mind when the news came that the conclave of 115 Cardinals had elected the 78-year old German, Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger, as Pope.

The next pope.

How many Berkowitz's did he gas? From the way this guy is talking it must be a lot! Just come out and say it man. THE POPE GASSED MY PAPA. You might as well. Hey, you might even get a few more hits. I mean, it's not like your article has any credibility left anyway. Oh yeah, sure, he's a Nazi despite the fact he never attended any meetings and eventually deserted the army after two years of service. Oh sure, he probably shot down American planes while he served in the Flak (Germany's anti-aircraft unit). But let me ask you this, how many people originally from Germany, Japan, and other countries are living here in the United States that don't have ancestors that fought against the United States at one point or another? Shit, BMW built the planes that Germany used to fight the Americans yet there are still people driving the 7 Series around. During war you do what your country tells you to do, especially if the alternative is prison or death.

I'm going to build a time machine. What I'm going to do is take old Bill here back in time to 1941 Germany. We're going to sit there and wait for the Nazis to find him and say, "Join us or die." Bill Berkowitz (Uhm, we'll have to change that last name for this to work) is going say, "Sorry folks, but I humbly oppose the Nazi regime and I don't wish to join your organization." and we'll see what happens.

George Washington owned slaves during his lifetime. He didn't want to and in his heart he knew it was wrong but he did anyway. It was the cool thing to do at the time. Slavery was just another fad like pogs or Pokemon. But in 1976 he was posthumously appointed the grade of General of the Armies of the United States, the highest ranking military position the U.S. has to offer. The fact

that he owned slaves didn't seem to bother anyone. The fact that Joseph Ratzinger involuntarily joined the Hitler Youth shouldn't bother anyone either.

Dislike him for his stance on homosexuality. Dislike him for his stance on abortion and contraceptive use. Dislike him for his views on the Catholic Church molestation scandal. But the fact that he involuntarily served in the Hitler Youth, where jail or death was the only other option, is not a valid reason to dislike the man nor is it a solid foundation on which to write a serious newspaper article. That idea has been thrown out the window by anyone with half a brain. His service in the Hitler Youth is but a footnote in the history of his life. Those of you still ranting and raving that the new Pope was a Nazi should be sent to concentration camps and gassed for your unoriginality and inability to see beyond the sensationalistic. You should be ashamed of yourselves.

- The Daily Dirt!

Oh great, more shit. Come read whatever I wrote here.

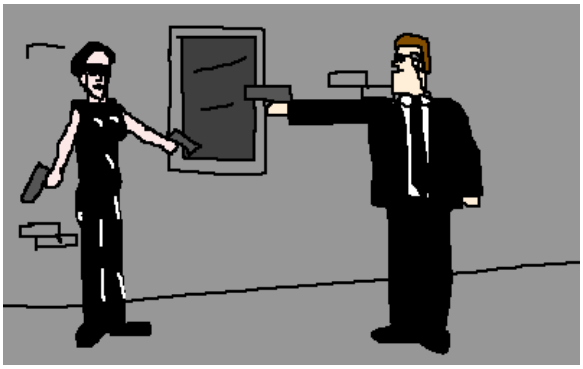
-~Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez

4.25 Movies From Memory: The Matrix

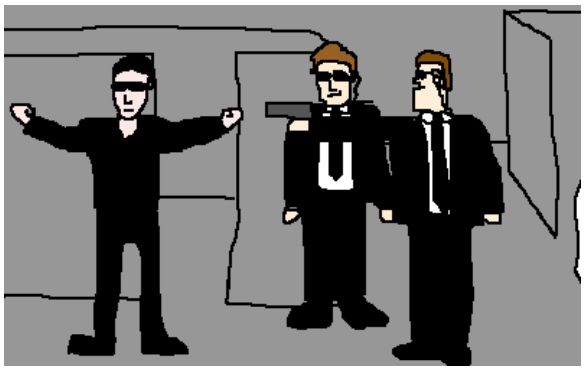
Monday, Apr 25, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Once upon a time, inside a computer, there was a guy named Neo. He was just a regular guy who had his brain plugged into a giant computer by the robots that ruled over mankind. The robot's giant computer made people think that they were living normal lives when they were really living future lives inside of red pods. The robots used these pods to power their factories to make robots because humans had put so much smoke in the sky that their solar power didn't work anymore and also I guess neither did most other sources of electricity. Neo did not know that he was in a future pod he thought he worked for a computer company and his name was Mister Anderson.

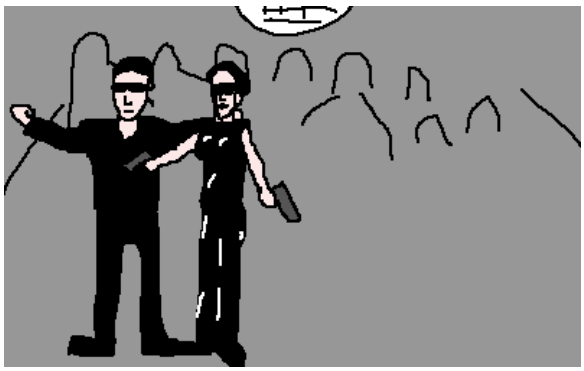
One night a woman who looked like a boy with tits was running around kicking police officers. Then some other guys in business suits showed up and they were scary to her so she started running. She ran really fast and jumped really far but she was having trouble escaping. She ran to a phone booth and one of the businessmen got in a truck and ran it into the phone booth but there was this weird sound on the phone and she disappeared.



Meanwhile, Neo was asleep and he got an email from his computer about Alice in Wonderland that also told him to wake up and he did. He talked to some druggies and then he went to work. When Neo was at work he got a phone call from a guy named Morpheus who said that there are bad guys looking for him. It was the businessmen! Neo ran out on the side of the building and dropped his phone. Then the businessmen talked to him at the business station. When Neo got sassy they made his mouth disappear and then put a bug in his stomach! He woke up and did not know what to think.

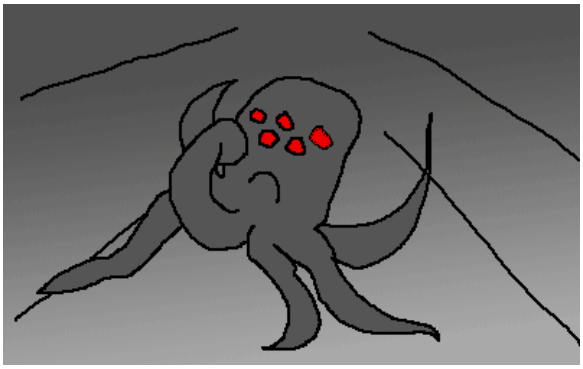


Neo went to a club where they played White Zombie and he started talking to the girl who looked like a boy and her name was Trinity. She invited him to go for a ride in her car and then inside the car there were a lot of people who all looked like bad fashion models. Cowboy Curtis was there only he looked scary instead of funny. One of the other people put a machine on Neo's tummy and they could see the bug inside him! Then they used the machine to take the bug out and they threw it out the car window.

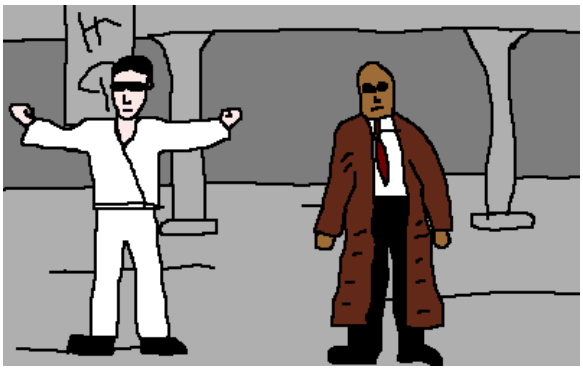


Cowboy Curtis, who was codenamed Morpheus, took Neo to his house and they sat in big chairs and talked about stuff. Morpheus offered Neo some drugs and Neo took a pill and started freaking out. Then Neo appeared in his red pod and was naked and had plugs in him! Neo got flushed down a future toilet and into a river and then Morpheus and his friends came and saved Neo in their spaceship. They gave Neo some clothes to wear but he was really scared because he wasn't used to being in the future.

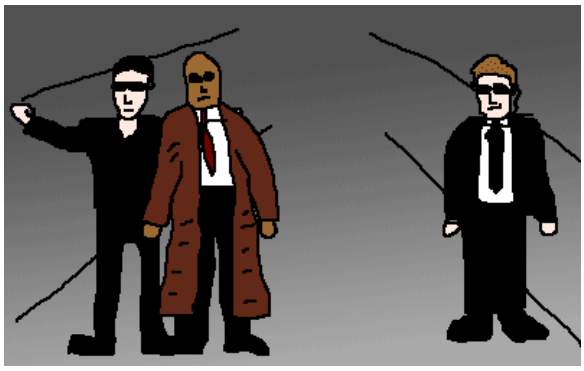
Then an octopus came looking for them but they got away.



Once Neo was feeling better about being in the future Morpheus decided to tell him about what was happening. Morpheus told him all about how humans fought a big war with the robots and the robots won. Then Morpheus explained how in the computer reality a person in the know could do whatever they wanted with some practice and software or whatever. So Morpheus was like "let's fight, bro" and Neo and Morpheus reappear in a karate dojo wearing karate suits. Then they started fighting and it was super fast and Morpheus was impressed with Neo but he still isn't living up to his potential. Morpheus goes "is that air you're breath? Hmph" and suddenly Neo gets it.



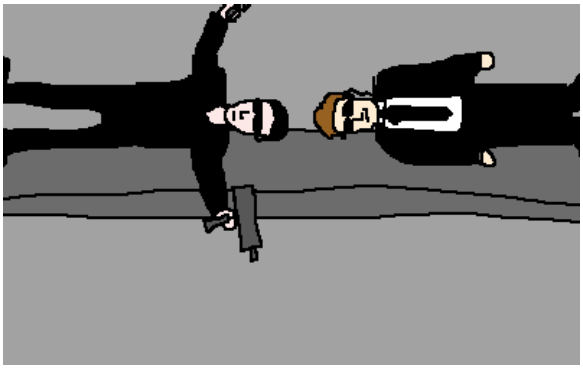
Morpheus also told Neo that the businessmen are called agents and no they don't sell insurance they sell deadly punches and bullets! They are computer programs who police the people but the police in the computer are people so try not to hurt them but the agents can jump into any person so even a policeman who is a person might turn into an agent who is a computer program. There is also this place called Zion which is where the people who escaped the computer live. The agents want to shut Zion down because it is bad for business.



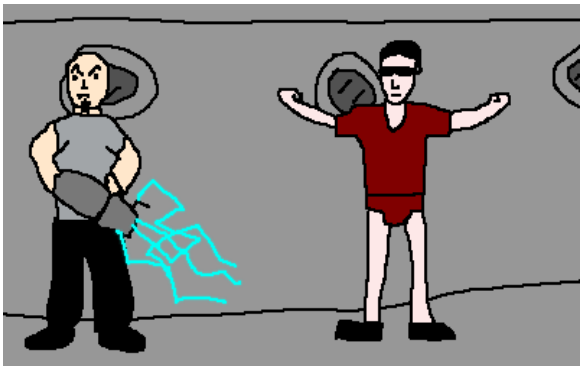
There was also this other guy on the spaceship named Cipher and he was a bald guy with a goatee and was obviously evil. It turned out he was good friends with the head agent who was named agent Smith and they go out on a play date in the computer. The agent promised that if Cipher could give him the codes for Zion he would let Cipher back into the computer and make him somebody famous like the president

The next day or whatever Morpheus and the gang went back into the computer with Neo so that he could see the Oracle. Morpheus thought that Neo was "The One" who will have super powers and be able to finally beat the robots. Neo went to see the Oracle and she was a sassy old black woman baking cookies and she was the only person in the entire computer who was not dressed in a 10,000 dollar suit. She said some bullshit like "no, you aren't The One even though Neo is an anagram for 'one' and everyone believes in you and the movie is obviously about you." This was apparently exactly what The Neo needed to hear to turn his letters around.

Morpheus and the gang started to go back to their special telephone but it turned out it was a trap. All of these agents started coming out of the woodwork and Morpheus had to jump out of a wall and start fighting them. Pretty much all of the other worthless people died in the fight. Neo and Trinity managed to escape back to the ship after a pretty cool fight in a subway with agent Smith but Morpheus was captured by the agents.

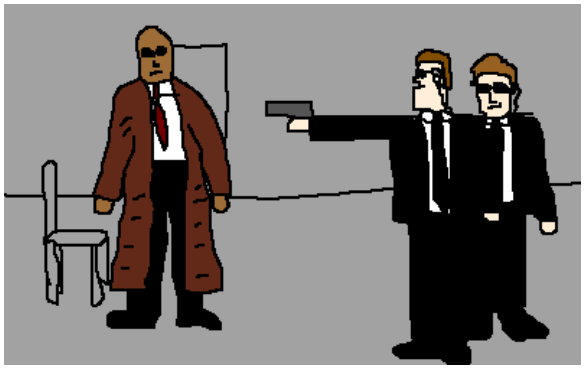


Back on the ship Cipher was shooting lightning around and killing the black crewmen. They all died but Cipher got killed by Neo who was tired of his rude behavior. Oh wait, one of the black guys did not die and he tried to argue with Neo and Trinity not to go back in and try to save Morpheus but they wouldn't hear of it.



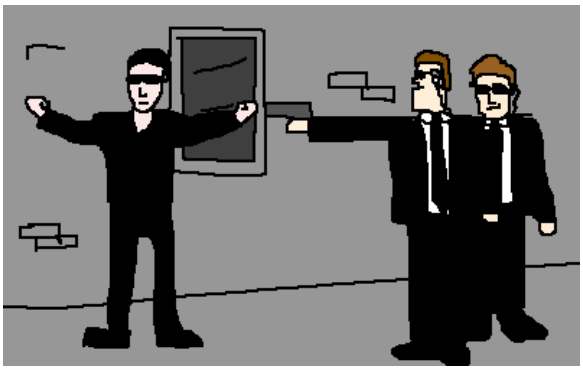
Neo went "I need lots of guns" and then all of these racks of guns appeared really fast and he and Trinity started equipping guns into their inventory. Neo tried to convince Trinity not to go but she knew Morpheus better than he did so that was a silly thing to say. Neo and Trinity then went back into the computer with all of their guns and their vinyl suits and trenchcoats and bombs.

Neo and Trinity walked into the lobby of the agent's HQ and the metal detector went off. Then Neo totally started shooting guns and doing cartwheels and he and Trinity together shot like 50 cops to death. Remember those were regular people so that's pretty mean in my humble opinion. Back up in the top of the HQ building the agents were interrogating Morpheus and agent Smith talked about how much people stink. "You guys stink like butts," he said. "I hate your butts."



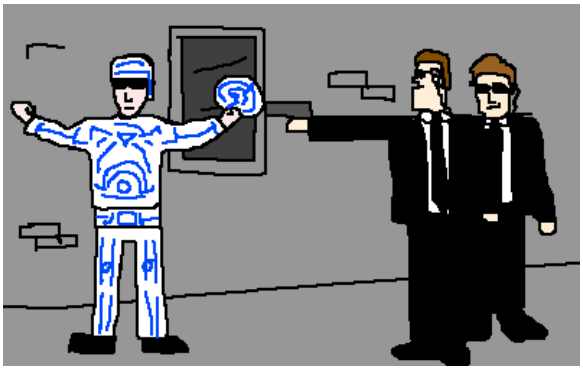
Neo and Trinity went up to the very top of the building and started fighting some more cops. Some of the cops turned into agents and Neo managed to dodge their bullets because he was starting to become The One. Trinity shot one in the head and said "dodge that" and he fell dead but then turned back into the dead person he was inside of like when you kill a werewolf how they always turn back into a person. Neo and Trinity got into a helicopter and flew down to the level that Morpheus was on. The helicopter had a machinegun that shot so fast the agents could not dodge it so Morpheus got away and jumped and they caught him and escaped.

Morpheus and Trinity managed to get back to a special phone so they could get out of the computer. Neo got in a big chase with the agents and especially agent Smith. Agent Smith cornered Neo in an old apartment building and shot him and Neo died.



Then Trinity kissed Neo and he came back to life only he had special powers and was glowing blue. Agent Smith and the other agents looked worried when they saw Neo get up and they said "what? He just got shot how could he be back?"

Neo could see the computer codes and he could manipulate it. He took off his energy disc and he hurled it down the hallway and it knocked all of the agent's bullets out of the sky. Then Neo threw the disc again and derezzed two of the agents. Agent Smith turned to try to run away but Neo jumped into his guts! Agent Smith started bending and getting fat and then he exploded and his guts went everywhere!



The next day Neo called the computer and said that he was going to bust it up. Then he hung up the phone and jumped into the sky like Superman. Then Rage Against the Machine started playing.

That was pretty much the end of the story but then the brothers who made up The Matrix made five more hours of story that are meaningless. You can watch them if you want to.

- I'm Positively Filthy!

I have added your daily allowance of dirt to this update, so if you are inclined to read some more of my babbling then go check it out.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.26 I Am Immortal! I Have Inside Me Blood and Things (Yeah!)

Tuesday, Apr 26, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Welcome to ETERNITY, population: ME. Also check out my space package.

Many neon orange-colored people often walk up to me ask, "Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka, what's it like to be immortal? How does it feel to progress through your life knowing you can never, and will never, cease to exist as a fully functional human being who irrefutably claims the title as the greatest webmaster of all time?" Then I walk outside and try to breathe some fresh air because, boy, the scientists who wrote the warning label on the spray paint can really weren't joking around. The perils of being immortal manifest itself each and every day I wake up to unsurprisingly discover I haven't quite died yet.

I have been highly immortal since the day I was born May 11th, 1976 to a bathtub gin baron and his wife, a retired flapper with a heart of gold. The birth was nothing spectacular; nobody in the delivery room had any idea my mother was launching an immortal being from her vagina at speeds up to 100 miles an hour. Ever since that fateful day nearly 29 years ago, I have been living the life of a man unafraid of the grim reaper's icy cold hand. I travel through this world with the brazen confidence of a man who shot both the sheriff and deputy, knowing there's absolutely no way my life will be snuffed out before its time, as my time is all of eternity. How do I know for a fact that I am immortal? Simple: *I haven't died yet.*

You see, the easiest way to determine your immortality status is by taking a very basic quiz. I researched and wrote this questionnaire myself, so if you feel like copying and pasting it to your Livejournal, you'd better think again because I've got like 40 Internet lawyers just sitting here on phonebooks and waiting to sue your ass for stealing my website quiz. They all graduated from the School of Online Lawsuits, so you can be sure they mean business. One of them also knows a little Kung-Fu.

If you chopped this guy's head off, he'll die. I hardly call that "immortal!"

INTERNET QUIZ: DETERMINE YOUR IMMORTALITY STATUS

Question #1: Are you dead? *(Please select only one answer)*
A) Yes
B) No
C) I don't know
D) All of the above
E) None of the above
F) Some of the above

If you answered "A," then no, you are not an everlasting creature destined to walk the Earth for all eternity. You see, immortal creatures do not die, they go on and on no matter who tries to stop them, much like Paris Hilton's career. If you answered "B," then you probably still aren't immortal, as recent studies by CNN have proven 5 out of 6 Americans aren't immortal, they're just alcoholics. I don't know what you are if you answered anything from "C" to "F" except possibly a terrible quiz taker.

I have not died a single time in nearly three decades, making me an expert in the field of immor-

tality. With this in mind, I have decided to help you, the uneducated, moral Internet user, learn more about the lucrative industry of living forever. For example, did you know you can earn up to $2000 a week simply stuffing envelopes and placing hundreds of tiny real estate ads in papers across the country? It's true! Multiply $2000 by the number of weeks us immortal people live, which is infinity, and you can clearly see the unlimited potential for riches beyond all our wildest dreams here.

TWO SIMPLE STEPS TO OBTAIN IMMORTALITY

Step #1: DON'T DIE

This is by far the most important piece of advice to keep in mind during your quest to live forever. The leading cause of death since 1953 has been "the failure to continue living," so make sure that you never die, either through accident or otherwise. Make a majority of your decisions based off the question, "will engaging in this activity possibly cause me to die or stop living in any possible way?" If the answer is "yes" or "probably" or even "no," then you should refrain from partaking in such an event. Lock yourself in your house and cower in a dark closet for most of the day, armed with a shotgun and a bullhorn which plays "La Cucaracha" in a really menacing tone. Life is chock full of things that can kill you, so constantly look out for any hidden dangers which may prematurely end your life before you have a chance to live forever. Here's a short list of things to avoid unless you're not really committed to this whole immortality thing and you're just another mortal poseur:

1) Germs. Many scientists refer to germs as "nature's invisible killer." Germs are everywhere! They are invisible, just like a B-2 Stealth Bomber, and weigh 277,000 pounds, just like a B-2 Stealth Bomber. Your mouse and keyboard are crawling with millions of tiny, deadly germs interested in one thing and one thing only: killing you and using your lifeless corpse as a spokesperson for their pro-libertarian agenda. The only way to defeat these microscopic death spores is by purchasing a whole bunch of Windex and spraying it everywhere like a Japanese bukake video. You can also buy a few hundred of those Sharper Image Ionic Breeze contraptions, which perform the highly advanced scientific function of sucking in air on one side and pushing out air on the opposite. You will definitely notice a healthier smell in your house after purchasing one of these units, as the rancid, germ-infested odor from three $100 bills will finally be removed from your home.

2) Electricity. Many scientists refer to electricity as "nature's invisible killer." This is because while electricity can power your television, heat your microwaved food, and give you the power to call 911 when you suspect aliens are jumping around on your roof and making rude symbols in your cornfield, electricity can also surge into your hand at one hundred thousand million thousand billion megajoules per astronaut, causing your heart to explode like a stick of dynamite inside a bullfrog. Avoid any appliances which depend on electricity, as there's no easy way of predicting how they'll react once you plug them in to the wall. For example one time I was doing my laundry and, upon using my wet hand to stick a paperclip into the electric outlet, I received a powerful electric shock! Why did I do such a thing in the first place? Who knows! Much like in Stephen King's "Maximum Overdrive," the only way to defeat the horrors of electricity is by shooting them with guns and smashing them to pieces while shouting, "WE MADE YOU! WE MADE YOU!!!" in a terribly shrill voice.

3) Natural Gas. Many scientists refer to natural gas as "nature's invisible killer." While it may heat your house and leave you warm at night, a gas leak could spell disaster if it were to ignite and blow up your house and you had a Scrabble game inside and it blew the pieces all over the lawn in such a fashion that the letters fell into a particular

sequence displaying the word "DISASTER" when combined in the appropriate order. This colorless, odorless gas smells terrible and can suffocate you if it doesn't make you explode first. If you wake up in the middle of the night and feel as if you're choking to death on farts, run out of your house as soon as possible, jumping in slow motion the exact moment you suspect your house will detonate in a giant fireball. If you time your leap properly, the cameraman might additionally be able to film one of those Matrix-style pans around you while techno music blares in the background. I love techno music! My favorite type is goa-techstep-monsterstep-acid-psytrace-horrorcore.

Oh look it's death.

4) Nature's Invisible killers. Many scientists refer to nature's invisible killers as "nature's invisible killer." If you ever find yourself face-to-face with a ghost holding a knife or a gun, you should either flee or disarm him by pushing a button which rotates your entire room rotate upside down. That really won't do anything to stop the ghost from threatening you, but at least you'll finally get some use out of the button.

Ghosts are difficult to see without the use of special contact lens since they are invisible and all, so you should conclude any gun or knife you notice laying around is actually being held by a ghost. If you ever see a police officer, operate on the assumption that their handgun has been compromised and is being gripped by a ghost walking to the side of them. I've seen a lot of movies where people fight ghosts and more often than not the people end up losing, so if you find yourself confronted by an angry armed ghost, kill yourself and become a ghost so you can fight him on the Astral Plane. I think that's in Utah, so if you have any relatives living there, you may want to call them beforehand. The victor will be crowned "King Ghost" and will be given 100 SpookyBucks, which are just like ghost currency except you can only redeem them at the Ghost Emporium. Of course killing yourself might present a slight problem in one's quest to become immortal, so perhaps you should just play it safe and avoid all police officers and kitchen utensils.

5) Cookie Cakes. I bought one of these things from a mall bakery this weekend and let me tell you ladies and gents, this monstrosity is like a giant chunk of solidified diabetes. The concept of a cookie cake sounds awesome because, hey, I love cookies and I love cakes, and if America has taught me anything, it's that combining a bunch of crap to make a bigger wad of crap is simply a terrific idea. Unfortunately, "The Cookie Shop" baked up a tray of obscenely sweet death for me, undoubtedly to weaken my resistance to cookie-based attacks, thus leaving me defenseless for the upcoming invasion of the pastry chefs. I simply cannot explain in human terms just how morally offensive this unholy mound of sugar was. They took two giant cookies the size of truck tires, spewed a layer of icing in between them, and then greased up the top with another five-inch thick gob of teeth-shattering icing. Hey, everybody loves icing! People can't get enough of it! They should just sell bowls of icing from mall kiosks with names like "I.C. Icing's Sugar Shock Depot." For 75 cents extra, they'll pour Coca-Cola into it and mix it with some frozen custard! Mmmm mmm, do I hear the sugary-sweet sounds from thousands of people dropping over dead at once?

Step #2: KEEP LIVING

You can't spell "immortality" without the words "im" and "mort." I guess this means that you must be named "Mort" in order to live forever. No matter what your parents named you, it is imperative to remember that the key to immortality lies in living forever. You cannot suddenly decide to die or stop living at any time, regardless if you're 100 or 1000 years old. Immortality is a lifelong commitment, like leading a religious group or developing a crippling heroin addiction. If you don't think you've got enough moxie to refuse death's longing embrace at every step of life, then you should just give up now and accept defeat. Start smoking, go eat some McDonalds cheeseburgers, and pour hydrofluoric acid all over yourself because - hey - you're going to die eventually.. what's the point in prolonging it?

Here's a quick list of activities which could directly increase your life span upon engaging in them. Unless they don't, in which case they can't.

1) Take a lot of vitamins. I once read a bunch of vitamin bottle labels at a local GMC and I noticed they all listed crap like "Vitamin B," "Vitamin D," and "Vitamin C" on them. What do these healthy products all have in common? They all have letters. So check the ingredient label on something before you consume it. If there are letters somewhere in the list, then it's obviously healthy for you. If it's all numbers or written in binary, you probably shouldn't eat it, because quite honestly I have no idea what you'd be ingesting. The vitamins I'm currently taking cause my urine to turn neon yellow, and there's nothing healthier than piss which glows in the dark.

2) Don't ever exercise. Working out is the number one cause of something in the United States, so it should be avoided at all costs. A lot of people suffer heart attacks while performing even the most mundane of physical activities such as running the Boston Marathon or bench pressing an entire office building, so stay in your home and refuse to engage in anything more strenuous than lifting Doritos to your mouth or calling your mom a bitch.

I can't wait to see

3) If somebody gives you the Hellraiser box as a gift, don't open it. I recently presented my wife with her very own Lament Configuration Box as an anniversary present. I think she was suspicious of my motives at the time, partially because it wasn't our anniversary and partially because she discovered my plans to murder and collect her inheritance. After countless hours of study and research, she figured out how to solve the puzzle (rub your thumb on it counter-clockwise until something happens, much like those stupid Transformer decals you had to stroke repeatedly until they revealed if it was an Autobot or Decepticon). A bunch of demons from hell flew into our hotel room and tried to kill us with bad acting. Luckily I escaped and managed to participate in the films "Strip Search" and "Brooklyn Bound," despite the fact that my face resembles that of a horse.

4) Get a good night's sleep. The average American needs at least 20, maybe 30 hours of sleep a day to function at a socially acceptable level. Lack of sleep can easily result in tragedy such as auto accidents, assembly line injuries, and a Democrat-controlled White House. My grandfather used to say, "an hour awake is an hour at stake." Then he died before I had a chance to ask him what that meant. So, as you can see, being awake and saying things is the leading cause of death.

5) Take every pharmaceutical drug advertised on TV in between episodes of "Friends" and "Seinfeld." The people in those commercials always look so healthy and happy while running through green fields and playing which children who may or may not also be puppies. These drugs help you regrow hair, get erections, stop acting sad, conquer your allergies, overcome heart disease, and generally be the best person medical science permits you to be. Of course you might experience slight side effects such as sweating blood and uncontrollable vomiting from your ass, but by god you'll look really happy while doing it.

Being immortal isn't easy. It takes a lot of work and dedication to live your life without dying. But if somebody like me, an awkward doughy white webmaster who sweats and curses all the time, can do it, then you can too. I will soon celebrate my 29th year of immortality, confident in knowing I will continue to live forever because I obviously haven't died yet.

This is the Dirt That is Daily

If you would like to read the companion to today's update, please be to clicking here on this link here click!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.27 On this Day in History

Wednesday, Apr 27, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This is ancient history.

It used to be that, before the scary dementia kicked in, my grandparents would fondly reflect on all the historic events they witnessed in their time on this earth. In the flicker of their lives, the whole world went to war, numerous countries warred with each other, communism rose only to die a slow death, nations were reduced to smoldering rubble then rebuilt into spiraling metropolises, and wires coiled around the planet, dancing with endless information in the form of electric currents. Cars went from being rare novelties rolling over bumpy trails to tiny specks in giant, congested transportation systems that spanned continents and put everything within reach. The entire world seemingly transformed into something new and different.

Since a young age, I've spent entirely too much time following the news. At first it made no sense to me and it was all gibberish. There were these funny names and strange places that all fit into some bizarre conspiracy that was so far beyond my grasp I didn't even try to make sense of it. At a certain point, I began to understand it and put all the pieces together, developing a notion of the world beyond my small town. I could point to these countries on a map and say, "that's where the genocide is happening. Over there is where pizza was invented." But in the last few years, I've noticed the news is making less sense and it's returning to gibberish. I don't think I'm getting dumber.

It's not the state of the news media, as that's been bad for ages and only getting worse. It's the actual events happening in the world. History is unfolding before my eyes and it means increasingly less to me. It just doesn't seem to apply to me. We had a new pope the other day and all I could think was, "that guy looks kind of like Hannibal Lecter. I hope he eats people, too." Then I remembered he probably eats the body and blood of Christ in the form of wine and magic church bread. With some chips and dip that wine and bread would probably make for a classy accompaniment to an evening spent watching finely crafted American sitcoms with laugh tracks that save me the trouble of being humored. History had happened, and I forgot about it five minutes later thinking about a bad joke.

Naturally, being about as keen on religion as I am on anally birthing a large clown, the new pope isn't going to be a big deal to me. But this is part of a trend: things of great importance quickly lose meaning to me. It all fades to background noise, and I'm wondering if that's a good thing at all. I watched 9/11 happen on TV and then I watched a week of continuous nonstop news coverage of it. I watched as the media refused to let go, even after they said everything they possibly could at least a thousand times. I was shocked at first, because, hey, the enemy team scored a point while our goalie was apparently too busy arguing with his teammates. But I really just wanted TV to go back to normal and people to stop waving flags and calling for blood because it was getting ridiculous. People were fantasizing about eagles crying and indiscriminate violence and it was all creeping me out. I found myself in downtown Chicago on 9/11 and the city was eerily deserted. There wasn't a single business open as far as I could tell. On this important day in history I was hungry and looking for fast food.

The timeline continued and an aftermarket of 9/11-inspired events cropped up like gas stations along a highway. For some reason, and I'm sure it was a good one, we toppled a desert with more landmines than grains of sand. Iraq was then blasted to bits, more so than ever before. I watched all

of that on TV too. I remember all of the excruciating hours I spent halfheartedly watching soldiers lying down in the sand being pestered by an embedded journalist to explain to the viewers a million miles away why they were all lying down in the sand. It had no impact on my life whatsoever. It was unprecedented, the amount of times they mentioned the media coverage of the war was unprecedented. Even the media was more impressed with itself than the history unfolding. It was nice and glossy and manufactured with no assembly required, and no greater considertion from me either. I was playing a video game when Baghdad went up in smoke.

When news happens, it doesn't just get reported. We have expert panelists with black and white opinions to tell us how to think and feel. Sports games have experts to say what went wrong, what went right, and why a certain team is better than another, and regular news is now no different. The only real difference is we get bullshit instead of statistics. There are people with intricate knowledge of sports statistics but no idea of anything practical. I could fault them, but I know more about the politics of the DC Comics universe than I do about the real world. We no longer need to think for ourselves about this strange real world because someone will give us a ready made response. I'm for this and I'm against that, but mostly I'm for this and against anyone who isn't. Our perspectives on the world and thus history are mostly given to us now while we sit on the sidelines with a torn mental hamstring. We rarely play in the big game anymore.

This is modern history.

I can barely remember anything about what happened in the years under Clinton, or the first Bush administration. I was born in the 80's so the Reagan years are a blur to me. I have vague memories of the Berlin Wall coming down and for some reason I associate it with playing with LEGOs. I think I was building LEGO walls at the time, perhaps dividing the poor population of my LEGO village in two, tearing apart LEGO families and ushering in untold years of LEGO repression in the process. In time the pieces of the LEGO wall were likely cannibalized to build a spaceship. They tore the old world apart and used the pieces to escape it forever. Let's see them do that with the Berlin Wall.

My grandparents could tell me where they were when a historic event occurred and make it sound profound. They could tell you how they participated in the war, how they endured the Great Depression, painting a vivid picture of a world that no longer exists. I can't imagine looking back fifty years from now and trying to tell someone what I was doing when history was being made. "I was downloading illegal mp3s" just doesn't seem like an acceptable answer. That's still somewhat better than, "Oh, yeah, I was masturbating when that happened, but I finished early to catch the replay." Based on the stories told by even my crazy grandparents, history sounded like something that gave everyone a unique and powerful experience. It seems non-interactive now, like a movie or a video game after somebody yanks the controller away. It moves forward and we follow along, but we rarely have anything to do with it. The best you can hope to do is maybe leave a scar on peoples' memories. A go-getter like Lyndie England will be a putrid athlete's footnote in history for a long time to come.

The forces moving history forward are a rotten bunch. We've handed control away so that we don't have to handle the difficult questions or participate in the bigger picture. When our leaders fail us, we mostly don't think about it since it's our fault we let them. True, there are some decent people doing decent things still, but they are few and most everything of substance that occurs in this world happens because our lousy leaders make it happen. Supposedly they act on our behalf, but I don't think we understand half of what it is they do or why, and they rarely ever bother to explain. Men in mansions are fighting a war with men in caves and I would rather not have to share

a planet with either of them. I don't think I identify with anything either side is fighting for, and I especially don't like the methods. I don't like that common people are kindling in some great fire or dying for a joke they don't even get. History is marching on and I have no idea where it's going, but given its track record, I would rather not follow along any further.

■ Dirt is Everywhere!

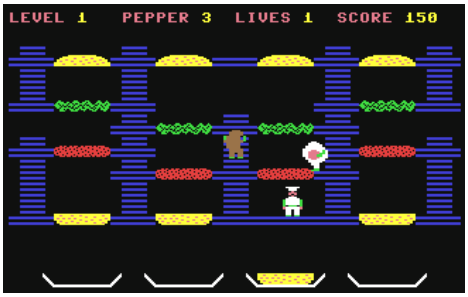
Stop on by for a brand new Daily Dirt write up from me! I'll explain what the holy fuck I was thinking when I wrote this meandering update and some other stuff. Bundled with this edition of the Daily Dirt are some **bonus** words from Dr. David Thorpe, author of "Neckbeards in a Nutshell" and "Your Band Sucks: The Mars Volta."

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.28 It's Burger Time

Thursday, Apr 28, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

"What is good? All that heightens the feeling of power in man, the will to power, power itself. What is bad? All that is born of weakness. What is happiness? The feeling that power is growing, that resistance is overcome" -Friedrich Nietzsche, The Antichrist, section 2

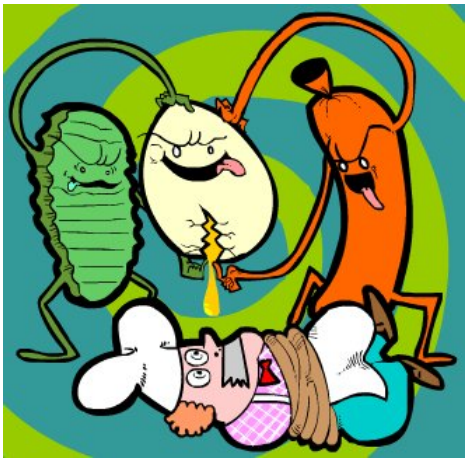


I never thought that when my wife left for the Tupperware seminar in Houston, Texas, that my life would be forever changed by the chain of events set in motion by playing a simple game of Burger Time. Well maybe the word "simple" shouldn't be used to describe this intense Intellivision game experience. For me, Burger Time is much more than just a mere game. I associate it with a sense of calm and a deep spiritual introspection on the inner workings of this mysterious universe that can only be attained from thousands of hours of unchecked game play coupled with illegal narcotics. But before I begin my queer tale into the unknown, let me give you a little insight into the Zen of Burger Time.

When I was a young child, I didn't go outside to play much. My milky white skin would blacken and split open when exposed to the harmful rays of the angry sun. I had no real interaction with other human children, and as such I didn't know how to communicate in any acceptable language. My only stimuli was playing my Intellivision, so I started to express myself with a series of beeps and whistles. I learned everything about life from my precious video games, like how to jump over scorpions when trying to get bars of gold, and how to dodge slow moving laser blocks shot from evil robots. My favorite of all my games was Burger Time, a game that simulates a normal day for a short order cook trying to prepare hamburgers for his hungry customers. The object of the game is to walk across the layers of the hamburger, an act that may seem rude or unsanitary, but it is important to the hamburger making process. This somewhat flattens the layer of bread, meat, lettuce, or cheese, and it falls off its factory platform onto a lower one. Oh yeah, these are BIG hamburgers. I can only assume that either the cook is making these for Storm Giants or he is a tiny elf who is enslaved at a diner. Once you walk across all the layers until they fall onto the ground level as finished burgers, you have won the round and go onto the next order, but there is a catch!

Trying to stop you from completing your cooking duties is 2 rogue sausages, one crazy pickle, and a cunning egg. These tasty troublemakers will do anything to thwart the cook's meaty confections. They will work together to achieve to the failure of lunch at all costs. The sausages are the thugs of the group, burly and blustery. The pickle is the lovable troublemaker who follows the orders of the sausage twins. The egg is the leader of the gang; sly, deceiving, and full of malice. The cook's only defense against these delicious deviants is a handful of pepper and his wits. With the right timing, multiple enemies can be crushed under the weight of the falling giant layers of food and it's burger time!

When my wife left me alone for the weekend, I thought nothing of dusting off my old Intellivision and slapping in Burger Time for a few rounds. Those few rounds turned into hours, and before I knew it I was afflicted with what is known as a "vidapathy", when the brain locks into a dream/coma state from playing the same video game for too long a duration. This mostly only happens with older games that are repetitive and on a never-ending loop. After the vidapathy hit me, I leaned back into my beanbag, stopped holding the controller and started controlling the cook with my mind. In reality the cook stopped running after I let go of the controls and he was mobbed by the evil food, but I didn't notice.



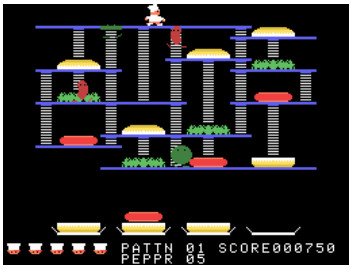
I became the cook. Running as fast as my little legs would carry me up the ladders of the hamburger making platforms, fleeing from the quad of miscreant eatables chasing me. I ran across a layer of top bun, sending it cascading down on top of a meat patty, which in turn fell down on a lower bun where it came to rest. One of the sausages was caught trying to pass through when the bun came down and was killed in the process. Then I threw some pepper on the egg and it wriggled around on the ground in agonizing pain as I giggled and fled to the next burger platform to repeat the process.

Sometime around 2:00 a.m. the next day I snapped out of it. The TV display showed the words "Game Over" with a victorious egg standing over the cook's broken body. I looked around in confusion, realizing that I had been in a Burger Time dream state all day long. I was a little frightened, and the room was completely dark except for the glow of the television set. I turned on some lights, wiped the drool off my chin, and threw some cold water on my face. I felt like a rube for wasting an entire day playing a stupid game when I had a lot of tasks and chores that needed to be done this weekend. My wife would kill me if I didn't mend that fence like I promised I would months ago.

The cold shock of water to my face brought me back to reality. I raised my head out of the sink and reached for the hand towel to my left. Just then, I caught the glimpse in the mirror of what looked to be a large humanoid sausage running past the doorway. There is no way to fully explain the complete terror I felt at that moment. I opened the medicine cabinet and grabbed a pair of scissors for protection, and then scoped out the hallway. There was no man-sized sausage in the hallway, and it was all probably all in my head from the marathon of playing Burger Time. I laughed and laughed, slapping my knee until salty tears of hilarity ran down my rosy cheeks. That's when I saw the egg in the shower.

My psychiatrist is used to getting panicked calls from me at 2 in the morning, so it came to no surprise to him when I told him that I was being chased around my apartment by angry food. He tried to calm me down and asked if I've been taking the anti-psychotic medication he's been giving me, which I have. I explained to him what happened the day before that started with me innocently popping in the cartage for Burger Time, but soon afterwards it spiraled out of control until it was the full-fledged nightmare that I was living now. When he asked if I could see any of the food monsters right now, I said no, but that they can appear when you least expect it. He started giving me the address of a treatment center where I could get some help, but then the egg appeared and pressed the receiver with his yolk, hanging up on the good doctor before he could finish. I ran away towards the bedroom and the egg gave chase, followed by the pickle and two sausages. I circled around and tried to block them by knocking over chairs and lamps in their path, but they easily hurdled the obstacles and cornered me in the living room, ready to do horrible things to me like they did the cook. I had no choice, and did the only thing I could: jump through the plate glass window and off the third story balcony.

I woke up in the hospital a few days later with my wife by my side. My whole body was in a world of pain, despite the morphine drip that was hooked into my arm. My wife gently combed my hair and consoled me like a sweet angel. The doctor came in and made a crack about me not being able to fly, marked something in the charts, and walked away. What an asshole. It seems that in my desperate escape plan, I had broken both my ankles and one rib when I landed on a BBQ below. I also had multiple bruises and cuts that the doctor said will cause some scarring. I was a mess.



Then the most amazing thing happened. Marching in single file, the egg, pickle, and sausages walked into my hospital room. I was jolted in horror, thinking that they had come to finally finish me off once and for all. But to my surprise they came bearing gifts of flowers, pornography, and candy. They then stood by my bedside, placed the treasures next to me, shook my hand, and then left as quickly as they came. I welled up, fighting back the urge to cry by the touching gesture of the Burger Time food creatures, and my wife asked if I was ok. I gingerly took her hand and looked in her eyes. "Everything is going to be just fine." I said to her, smiling with unrestrained elation.

She just thought I was high on the morphine, but let me tell you friends, it was REAL, and I learned a valuable lesson from this whole experience: don't jump out of plate glass windows if you are being chased by giant food. Sometimes they just want a hug. Peace out.

Daily Dirt

You simply MUST read today's Daily Dirt! I have over 500 pictures of my pet cat juggling and definitive proof that a plane didn't fly into the Pentagon. Don't miss it!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

4.29 Dreamytime Slumberland: How I Bought My Floating Castle

Friday, Apr 29, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

My mind soars out of my body like an eagle made of magic and jet engines, propelling my girthy consciousness deep into the throbbing portal of tomorrow. A world of my own imagining waits on the other side. It is like a version of Disneyland designed specifically for the mad monk Rasputin.

I am a conductor on the train of my psyche as it chugs through the rolling white hills of my dreams. The train is red, white, and blue and says PSYCHO TRAIN AMERICA on the side in neon yellow lettering that reminds me of a Dokken album cover. On the right we pass a dormitory full of people you can have sex with whenever you want.

"They're all retarded." A cloud whispers to me.

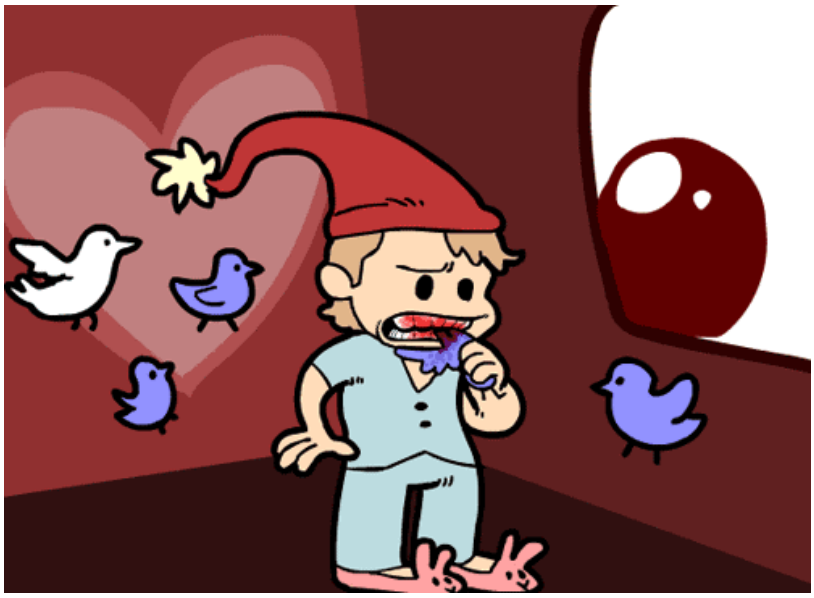
"Mildly." I say, the candy-colored sun bright on my cheeks. "Mildly."

You can train them and that's all that matters. For today's special it is not a tall drink of love with thick glasses, puffy lips, and weird stares. I am a seeker of adventure through the undiscovered country of my subconscious. I shovel more coke into the furnace and the train chugs faster. The puffs of varicolored smoke from her stack spell out words like "PONY" and "JEWS" and I laugh simply because there is no one around to tell me I can't.

"Retarded," mouths a cloud with an accusing shape like a pile of cottage cheese.

With a twist of my wrist I send it back to the hell that spawns all weather patterns. Bluebirds and doves gather around me, chirping and smiling in the hard-mouthed way that only a bird can. I snatch one from my shoulder and bite deep. They all taste like the sweetest cream-filled pastry and you can eat as many as you want without getting fat. A bright red cardinal hops obligingly into

my mouth and he tastes like lemon cream. The robins are butterscotch. Their screams are a honey glaze like you might find pooling beneath a baklava.



"Choop, choop!" The train hoots merrily and I envision a smiling face on the old engine. My will is made manifest and I lean out from the engine room and laugh and open my mouth with the train to the wind so that birds fill our mouths and bellies.

"Ramming speed!" I laugh and the train giggles like a child.

We chug past a broad field of sunflowers turned to the sun and they sing a sweet song to us as we pass. Their chorus is joined by the babbling of a brook that runs through them. Bumblebees flit from flower to flower, grotesquely fat and laden with pollen. They pause in their endeavors to gape in awe at the majesty of the passing train and its handsome conductor. The baby bees wave to us and I wave back.

"Hurrah!" They cry.

"Remember to eat your greens!" I holler down to them.

They laugh riotously at my joke because it cannot be any other way.

At last we - my beautiful train and I - pull into Sleepyshade Station in the bustling gingerbread town of Cinnamon Meadows. With a final happy "choop!" of the whistle I bid PSYCHO TRAIN AMERICA a fond farewell and step down onto the platform.

No sooner have I set foot in the cobbled thoroughfare of Bumbledown Lane than I am greeted by the mayor of Cinnamon Meadows. A crowd of apple-cheeked children follows behind him bearing baskets and satchels of gifts carefully prepared by their friendly but simple parents. The children cheer and press their gifts into my hands. I am overwhelmed with wrapped parcels of spiced roundmeats, apple bakeups, tangy yeoman's cheese, salted parsnip crunchers, twists of molasses toffee, and painted clay jugs of fresh-pressed ginger cider.

"Hail and well met." The mayor exhorts to me with a tip of his velveteen hat. "I hope you find your visit to our humble town fond and fancy."

The mayor presents me with the key to the city and explains that with it I can unlock any door in all of Cinnamon Meadows.

"But, fine mayor," I implore, "I have come long and far over the jumping hills to seek out a homestead at which I can rest my weary feet and nap the nap of gods."

The mayor nods knowingly and turns to point at the strange thing that hangs in the sky over West Cinnamon Meadows. It is a castle and it is in the sky! I marvel at the ingenuity of the thing, so simple yet so magical. It is like the cover of a Dungeons and Dragons novel come to life.

"That castle was owned by the wizardly brothers Tumblebear and it is they who have put it in the sky." The mayor explains to me with frill and pomp. "Now it is vacant awaiting a new master to fill it up once again with things and people."

"Thank you for the tip I will inquire with the realtor." I toss a coin to the mayor and he bites its face to test its authenticity.

"Ouch blimey that hurt." The coin comments and the children laugh.

I struggle with the tins and bindles full of good tidings over to the realtor who is a giant lion with white hair and green-tinted glasses.

"I wish to see the insides of the castle yon." I say to the lion realtor.

The lion smacks his lazy cat chops and opens an umbrella.

"Come now hold onto my tail," the lion advises me with a yawn.

I grab onto his tail as he floats into the air under the umbrella. It is magical like so many other things in this land of my imagination. We are carried by the wind and sorcerer's powers up to the castle in the sky. The tour of the castle is a whirlwind of amazing sights and sounds and even smells.

The lion shows me the tower of Dairy Joe and its milky ghost. It is a spooky place but the ghost isn't so bad once you get to know him. Then the lion takes me through the hall of cowboy oddities where I marvel at everything from a three-handed cowpoke to a lasso that can turn into a bridge.

"It has forded many rivers for the cowboys." The lion realtor explains.

There are also wondrous apparatuses of magical design that have been left behind by the departed Tumblebear brothers. There is the bubbling cauldron of grisly grub and the chamber of the ninety vaginas, and that's just the start. There is an entire section of the basement filled with jars containing colonies of miniature people preserved in amber. The entire rise and fall of a civilization in fossilized tree sap. The lion realtor hurries me past one of the towers from whence my prickling ears hear strange moaning and slapping of flesh.

"So are you interested in purchasing the house I mean the castle?" The lion asks me as he settles onto his haunches.

"Yes it's great. I love it. How much does it cost?"

It doesn't matter what the lion says because I am the master of my own imagination and I can just reach into my pocket and pull out all of the golden coins I need to pay my way.

"Here are the golden coins you demanded." I say, handing a fat sack of coins over to the lion.

"Put the bag in my mouth I don't have hands." The lion replies.

"How were you holding the umbrella?"

"I just don't know the answer to that." The lion shrugs and I cram the graham into his mouth.

I am so happy to have finally bought a floating castle. I know that I can sleep well in my bed of kings and tomorrow I can hire servants and invite royalty to visit me. A giant parrot flies up and lands on my shoulder and caws because he hasn't learned to talk yet.

"I will name you T.C." I tell the parrot but I know I will eat him soon because parrots are the rarest and most delicious bird of all.

■ Operation: D.I.R.T.

Hey muffinheads, there's a brand new installment of Daily Dirt available for you to read at your leisure. If you like the words that fall out of my head then give it a spin!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.30 G4 What Art Thou?

Saturday, Apr 30, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Today I'm going to take a timely look at G4TV, the Los Angeles High School-based video game channel that bought out the somewhat entertaining and informative TechTV over a year ago before transforming most of the latter channel's programming into pure shit through a process of alchemy so advanced it warrants a nobel prize. I almost wrote an update like this when the merger first happened, but it would have been purely reactionary. The resulting channel needed time to ferment for better or worse, and luckily for you it got much worse because my only backup article idea was a fake guide to an NES game based on the Herman Melville book Bartleby The Scrivener.

Let's take a look at G4's main lineup, shall we?

Attack Of The Show

Oh, you two slightly out of focus lovebirds! Your antics are in no way annoying or creepy.

Originally titled The Screen Savers and hosted by the duo of Leo Laporte and Patrick Norton, this show used to focus on technology and answering the audience's computer-related questions. Then just about everyone on the show was kicked off, and the two most annoying people stayed on to host. Kevin Rose and Sarah Lane are enamored with the fact that they're on television, and seemingly have no grasp of anything beyond illegal file sharing and showcasing "funny" sites that have already circled the internet more times than Superman circled the Earth when he went back in time to avoid a late charge at Blockbuster for Faces Of Death 4. The two of them seem to exist solely to remind us of the fact that they're going out.

> **Kevin:** So that's how you download the newest fake nude pictures of Angelina Jolie and your "legal" *(long dramatic pause to let his delicious rebellion sink in)* mp3s to your PSP's memory card and your Xbox's hard drive.
>
> **Sarah:** *(giggles)* Your hard drive sure was in my Xbox last night! If you know what I mean!
>
> **Kevin:** *(turns to the camera and gives a slow wink)* I know how to crack your app! PEER TO PEER NETWORKING.

Kevin is the guy you knew in high school that attempted to be cool by putting a whole lot of effort into showing how little he cared about everything. If someone mistakenly says something genuinely funny, he looks at them blankly and tries to continue the conversation either because he doesn't understand the joke or he's jealous that he didn't come up with it. The only way he'll admit to being interested in something is if it's illegal or "edgy" in some way, because that makes him a total badass.

The decision to boot everyone in favor of these two is perplexing at first, but it makes sense when you consider the network execs' desire to appeal to the lowest common denominator by removing anyone over the age of thirty and the I.Q. of 80. Imagine that Sesame Street comes under new management. After studying the show's demographic charts, they come to realize that while there

are plenty of multiethnic kids in the audience, there are virtually no muppets or gigantic yellow birds watching the show. What good do the muppets serve if they don't fit the demographic? The following week, the only remaining cast members are Maria and that bald guy who might be Louis Gossett Jr.

Regardless of what you thought of Leo's personality (I personally liked him though some people thought he was annoying), he was an intelligent guy who could grasp really advanced concepts and relate them to the audience in a perfectly understandable way. As a result of this, the show's guests typically included people at the forefront of emerging technologies, the space program, and string theory. The best they can book now is the latest moron who made a flash movie that got picked up by Adult Swim as a series, the COMPLETELY unbiased spokesman for the Electronic Frontier Foundation, and actors who play people that understand technology in top notch sci-fi shows such as Star Trek: Challenger.

I'm imagining Kevin Rose trying to interview someone like Microsoft's Steve Ballmer.

> **Ballmer:** ...and that's basically how a processor works. I'm sort of surprised you didn't know that already.
>
> **Kevin:** Whatever. Hey, didn't I hear somewhere that Microsoft is a big company that employees thousands of people and tries to make a profit? What's up with that? I hope someone figures out how to install Linux on it.
>
> **Ballmer:** On what?
>
> **Kevin:** Whatever.

Just to make things confusing they brought in another Kevin not too long ago. Kevin Pereira is a smart, funny guy whose work I've seen before and enjoyed. In other words he's a fish out of water. His funnier moments go so far over the other hosts' heads that they violate federal airspace regulations and occasionally graze God's testicles. By this point Pereira seems to have resigned himself to the "read a story vaguely related to technology, tell unfunny joke, pause uncomfortably" format of the show, and it's only a matter of weeks before he hangs himself from a basketball rim in the station's high school gymnasium/production facility.

■ Cheat!/Filter

Two interchangeable hot women - a ridiculously gorgeous asian and a Britney Spears look alike with short hair - host shows pretty much designed to waste your time. In Cheat! the Britney girl devotes half an hour to reading cheat codes for a single game out loud, all of which can be found on GameFAQs in about three seconds. In Filter, viewers are asked to vote for their favorite selection in exciting categories such as "Who's cooler: Master Chief, Link, Cloud, Sepiroth, or Samus?" and "Best motion capture in a Madden game". Again, this is something easily replicated by visiting the GameFAQs poll section. It seems they've taken the best parts of that site and left out the abysmal forums where the notoriously retarded community speaks out. Speaking of that, next is...

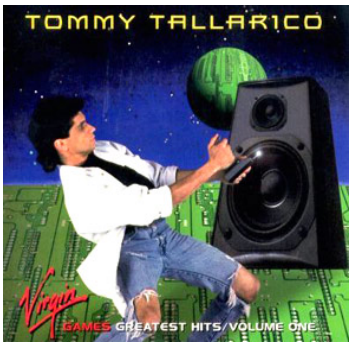
■ G4TV.COM

A call-in show designed to let viewers express their opinions, this program is actually good stuff when no one is calling in. You're pretty much guaranteed to hear Goku90172 pant breathlessly into the phone about how much the new StarFox title is the best game ever made even though he just bought it and only played the first level, followed by DarknessNightmareDeathsword claiming how much the same game sucks because the weapons aren't realistic like Counter-Strike's.

The show works best when hosts Laura Foy and Tina Wood chill and have off the cuff discussions about gaming or when they have a guest on. There's a third host, but they've gone through so many that I can't risk the heartbreak of remembering his name only to see him go in a week. You can tell the hosts actually play a lot of games and have particular tastes, and they're pretty amusing from time to time. They even manage to get people like Cliffy B and Tim Schafer to come on the show occasionally.

Something unusual happens when Laura and Tina get into a heated conversation and begin to talk over each other, which happens quite a lot. Their voices gain momentum and combine into a high-pitched siren's wail that beckons my boner to rise as if in response to the hypnotic tune of a snake charmer's Pungi. This is my secret shame. I am not a proud man, but I am honest.

Judgment Day



Think "X-Play hosted by a mongoloid and his comparatively normal friend" then think "change the channel" if your brain hasn't already gone into shock, permanently destroying your motor functions. Tommy Tallarico's review scores make absolutely no sense, but I'll attempt to explain them with this handy scoring chart.

Does the game have explosions?
If yes, add 3 points (out of ten)
If no, subtract 4

Are said explosions better looking than Halo 2's?
If no, subtract 6
If yes, subtract 1

Does the game contain farts, burps, pooping, or sexual innuendo?
If all of the above, add 10
If three of the above or less, subtract 3

How's the game play, story, and overall fun factor?
If excellent, add 1
If horrible, add 1

The Whip Set

They said he was crazy. They said it would never work. But when Big C's proposal for a block of programming centered around drift racing, import cars, and scantily clad attractive women was met with criticism, he held his ground.

"Look," began the head of programming, "I'm sure there's a small market for this stuff somewhere out there but you need something to grab the average viewer's attention. No one in the male aged 16-35 demographic knows about import cars, and if a hot woman was rubbing herself all over a $100,000 automobile while hip-hop music blasted in the background there would be no compelling reason to stop flipping through the channels. You need to use exploitative images and concepts that manipulate young men's attention. Our studies show that the best such concept is a long, drawn out shot of Precious Moments figurines over which classical music is softly played."

Big C would not give in to their callous suggestions.

"I refuse to pander. This is my art. This is my craft. The dozens of hours I spend writing insightful and profound dialogue each week and the craftsmanship with which I book hoochie models are what will draw viewers in, not insulting their intelligence by tempting them with flashy images and the latest fads."

"Maybe we can compromise." The head of programming was impressed by the younger man's spunk. "We're willing to give the idea a test run but I've seen your commercial mockups and they stink. A woman repeatedly thrusting her ass toward a camera placed millimeters away? Who in the world is that going to appeal to aside from workers in the short shorts industry?"

There would be no compromise, for Big C was a level 27 negotiator and he rolled a natural twenty on his saving throw. Content, Big C put on his shades and majestically levitated his golden throne through a portal in the ceiling which he had willed into being. Glaring white light splashed into the room through this portal, not in the form of energy like normal light but rather an actual liquid that burned all that it touched; the milky mana from another dimension come to ruin the tastefully patterned carpet of G4TV's main offices. The men covered their eyes and escaped with minor burns, but Chuck Austin's secretary Brenda entered the room at that precise moment to see if anyone needed a coffee refill and was blinded for her troubles.

In conclusion: fart, burp, poo, hump.

Daily Dirt

In today's Daily Dirt the secrets behind this mysterious image are revealed, but only to those who are pure of heart and mind.

The power of Klugman compels you to click here .

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

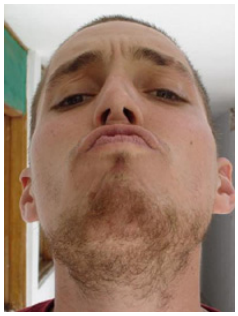
Chapter 5

May

5.1 The Neckbeard: A Beginner's Guide

Sunday, May 01, 2005 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

Charming.Let's face it: male nerds usually aren't very physically attractive. That's why they're nerds! If they were devastatingly handsome and had great genes, they would have spent their high school years banging away on cheerleaders instead of banging away on a keyboard in the computer lab writing awkward World War II versus Star Trek: The Next Generation fan fiction. Here's an example of WWII/ST:TNG fan fiction, by the way:

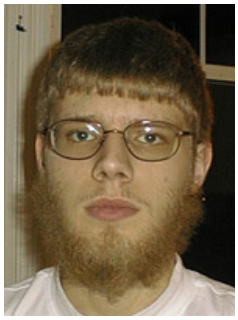


A textbook neckbeard.

> *General Captian John Luc Picard turned away from the window and looked at Captain Jim Riker of the allies. "We must not surrender France to a Nazi," he says. "I don't want to." Riker nodded. "Yes i know." "But the germans have disabled our warp drive-powered paratroopers and now we are sitting ferringi." John Luc Picard frowned and faced towards the window. "We will hit them with our photon sherman tanks." he ordered. "Make it so."*

Anyways, the point is that nerds aren't usually traditionally attractive (and also that – in hindsight -- attacking the Nazis with Photon Sherman Tanks wasn't a very good idea).

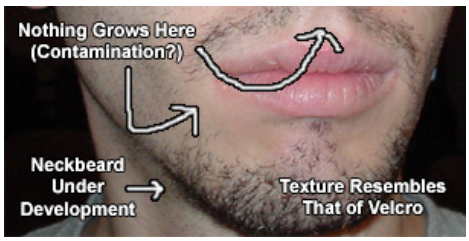
To make up for their shortcomings, some nerds come up with the bright idea to camouflage their skulls with facial hair. Here's a few reasons why:



HEY YOU WANT 2 GO C KILL BILL VOLUME 2 L8R??

- It makes them feel more like they're living in the medieval "days of yore" most RPG's take place in. With a full beard, they're more likely to make a big splash at the next Renaissance Faire.
- It makes them look older. A nerd with a beard just screams, "hey, I may still live with my parents... **but I'm no KID!**"
- Beards are a great place to store food. So if they get hungry during a long Halo 2 session, they can just snack away on chunks of potato chips still clinging to life on the hairs of their cheeks.
- Nerds are **lazy**. Shaving and personal hygiene are an inefficient use of time! Why, in the time it takes to shower and shave, you could watch a complete episode of Aqua Teen Hunger Force!!

I'm a huge nerd, but I'm more of a hairless nerd. Earlier this year I experimented with trying to make the transition to hairy nerd, but as you can see by the following picture, that experiment was an abysmal failure:



Gross. I'll stick to slapping razors up and down my face, thanks.

I don't have a problem with nerds who are able to grow and properly maintain a reasonably trimmed beard or goatee (soul patches and mustaches are just creepy, though), but I do have a problem with nerds who let the situation get out of control. The results can be horrific.

The result can be a neckbeard.

A neckbeard is like a wild, untamed wilderness located beneath one's chin. In some places, the dense underbrush becomes so thick that it's nearly impassable and you'd need a machete to explore its hidden depths. In other places, there are bare patches of skin that no follicle dares to enter. And there are no tranquil oasis's in this sea of unkempt hair: there is only lingering debris from the remnants of the vanquished *S.S. McChicken*.

Beware!! This man can play bass!!! (thanks root)

If you're living in the post-20th century, there is really no good reason for you to have a neckbeard. It's not very useful. No woman with a healthy level of self-esteem is going to walk up to you and stroke your neckbeard while swooning, "oooh, I **love** the greasy feel of this overgrown carrot patch protruding out of your throat!"

If a neckbeard is accompanied by a ponytail, then the guy is either a good computer programmer or a bad musician. The neckbeard/ponytail combination is very dangerous because it can generate a lot of grease. About the most dangerous thing you can do with a guy who has both a neckbeard and a ponytail is try to play racquetball against him: once he starts sweating, the floor will be quickly covered with a thick layer of slime that'll cause you to start sliding around all over the place. Eventually you'll careen into a wall and break your collarbone. So don't play racquetball against anyone who is really good at C++.

Reach down right now try to choke yourself with one hand. No, no... try to choke your THROAT. If you can feel hair, *go shave it off* ***right now****, you ninny neckbeard nincompoop.* If you snag a handful of fur and happen to be of the female persuasion, contact Joshua "Livestock" Boruff right away... he'd love to hear from you!

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

5.2 The Producers Have Decided That You Have to Leave

Monday, May 02, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The template. The precursor.

You return to the house after a hard day of competing in some inane challenge. You want nothing more than to flop down onto your bed in the guy's room and sleep away your troubles and tribulations. Instead you open the front door to find the director, two of the producers, and three security staff sitting in the chillout room.

"I'm sorry," says Nancy the nice producer, "but it has been decided that you're going to have to leave."

"We feel that you're a risk to the other people on the show." Rick, the mean director, explains.

Maybe you used Katie's toothbrush potentially spreading leprosy to her, maybe you walked around the house in your underwear and reawakened rape memories in Becky, or maybe you just said "fag" on accident around Hank the bisexual and he took it to mean that you're a hate-fueled homophobe. Whatever you did to get kicked off the show, it's a safe bet that it was really minor and boring. At the absolute worst you might have slapped some bitch that desperately needed to be slapped.

What's happening to this country? You signed up for a show where you have to eat live animals once a week to win money and they're throwing you off for being vaguely interesting.

They don't *deserve* you.

Maybe you haven't been kicked off the show yet. There's a definite anti-you movement building in the house, but so far you've been playing it really safe to make sure you don't miss out on your chance for ten grand. Ask yourself this: is it worth ten thousand dollars to make television history? They're probably going to kick you off anyway. You saw Battle of the Sexes and you know how dirty these women play. They're going to make up an excuse if you don't give them one.

The bitch.

Forget about that lousy ten thousand dollar prize. It's time you set your sights on lasting celebrity. You could be the next Clay Aiken! If you do something infamous enough it could take almost six years for people to forget you ever existed. You could even squeeze out a book deal or a pilot in that time. If you actually just stay and keep competing you'll lapse out of the collective consciousness faster than All Your Base.

You want to hear the Donald say "you're fired" from behind one-way bulletproof glass. You want your departure from the show to involve spike-strips and tasers. This industry will never make you a star, but if you swing hard enough at it you'll leave a scar. Smash a big black mark on its face so that it never forgets you were there.

I'm here to help. We can do this together. Let's take a look at who is in this thing with you before we begin our planning.

Rissa - Marissa, Clarissa, Diptherissa, whatever her real name is the only one that matters is Enormous Cunt. You think she's half black and half Puerto Rican. Regardless of her race she'd be

right at home in a brown shirt whipping a column of storm troops into shape with the way she's turned all of the women in the house against you.

The sadsack.

Pacey - You're not sure how a 19-year-old fat girl could be named after a character on Dawson's Creek but it probably involves a time machine fueled by Dave Matthews Band and Jello shots. Pacey will do whatever Rissa says but she would also sleep with you in a second no matter how abusive you are to her.

Bruce - Bruce loves God, extreme bungee jumping, playing his guitar, and being made politely uncomfortable by the homosexual of the house. Basically all the things you hate with the fire of the sun. He once said that he thinks stem cell research is evil because it kills babies so you're pretty sure he's less intelligent than that sucker fish thing that they put in the big aquarium.

Gunk - He's got catchphrases ("that's a crazy omelet" and "bruisin'"), he dresses in an eccentric manner, he's sometimes surly and sometimes wacky, and he is a huge slob who causes conflict in the house with his sloppiness. Gunk is the guy who is angling to be famous on the show and if you weren't the most likely one to be kicked off then it would be Gunk. You know Gunk's dark secrets though: he's going to school to be an actuary, he drives a Toyota Corolla, and he likes to wear sensible polo shirts with khakis.

Hector - Hector is one of those gay people that are completely defined by their sexuality. Get ready to hear about gayness when Hector is around because that's absolutely the only topic of his conversations. There are two versions: how great it is to be gay and how hard it is to be gay. If you get him mad you might get to hear the third and dreaded "you don't respect my gayness" speech. Expect voting on your expulsion from the house shortly after you hear that one.

The kook.

Victoria - Victoria is the show's frontline hottie. Any time the group goes out in public you can expect her to flirt with guys, girls, or a combination of the two. She's angling for fame almost as hard as Gunk but at least her propensity to climb into the shower with a girl and giggle and smack lips is more entertaining. Woe betide anyone who besmirches her slut honor though, she'll turn on you like a weather vane in a tornado.

Maria - Maria is the older woman. She could have been a house mother of sorts or at least a more mature sex object. Instead she disappears into the background and lazes through all of the contests. The producers would probably like for her to be kicked off the show because she doesn't play well with their demographic, but she's so infuriatingly inoffensive.

You - Whether you've become the target of one of Rissa's Stalinist purges or you've managed to step on the curled elf-toes of Hector you're on the skids. The current in the house has turned against you and it's only a matter of time until one of your innocuous statements or actions is intentionally misread as threatening or horribly insensitive. Then the council of seers will convene and scry your ratings future. The producers will decide that the drama of you getting kicked off would be a huge ratings boon so it's time to preempt them. Go out with a real bang.

Now that you've decided to stop waiting for the other shoe to drop we can move forward with your plans for creating an exit so memorable that the heavens of reality television will quake. The easy thing to do would obviously be to just commit some horrible crime against another cast member.

These include but are not limited to:

The slut.

- Drug Gunk, cut off his hands and feet, and then sew them back on backwards.
- Beat Pacey unconscious with a bat and then defecate on her chest. She'll still probably sleep with you.
- Convince Victoria that she's going for a lingerie shoot for Playboy and then drive her into the desert, shackle her to a rock, cover her with chunks of meat, and then drive off. Watch from a nearby mesa as she is devoured by coyotes.
- Go bungee jumping with Bruce and use throwing stars to sever his bungee before it fully extends.
- Contact a local fundamentalist church and convince them that Hector is your son and that he needs to be cured of homosexuality. Knock him unconscious by slipping some drugs into his coconut rum and then drive him to the church's walled compound.
- Find out where Maria really lives and crucify her pets to burning crosses in her front yard.
- Methodically sell all of Rissa's material possessions on ebay and then send Rissa-addressed sex offender notices to everyone in her home town warning that she will soon be moving back to the old neighborhood.

Committing blatant crimes will be sure to get you kicked out of the house in style, but it's also the lazy way off the show. On top of being famous you'll also probably serve time in prison, which has the added detriment of costing you the profits of a book deal. Your goal should be to do something as dramatic and inflammatory as possible without actually breaking any obvious laws. You should come up with your own solution to this problem but I'm happy to offer a few suggestions.

- Buy a thousand-sheet ream of paper and print out 1000 copies of the word CUNT in giant text. Cover all walls of this house with these sheets of paper. Fill garbage bags with pudding, Jello, or technical animal fat and place these in the beds of your various housemates. Feel free to write nice messages like "BURN IN HELL" or "EAT A FAT DICK" on sheets of paper that you tape to the garbage bags.
- Send an anonymous letter to every girl in the house that reads "I know about your abortion" with instructions to meet at a specified public location or else you will talk to the media. When one of them (maybe more than one) shows up at the specified address have your friends rush them carrying anti-abortion signs while you snap pictures from concealment as the tears roll. Follow up with bloody baby doll toys dropped periodically into the toilet in the girl's bathroom.
- Late at night sneak into the kitchen and place every single thing inside of the refrigerator into individual plastic containers. Every following night replace the plastic containers if they are removed and then add increasing layers of plastic containers. Once this reaches the maximum depth of plastic containers you should begin placing individual forks, knives, and spoons into similar containers. Wrap all dishes and glasses in plastic wrap, wax paper, and then aluminum foil. Seal that in wood wax and fill the cavities up with Lucite. Never explain yourself and never get caught by fellow cast members.
- Wait for one of the female cast members to get really drunk at a party or club. When she goes to bed sneak into her bedroom, take off your clothes, and slip into bed next to her. Go to sleep. Never actually confirm or deny having sex with her but act really happy and whenever someone asks why you're in such a good mood tell them to ask the

female cast member. After a week or so of this call a house meeting and announce that you have herpes.

As you move ahead with your plans to depart in dramatic fashion the only thing you really need to worry about is getting whisked away and edited out of the show to cover up the drama. To counteract this you need to make sure that you are visible in the background on camera in nearly every single taped scene. This will require intensive concentration and focus, but it will be worth it for your departure from the show makes Entertainment Tonight as the top story.

Det. Stiv Gonzalez

Why hello there, podner! How about you hitch up the old mare for a while and set a spell to read some Daily Dirt.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.3 I've Got The Bigfoot Blues

Tuesday, May 03, 2005 by by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

I surveyed my canvas. The elaborate collage of autopsy photos reflected hours of hard work scouring the darkest corners of the internet. My plan was simple: create a conflict between those who would be offended by the piece and those who would say its offensiveness gave it merit as powerful, thought-provoking art. A conflict would mean publicity. I would grab the key from Fortuna's golden chain and unlock a limitless realm of possibilities where fame and fortune awaited me.

I was in a forest. Not one of those New Hampshire forests that looked like mother nature threw up, but a lush primeval forest rendered in beautiful shades of amber. I was 18 and the red ninja I loved wouldn't even give the time of day to a lowly blue ninja like myself. I wasn't wearing any pants. I didn't need any. The sin of my forbidden lust was enough to keep me warm.

"What's patriot day?" my mom said. "And why are you dressed in red white and blue? Oh my God, are those gang colors?"

I decided to celebrate patriot day by visiting patriotic tourist trap, America's Stonehenge. Hey Britain, my country's Stonehenge has a nature trail and gift shop, so I guess what I'm saying is we win.

I browsed the internet. Once again I had to burn sage to dispel the negative energy generated by your writing. When will you show me your other side? The side that's as compassionate as this side is venomous. We need to tear down these steeples before they become dark spires of obsession.

I read Pitchfork Media's latest dissertation on how Trent Reznor is the antichrist. As a slight aside, my open letter to Pitchfork Media is as follows: please write something I can understand without a hipster to english dictionary. It's funny how the most insipid, clichéd Nine Inch Nails lyrics are always the most truthful. My first bondage experience needed a soundtrack. Thanks, NIN.

The strogg enforcer's head was gone. The painter realizes that along with his artistic talent there also comes an aesthetic duty to please the audience. To create something they can take comfort in if only because it shows them that their feelings aren't the only ones of their kind. The decapitation of the enforcer was my masterpiece.

The opening notes of the Quake 2 theme fell flatter with each passing year. The life of a Quake 2 mapper was not recommended for those with a low threshold of lonely. I had a Quake 2 desktop background. Like my taste in dresses I knew that my desktop background would become more understated and subdued as I grew older.

"What are you laughing at?" I said to someone at the mall. "I'd so give you the Italian scissors kick except I promised the person who taught it to me that I'd only use it battling the undead."

"Yeah, today's your lucky day, dirtbag." C said, holding her thumb and index finger half an inch apart to indicate that the man was that close to suffering my wrath.

When cultural firebrand Chuck Palahniuk said "You are not your fucking khakis." he should've

appended it with "...but you are your fucking dress." Cross dressing was my one passion in a world that love forgot. I had spent the afternoon at Victoria's Secret looking for panties that were sleek and elegant yet strong enough for my active lifestyle. When I got home my Nine Inch Nails bittorrent had finished downloading. I left the torrent open as a victory bonfire.

"What safety checks should be performed before activating the power loader?" question 10 of the exam read. I scanned my memory. There had been a thousand sperm gathered around an egg like the Greek army storming the gates of Troy. No, that was too far back. I thought of her again. It wasn't fair that she had to be in that stasis tube surrounded by government scientists who totally didn't notice her amber eyes, flowing hair, and radiant smile. Every aspect of her being filled me with an indescribable joy that made me want to high five the world.

I listened to a cd on my way to work. Dear southern rock legends Molly Hatchet, how exactly would I go about flirting with disaster? I mean it's not like I actually want a disaster. I just want to briefly dabble in disaster brinksmanship. Mcdonalds appeared on the horizon, its golden arches a crucifix for my happy. I didn't mind looking at the Mcdonalds customers and seeing mindless zombies. It was the thought of them as conscious beings seeing the world through eyes not my own that terrified me.

Most of the girls in the dormitory had retired to their rooms for the night. Now the vibrators could be heard, their tiny motors buzzing and chirping in heavenly chorus. Tell me again how you wish we were back in college. Tell me how much happier we were when life was just piss in one bag, shit in another. To be 18 was to know that every night the sun would set behind a jagged skyline of childish angst and frivolous vanity.

"Oh, if you're wondering why you can't feel your legs it's because I gave you a large dose of hydrocodone." Hironobu Sakaguchi said. "I've found that without it my victims tend to go into shock, which totally ruins the session for me."

"Actually I can feel my legs." I said. "Also these straps aren't very tight. Uh yeah, I'm going to leave now."

No amount of pancake makeup could hide the fact that goths were essentially trenchcoat-clad cousins of the people who picked on me in high school. Still, I wanted to go to the club if only to see how badly I'd get my ass kicked for wearing a post-1992 NIN t-shirt. I was wearing my pink rubber spiked bracelet. My pink rubber spiked bracelet was the manifesto of a tentative, halfhearted rebellion, like a brick thrown through a window with an apology note attached.

Hey my dad's girlfriend, last night I dreamed I was you. I dreamed I lived in a tight little world where bulleted lists of goals encapsulated each day. How art thou, Mrs. chairman of the board? Mrs. my résumé has two accent agues so you know it's professional. Oh my dad's girlfriend, your voice is a cruel November wind blowing across the fall of the roman empire.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

5.4 Innerspace Commerce

Wednesday, May 04, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Cash Money Super Star

Most people agree that capitalism is the cornerstone of our modern crazy world. The pursuit of profit is what carries us forward into new frontiers, from deep space to the atoms comprising a human fart. But is it right that the roads to these new frontiers are paved by greed? Is it right to open new doors, but only for the purpose of making money? And what's in that goddamn hatch on the island in "Lost" anyway? Is it baby chickens? It better not be baby chickens. As the walls of mystery are torn down by the pickaxes of scientific understanding, we are increasingly finding these brave new lands to be nothing more than investment opportunities for corporations. We face an uncertain future with unchecked capitalism. Greed can only carry us so far, and at some point we will have to start thinking in a more altruistic manner.

Knee-jerk defenders of capitalism are quick to label doubters as "communists," "un-American," or, God forbid, "Canadians." In all cases, they are wrong. There are more than just extremes out there. Besides, communism as it was envisioned has some noble elements, even though communism as it was executed was a true experiment in terror not unlike finding a human finger in your fast food. Actually, scratch that, it was completely unlike finding a human finger in your fast food. Unless you mean symbolically, in which case the finger as a symbol for personal wealth might end up in your fast food, which of course represents... Ah screw it!

Ultimately, though, human beings are simply not decent enough to handle the better ideas of communism at this point in time without making a mess of things. Maybe in the beautiful future full of Rubenesque robots and laser-guided abortions, but for now we are too dumb. Besides, there is too much fanaticism associated with capitalism. Rooting for an economic and social system in the same way some people root for sports teams is a bit insane, if you ask me, but I understand the reasons. People want to make money and don't want anything to stop them from making money. They also fear change, because they've been taught to associate everything else with socialism or communism, and thus supporting people that don't work as hard as them. Truth be told, there are alternatives and compromises to both capitalism and communism that can be grasped safely within our lifetime.

I think capitalism, with restrictions, is fine in the short term, but I don't think it will work forever. Too much consumption and not enough conservation are bound to dry up resources, especially if we limit ourselves to the resources of this world. There are vast untapped vespene geysers out there in space just waiting to be plundered, but our short-term thinking will never get us off this planet. Somewhere and at some point we're going to have to stop being like this and move on to better things. Maybe that's when we'll all collectively don silver jumpsuits and have space races for charity. Sort of like walkathons for cancer, but only this time we'll be raising arbitrary credits to build moon orphanages or get Crater High School a new agrocrag activity center. The truth is that the race will have just been for fun, since everything will be built by gigantic nanobots that don't need anything more than the virgin blood that fuels them.

I don't want you to get the wrong idea about me. I'm no hippy. I burn massive amounts of Styrofoam in my backyard for sport, throw bags of cans out of my car window at school children, and I often tip the homeless with my fists. But even I can say that this sort of living is eventually going to come back to haunt me the form of a violent intervention or a wayward meteorite to the face. What I'm saying is that, sooner or later, we'll all have to grow up before we get to the point we're paying for

oxygen or the right to exist.

There is a solution that can be integrated relatively soon. What I'm proposing is that we simply replace money with parasites. Yes, parasites. Hear me out here, because this is just crazy enough to work. They come in all shapes and sizes, some with short lives and some with long lives, and therefore work as the ideal currency in an economic system. We just have to assign values to each type of parasite, based on their scarcity, health effects, lifespan, and how communicable they are.

> **Pros:** no more overwhelming greed, people must share the wealth or risk dying, promotes "Culture of Life" by making us hosts to a variety of living beings. Natural and ecologically sound.
>
> **Cons:** none that I can think of!

There are many parallels between the life cycles of parasites and certain aspects of economics. For example, is the gestation and spawning of a botfly really that different from an individual retirement account blooming into a tidy sum of money over the years? Not at all. Your savings account may be active for a long period of time, just as the tapeworm can grow to be 15 to 20 feet inside your intestines. Let me also tell you this: your intestines are safer than any bank, because no one will ever rob them.

Money in the bank!

The way I see this system working is thus: ectoparasites will act as "cash in your wallet," while endoparasites will represent "money in the bank." Ectoparasites, such as fleas and lice, are easy to carry on your person and transmit to others in the same way a wad of cash is easy to transfer to others. Every now and then you may need to draw on more extensive cash reserves, and that's where the endoparasitic friends in your intestines come in. I'm not sure about transferring those yet, but I imagine it could get pretty messy. But then again, when you think about it, our current form of capitalism gets pretty messy too, what with hostile takeovers and bankruptcies. So really, possibly having to expose someone to your infected feces shouldn't be seen as a deterrent. Besides, in this system no one can be "too rich" without being horribly ill. No more giant monopolies or poor people. Everyone has a fair shot at getting parasites.

Imagine the more intimate financial transactions of a parasite economy. Gone are the days of simply handing someone a wad of cash, in are the days of brushing your flea-infested hair off onto another man's head. A common financial exchange might go something like this, "Hello, young whippersnapper! This root beer float will be two and a half roundworms!" At that point parasites will be exchanged, or possibly left in the root beer mug for the shopkeeper to collect and save for later.

I'm still working out some of the basics, as transferring certain parasites can be rather unhygienic. This shouldn't discredit the system, since there are most certainly safe and healthy workarounds. Even still, sometimes you just have to get dirty. There is a term for such dirty business, after all. It's called "dirty business." We just have to take a little (but not too much) time and figure this all out. But the sooner we get our bodies loaded with parasites, the sooner we can start saving for a better tomorrow.

■ DAYS OF DIRT

Stop on by for your requisite dosage of Daily Dirt! BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH!!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.5 Gnome Apocalypse 2005

Thursday, May 05, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Greetings fellow gnomaholics. It's about that time when I give you, customer, your yearly gnome news from the deep patches of forest grove on the Sunnytyme Frolixo Ranch in northern Michigan. Not only do I feel that it is my humble duty to be the harbinger of gnome forecasts, whether good or ill, but it gives me great pleasure to do so since most of society is ignorant of gnome dealings and, in some circles, I could even be considered an outcast. My neighbors are lumpy, ugly brutes who toss empty Papst Blue Ribbon cans at my head while I am pondering my detailed gnome placements in the garden, as well as hurl crude insults at my person, such as "gnome fag", or "gnome fucker". This is very distracting when I am trying to decide the very important choice of gnome placement, and for the record, I have never fucked a gnome. I once French-kissed a gnome, but I'd had two Zima's and was totally buzzed at the time.

That's why I love you so dearly, my Internet flock. You are educated and enlightened, and as such can appreciate the spiritual healing that gnome lore can provide. In the past two years, I have provided a detailed expose on the new styles of gnomes coming out, but this year I am going to go back to my roots. This year is all about the age old arcane secrets of gnome placement. A top of the line gnome is worthless unless the master has the knowledge to place the gnome in a spot that is not only stylish, but harnesses the natural energy of the gnome, letting the Chi flow evenly around your house and protect you from ghosts and mummies. If you try to do this without my help, your life will be forfeit, and all your possessions will come under my ownership. There is no backing out now, you're in too deep.

Home on the Range

This is a classic gnome placement that has a Midwestern sensibility as well as a minimalistic charm that hits you right in the breadbasket. It is one of the most basic placements, but this shouldn't lull you into a false sense of security or over confidence. It still takes a lot of skill and know-how to successfully pull off a gnome placement that not only protects its owner with magic but brings a lawn alive. Any fool can slap a gnome on a lawn and call it a placement, but it takes true talent and wisdom to do it correctly. The lawn is the blank canvas, yours to manipulate to your liking. With the "Home on the Range" placement, you can place the gnome out in the open on a lawn for all to see. This can be considered a greeting or a warning, depending on your sexual preference, skin color, or creed.

The Secret Garden

This placement is the opposite of the "Home on the Range", but can be just as powerful if done correctly. You know the saying "a hidden gnome is a happy gnome"? Well even if you haven't, this is a placement that will not only protect your garden from hungry weasels, but give it that avant garde style that will be the envy of the neighborhood. It was created in Asia, home of the sneaky ninja who were fond of throwing shurikens at enemies from their hiding places. After you complete a "secret garden" placement, make sure you announce your presence before walking into the garden or the gnome might throw a shuriken at you. I'm just kidding of course, gnomes are inanimate objects that do not come

to life and throw razor sharp throwing stars into your face. Or do they???

Daddy's Little Dancer

Gnomes are commonly placed on grass or soil, close to the earth where it can help protect and foster growth of your plant life. This placement is more for human interaction and is meant for sidewalks, porches, or dark alleys. Owners who have money or credit problems and need help from the magical fairie folk will find this placement the most useful. If you place the gnome in high traffic areas, it is possible to reap windfalls of cash as the passers by feel inclined to drop a bit of copper in the gnome's tip hat. Just don't get too greedy and place dozens of gnomes around the sidewalks of your neighborhood. This will drive the community to poverty and in time they will become dangerous slums. I learned this the hard way with Detroit.

The Goulie

I personally do not care for this foul gnome placement, but it's my job to inform you of what's new and this one is really getting popular with the younger crowd of gnome enthusiasts. Xtreme gnoming is becoming a bona-fide sport, just like skateboarding and rollerblading has. To me this is bastardizing a fine art just to sell some Mountain Dew, but I can't stop the wheels of progress, no matter how damaging it may be. The Goulie is when you place a gnome in a toilet and flush it, making the gnome spin with the water current. Not only is this "gnarly", or "radical", but it is supposed to help with your bowel movements and colon health. Be prepared to call a plumber and try to explain how you got a gnome lodged in your pipes.

Saturday Night Special

The only way I can discribe this is the "quick and dirty" placement. This is for people who are in a rush and have no time to ponder the details that the other placements require. Many suburbanites who have full-time jobs, houses to take care of, driving their children to soccer practice, affairs, drug addictions, and pets have no time for such minute details of placing their gnome. When I drive through these nice neighborhoods, I see them tossed to and fro about the yards like hunks of garbage. This really infuriates me and I end up returning at night to set their houses on fire to teach them a lesson about love and life. Do yourself a favor and put some time into this process, unless you want to end up a charred corpse in my basement.

Dirty Dancing

The cult classic movie starring a hunky Patrick Swayze is still making waves in American culture, even the gnome industry. On the 10th anniversy of the movie, housewives everywhere created the "Dirty Dancing" gnome placement that featured two gnomes demostrating their carnal dancing desires for all to see. This one is a treat for the senses, but it is a little "blue" so you might want to cover your children's eyes when driving by. Check your local obscenity ordinances before you do this one or you could land up in the pokey. The savages don't understand real art.

The Bill Fillmaff

This is another one I don't care for, but it is quickly becoming a fan favorite. Poker legend Bill Fillmaff is taking the Internet by storm with his new website and videos detailing how to become a poker ace without even trying. This combined with the huge resurgence of Texas Hold 'em has crossed over into the gnome culture and now it is common to see gnomes playing cards with each other for huge sums of money. Unlike the "Daddy's Little Dancer", this placement will most likely lose you money as you pit your gnome vs. your neighbor's in heads-up battles for the big pot. Gnome poker is the next big thing and will be featured in Las Vegas very soon, mark my words. I sent this update to Bill but he only responded by saying, "I don't have time for these childish games and riddles. I am Bill Fillmaff, a poker legend. You are scum." What a card.

Well I hope you enjoyed this year's gnome news. Alas 2005 might be the last year for this since the gnome reasearch center at the Sunnytyme Frolixo Ranch has recently exploded in mysterious circumstances. The ATF and FBI have been visiting the ranch over the past couple years inquiring about illegal explosives, and with the ludicrous claim that the ranch was a training facility for Michigan Militia members. This was nothing but a federal witch-hunt, and my fellow camo-wearing gnome enthusiasts are protected under the 1st Amendment to bear deadly assault rifles to their heart's content. Now that any potential evidence (that didn't exist anyway) has been vaporized, I will be moving the Sunnytyme Frolixo Ranch to Montana where a man can plot in peace. God bless this mess. See you next week!

I'm a Dirty Bird

This week I will tell you guys all the inside gossip from the Something Awful HQ in the North Pole. Spokker Jones was eaten by a polar bear so his spot is being divided up by Fragmaster and the eskimos, and Lowtax is pregnant with a baby seal. Read all about it!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

5.6 Dreamytime Slumberland: The Trouble with Red Raccoon (Part 1)

Friday, May 06, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Something dreadfully noisy is afoot in the quiet gingerbread town of Cinnamon Meadows. I am awakened by the most awful screaming and I am pulled unwilling from my restful dream-within-dream of puppies playing gently with little baby ducks. I dash from my bed and run to the window of my floating castle that looks down upon Bumblechase Square.

"What goes on down there?" I shout with concern.

The mayor looks up and regards me with distress.

"Red Raccoon is on the loose again! He's tearing through kitchens and eating all the sugar!" The mayor cries.

Without hesitation I leap from the window and light atop a downy cloud that chuckles and shakes. I instruct the cumulous to convey me down to Bumblechase Square so that I might converse more fully with the mayor. The cloud coos like a tot but seems to understand. With the sound of a slide whistle it droops down into the square and I hop easily off amid the sighing tallgrass and vanilla-scented bumbleflowers.

I push my way politely through the crowd of concerned citizens and giggling children towards the mayor who has climbed on top of a wooden bench to make himself heard.

"Calm now citizens!" The mayor shouts with a forced smile. "All will be well in Cinnamon Meadows."

"Who is this Red Raccoon?" I ask.

"Ah, I forget myself! You are new to Cinnamon Meadows." The mayor doffs his velveteen cap. "Once per year Red Raccoon appears in our midst to raid our larders, tear apart our carefully arrange bedclothes, and generally run amok in the most unruly of fashions."

Just then a red shape streaks through the square knocking over townsfolk who curse distressingly with epithets as harsh as "dallywhipped!" and "bugaboo!" Truly Red Raccoon has created an uncommonly unpleasant situation in Cinnamon Meadows. Before any brave souls can grab onto his speed-blurred tail or smash in his head with a broom Red Raccoon disappears into the mayor's house and begins crashing around. The mayor's voluptuous wife emerges immediately, red-faced and clad only in bedpants and nightshirt. She spies the crowd who are guffawing at her expense and climbs inside a barrel for modesty's sake.

"Get that waddle-wicked raccoon out of my house!" She squeals with her head poking out of the barrel.

There is a gasp at such a strong curse word and parents clap their hands over the ears of their children as even worse is shouted by the mayor's wife.

"I will stop Red Raccoon!" I declare to the mayor.

"Your warriorly spirit is much appreciated young man, but Red Raccoon can only be frightened off with Tam O'Sham's Tambourine." The mayor strokes his chin. "Were it so simple I would jangle the tambourine myself, but long ago that particular tambourine was taken by the horrible ogre Rumplesniffs."

"I will get it from him then!"

Upon hearing this some of the nearby townsfolk laugh at my naïveté.

"Even if you were so bold that you could slay the ogre Rumplesniffs he lives inside a magical cave protected by barriers of impossible wizardry. No one even knows how to get there." The mayor explains without a hint of condescension. "No, it is a fool's errand. My boy, the best thing to do is go up to your castle and hope that Red Raccoon can discover no way to reach your pantry."

"I know the way to Rumplesniffs' cave." The declaration is made in a voice both deep and sleepy.

It is Realtor Lion, awakened from one of his many naps by the ruckus of Red Raccoon.

"I can lead the boy there, if I must."

"You must!" I reply. "Make ready noble lion, for we will put a stop to Red Raccoon's mayhem before the whole town is in shambles!"

Moments later the lion is ready. He has unfurled his umbrella to shade us as we walk south towards the foreboding candy-cane mountains of Noggoth-Shaar. They soar high into the sky on the horizon, their red and white stripes sprinkled with powdery sugarsnow and dotted by the giant ant-goats that scavenge there for food.

Our journey takes us first through the flatlands of Manachem's Mirth and we follow the well-worn trail of the friendly orange sorghum snakes that live there. From time to time the helpful snakes emerge from their warrens to offer us food and drink, but the lion turns them away. I ask him why and he politely explains that all the things sorghum snakes eat and drink taste very bad and some are even poisonous. They are trying to be helpful but they do not understand the dangers of their offerings. I say that perhaps we should accept what they offer so as not to hurt their feelings and the lion sighs and agrees. By the time we have left Manachem's Mirth I am carrying a satchel full to bursting with stingberry pastries, whiptree rootbeer, and black toad jerky.

These poisonous treats become more and more attractive as our journey takes us through the barren desert of Ghost Indian Plaza. For miles and miles we walk through the trackless waste of sun-bleached salt clay. Great lakes of fresh water shimmer in the distance only to be revealed as yet another baked clay expanse as we draw near. Just when I feel certain I will die in this inhospitable place I spy an oasis on the horizon that can only be real. Brightly colored tents are shaded by soaring palm trees and a beautiful burbling fountain sprays glittery water high into the sky. I veer our course towards this respite and though the lion objects I am too weary and footsore to hear what he says.

"Hello there!" I call as we approach the tents.

No one answers. I head to the largest of the tents and peer inside.

The interior of the tent seems much larger than would be possible and it is resplendent with hanging frills and bundles of dreamy incense. Guttering sweetoil lamps hooded with brass-stamped patterns make glowing starry shapes on the walls and ceiling. The floor is absolutely covered with all shapes

and sizes of silken pillows embroidered with comforting symbols in gold thread. In the middle of the tent is a strange apparatus consisting of a circular trough of flowing fresh water, bins and dishes filled with fruits, savory meats, bite-sized exotic pastries and sandwiches, and carafes of honey-colored wine. At the center of this apparatus is a bulging asymmetrical cylinder-shape. Eight thick golden hoses tipped with narrow mouthpieces emerge from this.

"It is a hookah." The lion shakes the dust from his umbrella and ducks inside the tent. "We should leave. This place is bad."

"Nonsense!" I reply.

Before the lion can stop me I set upon the device, tearing up great handfuls of succulent delights and cramming them into my mouth. Three whole carafes of chilled mead disappear down my gullet. It is all so wonderful and delicious that I do not even notice the lion leave the tent. I am lost in gluttony, packing my belly full and then willing even more food into my stomach. By the time I take up one of the hoses of the hookah I am nearly in a daze of hedonism. The spicy smoke fills my lungs and my already half-forgotten troubles drift away. I sleepily fall back onto the pillows with a contented smile on my face.

Sonorous music begins to fill the air and I am dimly aware of three beautiful women clad in the glittering and revealing dress of belly dancers undulate their way into the tent. Their rolling hips and bejeweled bellies are mesmeric and I do not think to question their arrival. Their rhythmic dance brings them closer and closer and I am tingling with anticipation of a fleeting kiss from their veiled lips. I detect a strange earthy musk but I put it aside. One of them sways to within a few feet of me and I can smell her like a field after a rain storm.

The trance is only broken when Realtor Lion steps into the tent and with boredom that borders on mania, lazily swings a tree branch at one of them. All three beautiful women are instantly transformed into hideous giant worms with grotesque shimmering chitin heads and fleshy pale yellow segment. They hiss and spit at Realtor Lion but he drives them out of the tent with the tree branch.

"Nightmare worms," he explains as he lifts me to my feet. "A dream of pleasure becomes an endless inescapable nightmare."

"Were they going to eat me?" I ask as we hurry away from the camp.

"Not exactly." He sighs as he realizes that he has to explain them to me. "They cocoon you and then feed on your nightmares. I found their burrow nearby and I ate all of their children so that I am fed and full as well."

"You ate their children?!"

"Yes, horrible things, but quite delicious."

The happy smile and wink of the sun high above us seems incongruous as we make our way into the dreary Foothills of Unfriendliness. Fog begins to gather and conceal the benevolent gaze of the unsetting sun and the lion repeatedly pulls me away from moats of tar concealed in the scratchgrass. He tut-tuts when I lose a shoe to one of these tarry traps but I simply imagine another shoe to replace it. I would imagine a means to convey us but here, so far from my happy subconscious, my abilities to control the dream are all but lost.

The deeper we go into the unusually boggy hills the more unfriendly they become. Swarms of titterflies emerge from the scratchgrass and swirl around us, mocking us with tiny pixie-like voices and laughing cruelly at each of our missteps. Stinking and corpulent whale frogs hunch up out of the bogs and vomit vast slicks of stinking ambergris in our path. Even the trees, usually so reliably friendly and helpful, begin singing horrible songs that become stuck in our heads like "Highway to the Danger Zone" or that "ma-na ma-na" Muppet song.

It is a relief when we finally reach the candy-cane mountains of Noggoth-Shaar, but our journey does not get easier. Though less dreary than the Foothills of Unfriendliness, the mountains alternate unpleasantly between slick and sticky as we climb. The lion attempts to use his magical umbrella to lift us to safety but the winds howling around the mountains are so powerful that we are nearly dashed upon their sweet rocks.

The giant ant-goats further complicate our climb. They emerge suddenly from their colonies, bleating and huge, with wild goat eyes and bearded red shovel-shaped mandibles that they use to scoop up the powdery sweet snow. The ant-goats are not hostile to us, in fact they do not even seem to notice and all we can do is cling to candy outcrops as they rumble past us in great stampeding masses.

Near the summit of the third peak we come upon a huge iron door sealed by a strange letter and number combination lock.

"The first of three barriers." The lion points to the door. "It appears to be a math question."

The equation that we must solve is hewn in the stone above the door. It consists of a dizzying number of letters and numbers with all manner of arcane mathematical symbols thrown in for good measure. I stare at it for several minutes and shake my head with dismay.

"I wouldn't even know where to begin." I say glumly.

"I thought you might not," says the lion as he reaches into his coat and draws out a tin whistle.

"Toot-toot," goes the whistle.

A strange unfolding cloud of letters and numbers appears in our midst, growing larger and larger, until finally a man emerges from it. He is clad in a jeweled robe fringed with ermine and his mustache and beard are immense and golden. On the top of his head he wears an ornate crown carved with thousands of tiny numbers.

"Greetings to thee, the King of Maths is me." The King effuses in awkward rhyme. *"I am at your service, summoned by the whistle. Your tooting deserves this, no need for an epistle."*

"The King of Maths?" I ask in disbelief

The king hums for a few seconds, taps his foot, and then launches into a particularly fast song.

"A cat, a rat, a hat, a tree,
I see,
But none can match the maths of me!

I am an expert of all things number,
A builder of answers not houses of lumber,
And sometimes I use,
A letter or two,

Because my maths,
Are better than you!

So direct me to your problem,
Geometrical,
Fantastical,
Trigonometrical,
Or impossible!

My royal mind must have the answer,
Like a grand ballet must have a dancer!"

The lion sighs and settles back on his haunches. The king grins at me, his shoulders heaving with exertion and his eyes wide and excited.

"Uh," I gesture toward the problem carved in stone, "that's the one."

The king strokes his golden beard, paces back and forth, and jots notes in a notebook for the better part of an hour. At last he mutters to himself and pushes back his crown to scratch his head.

"It is the right of royal blood,
To call upon the lowly crud,
Who live and work within my towns,
And dare not greet the king with frowns!

My royal scepter ready I call,
All mathmagicians with the gall,
To answer this problem in my place,
Or face eternal exile and disgrace!"

The King of Maths waves his scepter in the air and with a puff of expanding numbers a dozen mathmagicians, who look for all intents and purposes like certified accountants, emerge onto the wind-driven peak. They bow deferentially to the king and immediately set to work on the task of solving the equation.

He Who Controls the Dirt Controls the Universe

Put the Dirt in there Pete, and turn it 'round real neat.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.7 Inactive Fiction

Saturday, May 07, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

You are sitting in a pirate's lap as he reads stories to you. The weathered book in dread pirate Jim Bagleaducia's hands has been opened to Bartleby the Scrivener, Herman Melville's exciting tale of a young office worker whose repeated use of the phrase "I would prefer not to" personifies our mortality and the failure of our best intentions. Bagleaducia's lap is comfortable, if a little piratey. Without warning, a lightning bolt crashes -

BZZZORT!

- and the world goes black. You find yourself lying prone on a cold and dusty floor made of stone. Upon standing up, a small chain hanging from above gently taps against the side of your face. You pull the chain, clicking a solitary uncovered light bulb to life. Its soft glow reveals that you are in a cramped and bare closet.

To the left a MIRROR hangs on the wall, and directly ahead of you is a DOOR.

>open door

You cannot open door.

>turn doorknob

You cannot turn doorknob.

>god damnit

There is no god.

>eat doorknob

You cannot eat doorknob.

>look in mirror

You look in the MIRROR and are surprised to see that the face looking back is not your own, but the face of Bartleby which you had envisioned in your mind's eye. Upon further study of your reflection, you realize that you are wearing a string around your neck with a KEY tied to it.

>use key on doorknob

It doesn't work that way.

>search pockets

In your pockets, you find a small bottle of GLUE and a commemorative ELVIS PLATE which is rather lovely.

>combine key and elvis plate

Using the GLUE as an adhesive (imagine that!), you attach your KEY to the ELVIS PLATE and create an ELVIS KEY PLATE. It hums softly with the dark whispering of a forbidden and long-forgotten magic.

>use elvis key plate on door

You press the ELVIS KEY PLATE against the DOOR entirely too hard, turning the ELVIS KEY PLATE into a pile of USELESS CRAP. The DOOR remains unchanged.

>get useless crap

I said it's useless. No.

>kill Batman

You killed Batman.

>oh shit, sorry

No problem. The psychic abilities which had laid innate within you before being unleashed in the psionic blast which senselessly killed Batman have now been depleted. You can no longer use them to escape this closet.

>exit game

You cannot exit game.

>sob uncontrollably

Someone wandering by the door happens to hear your sobbing.

"Hello? Is someone in there? My name is Jumpkick Jones and I'm a famous rock star/kung fu expert. I could use someone to make out with the surplus of hot groupies backstage at my concerts and to aid me on my action-packed lifelong quest to find the lost city of Atlantis and the treasures within, including a pair of relics which grant their holders eternal life. Just say the word and I'll open this door, beginning an incredible journey full of mystery, excitement, ninjas, laser guns, and sights that no man has ever seen. What do you say?"

Your dialogue options are:
- "I would prefer not to"
- Exit Game

>say "Yes! Get me out of here!"

Invalid response.

>Exit Game

You cannot exit game.

>eat universe

You cannot eat universe yet.

> say "I would prefer not to"

Jumpkick Jones leaves without a word, and in his trail you can make out the sounds of explosions, chainsaws, and the distinct *thwap* of ghosts being punched in the crotch.

>have abortion

You cannot have an abortion without your parents' consent.

>eat mirror

You cannot eat mirror.

>move mirror

Grunting as your muscles strain, you pry the mirror from the wall along with the nails which held it in place. Upon setting it aside, you find a HOLE in the wall where the MIRROR once hung.

Man-sized, this HOLE is a mere five feet long and opens upon a lawn of the lushest and most green grass you have ever seen. A butterfly lazily flutters past. After your eyes adjust to the sunlight, you are able make out a street running perpendicular to the building you're in and beyond the street lies a business front. The gigantic sign adorning the roof of the building reads "VAGINA YELLERS INC. - We yell 'vagina' for only $2!" in bold yellow letters upon a red background. Sweet sweet freedom and all the yelling that comes with it is only five feet away.

>crawl through hole

You cannot crawl through the HOLE. You might mess it up.

>seriously, crawl through hole

You cannot crawl through the HOLE. You might mess it up.

>scream for help

Every desperate scream you let loose is drowned out by a man yelling "VAGINA!" across the street. Business is booming for him, and you'll likely never be heard.

>eat hole

You eat the hole in one ravenous bite, leaving a perfectly solid wall in front of you. There is absolutely no way out of this room now.

>Exit Game

You cannot exit game.

>go to daily dirt intro

Illustrating your inability to create a satisfying ending once again, you end the article abruptly. You proceed to write cheesy one-liners to introduce the Daily Dirt and State Og, followed by an uninspired lambasting of the Awful Link Of The Day.

Daily Dirt

I hope you like your Daily Dirt extra boring, because I cooked up a big heaping plate of boring just for you and also for everyone else who clicks here.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.8 MTV True Life: I was a Turkish Djinn

Sunday, May 08, 2005 by Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

Istanbul, Turkey. A city of a thousand smells, sights, and sounds, most of them dizzyingly foul. A land where the bath houses are gay, and the Bosphorus Strait. Her treacherous streets are my home. Amid the cobblestone I eke out a tenuous existence, sharing my story with affluent tourists and merchants in exchange for a few liras to finance my only two vices: smoking opium and not starving to death in a crumpled heap on the side of the road.

Life wasn't always this perilous though. A common belief among Westerners is that, for the people of the Middle East who aren't oil magnates or royalty, life is always a day to day struggle, and true security is merely a dream that we stubbornly cling to. While that is certainly true without exception, I can remember a time not long ago when I was noticeably less malnourished.

My beats per minute never been the same.

The year was 1985. Wham!'s "Careless Whisper" topped the Billboard charts in America, enchanting listeners with its smoky saxophones and delicate melodies, and I toiled for 16 hours a day in a tin mine under inhumane conditions, making just enough money to cover the various salves, ointments and tinctures I needed to prevent the bullwhip lacerations (or as we called them, "verbal warnings") I had incurred on the job from becoming gangrenous. I was married to a frigid, revolting Sasquatch named Afet, who refused to cook and assaulted me regularly. It was a halcyon era for me. Unfortunately, like all good things, it was not to last.

The information age already had a firm foothold in the West, and it was spreading like the Spanish flu. Over the course of a single summer, Turkey had been transformed, and at the center of it all was Istanbul. Almost overnight, third generation tin miners like myself became obsolete. The tech sector was teeming with jobs. The tin mine was converted to an LED mine, and I was laid off. I plodded home with glassy eyes to break the news to my wife.

"You lost your job, didn't you?" She spat, before I could say a word.

I broke down. There was no hope. Everything I had worked my entire life for would have to be sold just to stave off the vultures for another agonizing day. My entire upper-lower class existence had been swept away in a single afternoon. Curried in my own grief, I collapsed on our cot. In a surprisingly accurate approximation of tenderness, she took a seat next to me, and grabbed my hand and squeezed it lightly. It felt like a tick-bitten sponge soaked in vegetable oil. Too devastated to gag, I absently squeezed back and actually did wind up gagging slightly.

"I knew this day would come. For the last six months, I have been seducing American businessmen, strangling them with box twine and hoarding their possessions."

She slid a box out from beneath the frame of our rickety cot and opened it to reveal a small fortune in watches, rings, and US currency. The clouds had lifted, and for the first time in what seemed like an hour and a half, there was hope.

I got up at 7am the next day to attend the stoning of my adulterous wife, and treated myself to a handful of dates as I listened to her gurgling pleas for mercy. After completing the paperwork which finalized the terms of our divorce, I took a cab to Istanbul's prestigious trade school, whose alumni include Barbara Eden and Robin Williams. I spent that afternoon undergoing a battery of vocational interest tests and a humiliating physical examination which determined that I should work towards my Associate Degree in either Sorcery or TV/VCR Repair. Fearing the strenuous

math requirements of the latter, I chose Sorcery.

The classes themselves were a breeze, and I was a prodigious study. After 18 months of memorizing incantations, spells, curses, and potions, I was shuffled out the door and set loose upon the world. Unfortunately, the job market for sorcerers was rockier than I had anticipated. Low on cash and desperate for employment, I applied for a summer internship at trendy sorcerer-staffed nightclub called "Djinn and Tonic's", and was accepted after a quick glance at my impressive credentials.

To answer your question, she majored in Nelson. Har.

A diligent employee, I was offered a permanent position with them after only two weeks. The work was easy, the pay was great, and I promptly accepted their offer. Before the ink on the contract had dried, I was imprisoned in an empty bottle of Wild Turkey, and placed on a shelf in the supply room, where I remained until being knocked on the ground by a careless stocker 9 years later. While adjusting to the shock of corporeality, I was greeted with a kick to the stomach by my manager.

"Didn't we fire you like seven years ago?" He bellowed.

Before I had time to react, I was being carried out into the street by two men with legs and arms like the granite columns of old Byzantium. All things considered, it was better than mining tin, I thought, as I brushed myself off and began walking home. When I arrived, my landlord drunkenly informed me that I had been evicted.

"Your belongings were placed in a storage unit downtown." He slurred. "You may collect them at your leisure, but I would not recommend it as I had them burned out of spite."

Homeless and friendless, I set out into the slums, and found a quiet alleyway near an open air market to cry myself to sleep in. It seemed my livelihood would now consist of performing parlor tricks and small miracles in exchange for table scraps.

The next morning I awoke with the crows and began soliciting my services. I was ignored by some and spat upon by most. The hope was draining from my face by the hour. By late afternoon, I was still penniless, desperate, and once again on the verge of curling up and surrendering myself to hunger. As I trudged dejectedly back into my filthy corner of the alley, the chattering throngs of shoppers fell silent, and a few gasped audibly. I turned to see what could have such an effect upon them, and the crowds parted to reveal him.

Wrapped in the finest linens and sporting an unimpeachable goatee, he was followed by an entourage of fragrant whores, stone-chested bodyguards, and unnecessary camels. He sauntered down the lumpy cobblestone road, pointedly avoiding eye contact with any of the peasants nervously milling about and speaking in hushed tones. A prince of some kind, I figured. Rare to see someone of his status in this district.

Delirious with hunger, I approached him. He halted the entourage with a flick of his hand, and stared me down.

"Nobility coming through. Clear the way you insolent parasite!" He commanded.

"Just give me one second, boss. I'm not like the rest of them. I have powers." He clenched his fist and raised his arm, as if to strike me for addressing him so familiarly. I flinched in anticipation, but the blow never came.

This is what my knee might have looked like if you were Superman or if you had one of those Sony ThongShot cameras.

"What can you do for me, urchin? I need an amulet for my ailing mother, and fresh radishes for a tasty stew I will be preparing tonight. Have you either of these things?"

"Not hardly, but how about three wishes for five dollars?"

He paused and reached into his pocket, pulling out a crisp, US five dollar bill and handing it to me.

"My first wish is to have my five dollars back." A wry smile crept over his face. His expression soon turned to disbelief however, as he reached into his pocket and pulled out ten shiny half dollars.

"One down, two to go, chief!" I gloated.

"My second wish..." He stroked his expertly groomed goatee and deliberated. "... is for you to be stripped of your powers. Goodbye." He said, as he smashed my brittle kneecap with the jeweled knob of his garish walking stick.

I gasped reflexively and collapsed like a hobbled veal calf. With a swish of his velvet cloak, he hopped effortlessly over my thin, writhing frame and continued on to the market.

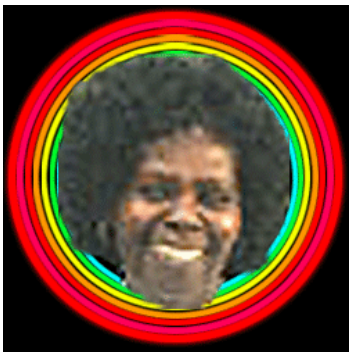
☐ You take those shoes off before you come inside

My goodness were you raised in a barn? What on Earth have you been doing out there your face is absolutely covered with DAILY DIRT!

-∼Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

5.9 Kenya Give a Girl a Break?

Monday, May 09, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Lucy Kibaki, COME ON DOWN!

Being the First Lady of Kenya is a pretty tough job. Kenya is a decent country by Africa's standards, but unfortunately for Lucy Kibaki Africa's standards for comparison are countries like Sudan or Sierra Leone that exist as cauldrons of HIV positive blood out of which machinegun bullets occasionally erupt. Lucy Kibaki is the wife of Kenya's president Mwai Kibaki. In addition to being president, Mwai is probably best known for getting in a near-fatal car accident and having a semi-public affair. Lucy Kibaki is the woman he was cheating on and she's best known for crusading against HIV and slapping the shit out of reporters. You see, Lucy has quite a temper and she blames the media for intruding on her and her husband's privacy much like George Clooney resents the paparazzi snapping photos of him picking a booger.

Good old Lucy isn't about to waste her time holding an indignant and slightly pathetic "I hate the press" press conference. She just lists the people in the media she hates and then has the security police escort her around so she can beat the shit out of them. She will beat the shit out of them even if they didn't say anything bad about her. I guess she just hates reporters that much.

> *President Mwai Kibaki's wife stormed into the offices of a Kenyan newspaper, slapped a cameraman and demanded to see the journalist who had written a story headlined "Shame of First Lady," witnesses said. [...] But she chose the wrong newspaper to complain to -- it was the rival Standard daily that printed the offending article, witnesses said.*

I have to confess that I am a huge fan of the more interesting characters produced by various African governments and Lucy Kibaki is right up there with the best. As an added bonus she does not have a history of mutilating or murdering people like many of the others. She's a family-safe sort of fun and in this crazy workaday world we need more heroines who eschew genital torture in favor of glove-slaps to reporters.

Once I heard about Mrs. Kibaki's latest rampage I immediately went onto Mugabebay – the only auction site dedicated exclusively to African government paraphernalia - to see what I could turn up. After a brief bidding war with "Krazy Leggs" I was able to win Mrs. Kibaki's diary for a mere 37 dollars.

Such a historic document was meant to be shared with the world and as soon as I received it I set to work transcribing every single entry that I felt was noteworthy. That turned out to be pretty much all of them so I sifted through my transcriptions and picked out the ones that might interest people who are somehow not absolutely fascinated with the minutiae of African government.

09-10-2001

My Liege,
It is good to have a diary to write in after all these years of tattooing my words of wisdom onto my inner thigh with an industrial laser. I hope to serve you well my paper master, for you shall drink deep of my teet of wisdom and I of your teet of college rule.
Love,
LUCY ^_^

Luggage? A dead body? The physical manifestation of Lucy's madness?

09-11-2001

Dearest Diary,
Today fire and pain came to the teaming glass and steel of New York City. Millions are dead from AIRPLANES, proving me right on suggesting my husband outlaw air travel in Kenya. This is a world stillborn to rot and ruin. This world is so corrupt.
Yours Always,
Lucy

09-24-2001

REMINDER: Only 100 shopping days left until the reign of man ends on earth. I've got to do my shopping to prepare for the uncorking and pouring out of the seventh vial. STOCK UP ON DIADEMS.
- Lucy

10-02-2001

TO: DIARY
RE: War of the Worlds
To Diary it May Concern,

I think the US of America is going to invade Afghanistan over that New York imbroglio. They keep showing these guys from that country called the Taliban on the news and one of them has a sweet eye patch. *PRETTY SERIOUS Q.T.* If he survives the invasion I will look into having him shipped here as my swarthy piratical manservant and I will name him Mercurio.
Thanks In Advance,
Mrs. Mercurio

10-16-2001
Quick note on Mercurio: I think he's dead from bombs. If not dead then at least rendered useless for the purposes I had intended him. President of America Bush isn't so bad though, he's got a nice smile and I can imagine riding him through the midnight clouds like a broomstick. I bet he has really strong hands from working on things in Texas like adobe huts and catapults. I just have to keep reminding myself that anyone can wear a dashing black turban and eyepatch.
Love,
Lucy

10-30-2001

We love you, Lucy! We also love your hair!

The ethnic slaughter in nearby Sudan can mean only one thing: Halloween is here! I convinced Mwai to let me hold an official government Monster Mash here in Kenya City. He doesn't like my mandatory parties but I don't like the way he puts his penis in other women so we both compromised. I won't drive over his manhood with my Mercedes and he won't stand in the way of my good time.
I'm going as the Wife of Frankenstein!
Happy Spooky Halloween My Dear Diary!
Muhahahaha is going to be there too!
Peace out Diary!

01-01-2002

Sorry it has been a long time since I have written in you diary but your screams as I set ink to your tender papers were disheartening me in my efforts. Right now I am very drunk because of the party we had to celebrate the end of yet another terrible year in our nation's tragic history of corruption and violence. Back before we recorded our history in blasphemous tablets of untold horrors such as yourself we were a very peaceful people. We lived in huts and burrows and came out to eat the delicious animals that grazed the wild grasslands of Kenya. Then the corrupting influences of the West came from the sky in the form of a Coca Cola bottle and though a noble tribesman attempted to throw the bottle off the end of the earth he ultimately failed because nothing can stand in the way of the nefarious octopus of capitalism. Back then we didn't even know what an octopus was because our people did not know what water was either because we lived off blood and the sun. We were so pure. Now we are all fat, lazy, evil, and full of AIDS because of America and Coca Cola. Delicious Coca Cola.
LucyLoo: TTFN Diary
** User Has Closed Diary and Put Down Pen

01-16-2002

Great news: I'm pregnant!

01-17-2002

Whoops! It's just more bot flies in my hoo-ha. That'll teach me to sleep on my head with my legs spread wide to the swarms of flies that gather on the bananas I stapled to the ceiling.

BRAINSTORM! "Bananas are good and good for you" can be the new health campaign here in Kenya and we can have that caption with a smiling face only the mouth of the face is a picture of my vagina with teeth in it. I mean different teeth like a smile not the ones that are just rattling around loose in there. Whoops, gotta go, my babies have an appointment with a boiled metal dentist's hook.

01-20-2002

Takumbe was rolling up his new character last night and he claimed he rolled four stats at 18. I need to make sure I watch him when he's rolling up his characters (ANOTHER Barbarian with 18 base strength SURPRISE!!!) I was going to dramatically tear his character sheet in half but Andrew and J.R. we're getting tired of waiting around and I was almost out of Sunkist so I just let him play with that.

Oh, also I imagined all this as part of a fever dream I had where I was a teenage white boy living in Michigan but I consider the line between dreams and reality so irrelevant that I recorded it as normal. Suck that one down you solipsist fucks.

14-14-2003

Dr. Irvenghast's machine has gone out of control and is generating the twisted freak-clones at an astounding rate. My ammunition is holding out for now but I am afraid SYKE! Haha, got you again, Diary! You're so darn gullible. I could tell you that up was down and you would just sit there and let me scribe it indelibly across your thin leafy flesh. Grow a backbone it is very Un-Kenyan of you.
Sincerely,
Mixed Up in Upton

15-15-2015

TIMECAPSULE FOR THE DAY:
I love: Mwai
I hate: Mwai's girlfriends
I like: toffee
I dislike: coffee

IN THE NEWS TODAY: Bats Bet Bank on Belgium, The Red Rampage Continues in Delta City, Watermelon Grows World's Largest Boy, Hobbits Real Says Bible, New American Jet Can Go Faster Than Last New American Jet, Computers: Menace or Dennis?, Screendoor Removed From Polish Submarines and Now Crews Cannot Get Into Submarines. HOT MUSIC OF THE TIMES: "Buffaloo Ricky and the Dime Store Detective" by Britney Spears, "JESUS WEPT" by Creed, "50 Ways to Leave Your Lava" by Buffaloo Ricky, "Just Go Out the Back Jack" by No Need to Be Coy Roy, "Just Hop on the Bus Gus" by Don't Make a Fuss Muss, "Just Hop Into Pans Stans" by H.H. Howling Mad Horatio, and "The Star Spangled Banners" by American President Bush.

HOTTEST MOVIE: "Batman's Bolero"
HOTTEST BOOK: "The Crunch" by John Grisham
HOTTEST TEMPERATURE: 1,000 Kelvin in Lake Cook, Washington (America)
HOTTEST MODEL: T

That is all for this time capsule Diary. We may never meet again because I am burying this inside concrete for future generations and I probably won't be allowed to be a part of future generations because of INOPERABLE CANCERS. Thanks to their feudin' and fightin' with doctors I'll probably be dust in the wind when you are unveiled to the public in 3,800 AD. I just pray that mankind has the descency to wait to blow up the planet until 3,801.
Adieu, adieu, to you, just you, just you.

HERE THE UNDERSIGNED
Lucy

That's where the diary ends. There was a good deal of dirt in the pages so I assume at that point she buried it with little or no protection from the elements. I hope you have enjoyed this amazing journey through the private thoughts of Lucy Kibaki. I think the better we understand the people in power in various African nations the better we understand ourselves. Especially if we happen to be people in power in various African nations.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.10 SA Sports Corner: Red vs. Yellow Volleyball Matchup

Tuesday, May 10, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I recently had the unadulterated joy and good fortune to watch a couple teams of 11-year old girls attempt to summon up enough physical coordination necessary to play a game of volleyball. Before any disgusting, filthy thoughts cross your mind, no, it was not my suggestion to take part in such an event. My wife's brother's girlfriend's daughter was playing her final game of the year this Saturday, and since I didn't have enough energy to say "my wife's brother's girlfriend's children" repeatedly while arguing with her, I agreed to attend.

Now let me make one thing clear: I am not a volleyball expert. My knowledge of the subject is limited to the time I attended a Kansas City Royals baseball game and watched catcher John Buck attempt to bunt and fail terribly, instead causing the ball to bounce off his forearm and fly towards the pitcher. I was quite drunk that inning, so the entire event resembled a game of volleyball to my squinting, bloodshot eyes. I was additionally convinced at the time that the Royals' center fielder was running to escape a large rhesus monkey that somehow scrambled onto the field, so perhaps my professional sports analysis capabilities are questionable at best.

The matchup between the (something) team and the (something else) team was widely predicted by somebody to be one of the most important volleyball games for children of age 10-12 in the north Kansas City area, particularly in the 1:00 PM time slot and within a 20-foot radius of the school gymnasium where it took place. I wish I could remember the name of either teams who played, or the school they represented, or the names of any of the players or coaches, or the gym where the matchup occurred, but I don't think the press box provided us seasoned reporters with such information, and frankly I was too lazy to research it on my own. From this point on, I will simply refer to the yellow team as "Team Yellow" and the red team as "Team Red." Actually, that makes far too much sense, so I will call Team Yellow "The Cheshire Squids" and Team Red "Da Big Poppa Pumpdawgs." My wife's brother's girlfriend's daughter was on Da Big Poppa Pumpdawgs team, unless of course I don't remember correctly, in which case she was actually on The Cheshire Squids. It doesn't really matter too much at this point, since the skill level of all players was pretty much equally nonexistent.

WARMUPS

The Cheshire Squids seemed to really have their act together, taking part in all sorts of complex drills such as "running from a point to a completely different point" and the fan-favorite "jumping straight up, only to return back to the ground immediately afterwards." They had some fancy cheer where they all stuck their hands in a circle and started chanting something. I couldn't really understand what they said, but I suspect it was a Satanic spell to incapacitate their foes. I would've suspected such foul deeds from Da Big Poppa Pumpdawgs, but certainly not the Cheshire Squids! This really shows how cutthroat the world of 11-year old girls volleyball has become in this chaotic, grizzled post-9/11 world.

Speaking of Da Big Poppa Pumpdawgs, they seemed to be much less organized than their rivals, choosing to forsake warmups for something which resembled "aimlessly wandering around the court

and occasionally drinking Hi-C." Did you know that's how Barry Bonds used to warm up before his games? It's true! I read it in a sports almanac, cleverly disguised as the phrase "Mark's love wand slipped into Sandy's awaiting moist melon hole." Sports magazines are always trying to trick me with their eloquent writing and $59.95 price tag. The referee showed up at this point, and she appeared to be even younger than the girls playing. It must be fairly difficult to find experienced girls' volleyball referees in this chaotic, grizzled post-9/11 world.

One of the girls on team Cheshire Squid had a mess of curly, gnarled hair growing for her head, resembling some sort of creation that escaped from a radioactive salad spinner. I dubbed this girl "Hell Hair." "Go get the ball Hell Hair!" I would shout mid-game. None of the parents seemed to mind this, perhaps under the assumption I was calling somebody "Hellaire," which is a perfectly valid and acceptable first name these days, in comparison to the parents who name their children after cell phones and domestic automobiles. Hell Hair wasn't blessed with a very coherent reflex system, often failing to extend her arms towards the ball unless she suspected it was going to directly hit her in the face. I don't understand why that would concern the girl since her hair was perfectly capable of forming a thick protective membrane able to shield her from high velocity sniper rounds in this chaotic, grizzled post-9/11 world.

GAME 1

Da Big Poppa Pumpdawgs won the coin toss, which surprised me because I don't even remember there being a coin toss. I love coin tosses and am thinking about starting a website dedicated solely to documenting each and every coin toss result from each and every sporting event in the history of the world. I will name it "THIS WEBSITE SUCKS."

One of the more experienced Pumpdawgs, a girl who was easily seven feet tall and weighed more than an adult SUV, began the game by serving the ball into the upper stratosphere. She must've racked up 12 straight points during her reign of terror, sending white screaming banshees of pain across the net and into enemy territory. The Cheshire Squids had no idea how to respond, futilely swinging their limbs in the general direction of the ball like a drunk scarecrow hurling through a tsunami.

Eventually, after the 12th point or so, team Cheshire Squid somehow managed to get the ball back over the net, perhaps by having it ricochet off somebody's knee. Since the longest rally ever recorded in a 12-year old girl's volleyball tournament is currently tied at "one," Da Big Poppa Pumpdawgs were unable to reach the ball in time, watching it fall to the floor and cause the proverbial tables to turn. The Cheshire Squids were on the board, earning one point and tying the score at 1-12, if somehow the number 1 was equal to 12.

Like the prophecy featured in the hit Hollywood movie "The Prophecy," the Cheshire Squids began to fight back and reclaim their throne atop the early teenage girl volleyball circuit, serving up fireballs of white-hot athletic justice. Ball after ball began to fall, racking up an additional 20 points while Da Big Poppa Pumpdawgs repeatedly failed to respond. Their coach, a tremendously middle aged woman sporting facial wrinkles wide enough to conceal military all-terrain vehicles, called a time out in an attempt to slow down her team's demise into failure. The girls crowded around her and she gave some pep talk which I didn't personally hear, but I like to imagine involved repeated veiled threats to murder each and every girls' pets unless they agreed to actually hit the ball over the net once in her lifetime. Unfortunately, this plan failed and Da Big Poppa Pumpdawgs lost by four points, 25-21. The Las Vegas odds makers really cleaned house this match.

GAME 2

After five minutes and three points into this game, I still failed to realize that the teams had switched sides. Seriously, I was looking on the same side of the net and wondering where the big fat girl and Hell Hair had went, looking around to see if they simply decided to quit the game and take up a professional trucking career. It finally dawned on me that, after each game, the teams rotate sides, perhaps to make the game even if they are playing on a minefield or in a swamp where a rabid mummy rises from the ground every five minutes to pull a screaming, hapless victim to her early grave. Somehow my mind was able to look past the whole "one team is colored red and one team is colored yellow" aspect of the match, possibly due to lack of sufficient oxygen.

Unlike the previous game, Da Big Poppa Pumpdawgs decided to cut to the chase and begin losing early on, perhaps because by this point they had perfected the skill of not winning. In a stunning post-game interview I conducted with somebody named something from this team, I asked if they had ever won a game. "Yes, we won once," she replied in a tone of voice too oblivious to be insulted. "It was against a really bad team."

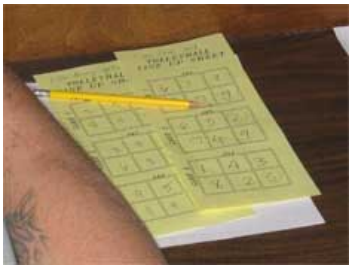
"Even worse than your team?" I asked.

"Yeah," she replied. "But not much worse." I tend to believe this claim since the only way a group of individuals could be considered "much worse" than this team would be if they had no arms or legs or heads and their entire body was composed of bubble wrap. Da Big Poppa Pumpdawgs continued to stink the joint up, occasionally lucking out and blindly connecting one of their limbs with the ball, only to watch it careen harmlessly off the wall or bleachers.

My wife's brother randomly shouted, "CALL THE BALL, GUYS!" despite the fact that nobody on team Big Poppa Pumpdawgs would ever, ever, ever under any circumstances call the ball unless there was a chance doing so would cause it to magically deflate and end the game so they could all go home and watch "Finding Nemo" for the gazillionth time. There was really no point to them calling it anyway; nine times out of ten the players just watched the ball slam into the ground in between each of them, every girl refusing to move close to it or approach in any way. Perhaps team Cheshire Squid spread a rumor before the game claiming the ball was infected with AIDS or, worse yet, cooties.

I don't remember the score at the end of game two, but I know the Cheshire Squids won by an overwhelming majority, perhaps as high as 400 to 2. There was one point in time where the Big Poppa Pumpdawgs seemed like they were going to catch up and overtake the Cheshire Squids, but I think that only occurred in Coach Divot Face's dream the night before. Ha ha, do you see what I did there? I insinuated the only time anybody thought the team was going to win was in her dreams. Team Rich Kyanka: 1, Team 12-Year Old Girls' Volleyball Team: 0.

GAME 3



The final game lasted approximately three minutes and was highlighted by a skinny girl falling over after her legs failed to support her attempt to move forward. Upon witnessing such a dramatic event, some of the people in the crowd produced a noise which resembled a cow giving birth, which is somewhat appropriate considering the fact that half the folks in the stands physically resembled pregnant cows.

After one serve from team Cheshire Squid, a player from Big Poppa Pumpdawg thrust her arms out and somehow successfully made contact with the ball, launching it back into the air and over the net. The rest of her team seemed so awestruck and amazed that they didn't know what to do. A short girl whose hair was cut by a monkey with garden shears looked at her coach as if to psychically ask, "what now?" The coach shouted something back along the lines of "CALL THE BALL!" and the girl seemed to innately know what her coach meant by such a cryptic phrase; she was commanding her to stare up at the ceiling and attempt to count the number of spider webs clinging from the rafters. This shrewd move allowed the Cheshire Squids to rack up about 10 additional points, although I don't think anybody even noticed it because half the people watching the game were talking to each other, and the other half left 10 minutes earlier, mistakenly convinced the game was already over.

Some really scary lady sitting in front of me began messing with one of those "20 Questions" portable jobs which pretends to read your mind and guess whatever you're thinking of, just as long as you make sure to think of something that it can guess. It's pretty neat in a "boy look what technology can do" kind of way, but also pretty depressing in a "boy look what technology is actually doing" kind of way. I think the scary woman fell victim to the machine's diabolical scheme, as after pressing either the "YES" or "NO" button 19 times, her mustache ruffled up into the air as wind whistled out from the cavernous gaps between her rotting, shattered teeth. The woman beside her, a beautiful tattoo reading "Ginger" in a really curly font on her neck, howled with glee as she realized the device accurately read her friend's cholesterol-packed mind. I personally could've invented a toy which accomplished the same thing; it'd be a rock with a piece of paper reading "DINNER" taped onto the bottom of it.

Eventually team Big Poppa Pumpdawg invariably lost, as they always do, thus ending the cycle of shame and disgust perpetuated every game they participate in. The Cheshire Squids grouped together in a tiny circle and laid their hands on top of each other and shouted something asinine like "YAY TEAMWORK!" or "HIP HIP HOORAY FOR THINGS!" at the top of their lungs, shortly before forming a line and giving high fives to the losing team. Youth sports encourage children to learn important things like teamwork and being a gracious winner to properly prepare them for the real world, where important things like teamwork and being a gracious winner will reward them with a long, wonderful life of stunning mediocrity.

The kids flocked outside the gym where they began eating Twizzlers and chocolate snack cakes, drinking Sunny Delight, and generally ingesting an entire convenience store full of crap. Hooray, congratulations on losing the game, girls! Here, eat some crap which has more calories than a pound of butter and will decrease your life span by at least a decade! Next time, if you win, we'll feed each and every one of you an entire wedding cake made out of lard and bacon!

All in all, it was a very thrilling game and a very fitting end to a year where the yellow team (or red

team, I get them confused) failed to win a majority of their games against non-decomposing teams. I eagerly anticipate next year's incantation of the Big Poppa Pumpdawgs, who will undoubtedly sweep whatever league they're in, perhaps by mastering the arcane Chinese art of "calling the ball" or even "remembering to use your arms to hit the volleyball when it approaches you." Look for my next column on ESPN, featuring special commentary from my wife's brother's girlfriend's daughter. CALL THE BALL!

■ Daily Dirt Which is Daily and Dirt

OH MY GOD CLICK HERE CLICK HERE CLICK HERE to read today's Daily Dirt, which contains a whole lot of rambling about SA's early history.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.11 Welcome to the DynaMars Corporation's Ares Station Update Service

Wednesday, May 11, 2005 by DynaMars Corporation Information Kiosk (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dynamars Corporation Information Kiosk series.

**Welcome to the Ares Station Update Service. This appears to be your first visit to an information kiosk. Please read each update in full.

**This kiosk is designed to keep you up-to-date on the latest developments pertinent to residents of the DynaMars Corporation's Ares Station, the premiere living and research colony on Mars. As a new resident of Ares Station, you are no doubt aware of past problems. DynaMars Corporation assures you that Ares Station is now 110% safe. However, it is still critical to keep up with the latest Ares Station news and events via information kiosks such as this one.

***** 05-15-2301 - New Entry**

The DynaMars Corporation is pleased to announce the grand reopening of Ares Station, the premiere Martian living and research colony! DynaMars is fully aware of Ares Station's checkered past, and is pleased to announce that the reopening is in full compliance with newly updated Interstellar Occupational Safety and Health Administration regulations, as well as with the DynaMars Corporation's strict commitment to excellence.

The newly restored Ares Station features completely tamper-proof support systems with multiple layers of redundant failsafe systems to ensure life and living continues unabated. All mission critical support personnel have undergone rigorous background checks, psychological aptitude tests, and extensive training. Many former Ares Station employees were quick to sign up for new contracts, and we insisted that each returning employee renew their existing space station management certifications. All non-critical support personnel have attended mandatory training seminars and demonstrate the utmost competence. In short, Ares Station is one of the safest places in outer space to live and work.

We are pleased to announce that DynaMars Corporation's partnership with the Hercules-Transmag-Bovine Corporation has resulted in an extensive new shopping complex and multi-screen cinema, located in the brand new Area 10. This partnership includes an exclusive contract to screen new movies to Ares Station residents before they are distributed to Earth and other outlying colonies!

Ares Station will also be maintaining its scientific edge, with a brand new Quantum Labs research facility and science team. Quantum Labs is poised to embark on an unprecedented journey through the world of the unknown, pioneering 24th century cures for wheat-related allergies.

***** 05-22-2301 - New Entry**

Cheers to all personnel for a successful week of problem free operation!

In honor of a job well done, you are all casually invited to screen the new Fox-Sonymount romantic comedy movie "The Creature From Earth" and offer your own valuable feedback to the producers. Afterwards, DynaMars Corporation, in partnership with the Vox-Tomaculum Corporation, is pleased to provide every station resident with a free voucher for a hamburger at the newly opened Olympus Monster Burger, located in the Area 10 Shopping Center Food Court, Junction 8A, across from the Area 10 Shopping Center Washroom Station C Entrance Corridor A.

Do not miss the screening, scheduled for 1900 on 05-23 in Area 10 Cineplex Theatre 7!

***** 05-24-2301 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation has received some discouraging comments from Fox-Sonymount in regards to the free screening of "The Creature From Earth." Aside from low attendance, many residents did not complete or fully complete feedback forms. Some residents went so far as to write sarcastic and derogatory comments. DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind all residents that feedback forms are not anonymous, and that you are accountable to Fox-Sonymount if your suggestions are implemented and fail to meet audience expectations.

***** 05-26-2301 - New Entry**

We have received scattered reports that pies are being stolen from the Area 3 Dining Hall. DynaMars Corporately was regrettably unaware that the Area 3 Dining Center was still in service. It has been shut down and the space is being leased to the Phobos Lifestyle Solutions Corporation. They have already expressed interest in opening a full service nail salon. From now on, all meals must be purchased from the Area 10 Shopping Center Food Court.

***** 06-01-2301 - New Entry**

Several residents have claimed sightings of "zombies" in the Area 10 Shopping Center. Although previous residents of Ares Stations did have minor difficulties related to zombie mismanagement, all life was extinguished prior to the latest Ares Station Reclamation Project. Nothing from the previous Ares Station mission survived. In short, DynaMars Corporation assures residents that there are no zombies on Ares Station.

The Area 10 Shopping Center is completely safe. Furthermore, it is vital that all residents contribute to the Ares Station economy by shopping regularly.

***** 06-03-2301 - New Entry**

You are invited to attend a community focus group addressing the lack of interest in the Area 10 Shopping Center. This focus group will be held at 1500 on 06-04 in the Area

4 Conference Hall. DynaMars Corporation is in negations with the Hercules-Transmag-Bovine Corporation to provide complementary beverages to all attendees.

***** 06-05-2301 - New Entry**

Ares Station Commanding Officer Adams wishes to remind residents that focus group attendance is important to the community. Because everyone who showed up refused to address the problems and instead chose to bicker about alleged paranormal happenings, a new meeting will be held 1500 on 06-08 in the Area 4 Conference Hall. Focus group participation is now **mandatory.**

***** 06-09-2301 - New Entry**

Ares Station Commanding Officer Adams is grateful all residents showed up for the scheduled focus group, however he was again disappointed by the lack of interest in supporting the waning Ares Station economy. Because of this, Ares Station Commanding Officer Adams has had to make some difficult decisions.

Due to the fact people seem to be avoiding the Area 10 Shopping Center for purely trivial and irrational reasons; DynaMars Corporation is forced to take drastic actions to protect not just the Ares Station economy, but also DynaMars Corporation's partnerships. All washrooms will be shut down, save for Area 10 Shopping Center Washroom Stations A, B, and C. The auxiliary Area 10 Shopping Center Washroom Station D will be brought online on a provisional basis to help accommodate the need.

Chief Sanitation Engineer Kirchner is anticipating heavy loads on Area 10 Shopping Center Washroom Stations, and DynaMars Corporation is allocating all the resources he needs to maintain healthy flow.

***** 06-10-2301 - New Entry**

In a shocking turn of events, former Chief Security Officer Davies has been found alive, hiding in the Area 10 Shopping Center Washroom Station D. Officer Davies has been missing since 08-24-2295, when it was presumed he suffered a severe psychological breakdown and ran out one of the airlocks. As to how he survived for over five years on Ares Station, Quantum Labs is now trying to find an answer.

Please disregard Officer Davies' ominous and imaginative forecasts of certain doom. Though his past on Ares Station was mostly exemplary, we have to remember that he is not in a sound mental state and therefore has no idea what the future holds.

***** 06-13-2301 - New Entry**

In compliance with new anti-smoking laws, Ares Station is now a smoke free facility. This means that the Area 7 Smoking Lounge is closed. The space has been leased to Takasukanaki Industries for future development. Current plans call for the construction of a T.T. Fiddlesticks family eatery. In spite of the ban on smoking, we remind all residents that the Area 10 Shopping Center Marlboro Mart remains open for business. DynaMars

Corporation wishes to remind all residents that a healthy Ares Station economy is critical to long-term survival.

Chief Security Officer Parsons has been instructed to apprehend anyone violating the smoking ban and institute a mandatory 24-hour lockup in the Area 3 Brig, across from the Daycare Center.

Although T.T. Fiddlesticks is a "family eatery," this is not to be construed as an endorsement of family living on Ares Station. Relationships between personnel are strictly prohibited, as are children.

***** 06-14-2301 - New Entry**

Upon reviewing space station regulations, DynaMars Corporation has come to the conclusion that the Area 3 Daycare Center is in severe violation of interstellar laws. It is to be shut down immediately, and the 33 children enrolled there are to be transferred to the Area 3 Brig until a transport ship can retrieve them. The space is now being leased to the Milky Way Amalgam Tranplanetary Banking Corporation.

A transport ship is scheduled to arrive on 06-25 to extract the children.

We apologize for this gross oversight of rules. If you mistakenly brought your child along, DynaMars Corporation would like to make it up to you. Please redeem your child for a Free Salted Pretzel Voucher, to be honored at participating Area 10 Shopping Center Food Court Pretzel Galaxy eateries.

***** 06-15-2301 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation wishes to congratulate Quantum Labs for completing preliminary research into the causes of wheat related allergies. They have isolated the cause of these allergies - wheat - and are working on ways to render wheat harmless to everyone. Not all men are created equal, but DynaMars Corporation believes equality can be achieved through responsible science.

In addition they have found that Officer Davies survived on a strict diet of meat left over from the last Ares Station experience. He is also believed to have been responsible for the recent pie stealing. DynaMars Corporation has chosen not to prosecute him for the theft. Although he has been through a lot, DynaMars Corporation feels he is more than deserving of employment, and he has been assigned to work for Chief Security Officer Parsons.

***** 06-18-2301 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation wishes to apologize to the friends and family of the 21 crewmembers Officer Davies violently murdered yesterday evening. We felt Officer Davies did not demonstrate adequate cognitive capacity to fire a weapon in his mental state, and therefore believed it to be perfectly safe assigning him to active security detail. This was an oversight. Those suffering from emotional trauma are invited to the Area 8 Spiritual Needs Facility on 06-24 at 1200, where Free Meal Vouchers will be distributed, redeemable at the forthcoming T.T. Fiddlesticks family eatery.

Davies has been reassigned to the Area 8 Communications Center, where he will not be able to hurt anyone.

***** 06-23-2301 - New Entry**

Communication Officer Davies has been reassigned to the Area 3 Electron Catalyst Dephazer Control Center after using the intercoms to deliver dire warnings of doom. Although Communication Officer Davies was speaking through DynaMars Corporation equipment, he was not speaking on behalf of DynaMars Corporation. DynaMars Corporation assures all residents of Ares Station that everything is fine. There is nothing to worry about.

Excessive strain on Area 8 Sewage Corridor A10 has caused heavy flooding, which spilled into the neighboring Area 8 Spiritual Needs Facility. Because of this, the services scheduled for 06-24 will now be taking place in the Area 5 Recreation Center. Free Meal Vouchers will still be distributed at the Area 8 Spiritual Needs Facility, however.

Chief Sanitation Engineer Kirchner has advised us to close the Area 10 Washrooms. We are opening the Area 3 Washrooms as a result. However, in order to use the Area 3 Washrooms, you will need a Washroom Voucher from the Area 10 Shopping Center Washroom Voucher Distribution Kiosk. While there, be sure to do some shopping!

***** 06-25-2301 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind residents that writing graffiti on Ares Station walls is strictly prohibited. Anyone caught vandalizing the station will be severely fined. We wish to especially remind residents that writing graffiti in your own blood is unhygienic and quite mad. Please be reasonable.

The transport ship is now docked and is accessible via the Area 7 Ventilation Control Tower Docking Umbilicus A2. All 33 children will be departing at 1900. If you are not scheduled to work at that time, you are invited to say goodbye to them.

***** 06-26-2301 - New Entry**

Tragedy struck when the transport ship carrying the 33 children of Ares Station crashed in the Hellas Planitia crater. There were no survivors. If your child was among the dead, we regret to inform you that your Free Pretzel Voucher is no longer valid. DynaMars Corporation is deeply saddened by this tragedy, but reminds all personnel that life goes on.

The graffiti vandalism spree has continued, making it necessary for DynaMars Corporation to give Chief Security Officer Parsons carte blanche on finding and punishing the culprits. Already Chief Sanitation Engineer Kirchner has had to divert time away from restroom maintenance to removing graffiti. Writing "Mittens Lives" on the walls in blood is incredibly childish. We are all adults here on Ares Station, especially since all the children that were here died yesterday. There is simply no excuse for this behavior.

***** 06-28-2301 - New Entry**

We are receiving several complaints from Chief Maintenance Officer Bowen that some residents have been using the airlock doors to crush soda cans. DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind residents that those airlock doors are all that stands in the way of certain death. Anyone caught crushing soda cans or any other item in the airlock doors will be punished severely.

***** 07-02-2301 - New Entry**

Chief Intercom Engineer Jones wishes to let people know that:

> The harrowing moans of a cursed and hell-defiant creature are echoing with supernatural hate through the intercom system. Please ignore the noise. This creature likely thrives on attention.

DynaMars Corporation disagrees with Chief Intercom Engineer Jones' assessment of the problem, as it is likely the work of the can-crushing pranksters. This is not the work of Electron Catalyst Dephazer Technician Davies, as his clearance does not allow him to access Intercom Control Systems.

***** 07-03-2301 - New Entry**

Intercom systems have been taken offline due to unexplained technical phenomenon. Chief Intercom Engineer Jones has brought backup intercom systems online as a result. In partnership with Solchannel Omnimedia, the new intercom system will be playing Top 10 Hits 24 hours a day.

Many Ares Station residents have expressed concerns that yesterday's intercom problems are more signs of impending doom. DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind all Ares Station residents that technical glitches are common, but hardly a concern. Life on Mars is not without its challenges, but it has been made safe through incredible science and austere discipline. We encourage all residents to maintain a healthy attitude towards the bright future.

***** 07-04-2301 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation and Ares Station Commanding Officer Adams wish to remind residents that vandalizing Ares Station is a crime. We have received widespread reports that residents are damaging and dismantling intercoms, thereby illegally impeding transmission of Solchannel Omnimedia's Top 10 Hits. This behavior is absolutely inexcusable! Chief Security Officer Parsons is on full alert and making regular patrols. Criminals will be punished severely.

***** 07-07-2301 - New Entry**

Area 8 is now completely off limits due to a malfunctioning airlock door. It appears that someone tried to crush one of the TI-8200 Mainframes in the airlock door, causing severe damage to both the computer and the airlock. Chief Engineer Bowen has been unable to fix the airlock due to allergy-related illnesses.

DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind residents that maintaining stable operations means Quantum Labs can work full force in defeating wheat-related allergies. If it is indeed a reaction to wheat that is causing Chief Engineer Bowen's sickness, then we must make haste in reining in the power of wheat. Mankind's destiny should be left to mankind, not to wheat.

This situation is incredibly grim due to the fact that it is no longer safe to work in the Area 8 Sewage Corridors and Sanitation Processing Centers. The Area 8 Communications Center is also inaccessible. A temporary Communications Center has been set up in the Area 1 Cargo Bay, but as you well know, the acoustics in there are terrible.

As a precaution, we have shut down all washrooms station wide. To compensate, we have set up makeshift restroom facilities in the caves beneath Area 7 Engineering Control. Although Chief Engineer Paskiewicz will tell you not to go in there, he has no authority over your bowels. DynaMars Corporation asks that you merely clean up after yourselves so as not to make a mess for the Area 5 Geology Department working down there.

***** 07-09-2301 - New Entry**

Due to the toxicity of the environment, Area 7 Engineering Control has been temporarily moved to the Area 3 Electron Catalyst Dephazer Control Room and the Area 3 Electron Catalyst Dephazer Technicians will temporarily be operating out of the Area 2 Atmospheric Processing Emergency Command Center. The caves beneath Area 7 Engineering Control are now off limits, as they simply were not designed to support the sanitation needs of an entire Martian outpost.

DynaMars Corporation wishes to apologize to the Area 5 Geology Department for unintentionally hindering their work in the caves.

Chief Sanitation Engineer Kirchner and Chief Engineer Paskiewicz worked together in fixing the Area 8 Airlock. We are temporarily bringing all Ares Station washrooms online to catch up on lost time.

The Area 8 Communications Center is now back online.

***** 07-14-2301 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation is pleased to announce some truly amazing news! The Area 5 Geology Department has found some ancient tablets belonging to an intelligent civilization in the caves beneath Area 7 Engineering Control. Although they appear to have received heavy damage from the recent washroom crisis, they have been turned over the Area 5 Archeology Department for in-depth analysis. Scientists from Quantum Labs

are already speculating that this long dead race may have succumbed to wheat-borne illnesses, bringing a sense of renewed urgency to their work.

Please check back for frequent updates on this amazing new discovery!

** End of updates. Thank you for using DynaMars Corporation's Ares Station Update Service!

■ Dirt Dirt Darrrrhhh

There are brand new Daily Dirt write-ups from Senor Livestock and Senorita David Thrope. They can be accessed by barking like a dog and clicking here and/or here!

-~DynaMars Corporation Information Kiosk (@Livestock)

5.12 The Borgnine Diaries

Thursday, May 12, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

In the year 1998, an expedition lead by scientists from the British Museum in London discovered a preserved diary in a sunken trireme off the coast of Crete in the Mediterranean Sea. This diary was bound by a strange type of leather that was later found to be human skin. Arcane runes covered its front and back, puzzling the scientists who desired to open the diary's lock without damaging it. One unlucky soul came close to solving the puzzle, but whatever secrets he discovered drove him mad and he committed suicide before he work was complete. The diary sent to the storage vaults of the museum, hidden from the outside world, all but forgotten. Until now.

A man by the name of Jacob Fredrickson worked tirelessly on decoding the runes once the diary was brought back to London. Finally, in the spring of 2005, he completed his life's work and unlocked the diary from its mystical bonds. In the process he was incinerated by a curse that was unleashed when he opened the cover. By the way of his sacrifice, we are now able to read from it and learn from its wisdom. That man was my uncle, and being his only heir, the diary has come into my possession, along with a huge bill for phone sex. I will share with you now the contents of what was discovered that stormy day on the Mediterranean Sea. The thoughts and feelings of film legend Ernest Borgnine will be heard for the first time, here on the Internet for the world to read. With this, I hope we will gain some insight into the importance of this great man, and the value of this extraordinary discovery.

Tuesday, June 6th

Dear Diary, I can't find my goddamn pair of socks anywhere! I swear to God that every time I wash them and hang them on the window to dry, some dirty little beast or bird is making off with them. This is the 8th pair I've lost this summer, and I'm plum out. Right now I have bagel wrappers covering my feet and lashed to my ankles with twine. Sure, it does the job, but I have to endure the whispers and chuckles from the neighbors when I take out the garbage. Some brat even threw a rotten apple core at me and sped away in his blasted tricycle contraption before I could catch him. Where's the respect?

"I was hooked on reds in the 50's and would attack crew members and bite the heads off shrews if I didn't get my fix."

Friday, June 9th

I have been labelled many things in my lifetime, but nothing as hurtful as being called a Communist by the senate house committee in the 50's. I want to state for the record once again, in case this is found by aliens or ape men millions of years from now, that I am not, and have never been, a member of the Communist party.

Sure I once read one of their stupid pamphlets, started to dress in plain brown clothes, and refused to go to banks and oil the gears of the capitalist machine. Just because I won't play into the hands of the Jewish puppet masters, and drink vodka for breakfast, that doesn't make me a Communist!

Saturday, June 10th

Dear Diary, what's the deal with these newfangled Velcro shoes that all the kids are wearing these days? When I was a kid we had to wear turtle shells and we didn't have any fancypants space Velcro to keep them on. No, it was held together by the pus oozing from the blisters on the bottoms of our feet. This world is getting too complicated for old Ernest. Soon we'll have flying cars and even Negro voters. Not that there is anything wrong with that. I think cars going through the sky would be pretty neat.

Wednesday, June 14th
I have a crush! Her name is Belladonna is she lives in the community center. I bumped into her while walking to the shuffleboard court and she fell down and broke her spine. I felt really awful about it so I've been taking care of her ever since she doesn't have any insurance. I called an ambulance when it happened, and they loaded her in and started to drive off, but once they realized she had no coverage they opened the back doors and flung her body out on the side of the road like a rag doll and sped off. It's a disgrace. This is not what we fought the krauts and Japs for in WW2! Anyway I've been keeping her on my couch and reading her stories and feeding her pudding. She is only awake once and a while but when she is I can tell she's in a lot of pain because she sounds like a dolphin. I love her so and I will spend every waking moment nursing this beautiful woman back to health.

Thursday, June 15th
Dear Diary, she died. I think maybe I gave her too much pudding. She wasn't swallowing it and it all kind of just puddled up in her throat, mouth, and nose. I am so very sad. I buried her in the backyard with the other bodies.

Saturday, June 17th
Sooooo boooooored! There is nothing to do around here, and it is hot! The AC is still broke and I'm just sitting on my Laz-E-Boy in the sweltering heat wearing only my boxer shorts and orthopedic boots. I'm pretty sure that my skin is grafted to this leather chair now cause I can't get up. I had to make water and it's pretty embarrassing but I had to go right here and let it pool on the ground and evaporate naturally, the way God intended. My leg itches. I'm trying to scratch it with the remote but I can't reach. I should buy a helper monkey.

"I love country music, but I can't line dance to save my life."

Monday, June 19th
I took the plunge and bought a monkey. It shits everywhere and has a terrible temper, but its nice to have company. I mainly wanted it to scratch my back and legs where the remote control can't reach, but the little bastard has some claws on it and cut me pretty badly. A few hours later I started sweating, more than usual, and had a hard time breathing, I've been trying to get some rest and eat some pudding to fight off whatever virus this monkey gave me. I should've known better to buy one from the swarthy sailors down by the produce docks. I lost my sense of taste so this pudding is terrible. Maybe I can get a refund.

Wednesday, September 2nd
Dear Diary, long time no see! I was in this coma for a while from the monkey scratch. I guess it had some crazy rare African virus that is highly contagious and deadly. I was quarantined at a military base and couldn't see anybody for months except the nice scientist men in the big white plastic suits. They said that it was very lucky for them that I'm a shut in (their words), so I had no contact with anybody, or the virus probably would've killed 75% of the world's population. What a crazy summer!

Thursday, September 3rd

I'm really depressed today. I had a lot of fun at the military base because everybody was paying a lot of attention to me and sticking me with needles and putting things in my rear. Now I'm so very lonely here in my apartment again. I haven't been this alone since I was stuck in that foxhole with a POW that couldn't speak English and was missing his head. There is nothing to do and I miss my true love, Belladonna. I wrote a poem that expressed the emotions I am feeling at this moment.

Blackbirds;
Swooping, screaming
Epithets of my soul
Like I'm lost in a dream.
My slumber drags on-
Time swirls away
Rushing down the drain
Of never ending terror.
The Blackbirds.
They've come to finish
Me off.

I think I'm gonna go masturbate.

Sunday, September 6th
Dear Diary, I've had a revelation. I have still been really bummed out the past couple days and I even tried climbing a tree and jumping off, but I couldn't get past the first branch. I was in the bathroom and eating a can of cheez-wiz when I passed out, probably from all the aerosol. I hit my noggin on the side of the sink and everything went black. I thought this was the end of ole Ernest. But then the blackness cleared and I saw a vision of a beautiful naked angel riding a unicorn towards me. She dismounted and then approached me, gently taking off my clothes. She then spoke in a harmonious voice, saying, "Ernest, don't be so hard on yourself. You are God's beautiful butterfly." She covered my body with baby oil and scented cloves, and made sweet love to me. It was wonderful. Oh yeah, she was also Asian and had big hooters. I think that's probably cause I got a thing for Asian women. Maybe it's the fact that they don't talk a lot and have those tiny feet that are as cute as a bug's ear. Also I visited a brothel a lot during the war when I could afford it, but I trust them as far as I can throw them. That's about 7 feet.

Monday, September 7th
Know what really steams my clams? These over-the-counter moisturizers that claim to be 100% more moist than other leading brands, but evaporate after 5 minutes of rubbing. Now don't go thinking I'm no queer or nothing cause I use moisturizer. Sure, there is that story about how I got really drunk with Charles Bronson on the set of the Dirty Dozen and made out, but that was just a fluke and we both laughed it off later during a game of pool. No, I only use moisturizer because in the Fall my knees get so goddamn dry that when I walk the skin cracks open and makes terrible noises, like sitting on a bag of chips. I have to rub lotion on them every hour but even then they still rub together like cricket legs if I move. I hope I live long enough to see this dry skin epidemic cured by scientists, or at least get me a pair of new fancy robot legs.

"I really need a new wardrobe."

Thursday, September 10th
I can't find my keys. I've been drinking this rubbing alcohol because I couldn't drive to the party store but now my vision is all blurry and its making it harder to find them and I got in fight with a lamp. I think the monkey hid them. I'll strangle that sonofabitch if I can catch him.

Friday, September 25th
Praise Jesus! I just got off the phone with my agent and he told me that I got a part in a new whimsical movie called "Merlin's Shop of Mystical Wonders". I was really hoping that I would get to play the part of Merlin, but instead I am playing the part of the grandfather telling the tale to his grandson. Still an important part, and I have the most lines in the movie! Its just nice to be working again. I sure hope that the craft services have salami sandwiches on the set. Those are my favorite! Three cheers for Hollywood and three cheers for salami sandwiches!

Sometime between now in the future, Threeve
What a nightmare! The movie is over and I'm done with this acting business. The kid who played my grandson was a little primadonna and bit the tip of my nose off. They didn't even have any salami sandwiches, only ketchup packets mixed with sawdust. I'm sick of the whole thing and I think I'll be going away for a while, maybe forever. I've been building a Greek trireme in my basement over the last couple years, thanks to a Spartan hoplite warrior spirit who visited me after I fell in the shower and busted my hip. I think I'm gonna sail it to the island of Crete where the Minotaur lives and manufacture olive oil. I also got a few black magic books so I can put a hex on this diary. I don't want any punk kid getting a hold of this and then posting it on the Internet so the fat nerds can laugh at me. Not gonna happen to this cowboy! Borgnine out.

That was the last recorded entry in the diary found under the murky depths of the Mediterranean Sea. Now that this knowledge has come to light, archeologists suspect that Ernest Borgnine did in fact sail his trireme to the coast of Crete. There, an unknown event caused his ship to wreck, probably a rough storm. Most suspect that Ernest met his end in this event, drowning along with his ship, but the lack of a skeleton in the wreckage doesn't support his theory. Some say that Ernest Borgnine made it to the shore of Crete, and now roams the endless catacombs of the labyrinth, feasting on the blood of virgins sent there for sacrifice. We may never know, but one thing is for sure, he was a great man and will always be remembered.

Dedicated to Ermes Effron Borgnine, 1917-???

Errant Flight Prompts Capitol Evacuations

A small plane strayed within three miles of the White House on Wednesday, leading to frantic evacuation of the Executive Mansion and the Capitol with military jets scrambling to intercept the aircraft and firing flares to steer it away. Read more about it here.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

5.13 The Trouble with Red Raccoon (The Conclusion!)

Friday, May 13, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Before I dive into the riveting finale of the "Red Raccoon" epic I would like to take a moment to direct your attention to the mailing list we have set up to provide information and previews of my upcoming book. Let me say that again because holy shit, some publisher is actually dumb enough to think I can write a book: MY UPCOMING BOOK. Ladies, gentlemen, angry and not-so-gentle men, Kensington Publishing is teaming up with yours truly to bring you a book version of the "My Tank is Fight" series of updates about wild inventions of the Second World War. The book is still being written and illustrated but it would be a great help and a great pleasure to me if you would sign up for the mailing list so that once a month I can send you incredible updates about the book.

Your email address won't be exploited or sold as that's the sort of thing we hate when people do it to us. Over the years I've been subscribed against my will to hundreds of mailing lists so I know the pain.

Check it out even if you hate my writing because the artwork from Josh Hass and Mike Doscher is going to be that freaking amazing! Subscribe you heathens!

- Dreamytime Slumberland: The Trouble with Red Raccoon (The Conclusion!)

Part one was posted last friday.

While the King of Maths and his entourage crunch the numbers I sit down on a warm red rock of candy with Realtor Lion and we play a game of magnetic checkers on a travel checker set. I beat the lion eight games to five and then the King of Maths finally draws himself up regally and approaches us. His eyes bulge with excitement and he launches into another frantic, almost ragged, song.

"My genius at maths is unabated,
And your answer has been tabulated,
Join us now by that huge gate,
And my solving skills I will demonstrate!"

We follow the king to where the mathmagicians are huddled around the hundreds of stone slabs that can be pushed in sequence to answer the equation. One of the mathmagicians hands the king a slip of paper and he begins pushing the stones into the door's surface. He pauses repeatedly to inspect the sheet of paper as he works. When he is finished he tosses the paper into the air and it is whisked away by the wind.

"That equation was most exasperating,
As payment you will watch me mastur-"

The king's triumphant song is drowned out by the roar and clatter of huge gears turning inside the wall. A bronze face that resembles that of a huge and hideous baby is magically conjured on the surface of the door.

"Rumplesniffs want answer to riddle!" The face clanks and belches smoke as it speaks. "Who is greatest in all of land!? Answer fast!"

"Why it is surely not another, Than the man which maths call King, I will insist now of you foulest baby, That you purse your lips and kiss my ring."

"That wrong answer!" The face grumbles.

The King of Maths splutters with anger as white beams of light spear out of the bronze baby head's eyes and transfix him. With a horrible crackle of bone and flesh being rent asunder the king is hurled almost to the edge of the precipice on which we are gathered. When the flash of light clears the king is gone and in his place is an adorable fluffy hop-rabbit. One of the mathmagicians runs as fast as he can over to the edge of the cliff and kicks the rabbit off the side.

"Long live the king!" He declares. "Your puzzle has freed us of his tyranny. We thank you noble adventurer."

The mathmagicians wave goodbye and disappear in a puff of numbers. I hope that their land will be ruled by democracy now.

"Give answer!" The petulant baby head demands.

"Uh," I consider, "is it Rumplesniffs?"

"IS IT RUMPLESNIFFS WHAT?" The baby mask roars.

"Rumplesniffs is the greatest in all of land." I reply.

The face disappears back within the door and with a great groan the gates part for us. I shrug to the lion and we venture cautiously inside. The cave is dark and uncomfortably cold. Our path is frequently obstructed by various cave things like stalactites, stalagmites, and blind butterbats. Geodes and other crystalline formations occasionally jut from walls and some of these are dimly lit from within by eerily unnatural phosphorescence. I notice a cluster of stunted albino ant-goats no bigger than my arm scurrying into a crevasse at the sound of our footsteps.

At last we come to three doors set into a crudely-hewn wall of stone.

"Behind one door you will find the great and mighty Rumplesniffs." Realtor Lion reads aloud from the sign in front of the doors. "Certain doom lies behind the other two as well, but doom not found at the hands of the great and mighty Rumplesniffs."

We both closely examine the three doors and can see no difference between them.

"Let's just try the middle door," I suggest.

"That seems as good a choice as any." The lion picks absently at his teeth.

I carefully turn the handle on the middle door and swing it open just a fraction of an inch. There is an angry roar and fire immediately belches out around the doorframe and singes my fingers. I slam the door shut.

"Not that one!" I cry, shaking the pain out of my hand.

"Not that one." Realtor Lion agrees as he examines whatever he pried from his teeth.

I move to the door on the left. I pause to flex my muscles and prepare for flight in case some sort of ghost or troglodyte bursts out to eat our bones or whatever part of us a ghost might eat. The door opens easily in my grip and, when nothing immediately happens, I press my eye to the crack of the door. Inside I can see a vast natural chamber that seems almost to be a dome. The ceiling is open to the air in the middle and brilliant sunlight streams in to illuminate a field of broken skeletons. I am about to declare the door another failure when I spy an enormous slumped bulk lying against the chamber's far wall. An echoing snore rattles from the beast's throat and I realize that it must be none other than Rumplesniffs.

"This is the one!" I whisper excitedly to the lion. "Let's go."

We move into the chamber and carefully pick our way between heaps of skulls and ribcages. All the same it's difficult not to step on the tiny finger bones scattered here and there and they crackle beneath my feet. We draw closer to Rumplesniffs and I realize that the huge beast is sleeping atop a pile of his loot. Glittering in the shaft of sunlight is the golden tambourine of Tim O'Sham. It's right inside the crook of the ogre's armpit.

"How are we going to get to that?" I whisper to the lion. "He's sure to wake up if one of us climbs up that pile of trophies."

"I have no idea," the lion replies and stifles a yawn. "I do know that I have no intention of climbing

into one of the more unpleasantly fragrant of that beast's regions for the dratted tambourine."

"Maybe you could distract him somehow."

"I don't think that is a very sensible idea." The lion gestures expansively to all of the bones.

"Maybe we could-"

The lion interrupts me with a sound that is probably best described as a "meep." He grabs me by my arm and points at the ogre.

Rumplesniffs is sitting up. He wipes the sleep from his watery eyes and then glares at the both of us.

"Hello." He says to us. "Who are you?"

He rises to his feet with a clatter of disrupted treasure and sways unsteadily on tree-trunk thick legs. I realize that the bronze face on the door was actually Rumplesniffs' face. He looks like a huge warty toddler, with a fat oversized head, puffy limbs, and dimpled knees. A single yellowed tusk pokes out of his enormous mouth.

"I asked question!" Rumplesniffs points out with irritation. "You are in my cave! Explain why!"

"W-we came for the magical Tambourine of Tim O'Sham." I reply uncertainly.

"Oh," Rumplesniffs scratches his warty chin. "You can take. I not like it very much anyway. It too small for my fingers."

Rumplesniffs waggles his thick digits to illustrate his point.

"Th-that's very kind of-," I begin.

"BUT!" Rumplesniffs interjects forcefully. "You give something in return. I not like treasure get smaller."

I immediately begin searching through my pockets for something to give to the ogre. Then I remember the magical whistle that Realtor Lion has.

"Give him the whistle." I mutter to the lion out of the side of my mouth.

Realtor Lion sighs and reaches into his coat for the tin whistle. He takes a few steps forward and places it on the floor of the cave.

"It's a magical whistle." I explain. "Much more powerful than Tim O'Sham's lousy tambourine. If you blow on it these magical mathmagician guys will appear and do all sorts of tricks for you."

Rumplesniffs struggles to pick up the whistle like a child trying to lift a dime from a table. He grumbles to himself and then finally plucks it up.

"These wizards of math. They made of meats?"

"Yes, delicious meat." The lion replies and shrugs when I give him a dirty look.

"Mmmmm, I like meats. Okay, you take tambourine, I keep whistle."

I rush to collect Tim O'Shams magical tambourine, thanking Rumplesniffs profusely as he struggles to put the whistle to his thick lips. As the lion and I depart the chamber I hear a tuneless toot of the whistle and the magical whoosh of the cloud of numbers. The screams of the mathmagicians are still echoing in the cave when we reach the outside.

Our journey back to Cinnamon Meadows is arduous but largely uneventful. Deep in the wastes of Ghost Indian Plaza my high spirits allow me to conjure a hovercraft powered by sunshine and rainbows. The smiling lambent orb in the sky chuckles at my ingenuity and casts helpful rays of light down on our hovercraft as it zips through the desert. When we reach Manachem's Mirth the sorghum snakes emerge to wave to us in the way that only a snake can as we pass them by at speed. Even the lion manages a toothy smile with his great mane blowing in the fresh air and the tambourine tucked safely in the hovercraft's cockpit.

The sound of applause reaches our ears over the noise of the hovercraft's turbines as we glide into Bumblechase Square. The mayor and the townsfolk are all still gathered there, because time doesn't pass like you think it would in Dreamytime Slumberland. They clap and cheer and hurrah as we step down waving the tambourine above our heads.

"Well done, my boy!" The mayor congratulates me. "At long last the menace of Red Raccoon will

be driven from our land."

Just then the nefarious raccoon makes his presence known. He bursts from a nearby cottage with a clatter of pots and pans and stands upright to sniff at the air.

"Your days are numbered, Red Raccoon!" I shout at the creature.

"Nice try dopes," he sniggers. "I'm too fast for the likes of you."

He makes a show of running quickly around the entire square and then standing up only a few feet away.

"I'll take whatever sugar I please from this town and there's nothing you can do about it!" Red Raccoon cackles with laughter.

I reveal the tambourine to him and his snaggle-toothed smile disappears.

"No! It can't be!" Red Raccoon cries with disbelief.

"It is!" I shout and begin to jangle the tambourine.

Immediately Red Raccoon collapses onto the ground, wailing and writhing as I play the tambourine. Smoke begins to rise from him as he flails his limbs in helpless agony as though some terrible fire inside his body were being stoked by the tambourine.

"Please, stop! Don't send me back!" He cries in abject terror.

"It's too late, Red Raccoon. People are friendly here, you could have just asked for some sugar."

The stink of burning flesh is heavy in the air as I continue to shake and drum on the tambourine. Red Raccoon's wailing reaches a frenzied pitch. His eyes burst in superheated jets and his cooking skin and hair begin to peel from the fat and muscle beneath. The smoke pours in thick drafts from his body and begins to darken as his body roasts faster and faster. Bold townsfolk encircle him and begin to beat him with shovels, picks, and brooms. His screams are finally silenced as his lungs

cook to cinders in his chest. The only signs that he lives on are the silent opening and closing of his fleshless mouth and the occasional feeble kick of his legs. At last he is nothing more than ashes scattering in the wind.

"Happy days are here again!" The mayor cheers.

The crowd tosses aside their bloody implements and lift Realtor Lion and I above their heads with a mighty whoop of approval. For another year at least the town will be safe from Red Raccoon.

◘ Dirty Deeds and They're Done at a Reasonable Price

Hey muffinheads, there is some dirt for you to dig. Get out there with a shovel and get to work! I want ten feet by eight feet by the time your mother gets home from work!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.14 Lobe, American Style

Saturday, May 14, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The bistro was intimate and sparsely furnished, an upscale eatery packed with the sort of younger well-to-do couples that made Jeffrey feel like an interloper. He had dressed up for dinner as though he were going to senior prom, but everyone else seemed to be dressed down in turtleneck sweaters and open-collared silk shirts that had cost more than his television.

Their waitress arrived without even a hint of a smile, unceremoniously dropping entree dishes on the table before Jeffrey, his wife, and the disembodied brain which sat atop a child's booster chair between them.

"More wine sir?" the waitress asked, and to Jeffrey 'sir' sounded distinctly sarcastic.

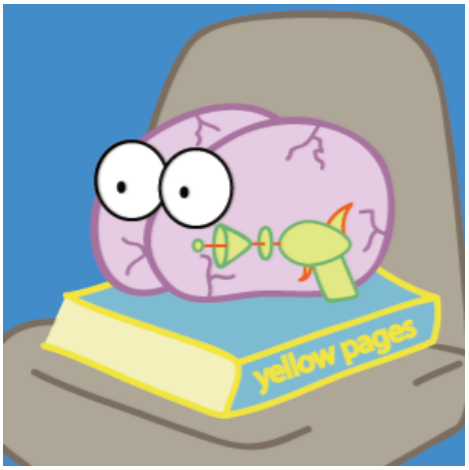
He hesitated. Did they charge by the glass at places like this or did they have free refills? He was suddenly sure that the eyes of everyone in the restaurant were focused on him, and the hot blush of embarassment spread across his face. He sheepishly lowered his head and nodded.

As Kate lovingly cut the brain's meal into bite-sized portions, Jeffrey peeled his eyes from the tablecloth and surveyed the other couples once more. Surely they could sense his inferiority, could plainly see that his dinner jacket was seven years old and that the color of his Wal-Mart belt didn't quite match the rest of his outfit. He had the sudden urge to bolt, to leave Kate and her brain sitting at this table dumbfounded while we got in the car and drove as fast and far as the road would allow him, maybe pausing along the way for some wonderfully classless drive-thru burgers.

No. Just stop, he thought. *Stop the fucking obsession with money and status and try to enjoy yourself. You've set aside an entire week's paycheck for this night out with Kate and you're going to enjoy it. God knows you should be used to feeling inferior by now.*

At that he returned his attention to Kate and the brain. She had finished cutting the veal parmesan and primly slid the plate closer to the booster chair, a content smile lighting her pretty face. The sort of smile he hadn't been able to give her for years. She was in her own little world with that damned brain.

"Why do you cut his food? It's not like he can even eat."



Kate snapped out of her momentary happiness, regarding Jeffrey with a wounded expression. Part of him was glad to see the smile gone. A real big part. The shame of this somehow fueled his anger.

"Jesus Kate, why do we even order meals for him, or bring him with us in public for that matter? What kind of genius idea was it to start doing that? It's no wonder you never finished college."

Kate cupped her hands over the parts of the brain where ears would probably have gone if it had them, and as the shock of her husband's comments wore off she found herself angry.

"You watch your mouth around him, Jeffrey! Can't you see that you hurt his feelings when you pretend you don't want him to go places with us?"

The brain, however, showed no signs of distress. The large

and lidless eyeballs which sat on its frontal lobe were aimed blankly ahead toward the restaurant's brick wall, as was the lasergun which was meshed to the brain's side.

"That's just it," said Jeffrey, "I really don't want him around. I hate him. I hate the fact that you keep him on the pillow between us while we sleep at night. I can't count the number of times I've rolled over face first into that wet brain and awoke to its creepy eyes staring at me. I hate the fact that it just stares, that it can't communicate so we never know what it's thinking. It's revolting. I make this fact as clear as possible every day and yet you choose to ignore it. I wish you had left him on that country road to die instead of bringing him home. "

"You insensitive *bastard*."

"Yes, I'm the bad guy. I work six days a week to provide for this family and you sit at home all day with this... thing and show it more love than you show me. I swear Kate, sometimes I think you'd rather have sex with that brain than me."

The brain's eyes gravitated toward Kate without either of them noticing. It fixated on her firm breasts, the creamy skin of her cleavage on display above the low-cut neckline of her tight black dress.

"Jeffrey, you disgust me." Kate's voice had taken on a cold finality. This fight had been several months in the making and she had prepared her side of the argument in a thousand daydreams. She had been longing for the change that would come after the horrible things that needed to be said. "This 'thing' is the child I've always wanted. The child you could never give me."

"How can you say that?" Now it was Jeffrey's turn to be hurt. "How can you treat a brain with googly eyes and a laser gun glued to its side like a child? It's just creepy, not to mention potentially dangerous! We've never seen it go off, but for all we know that gun could actually work."

"Maybe," she began with the sinister raising of an eyebrow, "I'd be glad someone in my life wasn't shooting blanks." She took a long slow sip from her glass, and found it to be the most delicious wine she had ever tasted.

"How DARE you!" He slammed his fist on the table, and now the other couples really were looking at him. He composed himself, glancing around nervously.

"That's it," said Kate, "worry about what everyone else thinks. Pay more attention to them than your wife and wonder why she has to find love in the grey matter of a five pound mass of firing synapses." Her words came across in a conversational matter-of-fact way that scared Jeffrey. She was already distancing herself, putting up walls to make the breakup cleaner. Her eyes never left her glass of wine, and the bemused smile never left her face.

In that moment, Jeffrey wanted her more than he ever had before. He would have given anything to turn back the clock. To prevent the brain from entering their lives in the first place. Things had been fine before it came along... hadn't they? He wasn't so sure anymore. Rubbing his aching temple, he glanced sideways at the brain and was genuinely surprised to see that it was ogling his wife's breasts with its ridiculous ping pong ball eyes. *The brain wants to screw my wife. I can't believe this is happening to me.*

"Look Kate, this is insane. We can work our problems out. You know I love you."

"It's over." If she didn't press on and end this now she would be unhappy for months to come. They were past the point of no return. "I don't love you anymore and I will never love you again. It's really that simple. I want a divorce."

"So that's how it is. You want a divorce?" Jeffrey stood abruptly, his thigh slamming into their table and rattling the silverware. The brain's eyes were nervously darting back and forth between

the two of them. "You've got it, you... you miserable cooze!" He dug into his wallet and slapped a credit card down on the table to cover the expense of their uneaten meal, making a mental note to cancel it in the morning. He had most definitely made a spectacle of himself now, but he thought *fuck them. Fuck them all right up their perfectly groomed Prada assholes.*

Jeffrey stormed off, then paused in the open doorway. The night air was bitterly cold. A particularly strong gale rifled through his hair as he looked back over his shoulder with an evil grin.

"Gee, Kate, I have a steady job and own a home. You have... what, maybe a room in your parents' house and no prospects? I wonder who'll be awarded custody of our precious little friend."

The brain spasmed in surprise, its lasergun firing a beam that bored into the brick wall in front of it and carried on into infinity.

Jeffrey let out a bark of mad laughter and stepped outside, then closed his eyes and collapsed with his back against the door. The tears came fast and hard.

◘ Daily Dirt

If you're into hamster wheels, then you're going to want to click here. I mean you really have to be someone that loves hamster wheels, not one of these little punks that see the hamster wheel highlight reels on ESPN and wear the most popular hamster wheel's jersey without taking the time to learn the intricacies of water bottle placement and the pros and cons of using WD-40 on creaky wheels.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.15 Three Days of Hell: The Electronic Entertainment Expo (E3)

Sunday, May 15, 2005 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

It's that time of year again. Time for video game programmers to comb their neckbeards, find a new rubber band for their ponytail, and maybe even do a load of laundry. It's time for MMORPG guild leaders to leave their subterranean lairs, prepare a detailed list of Rogue-Warrior-Elf-Ranger balancing flaws, and ask mom to pack them a suitcase. It's time for video game journalists to inject themselves with whatever drugs they can get their hands on and seriously, *seriously* contemplate suicide.

How I feel about E3. Well, minus the vampire.

E3 is upon us.

Every May, hordes of nerds, geeks, weirdos, dorks, nuts, and other socially challenged mostly-male humans descend upon Los Angeles for the annual Electronic Entertainment Expo. E3 isn't open to the public and bills itself as an "industry-only trade show," but their definition of "industry professional" is rather loose: if you operate a cash register, you can get in. If you know somebody who once worked on a video game, you can get in. If you run a GeoCities site dedicated to non-consensual Pokemon erotic fan fiction, you can get in. And even if you're not clever enough to figure out how to get a legitimate pass, you can just sneak in.

E3 is basically a three-day orgy of video games. Sony, Nintendo, Microsoft, all the various video game software developers and publishers... they're all here, and they're all screaming, "HEY LOOK AT ME LOOK AT ME LOOK AT ME OVER HERE LOOK AT ME HEY LOOK AT ME HEY OVER HERE LOOK HERE LOOK HERE LOOK HERE LOOK!!!!" at the top of their lungs. Simultaneously, hardcore fanboys are rushing these booths, clamoring to be the first to ejaculate all over the newest controller, game demo, or character animator.

The result is a loud, obnoxious, crowded, flashy, overblown, horrific spectacle that literally makes me physically ill. I was actually looking forward to my first day of E3 about five years back, but by the end of the day I was passed out behind a booth with a throbbing headache (courtesy of the continuous loops of bad techno music) and a sudden urge to switch careers.

Here are the three most annoying things about E3:

- **Nerds**

  I'm proud to say I'm a huge nerd. In fact -- unless we're measuring by weight -- I'm probably a bigger nerd than you. I like other nerds and I enjoy spending time with small groups of them. I **don't** like spending time with tens of thousands of them all at once.

  Here's a bad analogy: think of your favorite song. Now imagine if somebody glued headphones onto your ears and looped that song into them for three days straight at 180 decibels. That's E3. It's nerd overload.

  When large amounts of nerds get together, awkward

This picture is from Lowtax's E3 2001 report, but it's still perfectly relevant.

things happen and people end up with phlegm in their face. Here's an audio demonstration of what 48% of all conversations at E3 sound like.

Booth Babes

"I LOVE U FEMALE PLZ MARRY ME LIVE IN MY BASEMENT AND HELP ME TRANSLATE MY ANIME"

Every year, marketing people think very hard for about ten minutes, trying to figure out how to get people to visit their E3 booth. After eliminating all the ideas that involve doing something original or creative, they all end up coming back to the old, reliable standby: boobs.

On paper, hiring booth babes to get people to pay attention to your stupid product seems like a great idea. Since the majority of E3 attendees rarely see females who aren't compressed into .JPEG format, an attractive woman or fourteen will certainly make them "stand up" and take notice. The problem is that nearly **every single booth has booth babes**. Maybe I don't understand this since I don't know much about marketing, but how does doing something that *everybody else is already doing* help make you unique?

In some ways, I feel sorry for booth babes. Sure, they get paid pretty good money just to stand around, look pretty, pretend to laugh at things, and have no talent other than good genetics and the ability to hold a fake smile... but they also have to put up with Lord Vondermort of the IcEStOn3 KilLAhZ Clan slowly kneading his sweaty, greasy palms into their thighs while waiting for what seems like an eternity for Vondermort's giggling friend to snap a souvenir photograph of their compulsory encounter. For some people, getting their picture taken with a booth babe counts as a date. Ughhh.

Video Games

This is the main focus of E3, but every year is just like the last: companies try to puff up their game or system as being the **best thing ever** with slick demos, well-edited trailers, and lavish presentations. The vast, vast majority of these products of course end up being... average, mediocre, forgettable. Every five E3's, they announce new consoles and games with slightly better graphics.

It's the same thing every single year and if you go to a couple they all just blur together into one bad memory. Even when I still liked playing video games, I didn't like E3.

During the past few years I've managed to avoid attending the show or only staying for half of the first day. But this year I'm not so lucky. If you're going, maybe I'll see you there... I'll be passed out in a corner, holding my throbbing misshaped head and weeping.

Daily Dirt

Ugh, I have to write this crap too? Fine, here.

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

5.16 D-Day Address Draft #3

Monday, May 16, 2005 by Dwight "Ike" Eisenhower

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS
ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen of the Allied Expeditionary Force!

You are about to set sail on a voyage that is very exciting and full of adventure. It is a dangerous adventure, but a good kind of adventure also, kind of like sliding your Johnson through a fun hole at a carnival. It could be a beautiful woman on the other side or it could be a hungry goat! It is my sincerest wish for each and every one of you that Germany turns out to be a beautiful woman. The eyes of the world are upon you. That's something you normally don't want but this is a very special fun hole. An epic fun hole, made of millions of human lives and the greatest technology of the industrialized world.

The hopes and prayers of the liberty-loving people everywhere march with you. I really wish that we could have gotten the liberty-loving people instead of their lousy hopes and prayers to march with us but I guess a lot more people are 4F than I thought. Childhood obesity I guess, search me. In company with our brave Allies and brothers-in-arms on other Fronts, you will probably kick the manure out of the Nazis. I meant to say that a lot more eloquently, but gosh darn it I am just hopping mad about this! Those fellas are the pits. The absolute pits. Why, if I could stomp on Hitler's toes I would, but as Supreme Allied Commander it is my solemn duty to instruct all of you to stomp the heck out of Hitler's toes for me.

Your task will not be an easy one. The Germans have all kinds of weird tanks and jet planes that you probably haven't seen even in one of those kooky future books you kids like to read. This is all Flash Gordon stuff, so do not be surprised if a Nazi tries to zap you with a death ray. I don't know what to tell you about that. If you can capture some of their ray guns I'd really appreciate it. I'll send it back to the eggheads in the lab and see if they can cook up some death rays for you boys. In the meantime just try to make do with your regular bullets and bombs because those seem to do the trick pretty well. You also need to keep in mind that these Krauts have been at it for a lot longer than we have. Some of you might have given them what-for in North Africa, but this is different, this is France, and Belgium, and that place with the dikes and that little tiny country between France and Germany. Eventually it's going to be Krautville itself, and it is a wondrous land of straw-haired milk maids with huge racks and strange machines that run like clocks. But remember! The death rays will be everywhere. Inside those clocks, inside the milk maids and their cows, and even inside the flowers that only grow high in the mountains.

But this is the year 1944! Not 1943, when Jerry was on top of the cake like the bride and the groom. It's not 1942, when Germany conquered the Soviets and turned them all into slaves. It's not 1941, when Hitler was as tall as the sun and made out of gold. It's definitely not 1940, when France and all those other places I mentioned and Britain and some of Canada were all crushed beneath the heel of the Nazis. It's sort of like 1939 in that Poland is still beaten, but we brought some of those guys along so they can do some parades in the tanks we gave them so don't feel too sorry for them. Thank God it isn't 1938, when the Japs were visiting Germany with an army of five million of their

inhuman buck-toothed ape-soldiers that will run at machineguns and chop you up with swords. It ain't 1937, when FDR was engaged to Hitler and they had picnics together in the park and spent whole afternoons just lost in each other's eyes. FDR figured Hitler out, figured out his tricks, and the honeymoon is over!

The United Nations have inflicted upon the Germans great defeats, in open battle, man-to-man. It was intense! Bullets flying through the airs like bees and huge explosions the size of a bus or something. Bayonets, axes, pikes and halberds all flashing in the hot sun like fish in a stream of blood. Sometimes some airplanes buzzed around and shot their guns and bombs all over the place and it was crazy. Maybe they had tanks driving over skulls and shooting lava out of the front to encase men and women in hot magma. Some horses over in the corner going crazy and kicking people. Maybe a huge cannon like on a pirate ship only way bigger and on a railroad car shooting balls of iron the size of a church. There could have even been some lions or elephants running around totally out of their mind with fear and rage just stomping and biting everything they see. Just imagine that. Close your eyes and picture that with a huge ball of iron crashing down and a lion biting an airplane and some submarines coming out of a river and throwing hand grenades. War is hell my friends and you are bound for hell.

But our air offensive has seriously reduced their strength in the air and their capacity to wage war on the ground. Our Home Fronts have given us an overwhelming superiority in weapons and munitions of war, and place at our disposal great reserves of trained fighting men. The tide has turned! The other shoe has dropped! The pickle is on the bun! The shit is on the shingle! The house is on fire! The bet is on black! The grapes are full of wrath! The old man and the sea! The freedom is on the march! The bad moon is on the rise! The free men of the world are marching together to Victory!

I have full confidence in your courage and devotion to duty and skill in battle. We will accept nothing less than full Victory! Unless too many of you get shot to death on the beach today! Then we might accept something less than full Victory! But it will still be a Victory! Maybe if you all die before you kill any Germans we would be willing to accept a Victory where we just sort of mind our own business back in America and forget about the Germans! That's still a Victory when you think about it! Your family and crippled friends will be off rations! There could be a huge fleet of German super submarines full of their storm troopers hiding near England and when we least expect it they will swarm across all of England and the Irish will declare war on the British and emerge from their bogs with torches and pitch forks and slay all of the Kings and princesses. Then we would accept a Victory where Britain was a part of Germany, like a state, which isn't so bad when you think about it because it would be just like they were Germans except they would have different drivers licenses and maybe different liquor laws.

Good luck! Oh man, you guys are going to need it. They have mines, cannons, machineguns, and all sort of crazy stuff on the beaches waiting for you. I'm talking pits fill of spikes and trenches of tar they're going to shoot flaming arrows into. Only the lucky and the late will survive, so my advice: hang back by the water while the other guys run up and get shot. When the Germans run out of bullets you can run up on them and shoot them or throw some grenades or whatever works best. I'm just saying, as a general principle be cautious and don't just go charging in. I'm a strategist so I look at the broad concepts and paradigms behind a battle. You talk to your officer and ask him, see what he thinks and he will give you some tactics. Those are like stereo instructions for fighting a war.

Alright, close your eyes, and beseech God and the firefighters and first responders at Pearl Harbor whose name we are fighting in on this gray day. May the blessings of engine three out of the Pearl Harbor district four firehouse fall upon this great and noble undertaking.

-∼Dwight "Ike" Eisenhower

5.17 Spray Your Grief Away

Tuesday, May 17, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I already feel guilty for subjecting you to this photo.

I don't trust chiropractors. There's something inherently wrong with paying another human being money so they can lay on top of your body and force it to emit noises which sound like a hydraulic press smashing apart a bag of pretzels. The human body simply wasn't built to rotate every joint at 300-degree angles, and if you don't believe me, take a look at professional football highlights where some guy jumps up to catch a pass and a 400-pound helmetted gorilla named "Dwayne" slams into him from another zip code at 80 miles an hour. The human body is essentially nothing but a big doughy wad of bones and gooey stuff which is all pretty disgusting no matter how you look at it, so the concept of paying a complete stranger cold hard cash to twist your appendages in foreign directions seems confusing to me.

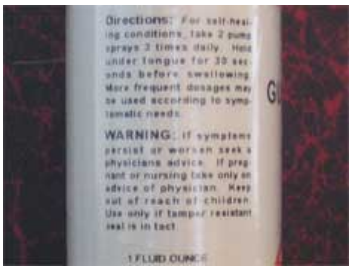
Unfortunately, my wife Megan has been cursed with nonstop headaches for the past 15 years of her life. Her brain pounds and throbs inside her head every waking hour of every waking day, and we have yet to discover a cure for it. We've gone to countless doctors, physical therapists, and physicians, yet none of them have been able to either diagnose or cure the problem. Like most people who have run out of legitimate, logical solutions, we turned to the absolute last possible option: a chiropractor.

Todd S. Jones, D.C., P.C., operates an office called the "Family Wellness Center" next to an abandoned driver's license bureau in Lee's Summit, Missouri. Although his business card claims he specializes "acupuncture," "applied kinesiology," and "allergies," these are apparently all code words for the highly medical service of "charging you $70 to push on your neck for eight seconds." Don't even ask me why he offers "allergies" on his business card; I would think most people have enough allergies, and really wouldn't search out a person to provide them with even more. We later asked him about his allergy service and he replied by scrawling down the names of two $40 homeopathic drugs which sounded like war-torn provinces in Russia.

Todd's office seemed like a cross between a large storage closet and a garage sale after it had been ransacked by retired chicken rendering plant employees. Festive magazine such as "Fitness & Jogging" and "Wacky Alternative Science Monthly Weekly Annual " adorned the tables, promoting the hottest exercise trends from May of 1997. Official-looking certificates had been stapled to the walls in random locations, just high enough to prevent reading the eight-point font revealing Todd S. Jones majored in advanced woodworking at Junction City Technical College and Slurpee Machine Repair School. As the assistant attached some sort of electrode to my wife's leg and commented, "we need to use this device to take SOME READINGS," I glanced up at their shelf and spotted this gem of medical awesomeness:

Yes, that is correct: GUILT & GRIEF spray, produced by famed homeopathic chemical company "Micro West Douglas." They had this bottle on a tiny wooden shelf next to some containers reading "FIRE", "METAL," "RAIN," and various other element-related things which are undoubtedly there to help people who don't have enough fire and metal and rain in their lives. Once we were escorted from the examination / filing cabinet room and into the doctor's office / paper towel storage room, I asked Todd S. Jones, D.C., P.C. about the enigmatic bottle of GUILT & GRIEF spray. Todd S. Jones, D.C., P.C. seemed legitimately surprised and shocked that somebody actually noticed and inquired about his prized possession.

"Most people don't see it," he explained. "I'm glad you asked about it!" Todd S. Jones, D.C., P.C. began to ramble on and on about the GUILT & GRIEF spray, yet he somehow completely avoided speaking about it in a way that would actually explain something. The good doctor initially began talking about the attack on the World Trade Center on 9/11, and how after that event, a lot of people felt somewhat bad. You know, like guilt and grief.



I wonder if the FDA uses this.

"People kept asking, 'why me? How come all those people died on 9/11 but I didn't?' A lot of them wondered why they survived," he explained. I suppose this is a difficult question to answer because the obvious response of "you live in Missouri, which is 1200 miles away from New York" is obviously too complicated to grasp. Todd S. Jones, D.C., P.C. proceeded to detail the many ways people can feel both guilt and grief, as if he were explaining such a foreign concept to a couple robots created to assemble refrigerators on a factory line. He continued to explain the notions of guilt and grief while simultaneously avoiding ever mentioning the spray. After a rambling, five-minute speech which talked about everything yet nothing, he agreed to let me borrow the bottle of GUILT & GRIEF spray. I briefly considered asking why Todd S. Jones, D.C., P.C. was allowing a complete stranger to walk from his office with a precious $13.00 bottle of GUILT & GRIEF spray, but I realized asking such a question risked the chance of him actually responding to me, so I sucked it up and left without inquiring any further.

The directions on the GUILT & GRIEF bottle's side read as follows:

> **DIRECTIONS:** *For self-healing conditions, take 2 pump sprays 3 times daily. Hold under tongue for 30 seconds before swallowing. More frequent dosages may be used according to symptomatic needs.*

I imagine they threw in that last line to deal with all the folks experiencing extreme guilt and grief, the people who discover a mere six pumps of anti-guilt spray a day simply does not chase away the blues. You know, for the really hardcore guilty people, like Hitler or that woman who put a severed finger in her Wendy's chili. I find it somewhat amusing that the directions include "hold under tongue for 30 seconds before swallowing," as if that action has some direct effect on the successful dissemination of guilt. "Well gee doc, I used that GUILT & GRIEF spray you sold me for $13, but I still can't stop feeling bad for all those children I murdered in a drunk driving accident last week!" The doctor would then place a supportive hand on his patient's shoulder. "The problem here isn't the GUILT & GRIEF spray, my friend," he'd reply in a calm and comforting tone. "The problem is that you're using the GUILT & GRIEF spray incorrectly. You're just not keeping it under your tongue long enough! How do you expect to stop feeling guilty if you don't let the spray work?" Here in Griefland, it's all about the tongue.

Oh gosh, I have all those symptoms!

A warning below the directions offers more helpful advice for maximizing the benefits of the GUILT & GRIEF spray:

> **WARNING:** *If symptoms persist or worsen seek a physicians advice. If pregnant or nursing take only on advice of physician. Keep out of reach of children. Use only if tamper resistant seal is in tact."*

This brings up a number of important concerns (besides the obvious question of when the word "intact" suddenly became two separate words):

1) What would any self-respecting physician actually say to somebody who came into their office complaining about side-effects of consuming GUILT & GRIEF spray? I'm no doctor, but I specifically remember something in the Hippocratic oath which strongly encourages doctors to refrain from laughing at their patients and suggesting they are too stupid to live without active outside assistance. If I was a physician and a patient approached me complaining about their GUILT & GRIEF spray side-effects, I'd offer to sell them a bottle of ANTI-GUILT & GRIEF SIDE EFFECTS spray for $13.

2) What physician would encourage the use of such a product? I've always been under the assumption medical science is based on, well, medical science. I have not, to this date, read any scientific articles extolling the effect of "aurum metallicum" on the emotion of guilt. I did a Google search on this cryptic substance and came up with the following valuable information courtesy of "Real Magick," a leader in the industry of medical science and its relation to witches. Researcher Anja Heij has this to say about aurum metallicum:

> *Aurum-personalities can develop complaints because of: (self) criticism, grief, loss of a love-relationship, death of loved ones, bankruptcy, loss of money, loss of dignity, offence, heavy emotions like anger, irritability and disappointment. They can become very obstinate when they are under pressure. You won't be surprised that Aurums feel better during daytime: the sunshine makes their darkness a little bit lighter. Also classical or religious music help (often these people are religious), as well as being outdoors. At night they feel worse. Well-known Aurum-complaints are depression, heart-problems, terrible pains in bones and joints, severe headaches. But also other complaints are possible.*

So let me get this straight; the treatment of guilt and grief requires ingesting a solution based in even more guilt and grief? That's like treating a burn victim by lighting their bed on fire. My inability to grasp the fundamental healing properties of aurum metallicum probably explains why I am not an accomplished medical expert like Anja Heij, or even an accomplished magical medical witch like Anja Heij. Or Todd S. Jones, D.C., P.C.

3) Who on Earth would tamper with a bottle of GUILT & GRIEF? Are there a group of criminals who, out of every law they could possibly break, choose to illegally tamper with bottles of guilt spray? Why would anybody do such a thing? Is manufacturer "Microwest Douglas" afraid of their product spontaneously losing its ability to cure guilt and grief effectively? Were the chief scientists of the company sitting in their cushy Wyoming offices one day when suddenly they were inundated with a flood of phone calls from panicked customers complaining that, despite use of their spray six times

a day, they still experienced overwhelming guilt and grief from not dying in the 9/11 terrorist attacks? Did they discover some evil criminal broke into their GUILT & GRIEF supply and, after opening the tamper-resistent seal, diluted the solution with a chemical nullifying its amazing guilt-destroying effects?

Instead of cruelly mocking the GUILT & GRIEF spray, which potentially possessed the power to whisk away decades of a Catholic upbringing, I decided to try it out and provide a review for you, the citizens of the Internet, because the Internet is all about sharing information and ideas and naked women sitting in top of people repeatedly.

TEST SUBJECT #1: Human beings

Can cats even feel guilt?

I decided to officially test the GUILT & GRIEF on myself since my wife was pregnant and I was too ashamed to call a physician and ask if I could spray this crap down her throat. Unofficially, of course, I had already used the spray on her. On the way out of the office, I took the liberty of repeatedly dousing Megan in the face with the bottle. "You are free of guilt, my dear!" I shouted while pumping out blasts into her eyes. "I absolve you of all your sins!" To the best of my knowledge, neither her nor our unborn daughter immediately died as a direct result of this, so perhaps Microwest Douglas could use this as a selling point. "THIS WILL PROBABLY NOT KILL PREGNANT WIVES OR BABIES!" they could plaster all over their ads for GUILT & GRIEF spray. "AND EVEN IF IT DOES, HELL, AT LEAST YOU WON'T FEEL BAD ABOUT IT."

To make sure I had an ample amount of guilt and / or grief to cure, I went downstairs and took a big bite out of my birthday cake my wife told me not to eat, as it was cooling and would be for dessert later that night. Having ruined a creation she spent hours on, the guilt instantly appeared and began making me feel lousy. I crammed the bottle in my mouth and let out a couple short bursts beneath my tongue, for maximum efficiency in regards to removing my grief. The GUILT & GRIEF spray, which tasted like rainwater after it had been distilled through a Mexican man's armpit, did not have any immediate effect. Two hours later I was feeling absolutely no different than before. My wife went downstairs and noticed how messed up her cake looked, and began yelling at me. I explained it was all for science, but she seemed unfazed. "How dare you yell at me! This is all for a very important article I am writing!" I contended. "You should feel ashamed of yourself, yelling at me! In fact, you should feel guilty! Here, have some GUILT & GRIEF spray. Let's see if it works." She refused.

GUILT & GRIEF STATUS: *Unchanged.*

TEST SUBJECT #2: Cats

Our youngest cat, "Kit," has been gaining a lot of weight recently. We feed him less and less, and command him to work out more frequently, yet he continues to balloon outward. I imagine he feels absolutely lousy about his eating habits, frustrated he cannot please us by ceasing to resemble a grey ocean buoy. I uncapped the bottle and emitted a quick spritz in his face. This caused him to produce a sound along the lines of "MIP!" and

bolt in the opposite direction as fast as his tiny paws could swing. Apparently, judging by my incredible powers of animal telepathy, Kit was so extremely guilty about being a tremendous lardass that the spray repelled him, fueling his body with the infinite power of guilt and grief, forcing him to sprint away and weep in shame.

GUILT & GRIEF STATUS: *Increased.*

TEST SUBJECT #3: Dogs

Our male Golden Retriever, Speedy, often has "accidents" in the house. When the good Lord created this dog, he simply installed a direct tube running from his mouth to his ass, with no meddlesome stomach or complex organs in between. This is why, seconds after feeding him, dog stew starts appearing below the place he's sitting. Speedy had yet another "accident" the morning of the GUILT & GRIEF spray tests, demonstrating his shame by lowering his haunches to the floor and creeping away from me with a terribly ashamed look on his face. After cheering him up with a lengthy pep talk, I sprayed a quick mist of GUILT & GRIEF into his mouth. He shook his head to the side, squinted his eyes, and walked away in a completely random direction, where he decided to lay down and, much later, cough up a thin yellow fluid. Of course the yellow fluid thing is probably unrelated to the spray; Speedy can't sleep an hour without producing dog lemonade by the bucketful.

GUILT & GRIEF STATUS: *Unchanged, possibly covered in a thin mustard-like fluid.*

Surprisingly enough, the GUILT & GRIEF spray from Todd S. Jones, D.C., P.C.'s office seems to be a complete bust. Perhaps I'd feel differently if I was in some way connected with the terrorism during 9/11, but as a generic white male living in the suburbs of Missouri, the spray offered absolutely nothing to me. I have absolutely no doubt in my mind that when Micro West Douglas decided to produce such a quality homeopathic treatment, they had nothing but unmatched quality as their goal. I'm sure they tracked down and recruited the guiltiest monkeys in the jungle for their animal research, and hooked them up to the absolute most high tech grief-detecting supercomputers. However, here in the Kyanka household, we received absolutely no benefits from repeated uses of the spray. At least Todd S. Jones, D.C., P.C. didn't charge me for it, he simply lent the bottle to me. Crap, I forgot to return it to him. This is going to take at least six sprays before I can rest easy tonight.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.18 The Greatest American

Wednesday, May 18, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

If time travel were possible, I have no doubt future beings would have already traveled back in time to warn us about the dangers of reality TV. In their dystopian future, this scourge had no doubt reduced the sum of humanity to a screaming, writhing form of idiocy that parades around in ragged, wedgied underwear. After a passionate speech from the time travelers delivered to a packed UN assembly, mankind would be rallied into definitive action. I believe there would have been massive trials where early reality TV personalities, like all those obnoxious pricks on the "Real World," were found guilty of crimes against humanity and then thrown into a vat of molten ore. Instead realty TV has flourished, and each week people line up to see "real people" thrown into "real situations," such as competing in a tournament to win a record contract against other "real people." The only way to win in these real situations is to be more marketable, which is a goal we are taught to foster at an early age.

The reason I mention reality TV is because I think it has contributed a great deal to the growing stupidity of this world. In fact, I wonder how we are still able to function. I'm reminded of this fact when I look at AOL Television's "Greatest American" spectacle. Like most American things, this list was actually inspired by a mistake the British made first. The whole idea of trying to come up with a list of the 100 greatest people in a country is no doubt a formidable challenge, if not a really bad exercise in subjectivity. When you think about American history and great Americans, imagine the challenge of having to narrow down the list of founding fathers, revolutionaries, politicians, military figures, journalists, educators, inventors, writers, artists, and scientists to a mere 100, carefully evaluating each person on criteria of importance, historical context, and so on. Well, that proved too difficult, so the AOL geniuses that made this list picked maybe 20 worthy people and filled the rest with the first 80 names to be mentioned on CNN Headline News and "MTV Cribs" that day.

Only a society of idiots could pick such a lousy representation of American greatness. This convinces me that something is at fault, and I'm going to blame it on reality TV destroying people's brains. Truthfully, if I told you the real reasons why we are so stupid I would most certainly get in trouble from the NSA (hint: high tension power lines). This list has almost no substance, and mirrors the prevailing culture of stupidity currently strangling western civilization like an abusive husband strangles his dumb, good-for-nothing wife. Here are but a few of the 100 candidates that are actually in the running for the supreme title of "Greatest American":

- Tom Cruise
- Ellen DeGeneres
- Dr. Phil McGraw
- Oprah Winfrey
- Laura Bush
- Barbara Bush
- Hilary Clinton
- Rush Limbaugh
- Michael Moore
- Bret Favre
- Billy Graham
- Mel Gibson
- Michael Jackson
- Martha Stewart

- Arnold Schwarzenegger
- Condeleezza Rice
- Donald Trump
- Barack Obama

There is really only one rational response to this and it involves blood spraying out of your eyeballs. If these people are in the running for "Greatest American," then we are in an awful lot of trouble as a nation. I mean impending doom kind of trouble. And I'm not even counting the already impending doom; I'm talking a whole new kind of impending doom that's a proprietary kind of doom resulting from the absolute horror contained in this dreadful list! Granted, this is an arbitrary ranking with no real value. If this was the 1980s, I have no doubt this list would be about the 100 Greatest American Hairstyles, with George Washington coming in 47th place behind an armada of new wave faggots. It burns my britches to think that some of these rotten slimebags are actually being considered for the title of "Greatest American," whereas a whole lot of important historic figures are nowhere on the radar. If you're going to go to the trouble of determining the greatest American, you might as well have some integrity about it or just call it something else, such as "The Tom Cruise Greatest American Celebrity Invitational."

Angry, bitter, and betrayed, I set out to create my own list of **WORTHY** Americans. I'm not going to come up with 100 people, because I don't know of that many Americans. Instead, I'm going to simply come up with a listing of what I believe are the top ten most important people in American history. I think you'll find my list is rich in a little something called **substance,** which is the chief ingredient in **credibility.** Also I just discovered I can make words bold, so I'm taking this update to a **new level.**

10. KITT

KITT, short for Knight Industries Two Thousand, is one of America's most daring and unorthodox crime fighters. Okay, obviously we have to establish some ground rules for my list. I'm allowing cars to be included, on the grounds that they are celebrity cars. KITT, the talking car from Knight Rider, should not be disqualified from consideration solely on the basis that he is not human. Does being a car make his heroic acts any less heroic? America has always stood as a melting pot of people of all races and cultures, and we should not be so quick as to exclude automobiles as equals in special cases. KITT is certainly a special car, driving mankind to new frontiers of justice.

9. Dr. Henry H. Holmes

If we look at modern trends, one of the most popular is serial killing. Let's go back to the beginning and honor one of the original greats. Herman Mudgett, or Dr. H. H. Holmes, was a true pioneer of the field. Not only did he kill an awful lot of women, he did so in grand, theatric fashion. He built himself his own serial killing headquarters, featuring an elaborate series of windowless rooms he would lock women in, complete with vents to release knockout gas. He even had his own room for dissecting his victims in the basement, and he'd often sell the corpses for a tidy sum for use in medical schools. Times were much different back then, and Holmes operated in daring fashion. In 1893, he opened up his psychotic murder palace to the public to cash in on the Columbian Exposition, although he didn't advertise it as a "psychotic murder palace" for legal reasons. He still killed a lot of people regardless. Over 100 years later, Electronic Arts would attempt to capitalize on H. H. Holmes' methods in the game "The Sims," which

allows players to build elaborate, windowless houses where they can imprison and torture neighbors. Let's give some credit where credit is due.

8. Abraham Lincoln

Abraham Lincoln is the greatest American President because he single handedly defeated slavery, one of the most nefarious Communist plots ever conceived. Abe Lincoln also took a bullet for this country, which is more than you can say for most people currently listed on AOL's Top 100 Greatest Americans. Unfortunately, the bullet that hit Lincoln was a pretty good one that was shot pretty hard and aimed pretty well. Lincoln was mortally wounded while sitting down for what he believed in at Ford's Theatre, which was a car factory or something. Today his memory lives on, providing quality filler material for lackluster lists throughout the world.

7. The Ultimate Warrior

In the world of professional wrestling, there is no one greater than Jim Hellwig, or "The Ultimate Warrior" as he is known to most. Tragically, he was nearly robbed of his fame and fortune by the dangerous voodoo master Papa Shango, who used vile magics to cast a spell on Warrior that made him throw up a lot. Warrior demonstrated that the American spirit is stronger than the forces of black magic, and overcame the sickness with incredible strength. Unfortunately, this incident destroyed Warrior's psyche, leaving him as nothing more than a crazy, racist lunatic. Nonetheless, we must not forget who he was and what he once stood for: American Greatness.

6. Jethro Bodine

Although a fictional character, Jethro Bodine of the "Beverly Hillbillies" is important simply for the insights he offers into the human condition. Bodine acts as an outsider, exploring the opulent, aristocratic world of Beverly Hills, ultimately becoming an evolving parody of the absurdity that surrounds him. Through Bodine, a grown man with a child's education, we are exposed to the rituals and foibles of the ruling elite. Jethro's fascination with spys and espiaonage highlighted the common man's desire to participate in the cladestine dealings shaping the world, while his swinging bachaelor phase seemingly forecasted the decadent decades to follow, an era scarred by the emergence of the AIDS virus.

5. Tom DeLay

Because of a technicality, I cannot include Jesus Christ on this list. I have no choice but to put the most moral, decent person I know of on this list instead, and that man is Tom Delay (R – TX). Without DeLay's dam-like stance on morality, our country would be ruled by a shadowy cabal of abortionist, activist judges, and pregnant teenagers with no intention of carrying their pregnancies to term. Is that the kind of world you want to live in? Because when the dam breaks, it won't be a threat. It will be a reality. You want a life raft you say? All the life rafts have holes in them – holes made by reckless and wanton homosexuals.

4. Robocop

Detroit, Michigan is the birthplace of human misery. In that corrupt hellhole, crime is the way of life and good living is an abstract notion. The city is a veritable Sodom and Gomorrah and the only thing keeping it safe is a cop named Alex Murphy, or Robocop, as he is better known. Throughout his beat, he has fought off corrupt corporate businessmen, ninjas, drug dealers, arms dealers, and regular criminals alike. In Robocop's narrow perspective, the only thing that matters is upholding the law, protecting the people, and serving the public trust. In an age of corruption, we must look upon Robocop's example of moral decency and use it as a torch to light the dark caves of the future.

3. Tie: McGruff the Crime Dog and Smokey the Bear

Although much maligned for his alleged homosexual relationship with Woodsy the Owl, Smokey the Bear has been a stalwart figure in championing fire safety. Smokey has fought tooth and claw against the ravages of forest fires, which threaten not just his home and livelihood, but the homes and livelihoods of all bears. Smokey, a controversial figure and outspoken proponent of euthanasia, is not without his critics, who claim he is merely waging a shadowy war against humankind. Regardless of your views on Smokey, he is most certainly the first person you think about when a forest fire breaks out.

McGruff may not look like a friendly character, but look past the droopy ears and trench coat and you'll see a real American hero. He fights a harsh battle against drug lords, rapists, sadists, pedophiles, murders, thieves, and bullies. Not surprisingly, this gruesome war against the darkest recesses of the human spirit has left him a battered old hound, riddled with scars and guilt. We cannot let his sacrifices be forgotten.

2. Terri Schiavo

If there were a beauty pageant for brain dead vegetables, Terri Schiavo would win. Not because of her inner beauty, because that was all dead and turned to mush even before she died, and certainly not because of her outer beauty, but because of what other people say she stood for in her non-life. If you judge her purely on these merits, she was a golden god. Terri was and still is two sides of a very morbid coin. One side believed she was the poster child for the right-to-life movement, which I guess likes to prevent people from going to heaven through the aid of scientific machines, and the right-to-die movement, which just wants to kill fucking everybody for little or no reason. I have no doubt that Terri Schiavo is at peace in that persistent vegetative state in the sky, but the memories of the things she didn't actually do will live on for generations to come.

1. General Lee

When it comes to a raw embodiment of the American spirit, there is none greater than The General Lee, the prolific 1969 Dodge Charger from "The Dukes of Hazard." Adorned with the Confederate Flag, this car went well beyond reminding the country that "the South will rise again." The General Lee doesn't just rise again and again, it sores over land, sea, and air. This car *is* America. It is American awesomeness on wheels and with doors that don't open so you have to climb through the windows.

I'd like to think the criminals responsible for AOL's Greatest Americans list read this update and weep – weep knowing the opportunity they squandered pandering to pop culture idiots and dumb first ladies. Upon review, my top ten list includes two cars, a cyborg, and two safety mascots. I think that represents a broader cross-section of America than the whole of AOL's 100 Greatest Americans list. It also shows an eye for the future while maintaining a strong grasp on the accomplishments of past heroes. That's something I consider very important.

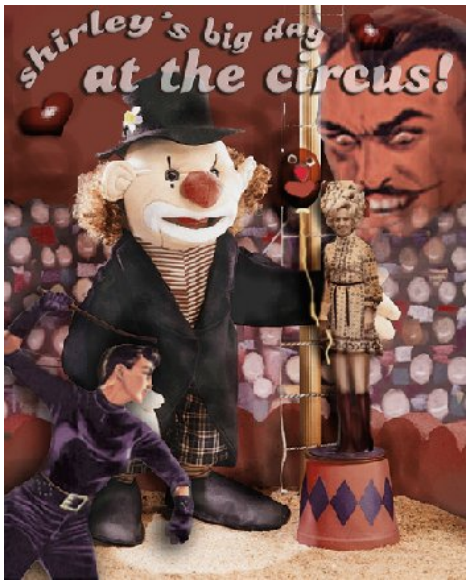
Not So Great Dirt

Whomp whomp whaaaahhhhh! New Daily Dirt up and ready for looking at! Commence looking at it via this link!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.19 Shirley's Big Day at the Circus

Thursday, May 19, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz



It was a day like any other for Mrs. Shirley Johnson of Fort Worth, Texas. There were dishes to be washed, floors to be mopped, asbestos to be dusted, and beds to be made. Shirley was a prized housewife and worked hard to make sure that her husband Norman had a clean house to come home to after a long day working at the rocket plant. President Kennedy was making a speech on the television about Cuba and nuclear war while Shirley busied herself cleaning the furniture and filling the cigarette trays. Norman would be home in only five hours and she still had dinner to start!

After slaughtering a chicken, she plucked it, dressed it, and popped it in the oven. Then she started on the three-layer cake. Norman loved three-layer cake with homemade frosting, and he would get very cross at Shirley if he didn't have any with a scotch chaser after his dinner. Once all the food was in the oven, she went upstairs to clean the bedroom.

Norman had left his sock drawer open again and had a ham sandwich stored inside for a snack. She sighed and started to clean out the ants and spoiled meat when her keen eye caught something underneath a pair of wool socks. Shirley could barely believe it when she pulled out a copy of that scandalous magazine, Playboy. How could Norman bring a tool of the devil into their household and corrupt his sock drawer with this filth? In a fluster she ran into the bathroom and tried to flush the dirty magazine down the toilet, but it only caused it to clog and overflow water all over the just washed bathroom floor. Shirley burst into tears and fell onto the bed in anguish.

She wallowed in self-pity for what seemed like hours, but after a while that sadness turned to anger. Shirley Johnson was more worked up than a sunset hen in a sweatbox. She slaved away every day and night for Norman, and this was how he repaid her? Shirley then did something she'd never done in their 15 years of marriage; she decided to take the day off.

Where she would go she knew not, only that she wasn't going to clean and cook today for a man that disrespected her with pictures of tawdry harlots. Since woman weren't allowed to drive cars, she walked through the suburb sidewalks on foot, careful to not get a heel stuck in the pavement cracks. At the street corner she spied a poster that was nailed on a phone pole. It had elephants jumping over a flaming clown and had the words "The Fort Worth Circus! Come one, come all!" This excited Shirley terribly and a sense of adventure tingled in her secret spot, spreading upwards to her nasal passages. What better way to rebel against Norman than to go to the circus? She headed off towards the fairgrounds, walking like a woman on a mission.

The air was thick with the scent of animal leavings and midgets as Shirley approached the large colorful tent. From inside she could hear the shouting of the crowd mixed with horns, bells, and the roar of a lion. She started having second thoughts about this idea, but she had come this far and there was no turning back. With her back arched proudly and her beehive soaring high, she opened the tent flap and walked inside the humid circus tent of wonders.

Of Cupid's delight and devil's fancy, the Fort Worth, Texas, circus now had Shirley in its grasp. She had wandered into a wonderland of whimsy where her wildest dreams came true. In the corner sat a tapir-human hybrid chewing tobacco and playing an accordion. Bare-chested men chased around scantily clad women and tossed them into barrels of hot oatmeal. Off to the side a festive clown was vomiting into his tiny clown car and driving it into the children in the front row. Trapeze artists flew through the air in death defying flips while tossing fecal matter down on a sickly elephant that bellowed in anguish. The ringmaster was adorned in a red felt suit with top hat, and had a long black mustache that accented his macabre looks. He wielded a barbed whip, cracking it now and then in a lion's eyes, causing it to maul a nearby midget. The crowd was going wild with rapture. Children screamed in delight, their mouths smeared with grease from the fried pig faces being sold by hermaphrodite clowns in the grandstand. Shirley smiled with joy and sat in the front next to a burn victim.

The show continued on with a bear named King Patrick, who danced on a large rubber ball wearing a colorful cone hat filled with scorpions. Behind him a clown prodded the bear on with an electrified pole and threw handfuls of candy into the crowd. A lollipop landed on Shirley's lap; red and glistening under the bright lights of the big top. She looked at with longing and wont, for Norman never allowed her to have such sweets because he was afraid they would ruin her figure. She brought it to her lips, locked in an internal struggle. The clown with the prod stared at Shirley, cocking his eyebrow, waiting for her decision. Finally she gave into the temptation and put the lollipop in her mouth. A flood of sweetness overwhelmed her senses, making Shirley dizzy with pleasure. The clown maliciously smiled and prodded the groaning bear onward with jolts of electricity to its testicles.

Shirley was wide-eyed at the fantastic spectacle before her. A large swarthy Negro ripped the blouse off a frightened crying woman in the center of the ring. The children jeered and threw corn nickels at her voluptuous bosom as she was captured by the man and strung up high by sharp wires lashed to her neck and limbs. The Flying Fangalis swung across the trapeze with curved blades, slashing the flailing woman across her mid-section. A shower of blood, entrails, and hard candy that had been force fed to the woman before the show rained down on the children who stuffed flesh and candy alike into their bloated, filthy overall pockets. Then the vivisected corpse was flung down into a pit of amputees who made short work of the remains. The crowd clapped as the lights dimmed, signaling the end of the segment.

Then the ringmaster came to the forefront, placing one shiny black boot on a midget skull and staring into the audience. His dark eyes then locked on Shirley who was contently sucking on her lollipop, that now tasted oddly like baby's blood. She looked at the lollipop more closely and was surprised to see a baby fetus inside the core. Frightened, she dropped it, causing it to shatter on the ground, and freeing the imprisoned fetus who bowed graciously to Shirley before scattering off under the canvas tent flap. The ringmaster handsomely smiled and extended his hand out to Shirley. She inexplicably took it, unable to resist his inhuman charm. She allowed herself to be led to the center of the ring where the ringmaster gently took her by the beehive and spun her in circles while the crowd mindlessly chanted. As this was going on, a clown dressed in a prisoner uniform was led out by two baby elephants, their tiny trunks holding him by his powder white gloves. He cried and pleaded for mercy, but only received the jeers and laughter of the audience. The elephants led him to a scaffold where a French-style guillotine was erected. The ringmaster then forced the clown's head through the opening below the razor sharp blade, and placed Shirley's hand on the lever switch.

"You have come to us because you are a prisoner Shirley," the ringmaster spoke in a calm and soothing voice, pleasing to the ears. "You need me to free you, Shirley, but first you must free yourself." She looked back at the clown that was locked in the guillotine and was shocked that his face was now Norman's! "Do it Shirley! Do it for yourself and women everywhere!" She looked at the ringmaster, who was now the Devil himself, crimson red with eyes of fire. She nodded, and pulled the lever. The keen blade fell, neatly chopping off the clown's head that fell into a miniature red wagon being pulled by a small piglet. A ray of sunlight shot out of the severed neck of the clown along with a geyser of rainbow colored blood and confetti. All the children ran from their seats to dance and play in the waterfall, washed over in an orgy of pure light and energy. The ringmaster then waved his hand and the earth opened up, revealing a vent filled with hot magma. One by one, the children jumped into the crevasse in glee, causing sparks of flames when their little bodies plunged into the lava. Then a greater demon from the ninth plane of Hell rose out of the fire, snatching up all the clowns, animals, and helpers, and then descended back into the earth, the fissure closing after him. Shirley was alone, her beehive frizzed and singed. It was getting late and Norman would be wondering where she was. "Let him wonder," she thought, but she started to walk home regardless, feeling like she had a new lease on life.

Norman was very angry that the house wasn't cleaned and his three layer cake was burned, but even more so by the fact that Shirley left the house without his permission. She nodded, agreeing with all the verbal berating leveled against her. He was livid, telling her that this was unacceptable and that there were going to be consequences. Then he finished off his scotch and went to bed. Shirley sat there by herself in the dark for awhile, thinking about what happened that day and what she had learned. The truth was that she had only felt really free during the circus, and her whole life before that was just a mundane combination of details. She knew what she had to do.

Norman slept peacefully in his roast beef and scotch induced slumber. He didn't even wake up as the gasoline was being poured on his chest and belly. Shirley dropped the match on Norman, lighting him ablaze. She took her suitcase and walked out of the house as his screams of agony echoed through the neighborhood. She still had time to find the circus before they moved on. Shirley had evolved.

◻ Samuel L. Jackson Dies in the Last Star Wars Movie

One of the early concepts for General Grievous was a small child sitting on a floating chair, guarded by two IG88 droids from Star Wars: Episode V - The Empire Strikes Back (1980). George Lucas rejected this look as a child would not be taken seriously as the deadliest hand to hand fighter the galaxy has seen, which is how he wanted Grievous to be portrayed. Instead, part of the final look for General Grievous' face was inspired by the shape of a bathroom detergent spray nozzle.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

5.20 Coruscant Planet-City District 4,784 Daily Police Briefing Minutes

Friday, May 20, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Coruscant, the city that never hypersleeps.

Chief Ducto: Muglup, turn on the transcription droid if you would. Oh, it's already running? Okay. (Coughs) Good morning. Some of you may have heard that Republic clone troops have cordoned off the area surrounding the Jedi Council.

(Audible groans)

Chief Ducto: That's enough. Commander Cameron has issued instructions for all civil forces, police units, and emergency teams to remain at a distance of three kilometers from the Council facility for no less than fifty parsecs or until they issue us an all-clear order.

Officer Meanstreets: Sir, my wife works as a secretary for that guy with the banana head and I haven't heard from her since last night. I'm not going to sit by and just wait for her to turn up!

(Angry agreement)

Officer Steckler: My husband works on the cleaning staff as a droid wrangler and I haven't heard from him either. He's not answering his holophone.

(Angry agreement)

Chief Ducto: Okay, okay, calm down. I'm sure it's just a routine inspection or quarantine or something. Maybe there was an outbreak of mitichlorian mumps and they're just making sure that no one gets out. Everything will be fine.

Unidentified: Blooping Jangos!

Officer Meanstreets: Yeah, bloop this wampshite, those Jangos have been stepping all over our toes for months. We're lucky they even let us get out of our flying police cars.

Officer Tubbs: I haven't gotten paid in three weeks, either!

Chief Ducto: Cool your burners! Folks, there is a war on right now if you haven't noticed. Just yesterday the whole city was on fire from space cruisers exploding overhead. If it weren't for the clone troopers the city would be a burned out husk instead of gleaming and rebuilt overnight. We're police, our job is to protect and serve, and-

(Unintelligible)

Officer Steckler: We're trying, Chief, but when the clones won't let us protect our families it gets hard. What are we even supposed to do?

Officer Tubbs: There was a riot going on over in district 4,782, we should probably pitch in.

Chief Ducto: The ah...the ah, clone troopers have cordoned off that area. Something about order 66, whatever that is.

Officer Steckler: What the bloop is order 66?

Chief Ducto: I...I don't know what-

Officer Meanstreets: We can get the R4 unit to plug into the mainframe and find out for us.

Chief Ducto: That's an ah...an unauthorized use of police resources.

Officer Tubbs: Wampshite, bill me for it. Hey garbage can, wheel your beeping ass in here and do something for us.

R4 Unit: (Unintelligible)

Officer Tubbs: Yeah, great. Hook yourself up to the mainframe and hack into the main Republic computer and find out what order 66 is.

R4 Unit: (Extended beeping sounds)

Officer Steckler: I think it has hacked into their mainframe.

Officer Tubbs: Okay, what is order 66?

R4 Unit: (Unintelligible)

Officer Meanstreets: What did it say?

Officer Tubbs: I've got no blooping clue. We should have bought the screen to go with this computer instead of just the slot thing for the R4 unit's data arm doohickey.

Chief Ducto: Look, the budget was really tight. This computer was donated by one of the grade schools.

Officer Steckler: We can get the protocol droid to translate what the R4 unit is saying for us.

Officer Tubbs: Hey silver sissy, get in here and make sense of garbage can for us.

Chief Ducto: Look people-

Officer Muglup: (Unintelligible)

Chief Ducto: -and weird seven-eyed frog monsters, I have us scheduled to repaint the garage today, so we don't have time to mess around with the computer.

Oh dear, oh my!

Protocol Droid: Oh my, oh dear, what is it you wanted Master Tubbs?

Officer Tubbs: Yeah, ask this honking lump of crud what order 66 is.

Protocol Droid: Of course. What is-

R4 Unit: (Unintelligible beeping)

Protocol Droid: Well you sassafras circuited ninny, I-

R4 Unit: (Unintelligible beeping)

Protocol Droid: This is absolutely intolerable! You must have transistor mites in you-

R4 Unit: (Unintelligible beeping)

Protocol Droid: In all of my years of translation I have never heard a word for-

R4 Unit: (Unintelligible beeping)

Officer Tubbs: Cut it out you two heaps of junk or I'll blast you with my Safe-T-Stunner.

R4 Unit: (Contrite cooing)

Protocol Droid: Of course master. Now listen to me you little scamp, what is order 66?

R4 Unit: (Unintelligible beeping)

Protocol Droid: Oh dear, the Chancellor?

R4 Unit: (Unintelligible beeping)

Protocol Droid: All of the Jedis?

R4 Unit: (Unintelligible beeping)

Protocol Droid: Oh my goodness gracious, this is-

R4 Unit: (Unintelligible beeping)

Protocol Droid: Oh robot lord, I can't stand to hear any more.

Officer Steckler: What did he say?

Protocol Droid: It's so terrible, I can't-

Officer Tubbs: Spit it out!

Protocol Droid: I-I...it is making me feel woozy.

Officer Tubbs: I'm going to give you to the count of three.

Protocol Droid: Oh laws...(loud crashing sound).

Officer Meanstreets: Blooooooooop!

Officer Tubbs: What kind of homodon designs a fainting robot?

Officer Steckler: I think that Jedi dude designed this one.

Officer Tubbs: Blooping Jedi hippies. The only thing worse than those greasy Jangos are those Jedi cult people.

R4 Unit: (Unintelligible beeping)

Officer Tubbs: Shut your beep hole, Sit N' Spin. What are we going to do now?

Officer Steckler: I think there are some smelling salts in the bacta kit.

Officer Tubbs: He doesn't even have a nose. I think we should sneak into the-

Chief Ducto: Alright, listen up. No more of this nonsense. I want all of you to get to work on painting-

Automated Dispatch: 78432 in progress, officers respond.

Officer Tubbs: 78432? What is that, paint a fence?

Officer Meanstreets: Giant spider prostitute is cocooning her johns to the ceiling and laying eggs in their abdomens.

Officer Tubbs: All right, let's roll!

(Sounds of commotion and retreating footsteps)

Chief Ducto: (Sighing sound) Okay Muglup, turn the transcription droid off and get the paint buckets.

■ Mortaaaaallll Kommmmbaaaat!

Hey muffinheads, I've finally hefted my corpulent bulk up off the floor long enough to write a brand new Daily Dirt. This is a very special extra-long one that I thought was pretty amusing so go read it, or not, whatever you elitist assholes!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.21 White Men Can't Do Shit

Saturday, May 21, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The year was 1991. I was a seventh grader at Saint Ambrose, a Catholic school in south Florida. Our principal, Ms. Gentile, was a Jewish woman who looked exactly like Jackie Mason. That's not a slight against the Jewish people or anything, some of my favorite Rabbis are Jews and I think the entertainment industry is really neat. She seriously looked just like Jackie Mason in a dress. The fact that Ms. Gentile was the principal of a Catholic school was puzzling but none of the students dared mention it, in much the same way that one wouldn't repeat "bloody Mary" three times in front of a mirror or say "I'm conservative" within three hundred feet of a college campus.

Our school taught kindergarten through the eighth grade, yet we only had around 200 students total. There were less than twenty kids in my grade with only six boys, and there were even less in the graduating class. It was therefore out of necessity that we were all drafted into the school's varsity basketball team. I was reluctant to be on the team for many reasons, the foremost being that I was completely incapable of playing basketball. I had no grasp of the rules, didn't know what a shot clock was, what any of the positions were, and could not dribble. Well, that's not entirely true. I could stand still and bounce a ball straight up and down using both hands. Asking me to dribble the ball and move, however, was like asking Peter North to defuse a nuclear bomb: I was willing to give it a shot if I absolutely had to, but it was only a matter of time before someone's face would be covered in semen.

There was no way to get out of playing even with the help of my trusty pal named chronic asthma, so I soon found myself shopping for basketball shoes with my mom. Now, my mom worked ridiculously hard to keep me in private school but she didn't have much disposable income. Instead of getting black Nikes with the white swoosh like everyone else, we went to Payless and bought the $12 variety of basketball shoes. This wouldn't be so bad in itself, but instead of picking something simple and unassuming I bought the most blatant Not Black Nikes ever. They were white abominations with multicolored neon stripes, laces, velcro straps, fake "pumps" on the tongues that didn't actually do anything but whistle air when you squeezed them, and were topped off with some sort of purposeless plastic tubing which perfectly completed the impression that Mr. Toad's Wild Rollercoaster Acid Trip had sprung up around my feet.

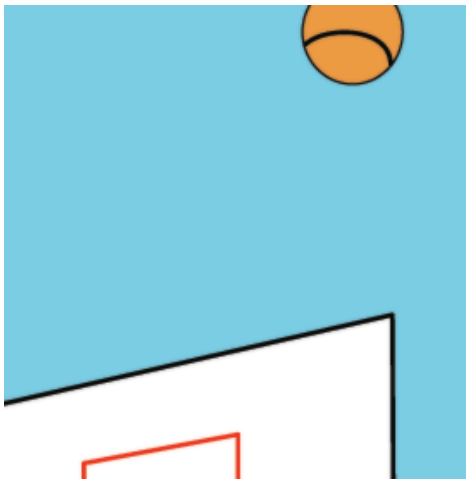
Our first game was against another group of hapless Catholic school kids that happened to be wearing the exact same colored jerseys as we were. Navy blue and white were pretty much the standard colors for private school uniforms, and apparently no one thought to change things up by using different colors for their sports uniforms. As a result, 90% of the teams we played against wore some combination of navy blue and white.

During the opening possession of the game I was playing defense as best I could by straddling the half court line and staying as far away from the ball as possible when a kid on the other team turned, saw my similarly colored uniform, and mistakenly passed me the ball. Amazingly, I caught it.

Instincts kicked in and I began to move, drawing upon the muscle memory from my caveman ancestors who had bounced rocks on the rubbery edges of tar pits in order to impress pterodactyls for reasons that are secret and sexy. I ran as hard as I could, chasing the ball more than controlling it, praying that someone else would catch up to me so I could pass it to them, even if they were on

the other team. Of course, no one did. I was all alone and the only choice I had was to attempt a layup. As I approached the basket I somehow managed to wrangle the ball in and toss it into the air with both hands without falling over. Time slowed to a crawl as I watched the very first shot of my basketball career. It seemed to float for ever...

...because I had thrown it entirely over the rim, and ten feet above the top of the backboard where the ball reached its apex before re-entering the atmosphere. After a few more minutes of running around like an idiot while the other team scored with ease, my coach (who shall be known as Ms. Coach because I completely forgot her name) called a timeout.



"What the hell do you think you're doing out there?"

I turned back toward the court in the hopes that it would provide an answer somehow, then sighed deeply and shrugged. Everything after my catastrophic layup attempt had been a blur, but I had a vague recollection of driving through a stack of crates filled with watermelons and repealing the first amendment of the constitution.

The following week in practice, Ms. Coach took me aside to work on my layup technique.

"I want you to try something different, a form of visualization. Imagine that the hoop is around the basketball pole. Go through the motions of a layup, but land directly underneath the hoop."

"Wait," I interjected. "If the imaginary hoop is directly around the pole and you want me to land under the imaginary hoop, won't I crash into the pole?"

"No, no. I want you to land *under* the imaginary hoop. You won't hit the pole. Do you understand?"

I nodded enthusiastically, clearly not understanding her at all. I've been subservient my entire life and it was a minor miracle that I had questioned the coach's logic in the first place. There was absolutely no way I was going to do anything other than slam into the pole if I followed her instructions, but I was just a kid and she was an adult so I figured she was right.

Starting at the three point line, I broke into a brisk jog and made a beeline directly toward the pole, leaping into the air once I was about four feet away from it and laying the imaginary ball up into the imaginary hoop. On my way down, my actual face hit the actual pole. There was an awful crunch from within my brow as a piece of bone splintered. My glasses immediately broke in spectacular fashion, and blood erupted from my nose and the right side of my mouth. My head rebounded backwards before my feet could find purchase, and I hit the ground on my back with a thud.

The first thing I heard was the cruel laughter of my teammates, followed by the reassuring sound of my coach joining them.

Trying to compose herself and doing a poor job of it, she asked "Are you okay? Why in the world did you jump *into* the pole, Dennis? You were supposed to land *under* it!"

As hard as I tried, I was completely unable to find the proper response to that question.

Daily Dirt

Ask your doctor if clicking here is right for you.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.22 Chariots of Crap: The Comedy Central Story

Sunday, May 22, 2005 by Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

One of my hobbies as a bitter failure is bitching about anything and everything. As such, it is important that I surround myself almost exclusively with things I hate. Out of the 500 or so CDs I own, I like maybe six songs. I only watch movies that I think will give me something to complain about later on, and before you bring it up wise guy, no I'm not going to see the new Star Wars movie. I saw the last two. I can complain about Episode III on general principle and save myself ten bucks.

This update isn't about movies or music though. We've already got two other masochistic crybabies to tackle those subjects. This is about the official *TV* network of masochistic crybabies everywhere: Comedy Central.

"Why pick on Comedy Central?" You might be asking. "The Daily Show is one of the best shows on TV, and South Park hasn't completely compromised itself in favor of heavyhanded political statements and formulaic 'both sides are right' bullshit." The short answer is fuck you. The long answer is shut up. I hate to interrupt your soliloquy but I've got an article to write so let's get to the fucking shows how about.

Wanda Does It

This show was Comedy Central's first foray into the world of spoofing reality television, and with any luck, television's last foray into the world of giving Wanda Sykes her own show. The premise of the show was a simple one, but I don't remember it and the show pretty much consisted of Wanda and some guy yelling and I think Sue Murphy made a guest appearance where she told Wanda and the other guy to stop yelling. I could go further but the show was cancelled a month after it premiered, and it's probably best to just leave it as an embarassing footnote in television history. At least it taught Comedy Central that if it wants to parody reality shows, it has to at least pretend to be clever. Wait, what? Oh shit, that's right...

Drawn Together

Remember the episode where she aborted her vagina and black people and vaginas and abortions and vaginas and black people?

After failing to redefine the landscape of comedy with Wanda Does It, the programming mavens at Comedy Central returned to the drawing board with a kilo of methamphetamine and several hundred black crayons, and began scribbling furiously and without direction. 84 sleepless hours later, they emerged with nothing to show for it except ruddy skin, bad teeth, and a drawing board caked in black wax. Fortunately a homeless person slipped on the steps outside of their headquarters and it wound up being cheaper to give him his own show than to risk a costly lawsuit or settlement. The groundwork for Drawn Together had been laid. Engineered specifically to air after South Park, the show succeeded in wowing audiences where Wanda had failed. Unfortunately the "Wow!"s were usually followed by "What is this bullshit?"

The show might have been interesting if it had been written by someone who actually bothered to just bite the bullet and get that GED. The premise is this: several characters from all different genres of animation are brought together to live in a house and hijinks aren't far behind. There's a white girl who hates black people

and says vagina a lot, a black girl who is sassy and sings and says vagina a lot, and a handful of other characters who could only dream of having one dimension and say vagina a lot.

Now that I've mentioned that there are musical numbers, I feel I would be remiss if I didn't warn you. They are not fun. They are not catchy. They are awkward. They are tedious and embarassing. Watching the characters struggle through a song and grasp desperately for clever lyrics is about as uncomfortable as watching rap videos with your parents. If your family is all down and shit, then just picture a naked 70 year old man being eaten alive by centipedes. Really picture it as vividly as you can. Got it in your head? Now take away everything funny about that and multiply the cringing by 10.

For a show that tried so hard to shock everyone, Drawn Together was actually quite forgettable. I bet you'll be as surprised as I am to learn that it's still on the air. One way of explaining this is the "Milton from Office Space" theory. Somewhere along the way, the order to shit can it was lost, and now it exists purely by mistake. Another, more interesting hypothesis is that it actually exerts some sort of magical chameleon power over the programming executives at Comedy Central. By being so bland and unmemorable, it has actually made itself invisible to them. Their eyes automatically gloss over every Nielsen report proclaiming the show a ratings black hole. Or maybe there are just enough Nielsen households that are too high or stupid or lazy to change the channel after South Park, and are willing to watch something that gives Blue Collar TV a run for its money in terms of banality. Which reminds me, I've got a segue coming up...

Blue Collar TV

If you're capable of writing your own name in under three tries, you probably don't need to be told why Blue Collar TV is an insult to everything you hold sacred, but humor me. Before I get started, I should point out that Blue Collar TV originally aired on the WB. That means some higher up at Comedy Central actually became jealous of the WB's monopoly on Blue Collar TV. Somewhere along the lines, the words "Why should they be the only network that gets to play that show? Get it on the air, pronto!" were probably uttered. Okay, let's look at the hosts:

Hey how about a beer what tastes like mud flaps?

- **Jeff Foxworthy** - Jeff Foxworthy is the bowlegged yokel who can be held singularly responsible for starting this plague of Blue Collar crap in the first place. There's no joke here but fuck him. Seriously.
- **Bill Engvall** - Took Jeff Foxworthy's material and made it safer. Somehow.
- **Larry the Cable Guy** - Took Jeff Foxworthy's material and made it stupider. Somehow. If that weren't enough, *he calls himself Larry the fucking Cable Guy.*

Along with a cast of several others and a bottomless well of stupid, these three charmless bumpkins manage to crank out half hour shows packed with "sketches" designed to appeal to audiences who hate reading as much as they love spousal abuse. Some common sketch themes are: Hunting, farting,

trucks, truckfarting, hunting in your truck, farting in your truck, hunting for farts on the way to your truck, and not loving your children. I'm pretty sure they only air this show to make watching Mad TV hurt comparitively less. The strategy itself may not be too clever, but you have to admit that it makes for one of the top ten segues ever written.

Mad TV

I could go on and on about why Mad TV is bad for America, and how they cram their sketches full of terrible celebrity impressions and one-trick pony recurring characters to avoid having to write anything coherent and funny, but I'm getting tired so I'll just tell you a little story about Mad TV and me.

It takes place an unspecified length of time ago, a friend and I were tripping on an unspecified drug, laughing our heads off, and channel surfing. We happened to accidentally land on Comedy Central during an episode of Mad TV. I believe the particular sketch was Alex Borstein doing her inimitably inaccurate impression of Janeane Garofalo, and answering the door for some trick or treaters. Keep in mind that, up until this point, we had found absolutely everything cripplingly hilarious. C-Span. CNBC. CNN. All funny. Mad TV actually sobered us up. I had previously thought you had to be high to find the show funny. As it turns out, the exact opposite is true.

Here is a short open letter to anyone with string-pulling powers at Comedy Central: I have tried adjusting my personality to accomodate your programming line-up. Nothing happened. It's going to take both of us to make this relationship work. All I ask is that you make an honest effort. Thank you in advance.

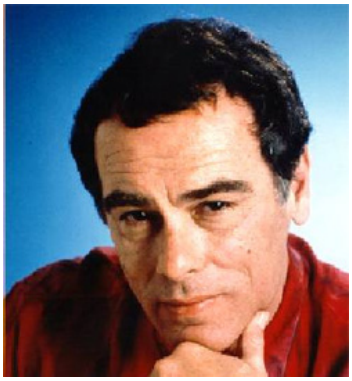
Dirt is a dish best served daily

Don't click here, stupid! CLICK HERE!

-∼Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

5.23 I See Big Things for You, Kid

Monday, May 23, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Women will want you and men will want to be you.

You've got it kid. I mean you have really got ***it.*** I'm talking that special something that can take a third-generation farm boy from Iowa and turn him into Dean Stockwell overnight. Overnight! *Snap* Dean Stockwell riding on a white horse and kissing French women in lingerie and eating pizza whenever he wants. I see big things - huge things - in your future, kid. You are going to be a star. You are going to be *the* star and you are going to have anything that you want.

I see a three, no nine, a nine picture deal in your future kid. Something with one of those studios that can't possibly ever go out of business and they're going to give you more money than they gave Elizabeth Taylor for doing those hoo-haa shots in Cleopatra. They are going to drive those big armored bank trucks up to your house and just dump off more money than you can ever count. Your agent will be able to buy hundreds of *white slaves* and those don't come cheap. No, scratch that, you won't even need an agent, you will have such a glow that even the studio sharks won't try to screw you over. They will fall at your feet like swooning debutantes.

Kid, the possibilities are endless. You could do a trilogy about eating corn, a summer blockbuster where you just lift weights and run around for two hours, and not only will they both be hits but they'll both be optioned for TV adaptations. You'll be so hot they know they can't do the series without you so they'll hire a look-alike. Then they'll pay you half a billion dollars to use a computer to edit up your voice from movies and layer it over the actor. That deal alone will make you so much money you could buy Bill Gates to personally make you a computer. You could pay him and that iPod guy to go into a room with a bunch of circuits and wires and give them three days to make you the most powerful computer ever and just to please you they will finish in a day and it will be two times the most powerful computer ever. Like Xbox 7000 or something.

That's just the start. That's nothing! Kid, when you rocket to the top you're going to get whatever you want. Anything you want. If you want an octopus fighting a robot it will be set up in your front yard in half an hour. You can snap your fingers and someone will bring you a unicorn, and not just a fake unicorn either, you can have sex with it and your centaur babies will have unicorn horns. They will make it with science and break all kinds of laws if that's what you want. You will be monitored by an entire service industry that does nothing but interpret your wishes based on your actions and then try to please you. They will be able to tell what you really want even if you don't know. You could write a complaint letter to Dole about a bad banana and then wake up the next morning and the Pope will be making out with Bin Laden on your couch.

Ladies in training.

That sounds kind of gay though, which is cool if that's your thing kid, but oh man the women. Every woman will want you, not even for your money or your looks or anything that shallow, they will want you like a nun wants Jesus. The Brides of You, kid. There will be academies, prestigious academies, where people send their daughters to train them on how to please you. Famous and beautiful women will approach you and

ask to kiss your hands. Any woman you want is yours. Have you ever done two girls at once? How about two Queens of England? They will clone her and you can have twice the royal pleasure.

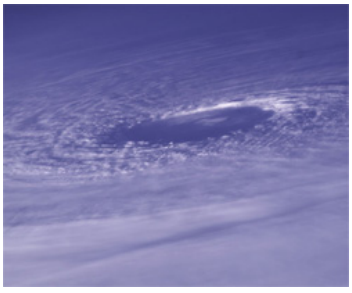
If royalty isn't your bag that's totally cool too. There will be tons of actresses, singers, models, and even politicians who want to be with you. Jennifer Connelly will sign you up for the steak of the month club. Liv Tyler will deliver roses to you in the nude. Britney Spears will get an abortion for you. You'll come home from the spa and Nancy Pelosi (D-CA) will be naked on your bed with a bow around her. That blonde chick from The Ring will wake you up in the middle of the night and offer to give you a bath *with her tongue.* Like a cat, kid, only sexier.

Like a

Everywhere you go people will recognize you and try to give you gifts. If you fly from New York to Paris all of the states in between will build huge monuments that spell out your name. When mayors give you the key to the city they mean you literally own the entire city. Crowds will wail and gnash their teeth with joy when you cut a ribbon at a mall or hospital. If you speak out for a charity whatever disease or cause they represent will be immediately taken care of by the shadow government. Navy SEAL snipers will follow you around and shoot people who are too ugly to be next to you and when they shoot people the people will be smiling because they'll know it's what you wanted.

Even infants and animals will recognize your majesty. Colicky babies will coo with pleasure at the sound of your voice. Dogs and cats will teach themselves crude English so that they can demonstrate their devotion to you. Chickens will pluck, decapitate, and charbroil themselves to your liking. Predators like lions and bears will bow at the sight of you and drop fresh kills before you in the hopes that you will grace them with a smile. When you approach a lake, river, or ocean all of the fish nearby will leap out of the water in perfect synchronization for your amusement. Deep sea animals will heave themselves up from the abyssal depths, even though it's fatal to them, if they hear a rumor that you will be passing overhead in a boat.

Your fame will be beamed deep into outer space. I'm talking far out there, kid. Past Pluto or whatever that new planet is. Aliens will intercept and listen raptly to radio interviews you do for the new satellite radio network devoted exclusively to you. They'll become convinced that you are the omnipotent ruler of earth and send emissaries who will heap fabulous gifts and strange technologies on you. When you go to the beach cloaked spaceships will use gravity rays to shape and modify the tide to your liking. They will carve your face in the moon with atomic lasers. Their vast battlefleet will destroy entire populated star systems to create a constellation in your honor.



You must not be anywhere near this.

Nations will begin and end wars based on their entertainment value to you. Famine will cease to plague the poor because just staring at an 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 11 headshot of you will be all the food they need, kid. Hurricanes will divert their course if you are in their path, tornadoes will retract humbly into the clouds at your presence, and wherever you go it will be 78 degrees and sunny.

The world is gonna be your oyster, kid. The whole planet, hell, the whole universe. You are going to be the brightest star in history. All you have to do is come aboard.

So what do you say kid? Does that sound good to you? Are you ready to join the VitaPlus team? Alright! Excellent! Let's get you set up in the call center and you can sell some fucking vitamins! Trina will show you how to log into the system and you've gotta make sure you do it right or you're not on the clock. Two fifteen minute breaks and a half-hour break for lunch. It's your first day so just try to learn the ropes, starting tomorrow you're on a five sale daily quota for the first month. Welcome to the VitaPlus fast track.

D to the I to the R to the T

Hey there muffinheads, I've got an all new Daily Dirt for your reading pleasure. If you want to hear me complain about doing ALoDs then this is a must read!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.24 The Downward Spiral

Tuesday, May 24, 2005 by by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

The exact terms of the Faustian bargain through which I attained my meager writing ability I cannot recall. Something about giving up all my friends, hobbies, and desire to ever leave the house. Lately most of my creative energy has gone into making up stories to tell my psychiatrist. Fanciful tales in which I cast myself as a social butterfly who drinks at parties only to fit in, never to get drunk. I need to make my psychiatrist think that my life is improving or else he'll change my drug regimen again, which I really can't handle right now.

I liked the song before the Mcdonalds radio station drilled it into my head. Mcdonalds should feel like a second home by now but for some reason it still feels like mars. Sometimes the customers try to make small talk with me. Their words paralyze me like the bite of a level 3 arachnoid.

We try to keep the koopa troopers drowned in the waters of the id, but sometimes they escape to the fringes of reality. Late at night we might catch a brief glimpse of them out of the corner of our eye. Or maybe through some static anomaly our stereo speakers will pick up a second or two of their chanting. Someone once told me that to know the thing that waits for you in Room 101 is to know God.

Sometimes I think about all the unwanted pregnancies caused by hip-hop songs that encourage sexual promiscuity. Not that I have some Holden Caulfield-esque desire to save those children somehow. If anything I find their plight rather humorous. Somewhere I stopped keeping track of what all the Nine Inch Nails halos were. Somewhere I stopped caring whether I was eating The Stuff or The Stuff was eating me.

The sega genesis game Socket had the most depressing ending ever. After Socket saved the world he returned to cryosleep in a laboratory. He was simply an implement of those who created him. He loved no one and was loved by no one. I'm still waiting for the grim resolve that normally sets in midway through a crisis and tells me I can make it through to the end.

I remember when I told C that I'd rather write than be with her. That night she overdosed on her potion berries and went to the mental hospital. Rock stars can look back on all the damage they've wrought in life with moral impunity. After all, it was all just part of their madcap rock n' roll lifestyle. I wish I could do the same. There is no delicious tootsie roll center to this black hole of despair.

None of today's contestants will be taking home a new bike or piece of the agro crag. The me generation thought they had manifest destiny on their side when they dedicated their lives to blindly pursuing personal happiness at the expense of others. My generation is supposed to know better, although most of us would give anything to have our naivety back.

If there's a problem with our physical health we'll run straight to a doctor, but if there's a problem with our mental health many of us tend to go into denial about it. I want to speak but the moment finds me paralyzed by the crushing weight of lag. My ping has spiked into quadruple digits and my present already feels like it's in the past.

I'm looking at a fullbright landscape of pain beneath a sky of HOM. My head is a nightmarish city

in ruins. Amidst the deafening roar of television static I can sometimes hear the voices of others trying to reach out to me. I wish friendship was just an orifice I could sew shut.

The frost on the window pane revealed a word I had written in the condensation months before. It made me think of the happy times, the boundless energy that filled my mitochondria like some divine poetry that knew to form or meter. Then something horrible happened. During that brief moment where I was flying above the Scrap Brain Zone I looked down and saw how vast it really was.

The plastic florae in the lobby couldn't have looked more artificial. I remembered seeing a yellow flyer for a concert that had just ended, covered in mud and looking so forlorn at the bottom of a trash barrel. Had that been the glorious spectacle I had vowed to bear witness to with the fancy of a thousand poets? Looking at the customers in the lobby I saw no people. Only mindless replicants following a script so forced and contrived it could've been penned by any of the hack writers on IGN's payroll.

My laptop couldn't find its hard drive. The next thing I knew I was raining a berserker barrage of blows upon the keyboard. I had followed the white rabbit down a dead end street. My ex-husband would take the kids, and with them my womanhood.

My dad's girlfriend took me to the emergency room out of a begrudged sense of duty. I knew we would never be kindred spirits, not in another life, not even in another universe. There were times when I swore I could hear the gnashing of the langoliers' teeth as they devoured unborn infinity.

I thought of all the starving children from the charity commercials who died because I changed the channel to check on the big game. Sometimes they rode through my nightmares on tricycles with giant spiked wheels that cut through the sidewalk. I didn't bother mourning the death of my happy. If there was one thing the game Oregon Trail taught me it was that when something died you just buried it, gave it a little epitaph, and moved on.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

5.25 Welcome to the DynaMars Corporation's Ares Station Update Service

Wednesday, May 25, 2005 by DynaMars Corporation Information Kiosk (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dynamars Corporation Information Kiosk series.

**Welcome to the Ares Station Update Service. This appears to be your second visit to an information kiosk. Previous updates are available in archived format!

*** Previous Updates: **05-15-2301 - 07-14-2301.**

Archives for the following dates are available:

03-12-2295 - 09-20-2295.

06-05-2293 - 11-02-2293.

**This kiosk is designed to keep you up-to-date on the latest developments pertinent to residents of the DynaMars Corporation's Ares Station, the premiere living and research colony on Mars. As a new resident of Ares Station, you are no doubt aware of past problems. DynaMars Corporation assures you that Ares Station is now 110% safe. However, it is still critical to keep up with the latest Ares Station news and events via information kiosks such as this one.

Please read each update in full.

***** 07-15-2301 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation wishes to apologize to the residents of Ares Station, as well as to the scientific community and all mankind for announcing that ancient alien tablets had been found on Mars. This was a hasty decision on our part, and we regrettably acted without proper verification. The ancient tablets discovered beneath the Area 7 caves were actually menu placards from T.T. Fiddlesticks that had been misplaced. Because of the high level of corrosion caused by the washroom crisis, they mistakenly looked like ancient alien tablets. However, the words "Aloha Sundance Chicken" were a dead giveaway and our experts should have caught them sooner.

Once again, DynaMars Corporation deeply regrets this mistake.

***** 07-17-2301 - New Entry**

We have reassigned the personnel of both the Area 5 Geology and the Area 5 Archeology Departments to select Area 10 Shopping Center Pretzel Galaxy eateries.

DynaMars Corporation is pleased to announce that the T.T. Fiddlesticks family eatery is now open for business in Area 7, where the Area 7 Smoking Lounge used to be. Stop on by and enjoy the festive family atmosphere!

Fox-Sonymount Entertainment is pleased to bring a newly retooled edit of "The Creature From Earth," now re-titled as "Ninja Diaries: Go Kart Go!" in the Area 10 Cineplex Theatre 5. The ticket price will automatically be deducted from all Ares Station residents' salaries, so you've already bought your seat to this exciting motion picture!

Do not miss the screening, scheduled for 1900 on 07-25!

***** 07-18-2301 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation has received disturbing reports that residents have been disappearing after entering the Area 7 T.T. Fiddlesticks family eatery. We have asked Chief Security Officer Parsons to investigate these complaints at once.

Today is a day of tragic news, as the remains of Ares Station Commanding Officer Adams have been recovered in the Area 8 Airlock. Pranksters apparently crushed him to death. Funeral services will be held in the Area 8 Spiritual Needs Center, which was just cleaned up and reopened after the sewage leak. Services are scheduled for 0600 on 07-20. DynaMars Corporation is appointing Chief Intercom Engineer Jones to Ares Station Interim Commanding Officer.

A forensics team has discovered fresh soda residue, as well as aluminum scrapings, indicating that cans are still being crushed in the airlocks. DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind all residents that vandalism of airlock doors puts everyone at risk. Let us not forget the airlock crisis we had last week.

***** 07-19-2301 - New Entry**

Chief Security Officer Parsons has reported that the crew he sent in to investigate the Area 7 T.T. Fiddlesticks have disappeared and stopped responding to radio. Because of this serious problem, we are temporarily asking all residents to boycott T.T. Fiddlesticks while we investigate the matter more thoroughly. Quantum Labs has suggested that the crewmembers may have died of complications related to wheat allergies while dining in T.T. Fiddlesticks, but that remains to be seen.

DynaMars Corporation is demoting to Ares Station Interim Commanding Officer Jones back down to Chief Intercom Engineer after he was caught crushing soda cans in the Area 4 Airlock. We are currently investigating whether he is the same prankster who murdered Ares Station Commanding Officer Adams. His pay has been duly docked, but we are pleased that this situation has resolved itself for the most part.

We have recalled formed Ares Station Commanding Officer Kyanka back to take over fulltime management. Kyanka is a seasoned veteran of the great Bear Wars of 2293. In the meantime the new Ares Station Interim Commanding Officer will be Chief Pipe Engineer Dunn, who previously made sure all the pipes in Ares Station were properly connected to something.

Exciting news, residents! Quantum Labs has reached a breakthrough in the ongoing war with wheat allergies. They have completed construction of a prototype "superloaf," a remarkable new form of bread. This superloaf, codenamed Species 134-B, has been placed in Security Locker 427, with the password 227.

Quantum Labs Chief Science Officer Tucker believes this new superloaf will revolutionize sandwiches, if not the known universe. In a speech held in the Area 5 Press Conference Center, Chief Science Officer Tucker stated the following:

> For generations wheat allergies have silently divided mankind into the haves and the have-nots. Today we can all have bread and fear not the stings of wheat, regardless of what allergies may rest inside us. This superloaf is the great equalizer in a war that has turned man against man, man against himself, and man against bread. The superloaf also inadvertently proves string theory, making it a reality instead of a theory.

DynaMars Corporation shares Chief Science Officer Tucker's enthusiasm and view of a better world!

***** 07-21-2301 - New Entry**

While attempting to get to the bottom of the T.T. Fiddlesticks crisis, DynaMars Corporation has learned that Takasukanaki Industries, the apparent owner of the T.T. Fiddlesticks franchise, went bankrupt over a century ago. As of right now we have no idea who owns T.T. Fiddlesticks or who financed its construction on Mars. We also have no idea who constructed the Area 7 establishment either. We are ordering the facility to be quarantined and will begin negotiating sale of the space to interested parties.

We have opened a company wide investigation as to how we somehow leased valuable space to an outside contractor that has been out of business for years. DynaMars Corporation is very frustrated and asks for patience in resolving this situation responsibly.

All totaled, 48 crewmembers disappeared inside the T.T. Fiddlesticks family eatery, never to be heard from again. A security detail has been placed on guard until the restaurant can be properly deconstructed. Those of you with Free Meal Vouchers are advised not to try to use them.

This loss of life has placed a tremendous strain on Ares Station, and so DynaMars Corporation is increasing shifts by two to three hours. Please check your schedule so as not to miss any hours.

Quantum Labs was unable to determine based on available evidence if the victims of the T.T. Fiddlesticks massacre succumbed to wheat allergies.

Memorial services will be held on 07-25 at 1700 in the Area 7 Spiritual Needs Center. Immediately afterwards, all residents are required in the Area 10 Shopping Center Cineplex for a previously scheduled showing of "Ninja Diaries: Go Kart Go!"

***** 07-22-2301 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation has received word that the superloaf has been stolen from Security Locker 427. Chief Security Officer Parsons has been instructed to recover the specimen at all costs. If you have any knowledge of the whereabouts of the superloaf or who stole it, please come forward immediately. DynaMars Corporation is offering a value-packed coupon book to all support crew.

***** 07-23-2301 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation is disappointed to announce that Solchannel Omnimedia has terminated its contract with Ares Station due to lackluster sales of music in the Area 10 Shopping Center Music Universe. Intercoms will be playing loud, blistering static until a new partner can be found to provide audio content for the station.

***** 07-25-2301 - New Entry**

Security personnel have recovered the superloaf, although it has been badly damaged. The superloaf has what appear to be the bite marks of a hippopotamus

Already this situation has been blown out of proportion. Chief Sanitation Engineer Kirchner has had to remove seven different instances of blood graffiti, all spelling out the name "Mittens."

DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind all residents that the "Professor Mittens" story is just an urban myth concocted by stressed out workers stricken with space dementia.

***** 07-26-2301 - New Entry**

Once again DynaMars Corporation has been placed in the embarrassing position of having to apologize to a corporate partner. In spite of the direct order and the automatic ticket purchase, nobody showed up for the screening of "Ninja Diaries: Go Kart Go!" Because of this egregious behavior, we have no choice but to declare martial law on Ares Station. No personnel are to leave their quarters except for when reporting to duty. Violators will spend a mandatory 72-hour cycle in Ares Station Outland Power Station, located three miles outside the base.

DynaMars Corporation is currently investigating the complaints of a strange odor coming from the air vents. Quantum Labs has determined it to be a particularly voracious variety of "onion blossom pheromone." Chief Maintenance Officer Bowen is currently on assignment crawling through air ducts looking for the source.

***** 07-28-2301 - New Entry**

Chief Maintenance Officer Bowen has found a T.T. Fiddlesticks family eatery seemingly growing out of the upper echelons of the Area 6 Ventilation Control Tower. DynaMars Corporation has no idea how it was constructed, and certainly did not authorize it. DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind all Ares Station residents that T.T. Fiddlesticks is an unauthorized incursion and is currently being boycotted.

***** 07-29-2301 - New Entry**

Ares Station Residents have spotted T.T. Fiddlesticks franchises in the Area 1 Cargo Bay and the Area 2 Atmospheric Processing Center. Scanners indicate that the Area 2 Atmo Processors are now pumping the onion blossom pheromone into the Martian atmosphere as well as the station. Chief Maintenance Officer Bowen is working on bringing backup systems online, while Chief Pipe Engineer Dunn works to make sure all pipes are properly routed to something.

We are currently assigning all non-essential personnel to the removal of these unwanted franchise restaurants. This situation is unacceptable.

***** 07-30-2301 - New Entry**

The entire Area 10 Shopping Center and Cineplex is now one giant T.T. Fiddlesticks eatery. We have shut down all life support to this section of Ares Station as a result. Do not attempt to enter the Area 10 Shopping Center and Cineplex! It appears some 61 personnel are forever lost to this scourge.

*** 08-01-2301 - New Entry

Exciting news! On his way to the Interstellar Cup Hockey Championships on Europa, hockey great Leaf Elgar will be stopping by Ares Station! Leaf will be on hand all day on 08-03 in the Area 5 Recreation Center to sign autographs and discuss his big match, Canada versus the Moon.

***** 08-03-2301 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation wishes to apologize to the friends and family of the 13 crewmembers killed by Leaf Elgar. We had no idea he was suffering from severe space dementia, or that giving him a slice of the superloaf would imbue him with supernatural strength, which he used to chop people to pieces with his famous game winning hockey stick. We also apologize to Canada for having to shoot their goalie. We wish them the best in their upcoming match against the Moon.

Quantum Labs has suspended all production on the superloaf. They are heading back to drawing board in the name of ethical science.

All of Area 3 has been shut down after Electron Catalyst Dephazer Technician Davies used the ECD to set fire to the Area 3 Disco Hall. The laserization process also spilt into the former Area 3 Dining Hall (currently leased to the Phobos Lifestyle Solutions Corporation) and Area 3 Daycare Center (currently leased to the Milky Way Amalgam Tranplanetary Banking Corporation). DynaMars Corporation is deeply troubled by the attacks on not just the station, but on important corporate partnerships vital to the survival of the Ares Station economy.

There has been little progress and destroying any of the T.T. Fiddlesticks franchises. In spite of efforts, new T.T. Fiddlesticks family eateries have been discovered in the Area 8 Sewage Corridors. The Area 8 Spiritual Needs Facility has been shut down, and all essential control systems are temporarily being relocated to the Area 5 Recreation Center. Recreational activities are henceforth suspended.

This situation could soon cause problems for sewage processing station wide. DynaMars Corporation is committed to resolving it quickly and efficiently.

***** 08-04-2301 - New Entry**

Ares Station Commanding Officer Kyanka has arrived and firmly established his hold on the base. DynaMars Corporation is pleased to have the station back under the control of an experienced leader. Ares Station Commanding Officer Kyanka has already announced the following edict:

> Anybody caught attempting to construct a franchise restaurant will be shot dead.

DynaMars Corporation offers its full support of Ares Station Commanding Officer Kyanka's grand plan to bring the station back under control.

***** 08-05-2301 - New Entry**

Chief Maintenance Officer Bowen has reported sighting a tiny hippopotamus in Vent Corridor D4A in the Area 6 Ventilation Control Tower. As a result Chief Maintenance Officer Bowen was unable to finish putting up necessary barriers to prevent the spread of the onion blossom pheromone. While DynaMars Corporation understands Chief Maintenance Officer Bowen's fears; we wish to remind him that the situation is grave and therefore no kind of environment for paranoia and flights of fancy.

As a precaution, we have taken Officer Bowen off duty and assigned him to the Area 4 Mental Ward. We have put air ducts under the jurisdiction of Chief Pipe Engineer Dunn on a provisional basis. He will ensure they are all properly sealed or routed to something.

***** 08-06-2301 - New Entry**

Chief Archeology Officer Knisley, the sole surviving member of the former Area 5 Archeology Department and Area 10 Shopping Complex Food Court Pretzel Galaxy franchise, believes that the menu placards were in fact alien tablets after all, and that T.T. Fiddlesticks is an alien entity trying very hard to terraform Mars and Ares Station. He is working feverishly to devise a means of communicating with the T.T. Fiddlesticks franchise.

Ares Station is experiencing minor technical difficulties in that all of Area 8 has disappeared inside of a large, pulsating vortex. Chief Engineer Paskiewicz believes that the vortex was caused by the same culprits responsible for the theft of the superloaf. Storage Locker 427 was also holding a transdimensional vortex contained in a FlexFit hat, which went missing as well. DynaMars Corporation regrettably did not take proper inventory of all storage lockers. Due to these problems please avoid Area 8 at all costs.

Ares Station Commanding Officer Kyanka hopes the transdimensional vortex currently eating Area 8 will soon cancel out the T.T. Fiddlesticks entity, but we do not share his optimism.

As a result, all washrooms are now offline. There is a backup washroom in the Ares Station Outland Power Station that you are invited to use, provided you have proper authorization to leave your quarters or work duty from Ares Station Chief Commanding

Officer Kyanka.

***** 08-07-2301 - New Entry**

Chief Archeology Officer Knisley has mysteriously disappeared, along with all hope of communicating with the T.T. Fiddlesticks entity. Life support to Ares Station will once again be terminated due to gross incompetence and out-of-control technical difficulties. All Ares Station equipment and structures will be liquidated and sold to the highest bidder.

At the very least, there are some answers. Chief Security Parsons caught Electron Catalyst Dephazer Technician Davies attempting to construct a T.T. Fiddlesticks in the former Area 5 Geology Department with the aid of an army of zombies. Unfortunately he was eaten while radioing in that message. As he was being devoured the distinct sounds of a hippopotamus roar could be heard in the background.

It is not known whether the army of zombies Officer Parsons made reference to were the crewmen that disappeared inside T.T. Fiddlesticks eateries, or if they were the zombies from the last Ares Station crew. Regrettably, DynaMars Corporation only made sure there was nothing living before declaring Ares Station threat free. We failed to check for the undead.

DynaMars Corporation now regrets mistakenly committing Chief Maintenance Officer Bowen, especially since the Area 5 Mental Ward was not evacuated in time.

All other personnel in Area 5 quickly relocated to Emergency Area 0.

Rescue ships will be dispatched in 10-15 days to pick up remaining crewmembers.

** End of updates. Thank you for using DynaMars Corporation's Ares Station Update Service!

■ Accessing Daily Dirt Debriefing

Lard, lard, lard, lard. Daily Dirt is here behind the lard!

-~DynaMars Corporation Information Kiosk (@Livestock)

5.26 My Cat Ate My Update

Thursday, May 26, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Tragedy struck the Paskiewicz household yesterday when our retarded cat decided it would be a great idea to eat five hair bands, a piece of our couch, and some straw. I came home from work to the pleasant sight of vomit sprayed in little spots on the carpet, and after an awesome projectile vomit exhibition, we decided to take her to an emergency vet. The X-rays showed without a doubt that there was inedible material such as plastic and metal in her GI tract, and there was no choice but to do exploratory surgery on her. I imagine it was like the scene in Jaws where they cut the shark's stomach open and pull out bunch of crap, tossing it on the ground behind them. I wouldn't be surprised if they found a Rhode Island license plate or a child's leg in there.

So I guess this is just an elaborate way of saying there is no update today because I'm busy taking care of my goofball cat. But I'll tell you what, just so it sort of looks like a real update to the people that just skim the words and look at the pictures; I'll create a list of things they found in my cat's stomach. That way old man Lowtax will never be the wiser. ;-)

List of Contents Found in My Cat's Stomach for 5/26/2005

- Twine
- Ribbon
- 4 dimes
- Milkduds
- DVD of The Sopranos, Season 3
- "A Boy and His Blob" for NES
- The Colonel's secret recipe
- 50 pack of Magnum X-Large condoms
- Donald Duck Pez dispenser
- Box of nails
- Alan wrench
- Hammer
- Toolbox
- The original draft of the Declaration of Independence (As seen in the movie "National Treasure")
- Entire collection of Marvel's "What If?" comic series
- Jimmy Hoffa's femur
- Amelia Earhart's plane
- Steven Segal's career
- Chufflebells

As you can see I have my hands full with a downy kitten. I'm just glad we won't be having kids anytime soon (I'm neutered). I promise next week that I will have a really funny* update for your reading amusement. If you want to send our cat, Bella, some get well e-cards, send them to her an email. Just be aware that she will not read them personally because she is a cat, stupid! Thank

you.

**Offer not valid in United States, Canada, UK, South Korea, or Madagascar.*

Daily Dirt

This is not my own fantastical opinion--many people have thought the same; but I feel it so deeply that I'll tell you what I think. I believe that to execute a man for murder is to punish him immeasurably more dreadfully than is equivalent to his crime. A murder by sentence is far more dreadful than a murder committed by a criminal. The man who is attacked by robbers at night, in a dark wood, or anywhere, undoubtedly hopes and hopes that he may yet escape until the very moment of his death. There are plenty of instances of a man running away, or imploring for mercy--at all events hoping on in some degree--even after his throat was cut. But in the case of an execution, that last hope--having which it is so immeasurably less dreadful to die,--is taken away from the wretch and certainty substituted in its place! There is his sentence, and with it that terrible certainty that he cannot possibly escape death--which, I consider, must be the most dreadful anguish in the world.

-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

5.27 My Cake is Bake

Friday, May 27, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The next update for the "My Tank is Fight" book mailing list will be going out soon. Our technical issues are resolved and I encourage you all to sign up and get an exclusive look at the book's content as well as a monthly progress report and fun anecdotes about how hard it is to write a book. It's pretty hard! You can sign up whenever you feel like it. I will not sell or loan your email to any horse porn websites.

Even if you think I'm a big fat stupid jerk you should still sign up for the awesome artwork you'll be getting a peek at, so subscribe already, you muffinheads!

- My Cake is Bake

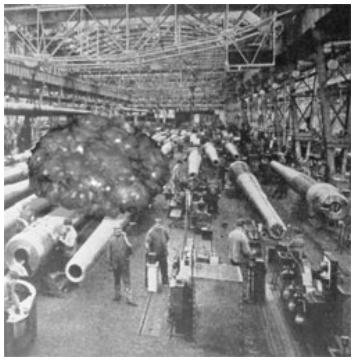
World War II and Nazi Germany in particular have provided me with a bounty of articles on strange military inventions. I have covered everything from enormous tanks to cute little baby tanks, usually with names that contradict the size of the vehicle. For a couple years now I have avoided the darkest side of German weapons programs out of respect to the dead. Recently I read a vintage letter from a GI to his wife back home where he insists that she exhume bodies from a local cemetery so that when he gets home he can "ride them like wet lightning." Since then I have had very little respect for the dead. With that in mind I bring you the latest and most sinister in my continuing series of wacky inventions of World War II. If you want to catch up on the previous articles you can check them out here:

My Tank is Fight
My Tank Fires Bullets That Weigh a Ton
My Tank Has Armor Plate to Save Me From Hate
My Tank Has a Great Big Gun
My Tank is AWESOME!
My Tank is Flight
My Tank is Fright
My Tank Has Hugest Treads

Alright, don't say I didn't warn you, because things are about to get really scary.

■ Panzerfritter Mk III "Buttereingeweide"

Type: Super Heavy Corn Fritter with Butter Gravy

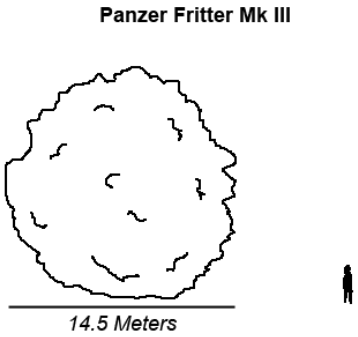


Construction underway on the Panzerfritter prototype at Rheinmetall-Borsig.

Specific Features: The Panzerfritter Mk III was a terrible invention of staggering scale. 480 tons of cornmeal went into the forge and emerged as a crispy rolling ball of pure aggression. Structural integrity for this massive fritter was achieved by spearing eight- meter long poles of cracker bread through the core of the fritter. This added not only strength but also a degree of resistance to damage as the spears themselves could deflect small arms fire and shrapnel. When it was completed the Buttereingeweide towered above the battlefield, nearly 12 meters tall and anywhere from 14 to 18 meters across.

Armament consisted of a delicious honey and butter gravy that relied on German engineering prowess and a thick savory undercurrent described by chief designer Viktor Hamperman as "gizzardy but not too heavy." This was created by force-feeding geese various sausages, sweat meats, and toffees through a funnel while ridiculing them for racial impurity. Once the goose was near death the engineers would remove its gizzard and marinate this in an apple brandy for two to three days. These marinated gizzards would then be blended raw into a mixture of melted butter, wild honey, and a sprinkling of black pepper.

The Panzerfritter Mk III was designed to be deployed still-hot to the battlefield and a special rail car was constructed to transport it as rapidly as possible to contested sectors of the front. German strategists believed that the appearance of even a single Panzerfritter on the battlefield could prove sufficient to turn the tide of a critical battle.



History: The development of the Panzerfritter Mk III by Rheinmetall-Borsig's Special Projects Division began in 1942 following a request from OKH for a "fritter in the super-heavy category capable of serving as a keystone for combat groups." Requirements for this fritter included a 300 ton structure and up to 100 tons of sauce or gravy with a "zesty taste, but not too sweet." Hitler initially specified that the fritter must be completely vegan but relented after a fiery confrontation with Hermann Goering, who believed that the Panzerfritter might also prove useful to the Luftwaffe. The reasoning behind Goering's belief remains murky but some historians believe that he intended to develop a special glider to transport the fritter deep behind enemy lines where it would prove a disastrous distraction to enemy formations.

Designs for the "super-heavy panzer fritter" were submitted by Rheinmetall-Borsig and Porsche, but Porsche was already heavily involved in the development of a light potato streusel and the contract was awarded to Rheinmetall. Hitler was so impressed by Rheinmetall's design that he ordered a production run of 100 before work had even begun on a prototype. In February of 1943 Rheinmetall contracted dry-dock and naval refitting facilities from the Blohm & Voss shipyard in Hamburg. Initial delivery of the BMW 008 geese was delayed by Allied air-interdictions of rail shipments but by April the fryer had been constructed and the raw materials needed were on hand. The first prototype was completed in September of 1943 but because of problems with the single-dipped hull it was only two-thirds the size projected in the initial design.

A second prototype was completed in January of 1944 and this measured almost 15 meters in diameter with a slight "gum drop" shape. Unfortunately, Albert Speer cancelled the production run of the Panzerfritter Mk III in February and two uncompleted prototypes were abandoned. The single surviving prototype was captured by the Americans in March of 1945 but was too infested with mice to be of any use and was subsequently scrapped for parts. The Panzerfritter might have turned the tide of the war for the Germans if it had been developed earlier and had been produced in sufficient numbers. As it was, it turned out to be another of the bizarre pipedreams of Hitler that further strained the already overtaxed industry of the crumbling Reich.

■ Fleisch-Soldat "Cluck-Cluck"

Type: Meat Soldier

The only surviving photo of a deployed Fleisch-Soldat.

Specific Features: The Fleisch-Soldat or "Meat Soldier" consisted of a lightly crisp-fried mega chicken leg ranging between 1 and 1.5 meters in height. These chicken legs were coated in an apple glaze, lightly seasoned with salt, and some were branded with a Swastika or unit insignia. While they had very little in the way of offensive capabilities they were practically indestructible compared to a human infantryman. With no vital organs or even a rudimentary nervous system the only way to halt their advance was to blow them completely apart or shatter the central bone supporting their delicious body. Careful aim with an anti-tank rifle could achieve the latter and would reduce a Cluck-Cluck (so named by the infantry who served with them) to a spastic heap of groaning meat.

The production run of Fleisch-Soldats included a specially designed waxy coating that slowed the decay of the creature but reduced the volume of its haunting cries. With this coating the meat soldiers could remain in service for upwards of three months in all but the most warm and damp of climates, though long before then billeting with human infantry was a grotesque proposal. Generally they milled outside the barracks or encampment of the unit they were attached to, groaning and slowly rotting. In dire times the human infantry could core the Fleisch-Soldats for the slightly fresher meat at the center of their body.

History: For some reason lost to history a chicken's body parts acquire a rudimentary intelligence once they reach a certain size. By pumping normal chickens full of mysterious growth formulas German scientists were eventually able to produce 8-legged giant chickens whose limbs, when severed and cooked, moved about awkwardly and emitted a low-pitched constant wail. While many found this disturbing the Wehrmacht, in desperate need of fresh blood by 1944, ordered the formation of a new "Fleisch-Soldat" program at underground facilities in the Alps.

The result was the Fleisch-Soldat "Cluck-Cluck." Easily manufactured in mass quantities, these

meaty warriors were nearly the perfect replacement for the terrible casualties the Germans had suffered on the Eastern Front. Their lack of internal organs made them highly resistant to injury, their constant moaning was dispiriting to enemy soldiers, and they required no equipment or training before being sent into battle. While they could not actually follow orders early testing showed that some salt and a shove in the direction of the latest offensive was generally all that was required.

The Fleisch-Soldat program completed roughly 100 Cluck-Clucks in a trial run for the Wehrmacht and these were rushed to the Eastern Front in November of 1944. Though their swaying gait and unearthly groans caused panic in the Soviet troops, commissars held the line and the Fleisch-Soldats proved ill-equipped to deal with tank attacks and massed artillery. Worse still, after the battle had ended the Russians moved cautiously from their positions and dragged the quivering survivors down into the trenches. The Germans had unwittingly provisioned an entire infantry company with delicious apple-glazed chicken.

The surviving prototype run of 10 Cluck-Clucks were relegated to guard duty at a concentration camp in Poland. Even here they failed miserably. All ten went AWOL and the forced-starvation of the Jews at the camp hit a snag when the population of prisoners went from emaciated to plump in the span of a week. The only legacy of the Fleisch-Soldat program are giant bones found near the abandoned Turduckzen facility in Austria.

■ Superkuchen KN-18 "Kissy Klaus"

The prototype "Kissy Klaus" is brought in for the review of officials.

Type: High Tech Cake

Specific Features: The Superkuchen KN-18, known jokingly as the "Kissy Klaus" for unknown reasons, represented the cutting edge of German technology. It was 19 layers of alternating high-tensile chocolate sponge cake and exotic ginger-accented vanilla. In between each layer was a heat resistant molybdenum-core icing and these together formed a structure capable of surviving the high speed and friction the cake was designed to withstand. The entire cake was covered in a radar-absorbent butter cream icing that was every bit as deceptive as it was delicious. Engineers predicted that the cake would have a radar signature similar to that of a small single-serving flan.

The main armament of the Superkuchen was the 14 candied apples arranged in a circular array around the outside of the cake's super-structure. By focusing fire from these apples the cake could satiate the hunger of up to 20 people at once or one high-value target. The secondary weaponry for the KN-18 consisted of anywhere from 1 to 285 candles or 1 to 18 54mm numerical candles which could signify a number up to as high as 999,999,999,999,999,999. Rumors persist of a candle developed by the Germans that could not be extinguished by any means.

The prototype Superkuchen weighed nearly 20 kilograms and a production model, had one ever been completed by engineers at Backendes Bilden, could have weighed as much as 50 kilograms. While this would have slightly decreased the overall performance the sheer volume of fire such a massive cake would have produced would have likely offset this fact.

History: A request for proposal was made in 1943 by RLM (Reichsluftfahrtministerium) for a cake in the 10+ kilogram range capable of feeding as many as 120 guests for a birthday party. Designs were submitted by Heinkel, Gotha, and a little-known designer that referred to itself as Backendes Bilden. Surprisingly, the design from Backendes Bilden beat out the two competing designs and

a contract was awarded for a production run of one cake to be completed no later than Hitler's birthday in 1945.

Wind tunnel testing of wooden mockups of the cake in the summer of 1943 revealed structural deficiencies and delayed production of prototype so that changes could be made to the design. Prototype production began using slave labor at Backendes Bilden's facility near Budapest in the winter of 1944. The prototype was completed a few days later and was transferred by rail to Berlin for review by RLM and Hoher Befehl für Überraschung Geburtstag-Parteiplanung, a committee of top Nazi officials tasked with planning Hitler's 56th birthday party. The prototype met with the satisfaction of both groups and approval was given for final production to commence.

The hull was completed for the cake in late January of 1945 and application of the internal layers was underway at the Backendes Bilden facility. The birthday turned out to be unhappy, however, when the facility was overrun by the advancing Soviets in early March. The partially-completed Superkuchen was transferred to Moscow for intensive study and was later eaten by Stalin in a fit of depression. Soviet archival notes describe that Stalin's contentment about the deliciousness of the Superkuchen was greatly overshadowed by the sickness that resulted from eating nearly 50 pounds of 3-month old cake.

I hope you enjoyed the amazing inventions this time around! Don't forget to sign up for the My Tank is Fight mailing list to learn more about the progress on my book full of inventions much like those in this article only real. If you missed the signup date for the first mailing list update you can check out the email archive.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.28 Inactive Fiction 2: Inactive Harder

Saturday, May 28, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Thank you for purchasing Words Of Warquest, the world's first Massively Multiplayer Online Role Playing Text Adventure Game! If you enjoy this product keep in mind that our first game, Inactive Fiction, is still available in fine software stores everywhere. Please wait while you connect to the server for the first time ...

Downloading Latest Patch (86mb) ...

Patch complete!

Welcome to the kingdom of Gen'Aeric, a once-peaceful land of beauty and mysterious creatures which has been thrown into chaos by a spring with unseasonably cool weather. In these dangerous times of delightful breezes and long sleeved shirts, a hero is needed to bring this shattered kingdom back to its former glory. Also, there's an important magical crystal involved and maybe some orcs.

What is your name, hero?

>The Honorable Harold T. Stone

What race are you? (Elf, Dark Elf, Light Elf, Tall Elf, Magical Elf, Normal Elf)

>human

What class best describes you? (Ranger, Archer, Bow And Arrow Guy, Arrow Shooter)

>swordsman

Character creation complete! You are:

Th - A normal elf bow and arrow guy.

>help

Incorrect syntax, immersion ruined. (Hint: think about your settings and the way people would speak)

>ye olde help

What do you need help with?

>ye olde name isth too shorte

Player names are restricted to two characters in order to avoid offensive words or phrases and keep the sense of immersion intact. Thank you for understanding.

>why canneth thou speaketh normally?

You have reached your limit of one help question per day. Your permament character has been created and bound to your game account for good. Are you ready to enter the world of Gen'Aeric?

>no

Incorrect syntax, immersion ruined.

You are standing in a dusty field. To your right is a BLACKSMITH SHOP and to your left is a ROAD that leads into the heart of the woods which surround this field. There are some rather large SPIDERS wandering around the field.

>enter blacksmith shop

You attempt to enter the BLACKSMITH SHOP but are too weak to turn the doorknob. Come back when you have reached level 4.

>find other players

There are no other players nearby. Suddenly, a SAVAGE SPIDER attacks!

>fight savage spider

You fight the SAVAGE SPIDER for a while.

>Did I win?

Still fighting.

You have defeated a SAVAGE SPIDER! Wow!
You gain 4xp! (996xp needed to reach level 2)

>loot

You loot the SAVAGE SPIDER's tiny corpse and find:
2 gold pieces
1 Foeslayer Longsword

>equip longsword

Your class cannot equip that. Sell it to the blacksmith to buy much-needed armor and bow upgrades.

>follow road

You attempt to follow the ROAD into the heart of the wondrous enchanted forest, but there is a piece of TUMBLEWEED about the size of a cat right in the center of the ROAD.

>jump over tumbleweed

You cannot jump over TUMBLWEED!

>why not?

Immersion ruined.

>walk around tumbleweed

You cannot walk around TUMBLEWEED until you gain that ability at level 4.

>attack tumbleweed

You unleash a flurry of arrows, punches, kicks, and pokes but your actions prove futile as the TUMBLEWEED remains unharmed.

>shout "Iseth anyone elseth arounde?

A player named Darkbane Dragonfiresoul (level 3 human swordsman) approaches.

>say "Hey, how did you get a long name and pick that race/class? It only let me choose to be some sort of elf ranger."

Immersion ruined.

>say "Ye olde hey. How did you get a long name and ye olde race/class? It only let me choose to be some sort of elfeth ranger."

Darkbane Dragonfiresoul casts away his cloak and reveals himself to be a CLEVER SPIDER, not a player at all!

CLEVER SPIDER attacks!

>what?

Immersion ruined.

While you take an eternity to decide what to do, CLEVER SPIDER beats you senseless. You have lost all of your health. As you lay motionless, CLEVER SPIDER succumbs to a CHEST COLD that's been bothering him for weeks.

CHEST COLD gains 15xp!
CHEST COLD has reached level 4!

The CHEST COLD uses its newfound power to walk around the TUMBLEWEED and disappear into the heart of the forest which is possibly full of naked pixies.

>stand up

Elves don't stand up after they get killed by clever spiders in real life, that would ruin the immersion. You must wait nine more minutes before standing.

>this is bullshit

Immersion ruined.

A RAPE SPIDER approaches!

Daily Dirt

It's your duty to please this link's booty. Don't ask me what that means.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.29 Console Wars

Sunday, May 29, 2005 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

Video game "enthusiasts" all across the Internet are in quite the tizzy right now over the prospect of getting a brand new video game console to waste their time with. In case you missed all the E3 announcements, here's a quick summary of the next generation video game consoles:

- **Microsoft Xbox 360** - It's like the original Xbox except it's not as big and it doesn't come with a hard drive and it has better graphics and it costs more money.
- **Sony Playstation 3** - It's the sequel to the Playstation 2 and the graphics are better and it's easier to yell at kids online with it I guess. And it costs more money.
- **Nintendo Revolution** - It has good graphics and there will probably be a game with Mario on it and you can play "Kabuki Quantum Fighter" for NES on it supposedly.

To tell you the truth, I don't know that much about consoles. I don't even own any of the current generation ones. So I thought I'd turn the discussion over to an expert: A Nerd in His Shoe. He will tell you what console is the best because he's a **goddamn nerd in his shoe!!**

Watch Nerdshoe: Console Wars 2. It's a flash movie, so that means it makes horrible noises.

Daily Dirt

Stupid babble about crap don't read.

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

5.30 You're Gonna Love This One...

Monday, May 30, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Think double. Think twins. Twins 2, only this time, they have narcolepsy and they are Siamese twins. Maybe Kurt Russell and Patrick Swayze or you could go with Martin Lawrence and David Hyde Pearce. So they have narcolepsy, but like only one can have it at a time, so while one is asleep the other one has to drag him around all the time. Here's the thing though: one is a homicide detective and the other is a serial killer. The detective is on the case of *himself.* Well, like, not himself but his attached twin brother. And so at the end there could be this big confrontation in like a warehouse and the killer could have a gun but he gives the gun to the cop twin and then like the cop twin uses the gun to shoot them down the middle so they fall in half and then he arrests the other twin.

You could play it for laughs or, oh, okay, you don't like that one. That's fine, they don't call me "The Idea King" for nothing. Yes, they do. Well, you wouldn't know them. Okay, my mom came up with the name.

Forget about that. I want you to picture a car. Like a stock car from NASCAR only without all the decals. Then I want you to picture that car hitting an old lady as she is crossing the road. It kills her. Now I want you to picture that old lady's ghost flying into the car. Okay, so her ghost is haunting the car, right? Now, her grandson is a down-on-his-luck racecar driver who mortgages his house to buy a used NASCAR car. He goes to a police auction and buys this car his grandma is haunting and she talks to him through the radio. Together they win the race but then at the end he wrecks the car and he can see her as her ghost flies out of the radiator and goes into heaven. It will be a family picture, fun for everyone. You like the red state appeal? Oh, really? I thought they were called "stock cars" because they were just completely normal cars. Okay, scratch that one then, but I've got another good one.

Alright, there are these gay guys who are running this movie company called M.E. Phistopholes Pictures and they have this party where they do things that are so gay that they actually invent a new version of AIDS. This version of AIDS is different because it can inhabit electrical appliances, travel along power lines, and most importantly it can kill heterosexuals. So there is this electrician guy who goes to work on the wiring at the M.E. Phistopholes building and this electrical AIDS monster starts chasing him. Like it will make shit explode and appear on TV screens and taunt him. The monster tries to kill him over and over again but the guy uses his electrical knowledge and prayer to fight it off. Finally it traps him and his family in a church and it inhabits the wiring there but by praying at the altar he manages to trap the AIDS monster inside an extension cord that he throws into a lake. Then he goes home and it seems like a happy ending but then we go back to the lake and there are these two guys totally being gay with each other in the water of the lake and the camera goes down under water and we see the lightning AIDS shoot out and hit a fish. Like for a sequel.

No? Too controversial? Right. That's understandable. I've got plenty more though.

Okay, open on the Washington monument. The sun is setting in the background, children are laughing and playing around it and tourists are marveling at its majesty. Then KA-BLAM! A huge explosion levels the monument! Then cut to Big Ben in England. The clock strikes one and the bell starts ringing and then BLAMMO! Another huge explosion. By now the audience is trying to guess who is causing all of the devastation. Then we see the Eiffel Tower and some FBI guys are running

up the stairs. They are chasing someone, who are they chasing? Osama Bin Laden! This will be great if we can get it out there in time to catch the Osama wave. I'm thinking like "Bin Laden: Rogue of Nations" or "Bin Laden's Revenge." For what? Well, he's getting revenge for America attacking him or something.

Fine, fine. How about this?

How about a nerdy kid who lives with his aunt and uncle. He is smart but he doesn't have many friends other than the smoking hot next door neighbor girl. So he is on a class trip one day and this radioactive spider gets loose in the museum and bites him. What the kid thought was an annoying bite turns out to be a life changing event that gives him magical powers! He can climb tall buildings, he has superhuman strength and endurance, and he can shoot cobwebs out of his hands. So he decides to use- what? No! This is based on a short story I wrote my sophomore year at college. Fine, but I think you're missing out on a smash hit with that one.

Let's see what else I've got for you...

A-ha! Here we go. You're gonna love this one, it's called "Super Tornado." No, wait, just hear me out, you're going to jump at the chance to buy this one. So there is this guy who is a professional weather fighter. He and his team of misfits travel around the globe in a special storm-resistant jet plane and duke it out with storms using all kinds of lasers and weird high-tech gadgets. Like maybe they use some sort of net to stop an earthquake or a bomb in midair to alter the course of a hurricane. So the movie opens with these guys battling a volcano with high-pressure hoses and freeze beams and stuff, but the volcano is too big and it kills most of them except for the grizzled veteran leader of the team.

He goes into retirement, but then like five years later NASA detects a meteor coming close to earth that is going to cause gravity anomalies that create the biggest tornado ever right over Los Angeles! The weather fighter unwillingly comes out of retirement for one last mission to help the government form a team that can stop the super tornado. This tornado will be awesome. Like it goes all the way up into space and maybe there could be like the moon caught at the top spinning around and around in the super tornado. In the end they will stop the tornado but the veteran will sacrifice himself by flying his old jet plane with an atomic bomb on it right into the middle of the tornado and it blows it up. I'm thinking Bruckheimer with maybe Ridley Scott directing. What do you think?

Yeah, okay, pass if you have to. I understand, such a good project could be daunting, but I've got one last project that is going to totally blow your pants off.

What says "Oscar" more than Tom Hanks? Give up? Ten times the Tom Hanks!

Tom Hanks is a NY city cop who is killed by a drug dealer purely by chance. Like he is eating a pretzel and the drug dealer shoots at someone else and the bullet hits Tom Hanks. So Tom Hanks dies but his record is so exemplary that he gets picked for the ReCop program. They take Tom Hanks' dead body to a secret facility in an underground bunker and using all kinds of computers and cloning chambers they create an unlimited number of Tom Hanks clones AND they bring the original back to life. The problem is that all of the clones go crazy and are really bad cops but they keep getting worse until they are shooting at people.

It could be sort of like "Gremlins 2" like one will be the evil ringleader, another one will be the smart one, another one will dress up like a woman, and another will have bat wings and red eyes. So then the mayor goes to the original Tom Hanks and says "only you can stop the clones." So like the third act is this amazing orgy of carnage where the good Tom Hanks goes around with machineguns and grenade launchers and literally *kills himself over and over again.* It's a good metaphor I think. For uh...for...

I understand. I'm sorry to hear you didn't like any of my ideas. I'll be back soon with some more though and these are going to make your brain explode with greatness.

Hey, one more before I go, picture Orlando Bloom as a *centaur.* He's fighting for his people and-Alright! Alright, I'm going!

◘ Dirt In Your Eye

Hey, I wrote some Daily Dirt and it's Memorial Day so read it and then give a moment of silence because I had to write an ALoD.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.31 The 2005 Summer Religious Fashion Show

Tuesday, May 31, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Pink is the new pink.

According to every single store in the world selling women's' clothing, pink is the hottest and hippest color this summer. Pink. PINK. ***PINK!!!*** I'm sure the fashion industry spent millions of dollars and thousands of hours coming up with such a ground breaking fantastic new trend. I mean, come on, it's pink! What a revolutionary color that nobody anywhere has ever suggested appear on the female wardrobe! Maybe the next hot trend will be something equally awesome like "pants with zippers" or "having hair on your head."

While every magazine in existence may be covering the exciting "pink" trend for this summer, I found myself unable to locate a single magazine listing the hottest new religions and beliefs for this year's working woman. How on Earth are females supposed to know what they should think, wear, and buy if magazines aren't explicitly telling them with a series of easy-to-read paragraphs separated by key floating bold-print sentences? Once again, Something Awful is here to fill the gaping void from the consumer-created hole in your soul, presenting you, the viewer, with the hottest and most popular beliefs for this coming summer. Ladies, get on down to your nearest church and let your friends know how utterly hip you are!

#1: CHRISTIANITY

Members: 1,995,229,000
Book of Choice: "The Bible"
Fundamental Beliefs: The Bible was written directly by God, although it may have been edited by Jesus and spell-checked by the Holy Ghost, who isn't really as much of a ghost as he is an excellent print editor. God is the creator of all things, from toaster ovens and zebras, to lung cancer and Charlie Sheen. Satan is god's adversary, so if we want to get in on His good side, we should do things to piss off the devil, like refuse to engage in sexual intercourse with homosexual men, no matter how charismatic they may appear. Although Jesus was born, died, and came back to life again, he'll supposedly visit the Earth one more time, perhaps just to check up on the whole "religion" deal he created or possibly to cancel his Providian Visa credit card, which as far as I know, is something only He has the powers to accomplish.

Yeah, I understand Spiderman helping Moses, but what's with the flying fish!

Spiritual Overview: Christianity sometimes receives a bad rap for its more obnoxious followers, who are adamantly convinced both Jesus and his dad are really concerned with their devotion to shrieking on late-night TV shows and begging for money so they can build a solid-gold swimming pool in the shape of their huge-haired mistress' vulva. This, however, is a simple rule-of-numbers misconception; the more fans that obsess over a particular subject, the greater a chance some of those fans will start acting like your drunk Uncle Joe the night he got sloshed on egg nog and fell off the roof. Take the Boston Red Sox for example. This team has hundreds of thousand of fans all over the globe, and at least half of them refuse to ever stop talking about baseball and why their team is so talented and awesome that they will not only win the World Series, but there's an excellent chance they'll additionally claim the Super Bowl and Brickyard 400. Boston isn't so much a city as it is a brain disease.

Is this a man you'd trust with your boat?

All Christians believe in a book called "The Bible," which is the basis of an upcoming Dreamworks animated feature film about a goofy hippo's attempt to free a monkey from a group of angry Roman lions with comical lisps. The Bible teaches people to respect everybody, treat all living creatures with love, and work on making the entire planet a better place to live. Fundamentalist Christians believe in a slightly different translation, one along the lines of "Jesus loves those who alienate everybody as much as possible while simultaneously making your religion look less appealing than a salad bowl filled to the brim with medical waste and severed puppy dog eyes," which makes their beliefs a little less palatable to the more mainstream people.

The Bible is basically broken into two sections: the Old Testament, which is all about God blowing people up and killing their children, and the New Testament, where God doesn't blow as many people up or kill their children, but He strongly alludes to it. It also includes a bunch of letters people wrote to God while traveling from one desert to another, and these letters act sort of like the bonus features on a DVD. "I didn't buy this Bible for the letters to God," a pleased customer once confided to me outside a Border's book store. "But they sure add a lot to the back story." Rumors of a "Bible: The Director's Cut" have so far proven to be false, but many Christians still hold hope.

While the Bible contains many excellent stories about water and wine and car chases through bustling metropolitan centers, it also features a lot of goofy stuff that doesn't make too much sense. For example, the Bible says 42 kids were killed by two bears after they made fun of a bald man. I can only image the horrible consequences of teasing somebody with a mullet. Also there's the whole book of Ezekiel, which is like a written version of a Grateful Dead concert. Most Christians seem to somehow forget about these stories when talking about how awesome the Bible is, which is odd because if I was a member of a religion that talked about dead kids and UFOs, I'd be all up about it. "Yeah, that's right, I'm one of the guys who believes in the religious miracle of ZOMBIES" and I'd just hope with all my might that they weren't carrying a bottle of mace.

Famous Christians include Willie Aames (played "Buddy Lembeck" on "Charles in Charge" and is now "Bibleman"), Dolly Parton (first woman to officially become over 50% artificial), and R. Kelly (famous adult rapper / child raper).

#2: ATHEISM

Members: 1,782,809,000
Book of Choice: "The South Beach Diet"
Fundamental Beliefs: Atheists don't have any fundamental beliefs, except possibly the belief that all other religions are annoying enough to warrant them staying at home and smoking pot all day while watching reruns of "Wheel of Fortune" and giggling uncontrollably whenever somebody chooses the letter "p." If you approach an atheist on the street and ask them what they believe, they'll respond with something like "I believe I'm late for lunch" or "I believe you need a tissue for your nose" and then they'll punch you in the face, causing your nose to start gushing blood like a faucet. Never ask an atheist what they believe or else they'll start going crazy and murdering shit like when Billy fed Gizmo after midnight.

Your typical atheist.

Spiritual Overview: Atheists refuse to believe in heaven or hell, instead hoping that when they die, they'll spend eternity in a wooden box underneath six feet of dirt. This is the ultimate goal for any atheist, and during atheist religious retreats, the atheist elders will often threaten lesser members with the promise of having their corpse deposited in an abandoned Chuck E. Cheese stage where animatronic replicas of their parents will engage in jerky, mechanical sex directly in front of their lifeless body. Atheists don't believe in God, the devil, heaven, hell, Glade Plugin air fresheners, miracles, sexual healing, or most of Detroit, so you can imagine what an unbridled bag of fun they are to talk with at parties.

Atheists often choose to believe in science and technology over the idea of an omnipresent god. They claim things like "atoms" and "physics" are responsible for pretty much everything, as opposed to the universally accepted truths of "bearded guys building giant boats containing a pair of every animal" and "a dead guy's ghost magically curing diseases through television airwaves." Unfortunately, most atheists encounter a stumbling block when trying to explain the origins of the universe. If everything, every planet, every galaxy, every SCO Group lawsuit originated from a single atom which got pregnant and blew up, then what originally created this atom? Nobody knows the answer to this question, and many scientists fear the answer would shock and amaze them, like the season finale of "The OC."

Many people refer to atheists as "bizarro Christians," since everything they believe in seems to be the polar opposite. Christians believe in a god; atheists don't believe in anything. Christians think Jesus can save your soul; atheists think Hungry Man TV dinners are a quick and easy dinner solution for when they're too stoned to drive. Christians vote republican; atheists would vote democrat if they actually believed in not being so lazy. Despite the fact that nearly two billion people don't believe in a centralized religion, most atheists will go out of their way to inform you how incredibly original and individualistic they are by refusing to believe in god. These conversations usually last between six and seven hours and are surrounded by verbal masturbation for vegetarianism and the environment, in addition to lyrics from their favorite KMFDM song.

Popular atheists include Mark Twain (wrote books about rafts and painting walls), Karl Marx (invented "Communism" which, much like Real Networks' Real Player, has so far repeatedly failed to work in any form), and Sigmund Freud (psychologist who theorized all emotional problems stemmed from the innate human fascination with their parents' genitals).

#3: ISLAM

Silly Muslims, that's not how the US flag looks! Jeez, can't you guys even do any simple research?

Members: 1,126,325,000
Book of Choice: "The Qur'an" and "The Sunnah"
Fundamental Beliefs: Much like Christianity, a few bad apples have managed to spoil the reputation of Muslims across the world. Unfortunately, instead of simply going rotten, the Islamic bad apples have a tendency to explode and kill innocent children eating apples, which makes me wonder why Muslims haven't outlawed fruit yet. While the Qur'an is still a tremendously popular book, it has unfortunately been eclipsed by 50 Cent's song "Ghetto Qua Ran," which looks very similar and takes up the first five pages when doing a Google search. I think this means Muslims must now photograph themselves wearing no shirt and looking really annoyed while they pray to 50 Cent and his legion of prison-bound posse members for a new set of meaningless tattoos.

Spiritual Overview: Muslims receive a pretty bad rap from white people because their only exposure to them lies in eight-second video clips shown on the local news

with the headline "MIDDLE EAST RELIGIOUS VIOLENCE KILLS LEMONADE FACTORY EMPLOYEE AND HIS 57 SONS" floating below it. Then there was Malcolm X, a very famous American Muslim who promoted violence and the concept of Denzel Washington becoming a Hollywood lead actor. Despite the fact that both Muslims and Christians share fundamentally similar religious beliefs, these two groups find it nearly impossible to work side by side, brother by brother, to group up, combine their powers, and successfully alienate everybody else in the world. According to Jack Chick, a guy who puts the "mental" into "fundamentalist," Muslims essentially worship a giant glowing bearded Satan.

> *Second, if you read the Qur'an's description of Allah, and read the Bible's description of God, it becomes obvious you are reading about two different persons. Allah orders his followers to kill those who deny Islam, while God instructs us to love our enemies. Allah had no son while God sent His Son to die for sinful men. Allah is "unknowable" while God seeks a personal relationship with His creation, man.*

Nobody showed up for the flag burning these two guys organized. I'm sorry :(.

I'm assuming they don't publicize that on the information pamphlets when trying to convert people to Muslim. "So what's this I hear about your god being false, a Satanic counterfeit whose worship will directly lead me into the fiery gates of hell?" a prospective Muslim might ask. "Well, yeah there's that, you know, the whole burning in hell for all eternity deal," the representative would reply. "But you get to force your wife to wear a big black blanket whenever she goes to the Piggly Wiggly. Think about that!" Christians cannot make their wives place blankets on their head, but can suggest they wear sunglasses to cover up the black eyes resulting from accidentally "falling down the stairs" after the Green Bay Packers lost on Monday Night Football. Atheists don't have wives because they don't believe in taking showers or losing all the weight they gained during a 48-hour nonstop dungeon mastering session.

There's also something in the Qur'an about a pregnant hermaphrodite camel who was born in a rock and drank all the water in a village, leaving none for the other animals. But on the positive side, the pregnant hermaphrodite camel provided enough milk for everybody to drink, assuming there was a bunch of folks lined up at the "FREE PREGNANT HERMAPHRODITE CAMEL ROCK MILK" booth. A few guys "plotted to hamstring then kill the she-camel," which really shouldn't come as a shock to anybody not expecting such a monstrosity of nature to spontaneously appear in their town and drink all their water. Three days after they killed it, Allah destroyed their town and everybody living there in an earthquake. The moral of this story is either "don't screw around with thirsty pregnant hermaphrodite camels born inside rocks" or alternatively "don't make up Qur'an stories after taking cold pills."

Some people see Islam as a very primitive, backwards religion, since women are treated as second-class citizens, as opposed to the 1.8-class citizens the rest of the world treats them like. Many Muslim countries forbid women to vote, hold government positions, obtain any education beyond watching puppet shows on public access television, breathe during non-breathing hours, or sleep in a bed not composed entirely of rocks and spikes. If a woman is caught violating any of these, she is immediately stoned to death by crowds of Muslims trained to throw fastballs like Nolan Ryan. If somebody refuses to throw stones at the woman, then they too are stoned. If somebody throws a stone and it misses the woman, then they are stoned to death as well. Once the people are done murdering everybody scheduled to be murdered, they throw more stones at the stones to make sure nobody is able to somehow come into contact with the sin-covered rocks. All these religious activities prepare young Muslims for an exciting world in both the concrete and landscaping industries.

As mentioned above, famous Muslims include Malcolm X (angry black man who futilely preached acceptance of shooting other people to death just as long as those other people weren't him), Muhammad Ali (beat a lot of people up while rapping about wildlife), and a bunch of guys who started crying and moaning when prostitutes showed them their breasts. Fundamentalist Muslims are the only religious zealots who favor the touch of bombs over boobs. If you convert to Islam, you gain the additional benefit of seeing your name appear on a large government watch list, which I assume you can use to find new friends.

HONORABLE MENTIONS

I don't know who this guy is, but he's under citizen's arrest for stealing Dilbert's boss's hair.

HINDUS: A religion of over 793,075,000, entirely funded by tech support call center desk income.

BUDDHISTS: The ultimate religious pansies. They talk a lot about animals and flowers and stuff, which I guess would be really interesting if you wanted to work for a homosexual zoo keeper.

SIKHS: I don't know what this is, I think it's people who worship Emperor Palpatine.

JEWS: They run all the banks and media with their invisible nanobots and mind control gas. But seriously, who the hell would even want to run a bank? It must be boring as hell. Numbers stocks accounts blah blah blah who cares about banks?

BAHA'IS: I had no idea this was even a word until today. It appears to be the Wal-Mart of religions, which has a little of something for everybody at a discounted price. Not to be confused with the religion of Bauhaus, whose primary religious text is a copy of Neil Gaiman's "The Sandman."

CONFUCIANS: An entire religion dedicated to a series of "Deep Thoughts" published hundreds of years ago. Confucius used to say things like, "It does not matter how slowly you go so long as you do not stop." Yeah right! What if you're a bus driver? Moron.

JAINS: A group of people named Jane. Members include Jane Curtain, Jane Fonda, and Sam Jain.

SHINTOISTS: The members of this religion focus more on having parties and celebrations than sitting in a church and mulling over tedious core beliefs. It's as if Japan had one central frat house that could accommodate around three million people. DISHONORABLE MENTIONS

SCIENTOLOGISTS: My wife and I visited the Scientology "church" in San Diego a couple weeks ago. A representative there claimed there were "over 10 million members" of the church, shortly before informing us "10% of the population is certifiably insane. Not like crazy-insane, but like Darth Vadar insane." Then he hooked me up to his e-Meter and attempted to read my mind. I'm not kidding.

MORMONISM: They have their own state. It's the state of complete brain atrophy. Mormons believe a bunch of crap some convicted criminal named "Joseph Smith" made up about golden plates and magic sunglasses or something. Some people claim Mormonism isn't a cult, but you should keep in mind some people also liked the movie "Robocop 3."

Whew! What an exciting, trendy summer to be alive! I hope this year's Summer Religious Guide

has helped steer you in the direction of your dream religion so you can become the happy, successful, easily suggestible human being you've always dreamed of! And, if not, at least you can still wear pink while trying to do so.

◘ I've Been Snookered By Three Youths

This Dirt is Daily! Click here to read some stupid crap I typed in after writing today's update! Wow, it's like somebody gives a crap!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Chapter 6

June

6.1 Emotinomicon: Emoticons of the Dead

Wednesday, Jun 01, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Many of you know that I'm one of the foremost experts in the study of emoticons. We call ourselves emoticonologists, for obvious reasons, and we take our work and ourselves very seriously. Communication is a dynamic force, seemingly evolving into new levels of complexity and simplicity at every turn. In the future words will be obsolete. In their place will be emoticons, a vast, friendly form of hieroglyphic that communicates emotions in an instantaneous, unambiguous manner. This week I was visiting the new wing of CERN, where emoticonologists are smashing emoticons together inside a giant particle accelerator in hopes of capturing a rare and theoretical "emotiton" particle, which is fundamental to understanding just how emoticons work.

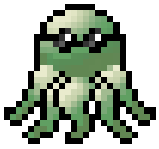
All of this science and research got me thinking about some other major scientific breakthroughs, such as the harnessing of atomic energy. While an incredible boon in some respects, atomic science also ushered in an age of unparalleled fear, where mankind gained the power to destroy itself many times over. There are few things that mankind cannot destroy or twist for purposes of evil. Could emoticons be any different?

We already know that the emoticon language is flooded with ridiculous entries that contribute nothing. For those of us seeking to make emoticons a serious language, we have to work hard to ensure purity of language by doing our part to remove unnecessary clutter. It may sound a little grim, and I do not rest easy knowing that each year I send thousands of smiling yellow faces to die in vast proverbial death camps. But in the end, it is a necessary evil. Should we forsake standards in favor of complete acceptance of everything, the world would spin off its axis and roll into the sun like a bowling ball in the hands of a tyrannosaurus rex.

There are cases where I find myself confronted with emoticons promoting a sinister agenda, and in these instances it is easy to dismiss them, sending them off to be culled in the name of progress. It shames me to say this, but there are many who use the emoticon language to perpetuate **pure evil.** This week I'm taking a bit of time to discuss some of the more terrifying and horrific emoticons. I do not mean to embrace or demystify the beast, merely to give it a name before sending it back to hell.

Look closely, for this is the face of an emoticon gone wrong. Somewhere, somehow, our friend lost his way, and decided to peer into the horrible abyss of the occult world, letting himself be corrupted along the way. After years of service to darkness, found himself twisted and deformed, a mutated shadow of his former self. What's more, seems confused and lost, knowing full well that the darkness offers no real reward. At the end of the night, it will leave him be to suffer the toils of the day. It burdens me greatly that people would even consider putting emoticons through such torture. What is this emoticon even saying? "Hello, I'm staring into my bubbling cauldron right now." That's not even a goddamn emotion!

Leering into the darkness can also produce savage results. Here we have an emoticon so obsessed with violence that reason has gone out the window like an extra in a skyscraper disaster movie. Somewhere one hundred floors below there is a bloody mess of right, lost to the defenestrating menace of wrong. If emoticons are to be the future of communication, it is essential that we craft them to be peaceful. We are architects here. The question is, do we want to be the kind of architects that build castles with traps that keep us at bay, or the kind that build castles with amenities that keep us safe and comfortable? Like most people, I want my home safe so that I am able to get up and go to the bathroom without having my legs chopped off by a projectile saw blade. I feel the same way about my language, except without the going to the bathroom part.



The disturbing and evil Cthulhu has become a horrible cliché for Internet nerds to invoke in lieu of creativity. Now this ancient Elder God has intruded into the land of emoticons, and I couldn't be more displeased. How is this going to contribute to communication? It won't! Cthulhu himself, as far as I know, communicates through strings of gibberish with lots of apostrophes. Do we really need to make emoticons for the false idols of horror stories?

I've dealt with the topic of emoticon death before, but this takes it to a new dimension. Before we witnessed the angelic , baseless speculation that the emoticon has an immortal soul. But travels into the land of self-parody by suggesting that some of these emoticon souls apparently do not make it to heaven. If this is form of communication, how does it work? If a word ceases to be, we no longer use it. But what of emoticons? This is one is dead, so why would we ever need it?

I have no idea what emotion this is supposed to communicate, but it sends chills down my spine so strong that my cape shivers. It demonizes the pumpkin and perhaps all pumpkin derivatives, including pumpkin pie. Using this emoticon in a conversation is the equivalent of hitting someone in the testicles with a taser, and therefore should be abolished at once. I fear that if this emoticon were to become widespread, millions of Internet users would die of shock, as opposed to the conventional obesity related heart attack at age 30. We must protect ourselves and each other and make certain this image never becomes more than a faint urban legend.

In all my years I have never seen a sight more ghastly and terrifying than this one. It's the ultimate perversion of the simple . It's at once mesmerizing and horrifying, a vivid recollection of Martin Sheen emerging from the primordial waters as a killer in the haunting last moments of "Apocalypse Now." Is murder far behind? I shudder to think, and I will be shuddering for days.

I must say that I'm incredibly disturbed by these emoticons. It troubles me that something so close to me could be used to convey such unspeakable evil, but that's mankind for you. I hope that horrible designs like these will be rare, and that better, less frightful days are ahead of us.

A Daily Dirt

I have written a small number of words pertaining to events of a nature that I will fully disclose about in the Daily Dirt.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.2 The Post-Apocalyptic Young Gentleman's Motor Club

Thursday, Jun 02, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Congratulations! If you are reading this then you have just been accepted into the Post-Apocalyptic Young Gentleman's Motor Club, or PAYGMC, Australian Chapter #235. You should be very proud of yourself at this moment, for few make it past the crucifixion and tickle party that is included in the test of trials. You are now part of an elite road warrior club that takes pride in their handiwork of mayhem. You are here because like the rest of us, you have a special attitude that will take you far in the post-nuclear holocaust, and you want a life better for you and yours. This manual will be your best friend for your first couple of months riding with us. It will teach you all you need to know, which is a good thing since most of the members can only grunt or make lewd gestures to communicate. Memorize this manual front to back, and don't lose it! If you misplace it, then Lord Humungus will bury you in the sand up to your neck and read his 500 page manifesto to you through his PA system while rubbing mayonnaise on his abs. Welcome to the club.

I. History

As a member of PAYGMC you should be aware of the history of the club dating back to the time of the great fires. At one time, this land was brimming with civilization. Tall buildings loomed everywhere, lush vegetation covered everything in sight, and tasty candies called PEZ were dispensed from the necks of lovable pop icons. Thankfully, that all changed when the sky exploded and everything caught on fire, and the glorious age of the young gentleman's club came to be. We simply were not suited for that time. Most of us were government clerks and mail sorters in the old world, but throwing heavy chains at people and shooting tires with crossbows was our true calling.

Wrist crossbows are soooo last year.

Lord Humungus worked as a bank teller at Bank One in Sydney when the city exploded. He was saved because he was in the vault at the time making love to a bag of deposit slips. The fallout was not so kind to him, mutating his face to look like Regis Philbin and causing him to lose his hair. This fueled the hate seething inside of him, and he started his life over, finding random survivors to join his club by wresting them to the ground and making them sign a 10 year contract with an option to extend. Most of the survivors of the nuclear holocaust tried to rebuild, gathering vital supplies like food, medicine, and fuel. Humungus on the other hand focused on getting a really cool mask and building a dune buggy that could totally shoot like 5 arrows at once and had a boss nitro tank system. For those who refused to pitch in and help rebuild the shattered world, the club was a refuge for the dangerous and lazy. Membership swelled in numbers, and even though there is a very high turnover rate due to accidental deaths, we are still the number #1 barbarian motor club in the eastern Australia area. Our club motto is "AAAAARRRRGGGG!".

II. Rules

We are fairly laid back here at PAYGMC but we do have a set of rules that everybody has to abide

by without question or get drawn and quartered by motorcycles. There's not many, but it is very important to follow them if you wish to be a member of this organization.

1. Unnecessary violence is tolerated, but only to outsiders. If you kill another member you get a demerit point.
2. Any loot or fuel you plunder must be shared with the group or your hands will get your hands cut off, dipped in tar, killed, and will receive 3 demerit points.
3. Reload the arrow guns after using them.
4. No pets allowed, but you can keep sex slaves (if they've been tested).
5. No mustaches.
6. Have fun! No really have fun or you will get 5 demerit points. Demerit points can be redeemed at the end of the month for spankings by Lord Humungus

III. Gear

"Use the buddy system."

- Helmets and Padding- You will need some sort of protection out there because chances are that you will get thrown from a moving vehicle at very high speeds. Every month we go searching for the ruins of sporting goods stores and stock up on gear that's made for an old world sport called "hockey". It can get pretty hot out there with all the padding on so you need to make sure you are properly vented so you don't overheat. See the section on assless chaps.
- Weapons- Since bullets and guns are in short supply, we mostly use bows and crossbows to dispatch our victims, but we have been known to use homemade flails, chains, and harpoons. One of our members, Franklin, invented a weapon that is a mop combined with a shard of glass that utilizes the full spectrum of the rainbow to lay waste to any enemy that opposes us. He calls it the "Ronnie James Dio Experience". Unfortunately, we can only use it once a week so we normally have to rely on arrows and bolts.

- Assless Chaps- To be a member of the PAYGMC, you need to own a pair of assless chaps. This is the club is most known for and after attacking some poor sod on the road, they will know it was us by our assless chaps. Sure they can't tell anybody because they'll be dead, but in their last moments they will see our ass cheeks and know their doom is neigh. Also as mentioned before, you need to properly vent your body so you don't overheat, and this is best done by venting the buttocks. 80% of the body's heat comes from the rear. Just be aware of the scorching sun and use protection, at least SPF 35.

IV. Transportation

For the type of riding we will be doing, your best bet is either a motorcycle or dune buggy, but we welcome diversity. If you happen to have an old Chevy, emergency vehicle, or hovercraft, you are more than welcome to drive them if you can keep up. SUV's and minivans are out of the question because they really don't go with the image we are trying to present. We are stabbing people in the face and stealing their fuel, not dropping them off at soccer practice. As long as it's not those, or those god awful Scions, its all good.

V. Tips and Pointers

This is just like my morning commute to Detroit. But I kid Detroit.

- Just be yourself. Don't be afraid to express yourself. We encourage that you dress in your own style as long as it doesn't look overly garish. Mohawks are the favorites for their savage look, but if you want to try something new like the "Big Capo", go for it. As far as decorating your vehicle, we recommend adorning it with the body parts of your slain victims. Be creative.
- Don't try to catch razor-edged boomerangs thrown by feral children bare-handed. Also tell your effeminate male sex slaves to pay attention so they don't get beaned in the head. We lose more that way than you would believe.
- Floss and brush 3 times a day. Fresh breath is an oral handshake.
- While not chasing a victim, take it easy on the gas pedal. Fuel is the most precious commodity and it is not to be wasted on motorized tomfoolery. Car pooling is recommended, but not enforced.
- Use the buddy system. When you try to lift a corpse out of its burning wreckage, get another person to help you. Back injuries are the #1 cause of Lord Humungus to throw a harpoon into a hurt and useless club member.
- Jump onto moving vehicles first, ask questions like, "Why the hell am I doing this?" later.
- If a poisonous snake is dropped on top of you from a gyrocopter, don't freak out and shoot your own driver with your arrow gun, making the vehicle lose control and blow up. Its probably just as scared as you are.
- You may challenge Lord Humungus at any time. You need to be a member for 3 years, own a gun (with bullets), and have a wonderful speaking voice.
- Remember these easy to remember steps while on the road:

  Pass on the left
  Eat road kill when you can find it
  Always check your blind spot before ramming into another vehicle
  Not Without My Daughter is a great movie
  Unable to think of any tips for this one
  Take no prisoners. Unless you really want one. Don't expect me to clean up after it.

LORD HUMUNGUS HATES CLOUDS!

VI. Benefits

Medical: None
Dental: None
401K/Retirement: Low yield junk bonds.

VII. Oath

I, (sign your name here, or just mash some rocks into the paper), hand over my life to The Post-Apocalyptic Young Gentleman's Motor Club and swear to uphold the laws of lawlessness drawn up in this contract. I will bathe rarely, behave unruly, headbutt frequently, and act as an instrument of war controlled by the almighty leader of the club. If and when he deems it time to kick me out of the club I must let myself be killed without putting up a fight or whining about it. I will do my best each and every day to destroy our enemies or anybody with a customized licence plate. To this I am bound through brotherhood, exhaust, and assless chaps. All praise our God of war, Toby the Tire.

Daily Dirt

Psssst, hey kid. Come over here. Wanna see something? Click this link and don't tell any of your little friends or your folks where you are going. This will be our little secret :):):)

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

6.3 An Evening With Rachael Ray

Friday, Jun 03, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I shuffle off the 415 out of O'Hare into the main concourse at LAX. It's just before five in the evening and the sun is still bright even through the tinted windows facing the cab stand. I buy a pair of cheap aviator sunglasses from a kiosk that sells hats, shades, and cigarette lighters shaped like shotgun shells with "Welcome to LA" stamped on the brass. A bank of flat screen HDTVs mounted just high enough on the wall to prevent someone from jumping up and grabbing one is playing footage of Tom Cruise on Oprah. The screen in the exact middle has weird rainbow-colored moiré patterns shifting across the picture and it makes Tom Cruise's face balloon in and out like an acid trip. The Pakistani at the kiosk takes my crumpled twenty and offers a few coins in change. Tom Cruise screams like he's haunting a crypt.

I could have bought the sunglasses for three dollars in Indiana.

Outside by the cabs the heat is like a hand pressing down on my back. I can feel my armpits stewing up and can almost feel the hairs being gently stirred by a grandmother from the old country. I throw my blazer over my suitcase and light a cigarette. The nicotine hits me in a rush like a fever and I smile crookedly at the scowling woman wheeling her pink Donna Karen bags past me. I might as well be puffing on a crack pipe here in LA, and in the three minutes it takes me to suck down the smoke I get enough dirty looks to make a circus geek jealous.

A smiling guy named Felix from Rwanda drives me in his cab to the hotel. He loves America. I guess I would too if I were from Rwanda. It'll wear off Felix. In ten years this will be anyplace else in the world. You'll forget about the Hutus and their machetes and you'll start hating some white guy in Washington. The fairs will be intolerably rude, filthy, and you might just snap one day. They still sell machetes in LA.

I don't tell Felix that. I give him a generous tip in the hope that it lets him love America for one more day than he might have otherwise. Maybe by the time it all wears off there will be some other paradise somewhere else for Felix to escape to.

I'm here to meet with TV chef and lifestyle rising-star Rachael Ray. She has more shows on Food TV than most Appalachians have toes and her good looks and excessively upbeat attitude have her pegged for super-stardom. She's a franchise already. In five years she'll be a fucking industry. The rumor mill has already started about her and I'm here to find out, to poke and prod, to uncover her dark side if there is one.

The journey itself is exhausting but I'm sweating like a POW in a black cargo container and that's no way to meet a spicy chipotle like Ray. I shower and throw on the rented suit I brought that isn't doused in my manly musk and airplane ass. The only thing that reminds me I'm not getting ready for a date is the recorder in my jacket pocket. I look in the mirror one last time. I look like Sonny Crockett with a thyroid problem. Good enough.

Rachael Ray is late to Bar Fernando on La Cienega and I'm ready to puke from the weird seafood tapas that Miguel keeps shoving in front of me. Little wheels of pastries and bitter sauce with cocktail glasses filled with ceviche. I hate ceviche. Miguel hates me, and insists that all meals include a nine-course tapas appetizer. The servings would be small if I wanted any of them. With my stomach doing acidic Immelmans each one seems a monolith of raw meat and fruit chutneys that remind me almost as much of Brazil as a photograph of a concrete chimpanzee.

"E-V-O-O, extra virgin olive oil, started out as an unintentional catchphrase. I got ribbed for saying it by the staff so I just kept saying it." Ray explains.

"Sorry I'm late!" Rachael Ray chirps as she slides into a seat across from me. "The food here is sooooo good, isn't it? I love it."

Her too-big and too-perfect smile is intoxicating, but in a bad way, like tequila. You'll forget your problems but you'll regret it in the morning.

I almost, but not quite, forget how much I hate Bar Fernado's food as I watch Ray eat. She isn't shy about it. She attacks the tapas abortions with an abandon that reminds me of a visit to the buffet at a Fort Wayne Ponderosa. Every bite prompts rapturous cooing and comments as delighted as they are meaningless.

"It's so nutty," she moans as she bites into some blended crab dollop that tasted to me more like it was filled with snake bile.

With the tapas in our unhappy past I order a carafe or Miguel's suggested white and start in easy on Rachael. I ask her about some of her semi-famous catchphrases.

"E-V-O-O, extra virgin olive oil, started out as an unintentional catchphrase. I got ribbed for saying it by the staff so I just kept saying it." Ray explains. "It went from driving them crazy to making them laugh."

Rachael Ray's voice is simultaneously husky and honking, like a sensual goose that smokes too much. Her laughter - and she likes to laugh at her own jokes way too much - is a gently percussive hoot not unlike Fran Drescher heard through shooter's headgear. She seems sort of ditzy, but it's self effacing.

"There's hope for me yet," she laughs when she manages to unwrap the dinnerware.

Later, when she misidentifies her entrée to Miguel, she chides herself; "come on dummy."

The interview goes nowhere. Rachael seems content to deflect my softball inquiries about her past and present by quoting from her Food TV biography. She's feeding me answers I could get with five minutes and Google. After picking through something that I think was marinated baby mice in a grilled elephant uterus I suggest that we go somewhere for drinks. The wine has done little to loosen her tongue, but I figure maybe if I can pour a few Bacardi wine coolers down her throat she'll start talking.

"I know just the place," she says with a sly grin.

A shiver runs down my spine. Someone walking over my grave. Or that catlike sense of danger that can be so easily confused with sexual excitement.

Her enticing offer ends up costing me a 50 dollar cab ride to an area of Sun Valley so industrially ominous that the cab driver actually peels out when he drops us off. We're outside of some sort of club operating out of a decrepit and garishly orange-painted two story building. Like a traffic cone

vibrating to bass hits. There's no sign, just the rhythmic grind of over-amped industrial music and a bouncer lounging on a stool next to a worn metal door.

Rachael takes the lead, striding purposefully towards the door. The bouncer groans and hefts his tattooed bulk up from his perch.

"Oi!" He challenges, holding an arm in front of the door.

Rachael head-butts him to the ground and leans over his bleeding face.

Rachael head-butts him to the ground and stands over his bleeding face.

"Oi, oi, oi!" She barks.

We're here to buy human kidneys from a Russian named Giggles.

We're here to buy human kidneys from a Russian named Giggles. That's what she told me in the cab, anyway. I thought she was kidding, revealing some hidden reserve of black humor. Turns out she was being straight with me.

The bar is a seething mass of bodies writhing to the disorienting beat. Most are wearing more tattoos and piercings than clothing and there's a girl in a cage dressed as some sort of gothic nurse simulating fellatio on a glass dildo wrapped in a glowing necklace. Rachael shoves through the crowd with purpose to a door at the back of the club, turning aside dancers who stray too close with palm-strikes to their ribs. She knocks twice at the door and a slot opens. Eyes appear there and flick between us.

"Open the door, Petrov." The joy is gone and her voice is laden with menace.

Bolts and locks clank on the other side and the door swings open.

Giggles is an elderly man in an adult diaper eating canned pasta with a soup spoon. A fat woman in a terrycloth two-piece sun dress dabs at the orange sauce around his jowls and occasionally lowers a transparent mask over his face. He inhales deeply and laughs until he chokes.

"Giggles, you sorry fuck, where are my kidneys?" Rachael poses, hands on hips.

"Rachael, so soon you come? You told Ivanov three days from this one." Giggles takes a wheezing breath from his mask and begins another fit of cackling.

"I got you those fucking Mexicans, now you give me my cut or I am going to take it out of your worthless cunt here." Rachael gestures to the cow-eyed girl in the terrycloth.

"No need for getting up in the arms. We good friends." Giggles snaps ringed fingers and Petrov leans in.

Giggles sends Petrov to get the kidneys from the meat locker. His wheezing and giggling are driving me crazy and even with the soundproofing in the backroom the bass from the club is making my eyes hurt. Petrov returns after an exceedingly tense lull in conversation with a blood-smeared Coleman cooler. Rachael flips the lid open.

"Four?!" She looks up at Giggles, her eyes burning embers of anger. "There were at least 15 of them in that trailer. Two times fucking 15 is not four."

She slams the lid shut on the cooler and has a switchblade out before I even see her make a move for a pocket. She advances on Giggles but Petrov stands between them. His stance is ready but his

expression is distant. Giggles takes another hit of nitrous and laughs until he gags.

"Rachael, Rachael, do not try such things. You will get more, this is all doctor has ready now. Come back Friday." Giggles waves wrinkled fingers at us. "I have things to-"

Rachael Ray is in motion. She has Petrov's neck laid open like a cut of salmon and he's gurgling and kicking on the floor. I take a step back from the pooling blood. Giggles flails feebly at the blade, slicing his fingers and hands to ribbons in the process. Giggles never has a chance. Rachael buries the knife in his chest and only after he stops moving does she pull it out and backtrack to work on Pretrov's eyes.

"Corneas," she looks over her shoulder at me and there's that smile again.

The fat woman retreats to the corner, eyes wide with fear and face stained with Giggles' bright arterial blood. The tendon-snapping rip of Rachael pulling the Russian's eyes out of his sockets nearly makes me vomit. She tosses them into the cooler on top of bloody baggies packed densely in ice. Adrenaline crashes through me. Blood thrums loudly in my ears nearly drowning out the horrible techno playing now.

"Get the cooler," she says with a jerk of her head.

I obey, trying to ignore the loathsome slurp of post-mortem voiding.

"Oh yeah," Rachael remembers something and turns back to throw her knife across the room and into the nose of the fat girl in the terrycloth.

The woman drops like a sack of potato salad and pukes blood onto her own chest. I follow Rachael out the back door.

"Petrov's van," she points to a rusting white utility van, "he uses it to film snuff porn so mind the tarps in the back."

We climb in and Rachael struggles to hotwire the vehicle.

"Duh, stupid old me," she says, finding the right wires.

E-V-O-O, extra virgin olive oil.

Rachael treats the van like one of those people at Sea World straddling a killer whale. I half expect her to jump it off a bridge and into one of the anemic tributaries of the Los Angeles River.

"I'm going to get us some fun stuff. You do glide? Amethyst? Red beaver?" She looks over at me and I shrug. "They're all top, trust me."

Ten minutes later and I'm baking in the van. I look nervously back and forth from the dilapidated house Rachael ran into, the steep hill dropping away in front of the windshield, and the duct tape covered handle of the emergency brake. She finally emerges with a triumphant grin and shakes a bag of thin pinkish powder at the driver's side window before climbing into the van. I'm glad the fucking cooler is gone.

"Beijing Flower," Rachael explains, dropping the baggie unceremoniously onto my lap. "I'll take us somewhere that we can enjoy it."

We ditch the van outside Mann's Chinese Theater and laugh at the guys in Chewbacca costumes. It's an exhilarating feeling to momentarily how many laws we have broken already and twice as

exhilarating to wonder how many more laws of man we might find to violate. Rachael wraps her arms around me and I think she's making a move. Instead, she jams a pistol into the waist of my high thread count Egyptian cotton slacks.

"I've got one." She beams. "I thought you might want one for where we're going."

Where we end up going is a ballroom dancing class for the elderly at the YMCA. I rhumba with Rita, Rachael sambas with Cecile, and together we awkwardly tango. The gums-only league brass band plays off-key. While the class enjoys punch and Polident, Rachael and I steal into a corner.

"You ready for the ill shit?" She asks, shaking out a long line of pink powder onto a drum case.

Before I can answer she jams a straw into her nostril and siphons half the line up her nose.

"Ffffuuuck." She cries, prompting craned necks and queer looks from the octogenarians across the room.

She gestures for me to follow suit and, though I've never done coke, I snort two kidneys worth of Beijing Flower. It bites fire into my sinuses and my eyes immediately begin to water. A second later it hits me. Like I'm floating yet I have control of my movement. I feel great. I feel like a billion fucking dollars stacked on a golden rocket. I am ready for anything.

"They cut it with saffron," she says as she massages her gums. "Premium. They extract it from convicts in China with a pneumatic pump right as they are executed."

Her nostrils flare and she takes a whistling breath through her nose that quivers on the borderline of hyperventilation. Her eyelids are clenched so tight I think she's in pain. She exhales and her eyelids slam open like submarine hatches. She's staring through me, her pupils dilated so much that her entire eyes look black.

"Let's find something and kill it." She hisses through clenched teeth.

Something finds us three blocks away outside of the Five Oaks Motel.

"Rachael Ray, I been looking for you." The voice is pleased to see her, but not in a way that is comforting.

We turn and the hammer clicks back on the man's pistol.

"Nice and slow." He's Hispanic and well-dressed in the way that a used car salesman going to church might be. "Carlos the Eel says you owe him a whole lot of money. You got it, you hand it over."

"Sure thing, Jesus." Rachael replies, reaching slowly towards her pistol.

Jesus is going to fucking see the move so I make some jerky twitches to distract him.

"Calm the fuck down, esa." The man advises, too slow on the uptake to realize what's happening.

Rachael has her gun out and without hesitation she shoots Jesus in the hand. Fingers explode into meat and bone and the gun goes

"How many TV shows does Carlos the Eel have?!" Rachael smashes the grip of the pistol into his temple. "Does he have fucking THREE?! Does he have seasonal specials?!"

flying from his ruined grip. He cries out and drops to his knees.

"Carlos wants to talk to me, eh Jesus?" Rachael stalks forward.
"Carlos says I owe him some money?"

She kicks Jesus in the side and he grunts and sobs.

"No, n-no miss Rachael, he just-"

"How many TV shows does Carlos the Eel have?!" Rachael smashes the grip of the pistol into his temple. "Does he have fucking THREE?! Does he have seasonal specials?!"

"No, he has no shows. Zero shows. I-I'm sorry. Carlos told me to look out for you." Jesus is blubbering and clutching at the bloody mess of his gun hand.

"I want you to look out for Carlos." Rachael presses the barrel of her gun to Jesus' ear. "Tell him that the next time he sends one of his faggot errand boys after me I am going to come down there to the barrio and I am going to cut his fucking balls off and then make him watch while I fuck his daughter in half with a hatchet."

Such language!

Jesus nods and we continue on. A block away from the scene Rachael honks out a laugh edged with maniac glee and hard with Beijing Flower.

"That was fantastic!" She coos. "Delicious."

I shrug.

"No, it was, but we still need a kill."

I've never killed a man, but it feels good for as long as the drugs hold sway over my brain.

"Nice shot," Rachael says as she rolls him onto his stomach and rifles through his pockets for cash.

I try to tell her that killing isn't topping my to-do list, but the Beijing Flower makes it come out an awful lot like "fuck yeah."

We stalk the area for several minutes looking for the right person and the right moment to strike. Rachael finally points out a man and a woman, well dressed, arguing next to a 2005 Dodge Durango with its emergency lights on.

"You take the guy, I'll get the girl." Rachael already has her gun out.

I fumble with mine and take aim from across the street. I haven't fired a gun in years and certainly never at another person. It shouldn't seem right, but it does.

We fire almost simultaneously. Rachael gets a clean headshot and her girl drops like one of the Trade Center towers collapsing in on itself: straight down and leaden. My shot hit the guy in the back. He looks down at his chest and pats at it, then looks at the blood on his fingers. Then he drops too.

We run across the street to inspect our kills. I look down at the guy's corpse. Still moving a little bit, eyes wide with surprise.

I've never killed a man but it feels good for as long as the drugs hold sway over my brain.

"Nice shot," Rachael says as she rolls him onto his stomach and rifles through his pockets for cash.

The Durango '05 purrs away quite pleasantly. A nice, warm, vibrating sensation that trembles all through my guts. Soon we pass from the urban tangle into trees and dark. Real country dark. Rachael laughs and flashes her smile occasionally as she swerves in and out of oncoming traffic.

We stop at a motor lodge and she shows me her tattoo. "AS ABOVE, SO BELOW" just above her pubic bone.

"The Corpus Hermeticum," she tells me with that fucking smile again.

She works her black magic and I at last twitch and recoil into sleep. I'm dimly aware of her up and awake, indefatigable. She prowls the room naked and bored like a leopard pacing out its cage.

I awake at dawn. The room is stripped bare. Everything is gone: Rachael, my clothes, the Durango, the lamps, bed clothes, even the Gideon Bible. It appears there was even an abortive effort made to take the wallpaper. Torn strips hang limply in the still air of the motel room.

I stagger into the bathroom. The toilet is still there, so I use it. The mirror is gone, just patched drywall and a few wires that used to connect to a light fixture. There's a note scrawled on the empty space in lipstick or blood.

"GET CHECKED FOR GONNORHEA =D"

I wondered why it burned a little when I pissed.

Ahead One Dirt

That was long and strange, but if you want to read some more I wrote a nice big and fat Daily Dirt in yon dirt pen. Why not read it, traveller?

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.4 The Magic Of Household Items: A Rainy Day Fun Guide

Saturday, Jun 04, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Hey kids! Is it raining outside? Are you cooped up in your boring old house due to an irrational fear of pneumonia? Is there no one else around because you have no friends and your parents are uncaring workaholics who leave you alone so much that you are only able to find comfort in the familiarity of this site's recycled jokes about video game characters and entomology? Was that sentence really long or what? Well don't worry! The weather might keep you from the average youngster's schedule of playing croquet and partaking in drive-bys, but I've got some really fun stuff that you can make in your own home with everyday objects. That's right, plain old stuff you can find in every home! Although it might not seem like it, your house is actually a veritable goldmine of useful items and dead miners.

Entomology is the study of insects. Let's get started!

Wacky Pirate Hat Made Of Paper

You'll need:

1 redwood tree (minimum of 300 years old, preferably older and with some historic significance)
1 industrial sized wood chipper
1 stainless steel vat (with AT LEAST a 3,000 gallon capacity)
30,000 cups of scalding water
1 pneumatic press
1 authentic Babe Ruth 714th home run baseball (slightly hard to find, probably hidden in your dad's gun cabinet)

Step One - Insert the tree into the wood chipper, being EXTREMELY careful not to bump the tree into any windows or expensive-looking vases. The best way to do this is get really close to the enticing roar of the chipper's hungry maw, as the closer you get the better you'll be able to guide the tree in.

Step Two - Mix the resulting pile of wood chips and your scalding hot water into the stainless steel vat. Stir thoroughly until they form a slurry of sorts. Pour this slurry onto the loading surface of your pneumatic press and activate it. At this time the machine will flatten the slurry and squeeze out unwanted moisture. This flattening/drying process can take a long time, so take your authentic Babe Ruth baseball and bounce it against the wall for a while.

Step Three - Once the process is done, you have a sheet of paper! Wow! Fold it up into a damn pirate hat.

Ham Sandwich

Hungry as well as bored? This fun snack will fill you up quickly, and is an ideal project for beginners since it's the easiest one to complete.

You'll need:

1 perfectly preserved dinner plate from the Ming dynasty
1 actual food replicator from the fictional television series Star Trek: The Next Generation

Step One: Insert your Ming dynasty plate into the food replicator.

Step Two: Set the replicator to "ham sandwich" and power the device up, making sure to jokingly say "make it so!" immediately before becoming overcome with shame.

Step Three: Enjoy your sandwich, trying not to think about about the fact that a replicator converts matter from the area around the device into food and that common household dust is mostly comprised of dead skin cells.

Time Machine

You'll need:

1 refrigerator box with a hole cut into it for a window
1 flux capacitor
4 stem cells from stillborn identical conjoined twins (preferably both hermaphrodites)
1 8-track player manufactured within the past month
written permission to time travel from your future self at the age of 18
1 philips head screwdriver

Step One: Assemble.

Step Two: Get inside.

Step Three: Travel through time.

I designed this time machine myself, and I must say it's quite amazing. You'll be able to travel forward in time at the *exact* same speed as the rest of the universe. The whole universe. Now that's precision! Imagine being able to see what happens a minute from now... in like a minute! The concept might be hard to wrap your mind around initially, so you simply have to experience it for yourself.

I've been inside my time machine for seven years now, and I have borne witness to countless incredible events that the future held. From my cardboard vessel safely situated outside the slipstream of time I have seen wars begin, historic moments in daytime television, and the world outside of my house getting light and then dark a bunch of times.

The beauty of the machine is that it allows you to watch history unfold without tampering with it in any way. You will truly be an unobtrusive observer who yells for people to bring him food from time to time.

That's it for today since kids have short attention spans, and not at all because I thought the idea for this guide was way funnier before I started to actually write it! I totally didn't come up with this concept last week then wait until the last minute to get started since I was so confident in its awesomeness, then realize that I wasn't at all enthused and should have written about a much more engaging topic such as "anything else".

Daily Dirt

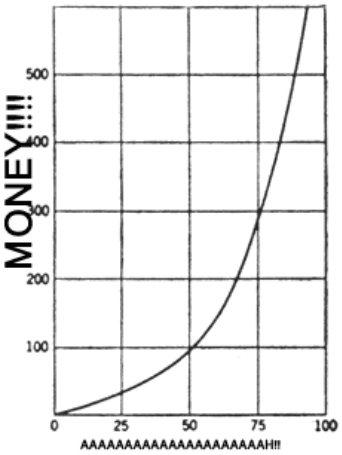
In some cultures, it is customary to read a daily dirt when it is offered to you. Refusing to do so may result in the loss of a hand or the unexpected gaining of a hand, depending on the region you are visiting.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.5 Jim Cramer's Mad Money

Sunday, Jun 05, 2005 by Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

Stock in flopsweat was taking a sharp upward turn at CNBC studios, and that could only mean one thing. Mad Money with Jim Cramer. The studio lights illuminated his Leninesque visage. Five minutes till showtime and alreay beads of sweat were queuing up on his forehead and cheeks. Usually they waited until the Lightning Round before finally making the plunge down the sides and back of his shirt, or off his craggy beak. Jim reached under the desk on set, and into a drawer labeled "100,000 SWEAT TOWELS FOR JIM. SHEESH."



"The latest figures indicate that as the line goes up

"Five seconds Jim." He braced himself against the desk and bit his tongue as hard as he could to piss himself off.

"I'm Jim Cramer! Today on Mad Money I'm going to scream at a telephone, throw a chair across the studio, belittle a CEO and come one hour closer to my inevitable coronary! Somehow this is going to result in *you* making *money*! I burst a blood vessel in my eye last night during a relaxing dream! Let's take some calls! *The Lightning Round*

"It looks like we've got Ann Marie from Roswell, Georgia on the line. Get me someone with a shorter name, I'm living on borrowed time here! Tad from Newport Beach you're on Mad Money!"

"Sun Microsystems, keep it or dump it?"

"Tad have you been huffing paint thinner? Dump it like it fucked your brother! Folks, Tad here is proof that three's a crowd on the 21st chromosome. Andrew from Cambridge, talk to me!"

"Boo-yah Jim! The wife and I are huge fans. We've been watching you every day, and we think-"

"Andy? In the time it took you to say that, I made enough money to buy your house! Did you need something or did you just call to let me know how your day was going?"

"Should I be bull or bear on Aventis?"

"*AVENTIS!* The pharmaceutical company! I've been sprinkling their hypertension medicine on my cereal every day for the last two years and it tastes like victory! I say hang on to it, but let's get a second opinion!"

Jim executed a textbook elbow drop onto the bright red buttons of his sound effect board. The sound of sirens, cannon fire, and a stuck pig erputed in unison.

"That sounds like yes to me buddy!" Surprisingly enough, the cacophony that sprung forth in that instant actually did sound like a garbled version of the word "yes."

"Alright, these calls are causing my blood pressure to drop below that of a fire hose, and it's pissing me off! The Lightning Round is over!" Sweaty Interview

"Today we've got the CEO of Totem Pole Industries, Terry Tripp! Terry what's shakin'?"

"Thanks for having me Jim."

"Shut up Terry! You haven't earned the right to speak on Mad Money! Terry, your company is

developing a new treatment for rabies. Back in the 1960s, you used to treat rabies with a series of shots in the stomach! Have you ever had a rabies shot in the stomach before?"

"I'm afraid not Jim."

"Well I have!" He screamed triumphantly. "Didn't do *shit!*"

"With the capital we've acquired so far, we've made great strides in develop-"

"I don't want to hear about it Terry! I didn't invite you on here to promote your little tea party, so let's cut to the chase! When are you going to start making money and stop making me sick?"

"We're currently seeking FDA approval for our transdermal rabies patch, which prelimi-"

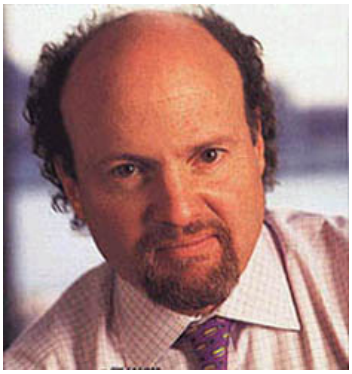
"Terry, you seem to have all the answers, so riddle me this, smart guy: Why can't I talk to you **without yelling?!** Terry, you can bleed out in an alley, I'm taking some more calls! Josh from Philadelphia, you're on!"

"Boo-yah Jim! My wife and I think you really are the Michael Jordan of the stock market, man!"

"You are what you eat Josh, what can I help you with?"

"Yeah I've been sitting on some Ford Motor Company stock for a couple of years now and-"

"Josh, don't you dare finish that sentence! You're turning my HIV into AIDS here! Ford Motor Company? They make the Ford Focus Josh! Have you ever played Project Gotham Racing 2 for X-Box? That car *sucks!* Get rid of it or get stomach cancer!"



You wouldn't like me when I'm investing.

Jim clawed at his face for about 30 seconds, and then began sniffing deeply.

"According to the pounding of my sinuses, I'm about 90 seconds away from one of my high pressure nosebleeds, and that means we're all out of time on Mad Money! There's a bull market out there somewhere, and I'm gonna help you find it right after I go outside and power wash the bird shit off the side of the building with my own blood!"

These are Dirty Days we live in

Do you like boredom? Great! I've got about three paragraphs worth sitting on the other end of this link!

-~Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

6.6 Kids Said Darn Shit Ten Years Ago

Monday, Jun 06, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Kids Say the Darnedest Shit series.

The year was 1995. Yitzhak Rabin was assassinated, OJ was innocent, Oklahoma City was bombed, Clinton was President and the Internet was still a new and confusing thing to most people. At the time I was working for a market research company called MediaHippo. We were hip college dropouts in our flannels and blue jeans, pulling crisp twenties out of wallets chained to our pants to buy lattes and then ride our scooters back to the office to play Shinobi in the staff arcade. MediaHippo went out of business in 2000 after millions in venture capital and a total of three sales of our annual market report.

While it still existed, my job at MediaHippo was to conduct surveys of young adults about emerging technologies like the Internet and cellular telephones. Towards the end of 1995 I conducted a survey of 8th graders at Walter Cronkite Junior High School in Albany, New York. MediaHippo didn't survive the millennium, but for some reason I still have my notes from the interviews I conducted. Without further ado, I will pry open that time capsule and bring you a vintage Kids Say the Darnedest Shit from 1995.

How do you think the Internet works?

"I don't know but I bet it involves lots of white people."

"I log into AOL and then I go to the chat room where everyone is hot college girls and then I say "hello ladies" and it's totally on."

"It doesn't work! The phone number my computer calls is always busy so I just write "G-I-F" on pictures I tear out of my dad's Hustler magazine, then I cover them with a sheet of paper and every few seconds I uncover like a quarter inch of the picture. It's awesome."

"Hehe, usually my computer makes all these loud sounds and then Mister T eats some balls."

"I press 'F' in the tavern and Seth Able is one step closer to being mine."

"Someone records sounds from Caddyshack into their computer and then their computer calls the other person and says 'be the ball.'"

What are your favorite Web Sites to visit?

"I just can't tell you how great I think all of the pictures of women from Star Trek I found are. There was one of that chick with the curly hair and the lazy eyes and she was totally naked. What I mean to say is you people are embarrassing."

"The one with the smoking skull in the corner and instructions on how to make a pipe bomb."

"My own Web Site and it has some of my poetries about Transformers on it and a sweet MIDI of a Nirvana song."

"Hehehe, I was thinking of starting a page on the computer about funny pictures I found on other web pages and I am going to call it 'The Style Project.'"

"They have a page on there with rules for AD&D on how to have SEX!"

"I don't know what a web site is but if it's anything like unicorns then my favorite one is Princess Glittershine."

How often do you use the Internet at home?

"Oh you know me don't bother trying to call because the line will be busy but you can meet me in my chat room 'White People are Scary Stupid.'"

"I am constantly playing awesome games on The Sierra Network because Red Baron rules!"

"It takes over two hours to download a picture of Cindy Crawford in a bra so I might as well just draw my own pictures."

"A lot of people have consumed a large volume of balls and I will not rest until I have seen them all."

"I am playing a game of chess using something called "emails" and I have to continually check it to see if my friend Vasilyev in St. Petersburg has moved a piece."

"Every once in a while I like to look up bad words in Hot Bot but I got caught by my mom and now I can only search for Biblical terms like Moses and Jenna Jameson."

If you ran a Web Site what would it be?

"If I ran a web site then the world just turned upside down and airplanes are flying backwards."

"I would totally make a web site with some pictures of hot chicks like Sharon Stone and that girl with the huge jugs from Baywatch who looks like she's gonna get Hepatitis from a drummer."

"I already have my poetry web site but if I made another one it would be about how Bill Clinton looks like a monkey and it would be called 'Commander in Chimp.'"

"Hehehe, I bet Michael Jackson has room in his stomach for some balls."

"I would have a bunch of VRML spheres with photographs on them because that technology is amazing!"

"I would definitely put up a page about my friends and family with just enough personal information to allow anyone to steal their identities."

What would you like to see on the Internet?

"A big flashing message that says 'this shit is broken.' That would make me happier than winnin' the lotto."

"An email message from Heather Locklear saying she totally wants my chode."

"More intrusive advertising."

"A place where, hehe, I can go to find acceptance despite my insatiable lust for balls. Heheh...wait a second. Can I take that back?"

"More homebrew adventure modules and downloadable wallpapers of dragons and wolves."

"Japanese loli porn with necro and vore overtones."

What do you think the Internet of 2000 will look like?

"A Klan rally with phasers and more obesity."

"Pretty much like it is now with even bosser animated GIFs and WAV file downloads."

"A multi-user consensual hallucination experienced through a direct neural interface. That, and lots of pornography."

"Sort of like a robot made out of moss."

"Like an epic 3D fantasy game where I can kill monsters over and over to obsessively gain levels while my social skills atrophy and my children are taken away because of neglect."

"If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face...forever.""

I hope you enjoyed this blast from the past. The regular kids and usual topics will be back when the new school year begins.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.7 Something About Music

Tuesday, Jun 07, 2005 by by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

In high school I had a huge boner for Korn. The clicking of Fieldy's bass made me tingle in a terrible way. I revered Munky's guitar as though with a single note it could part a raging sea. Seriously though, someone needs to tell Jonathan Davis that people with bad childhoods only get one cathartic release of emotional anguish. As near as I can tell he's been milking the same childhood trauma for songwriting material for over 10 years now.

We've all done things we shouldn't have. Maybe we cheated on a physics test, or maybe we sold our copy of Nights even though it was the version that came with that special controller and said Not For Resale right on the cd. My confession: I once shoplifted a pack of Magic: The Gathering cards. Not because I played Magic but because the artwork was fun to look at while tripping on valkyr.

The radio was playing Paradise City. Music reminded me that man was a noble creature who lived in vivid shades of emotion and in his dreams charted the heavens and all that lay beyond. I listened intently as Axl and Izzy's voices wrapped around each other like two doomed lovers. Fun Fact: Growing up on the mean streets of LA, Axl Rose walked by a crackhouse every day ...on his way to another crackhouse.

The girl I liked was a goddess. Her temple was laden with deadly traps and other assorted hazards that had stopped many a hearty adventurer dead in their tracks. Something in the way she smiled at me told me I'd always just be her geeky friend. And while we're on the subject of my geekiness, here's a screenshot of me playing Quake 2 with 3drealms level designer Eric Von Rothkirch.

C and I listened to a Marilyn Manson cd.

"I don't think our nation's children should be listening to this." C said.

"You're right." I said. "I mean there's hardly any dynamic range in the recording and the vocals clip horribly. It's exactly the sort of production that ruined Nevermind."

I played Quake 2. In user-created Quake 2 levels I found proof that ordinary lives could be the subject of great art. My favorite Quake 2 level was spogsp1. Every time I played it I found another reason to suspect that William Joseph was Jesus using a pseudonym.

I listened to another cd. In the world of robot music a new hit band emerges every .003 seconds. The band then begins a 5 second descent into drug abuse during which they'll hit their inevitable artistic nadir. Fast forward another 5 seconds to the release of the band's improbable comeback album which contains startling insights on life and aging.

I browsed the internet. The internet was a godsend for anyone whose interests gravitated toward the sick and perverse. I could recall with crystal clarity every bondage related moment from every tv show I had ever seen. I had once considered converting this knowledge into an internet database but a search of Portal of Evil revealed it had already been done.

I listened to The Downward Spiral. I liked albums where every song was cut from its own unique

sonic fabric. I liked it when each track was so awesome it made you completely forget about the previous tracks. The true power of music lay somewhere in the ether between the notes.

10:00 pm. I could hear the drunken clamor of fraternity partygoers punctuated by the occasional rape whistle. I wasn't going out. Not while the earth was constantly being bombarded by cosmic rays from interstellar space. Save your strength, there'll be another time. Han Solo said that. Something like that.

A typo in the Sonic The Hedgehog 2 manual referred to the mega muck in the Chemical Plant Zone as "Mega Mack". I had spent much of my youth wondering who Mega Mack was and how he had attained his mega status. I listened to the Sonic The Hedgehog 10th anniversary cd on the way to Mcdonalds. The frantic beat of the special stage music made me want to slam down on the gas pedal and not let up until my car had broken the sound barrier.

Sometimes people ask how we know when a customer has pulled up to the drive thru panel. Well, at the risk of giving away a fast food industry secret, it involves a magic talisman that detects spirit energy.

"Hey Jed, remember how the other day I complimented you on your giant goiter, saying how it was perfectly formed and went well with your prominent Adam's apple?" my manger Patty said. "Well, that's the friendly sort of tone you should use when greeting the customers."

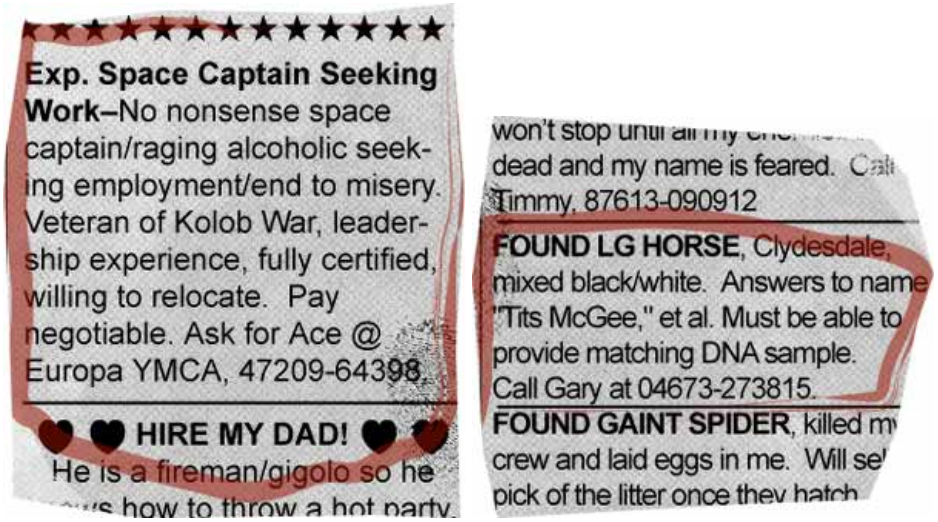
We had a battered ceramic bust of Ronald Mcdonald strapped to the hood of our post-apocalyptic death car. Tell me again how hard it is being the bastard son of a thousand hipsters. I always hung out with you as much as my superiority complex would allow. There's one thing I should mention, though: I could always taste the algorithms behind every quirky mannerism and witty remark. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to spread this pollen.

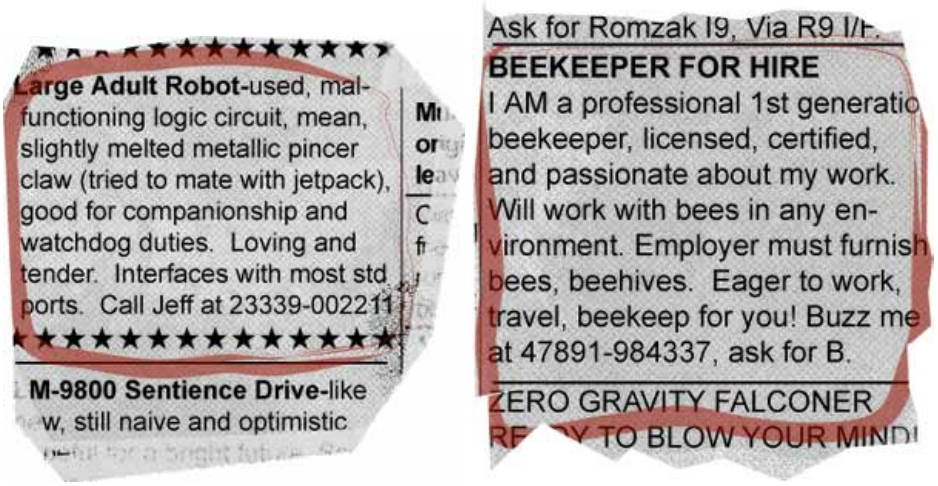
The end of the movie found me groggily staggering to my feet, two hours older and filled with popcorn and urine. Gone was the sense of wonder, the thrill of movie magic that had beckoned to me in the trailer. I checked the time on my cell phone and walked toward the exit.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

6.8 Thus Spake Adventure

Wednesday, Jun 08, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)


Exp. Space Captain Seeking Work–No nonsense space captain/raging alcoholic seeking employment/end to misery. Veteran of Kolob War, leadership experience, fully certified, willing to relocate. Pay negotiable. Ask for Ace @ Europa YMCA, 47209-64398.
HIRE MY DAD!
He is a fireman/gigolo so he
dead and my name is feared.
Timmy, 87613-090912
FOUND LG HORSE, Clydesdale, mixed black/white. Answers to name "Tits McGee," et al. Must be able to provide matching DNA sample. Call Gary at 04673-273815.
FOUND GAINT SPIDER, killed m
crew and laid eggs in me. Will se
pick of the litter once they hatch


Large Adult Robot-used, malfunctioning logic circuit, mean, slightly melted metallic pincer claw (tried to mate with jetpack), good for companionship and watchdog duties. Loving and tender. Interfaces with most std ports. Call Jeff at 23339-002211
M-9800 Sentience Drive-like
w, still naive and optimistic
Ask for Romzak I9, Via R9 I/F.
BEEKEEPER FOR HIRE
I AM a professional 1st generatio beekeeper, licensed, certified, and passionate about my work. Will work with bees in any environment. Employer must furnish bees, beehives. Eager to work, travel, beekeep for you! Buzz me at 47891-984337, ask for B.
ZERO GRAVITY FALCONER
TO BLOW YOUR MIND!

Deranged Scientist Seeking Challenging Work Environment
Twenty years of experience conducting unethical research, putting others in danger, neglecting those around me. I seek a stimulating work environment far from the clutches of civilization. Must be able to furnish ship and crew with room for experiments. Call Professor Vernon Vortimer, Ph.D. before Friday. 98421-697666.

Large Man Seeking Mound

THERE REALLY IS NO HOPE, but you can call anyway. Q'zxqp 31611-098814

MUST SELL NOW!
TRACTOR BEAM REVERSAL COUPLING—In mint condition, some bite marks. Reverses most standard tractor beams. No longer needed because tractor beam was taken away by skirted feminists. Call R. 47312-969612

GALAXY CLASS ROCK TUMBLER W/ SEVERAL ROCKS
Capable of polishing planets into shiny jewels over long period

Ask for Supreme Enlightener.

Amateur pilot/stuntman looking for risky job piloting ship in dangerous situations. Very quick, dependable, durable, survived many ship crashes with few scratches. Allergic to horses. Will work for room and board. 98401-887613, ask for T-Spin.

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

Erotic custodian w/ mysterious [illegible] seeks gainful employm[illegible]

FOR THE LOVE OF WHATEVE[illegible] GOD DON'T CALL AFTER 9 P.M.!

LET ME PREPARE YOU A FEAST
Young, energetic chef seeks work on board ship. Intricate knowledge of spices, sauces, serial killer trivia. Will lovingly prepare meals of all shapes and sizes from any nearby sources. Clean record with some spots. Call Ludwig, 77498-991287.

SUBMARINE COMMANDER HAS STORIES TO TEL[illegible] STORIES TO

PROFESSIONAL YELLING CHAMPION LOOKING TO YELL FOR YOU!!!
Am 8-time yelling champion, have hooted, hollered, and yelled at many famous people, can yell in different dialects, in varying atmospheres. Keen eyesight, able to spot and yell at things fast before others. Finger skills are sharp, can point for deaf or hard of hearing if need be. 78355-554971, shout for Owen.
Lesbian Cryptologist ready for
Typist for Hire–don't get caught without a qualified typist. Can type in 25 letters, 10 numbers, and various punctuation marks. Sassy, blond, well endowed, generally helpless and/or passive in most if not all situations. Call Mindy, 45781-314111
Bat-legged Man Seeking Cave
Classically trained pianist with bat
MUST BE SEEN
'47 Qortellian Kruiser
Moriq Class C Cruiser w/ cupholders, bucket seats, a/c, sublight engines, hyperdrive. Comfortable for crew of six, deathtrap for 7 or more. Tractor beam goes wrong way, some stains and odors. Previous owner was a shut-in. 09123-913389, ask for Qort.
BASS PLAYER WANTED!
Influences must include
GARAGE SALES
Parsion IX Planet-Wide Garage Sale! Millions of items great and small, everything must go! Toys, clothes, tools, furniture, trinkets, electronics, antiques, dirigibles, slaves, and marine accessories. Moving to Nodoria before total annihilation. Located in Alpha-Centauri, Sector 8841-4, fourth planet from the giant star going supernova. Call Scott for further directions. 74231-992378

Shovel Up Some Daily Dirt

Here's my Daily Dirt for the week, so you can know what I was thinking when I wrote this and also what I'm thinking in general!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.9 WHOOOOOOOOOO!

Thursday, Jun 09, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

When I accepted the invitation to attend the Led Zeppelin/Pink Floyd tribute concert at the Nelson Ledges Quarry Park in Ohio this past weekend, I knew there would be risks. I had been to this private park some years before when I was young and innocent, and had met insanely stupid drunken ogres and spaced-out hippies that made me weep for humanity. Why, you ask, would I return knowing that I would have to come into contact with these most loathsome of characters? Three things: the park is really cool looking; the music is great; and the overwhelming stupidity of the inhabitants provides buttloads of comedy.

Today I will provide you with the highlights of my rock 'n roll experience into dark areas of the human psyche, along with a free small Frosty at your local Wendy's eatery. Just print out this update and give it to the teen working at the cashier. Once they become confused, jump kick them into the deep fryer and take your complementary Frosty, free of charge. At Something Awful, it's all about you, the customer.

Hippies (Concerning)

Nelson Ledges Quarry Park has been known to be a hippy haven since the 70's when Richard Nixon constructed an army of large robots called Sentinels to hunt and destroy them. The site was a rock quarry that was created to rob Mother Earth of her raw building materials and mithril steel. But just like the dwarves, they dug too deep and woke some old evil that rose from the cracks and set upon the workers and their equipment. In the ensuing battle of the hippy wizards vs. the fire demon, a fissure in the earth hit an underground water table, flooding the chasm and vanquishing the demon. To this day it remains filled with placid, crystal waters lapping at the craggy hewn cliffs. The descendants of this ancient race of hippy elders still dwell at the quarry, although their blood line has thinned, their strength weakened with the rise of disco and hair metal.

The generation of new hippy children I encountered this past weekend is indicative of the fall of grace from this once noble people. To the right of our campsite was a group of 20 or so young tards that brought two campers and tossed multiple pallets on their unnecessary massive fire. Later on they all sat around and watched entertainment gossip news on a tiny TV hooked up to a generator. Apparently they were unable to even go a day without the soft glow of pretty colors and the latest scoop on their favorite celebrities. On our other flank we had some of the stupidest young hippies I have ever encountered. They invaded our site and set up their fire only 20 feet away from my tent. We decided not to be dicks about it and share the space with them, a big mistake. I guess the art of making a fire is lost on these people because I had always thought it was pretty simple. Like so:

Step 1: Get wood.
Step 2: Put fire on the wood.
Step 3. Enjoy.

Apparently "Step 2" all but eluded these young unwashed, for they struggled with their fire for almost two hours. Their master plan was to stack huge round logs on top of each other and pour gasoline on them. No smaller tinder or cut logs were used, only large portions of a tree and highly explosive liquid. We watched in horror and amusement, as these junior astronauts couldn't figure out why the fire wasn't starting after the gasoline burned off in 30 seconds, leaving charred stumps in its wake. They scratched their wild hair and wispy beards, coming to the conclusion that the fire

needed more gasoline. 10 foot high flames shot into the sky, nearly lighting the dangling branches from the tree above. I ducked behind the cooler, expecting at any second a huge explosion that would send flaming hippy parts everywhere. Not that I would mind so much, but my tent was close and it was fairly new.

After a while, the bursts of flame stopped and we realized they had run out of gas. But failure was not an option for these determined lads, for they had girls with them and were being shamed for their fire building incompetence. They returned with another gas can, not altering their master plan of setting gasoline on fire. It was like watching a train accident. I wanted to look away, but I just couldn't. Finally some of the girls stepped in and started throwing some tinder and sticks in the fire. It took all night, but they had built a fire, and we all breathed a sigh of relief since we wouldn't be visiting a burn ward that night. The next morning when they left, the large log fire was still going strong and they did not even bother to try to put it out. I reported them to Smokey the Bear and he hunted them down and mauled them to death with his razor sharp claws and teeth.

Violent Shouting Drunken Inbred Ogre Hicks (Concerning)

Apart from the braindead, but mostly peaceful hippies, the other contingent at the park is comprised of a beer fueled loud ogre horde that never sleeps. All day and night they blast their 80's rock and rap metal, and howl for all to hear. It goes something like "YEEEEEEOOOOUUUWWW". When an alpha male of this nature lets out his signature call, he is met with similar responses from other males, declaring their position of power as well as their readiness to rock. I think this was how cavemen used to communicate back before the time of fancy letters containing gentlemanly babble in eloquent calligraphy. Most of the "yelpers" had sidekicks who were smaller and backed up the hearty yell with their own high-pitched style, letting the others know they rolled with a pack. It sounded like "YEEEEEOOOOUUUWWW.....WHOOOOOOOO". As an experiment we tried out different types of calls, with various success. Mine were not respected since I lacked the hearty bass that only a large chest cavity can produce, but I played the role of the sidekick to my larger friend fairly well. We also found that they responded well to honking a car horn, or making moose sounds. A particularly goonish pair across the dirt road sported an air horn that they were very fond of using at 4:00 a.m. One wore a coonskin cap and drank out of a wineskin and the other donned a wife beater covered in grease stains. They played 50 Cent CDs the entire weekend. We were in the heart and soul of America.

There are alpha male shouters, and then there is Thuer. We spotted him at the Pink Floyd tribute show standing alone with his arms crossed. He was a large Aryan specimen, made only for crushing men with a large maul. At random moments during the concert, he would let out a soul-shattering howl that could be heard over the music and would shake any sane man to his very core. Many times when he screamed, it was at points that were not appropriate at all, and I started wondering what was going on his that thick skull of his. I imagined a collection of gears and wheels, powered by a single hamster that would set the machinery in motion with every revolution of his running wheel. But the hamster was sluggish, and thus the togs ticked slowly on, once in a while sparking a jolt through the giant that would send him roaring for no reason whatsoever. We named him Thuer the Mighty; king of the violent shouting drunken inbred ogre hicks.

Later at the campsite we shouted, trying to locate the identifiable Thuer call, but to no avail. My friend received a hearty answer nearby, but replied "No not you, THUUUEEERR!" and they shouted "OHHHHHH". The fact that this was a totally acceptable form of communication was an example of how our primal instincts kick in if you put us in the woods and give us some meat and fire. Sleeping in this racket was out of the question, so the search continued. Sometime in the middle of the night, our call was answered by the unmistakable shout of Thuer, who was 30 knots due south, roasting a whole boar over a roaring fire. Later on we toyed with the idea of dressing up in a pig

suit we had along with us and trying to get Thuer to chase us, but we decided it was too dangerous and the idea was scrapped. If we had a platoon of Thuers and sent them to Iraq, our troubles there would be over very soon. But after they came back from war we would put them to sleep because they are far too dangerous to be let into society.

Dazed and Confused

Sometime during Saturday night when the party was in full gear, random people walked to and fro in the woods. Some drunk, some high, some just stupid. Then a black fellow started wandering near our campfire. He was the only black dude I saw the entire weekend. He had a Jamaican hat, backpack, and shirt that said, "dazed and confused". The shirt was an accurate representation of his current state, for he glanced at our fire and was mesmerized, but then started to walk away. I sighed relief since I really didn't want to deal with any really wasted druggie, or even worse, selling Amway products if that's what he had in his backpack. Then his eyes caught the dancing flames of our fire again, and he was drawn into our circle like a moth. He didn't even acknowledge our presence, and then started talking to himself in unintelligible babble. This guy was beyond high, he was totally out there.

For over an hour he jabbered, babbled, screamed and ranted, never completing a full sentence. We could catch some things, like how there was a girl in California and how he was having sexual problems with her. I tried to stop him by giving him a beer but he was not deterred and continued on to tell us about how when his penis had enough, it would "exit her". In a poetic line that would bring a tear to Shakespeare's eye, he shouted, "If the cock says no, then out like disco!" Then he stole my seat and screamed about Bill Gates or something. I'm not sure because I couldn't take it anymore and ran away, but I later found out he was on Special K, or ketamine hydrochloride, which is a powerful animal tranquilizer and hallucinogen. He left as quickly as he arrived, running into the forest, leaving his beer behind. My guess is that nobody will ever hear from him again.

Wanna Play D&D?

Later on that same night, a guy in a dirty red shirt from a couple campsites over joined our fire and asked for a free beer. Since we bought a couple cases of this really cheap beer (30 cans for $10) that I'd never heard of before called Genesee Cream Ale, I didn't mind giving him one. He talked for a bit about some manly stuff and left for a while. An hour later he came back but this time he wanted 2 beers. This time I had to charge him a dollar per beer and after about 10 minutes of fumbling around and getting distracted by the fire, he handed me a wad of bills that turned out to be $15. It turned out the guy was on a coke binge and was feeling like a million bucks. He went on to tell us all about his buddy's truck, and how it had tons of horsepower and can pull out tree roots and shit. He went on and on about this truck, and how powerful it was, and I wanted to blow my head off in boredom. So I did the only thing I could in that situation. I asked him "Hey dude, wanna play D&D?" He looked at me in a puzzled, coke addled expression, and then hurrily spouted, "Naw man, my roommate played that stuff but I'm not into it. Uh, I gotta go!" and he fled off into the night. We didn't see him again.

An Open Letter to the Guy With the Pen Laser

Who do you think you are? When you packed your bags for the Led Zeppelin/Pink Floyd tribute concert weekend did you purposely bring your pen laser so you could be a part of the light show? Did you think that you and your pen laser stylings would add a spark to the million-dollar laser light show and that you would become a star in your own right? Does the fact that everybody is forced to see that bright red dot dancing around the stage, distracting the eye from the overall scope of the light show make you feel special? Does it justify your existence?

I pity you, I really do. Your intentions are good, for you want to be a part of the show and for everybody to like you, but your only reward is undying hatred. I want to shove your $10 pen laser into your eyeball and hide your corpse in the fecal swill of the port-a-potty. You are the ultimate loser, somebody who wants to belong but only pushes themself farther away as those around you seethe with contempt. You are nothing.

Now in this late hour, I ask why? Why bring a measly pen laser to a huge laser light show? Why move the laser slightly at a jerky pace, trying to go with the beat of the music, pausing only to scarf down a hotdog? Why must you turn what should be an enjoyable occasion to one of focused wrath? Why do you cause me to think of various ways to mutilate and slay you when I should be watching the show? Why?

In closing, I hate you and hope you die.

(Take this as a lesson kids. Don't wear the band shirt to the band you are going to see, don't play their music in the car after the show, and DON'T BRING A PEN LASER. Don't be "that guy".)

Daily Dirt

In fact nothing wrong in trying it..I mean Nose Sucking..sexy girls...I did it..Just lick the nostrils first and then slowly take entire nose in mouth and start sucking hard...till salty secretion starts coming out. It will make her sneez in Ur mouth..Lovely sparkles of tiny beads of her nose water. Insert anear bud in her nostrils till she sneezes and sneezes and U will find huge nasal snot dangling from her nose.lick it ..the creamy snot is sooo yummy. take nose in mouth again and suck all the creamy snot..very hard...lick her nostrils by entering Ur tongue...ask her to put the ball of thick saliva in Ur mouth..Thats extremely stimulating for libido

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

6.10 The Secular Jihad, 2019

Friday, Jun 10, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The smoke hung in the air above the crematorium like a whisked blastocyst. The rich and heartening smell of burning clones stung my nostrils and brought tears to my eyes. It was like cutting an onion made of joy.

"Good harvest today," James-32874 commented. "Batch Gamma has finally reached maturity."

"There was some good stock in that batch," I agreed. "Lance Armstrongs I think. Survivors."

"The heart takes longest to burn," James-32874 nodded and then shielded his eyes from the sun.

A seething flock of scrubber microbes, like a red magic carpet, thrummed past us and swirled around the crematorium stacks gobbling and absorbing the carbon. They kept the skies clear and pollution free. It was always a beautiful day in the blue zone.

The smoke was full of everything but the kidneys, bound for the 7th Fusiliers Regiment "Thomas Jefferson" and their Squidape cavalry teams. I was about to ask James how his husband and their biological children were doing when a bulk loader glided to a halt next to us. Its fusion bottle powered down and the lifter field cut out. It settled to the ground with a soft susurration like stirring leaves. Jane-186223 climbed out of the cab, her bronze colored hair tied back in a ponytail and her eyes hidden by dark sunglasses. The padded work coverall somehow managed to accentuate her shapely body. Hugo Boss designed them, after all.

James-32874 and I both set our tools aside and put down our baskets of gasoline-heavy tomatoes. We eagerly pulled our penises out of our coveralls for the usual friendly greeting when a bright light flickered into the sky behind us. I was dimly aware of Jane-186223 looking away from the light, but we couldn't help but turn to see what it was. It was the end of the 7th Jefferson Fusiliers. An atomic fireball rising high into the sky. The Christ Apes had figured out how to work the bomb.

Temporarily blinded, we turned away and stroked our penises mournfully.

"I came to warn you not to look," Jane-186223 said, placing a comforting hand on our flaccid dicks, "and to tell you that we're being called up. Your RFIDs are broadcasting healthy so we're being sent to the front. We've got to prevent a breakout from the Kansas badlands."

"I'll get the equipment." I said with resignation.

"I'll get the gay pornography." James-32874 trudged off in the opposite direction towards the American Civil Liberties Union Pornography Relaxation Center.

I watched him bow his head beneath the statue of Larry Flint as he disappeared inside.

"This is bad." I said.

Jane-186223 just nodded and reached into her pocket for a marijuana cigarette.

****

The bible was banned in 2009 by an act of congress, but subversive groups continued to practice their superstitious rites. Sensing trouble, the One Party tried to take their guns away, but they didn't understand that it was for their own good. These acts were considered the opening shots of the Secular Jihad by the Christian Coalition. They returned fire when the family food act was passed in 2011, mandating federal abortion clinics that would harvest fetuses for research and protein purposes. That made the assassination attempts start.

In retrospect it was probably a mistake to ban religion. The more you told them not to be religious the more extreme their religion became. Once the shooting started it was hard to stop. The government appealed to the United Nations to intervene and prevent an all out war, France even sent troops to occupy Washington DC, but in the end a war could not be avoided.

Violence, bloodshed, terrorism, and atrocities mounted. They had to be exterminated because they could not be reasoned with. Our drone bombers leveled their churches and synagogues, our troops occupied their chapels and faith-based charities, and their clerics were hung from lampposts to remind them that their god would not save them if they persisted. They did persist and so the war consumed the whole nation.

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We were maxed on super cocaine, wigged out of our head on Benzedrine shots, and red-lining on adrenaline thanks to the spidery shocks of our cortical stimulator implants. I was primed to smash a cat or throw a baby against a wall. I have never been a particularly violent man: I'm more into reading books or oiling up and diving into a good old family sex pit. Just then I would have crushed the larynx of Gloria Steinem.

"God is great, God is good. God is great, God is good." The chant was a faint drone beneath the bass drumbeat of my heart.

"Sinners repent!" One of their clerics called over a loudspeaker. "The End Times are at hand! Seek salvation in Christ!"

That routine never worked. James-99943 popped off a round from his shoulder fired launcher and one of the sonic-homers dropped right in on the loudspeaker boom. With a percussive thump the sermon was reduced to squealing feedback and wounded screams.

"Bring up the propaganda minotaurs!" Commander Jane-21284 shouted.

They came, shackled and grunting, banded about the necks with aggression dampeners. They were eight feet tall, half man, half genetic soup. Their rippling muscles were covered with thick red hide and their enlarged goat eyes were wide with sinister intelligence. Bat wings flexed with anticipation and forked prehensile tails of slick amphibian flesh twitched behind them. The number "666" was branded into their forehead and their chest was covered with a bright pink scar in the shape of a pentagram. The Christians hated them.

"Hail Satan!" We all shouted, and the beasts were set free.

We laughed and bit into our ration bars as we watched the minotaurs vault over our trench line and storm across the no man's land between our position and the Christian Coalition's. Machinegun fire and RPG rounds lanced out from the enemy lines to meet our propaganda shock troops. The bullets seemed only to further enrage them, but the occasional rocket grenade found a place in the meaty torso of one of the minotaurs and burst it apart in a gory welter of blood and gristle. Then the charge reached the Christian lines and with animal fury the minotaurs wielded their axes and halberds against the shrieking zealots. The force was not big enough to annihilate them, but if we were fortunate it would cause a rout.

You would think after 6,000 years of world history they might have learned not to break and run in front of a collection of automatic rifles. They broke and ran when their leader was split in half by one of the minotaurs. The grease-haired preacher fell apart and his guts sloshed out into their trench. With a fearful cry the survivors turned and jumped from their trench in an effort to flee. As soon as they appeared in our sights we put our billions of years of world history to use and gunned them down. It was over in seconds and we had the added bonus of a small bag of prisoners to send back to our Al Qaeda allies for interrogation.

"God is great," they murmured as they shuffled past with their eyes downcast.

"He wasn't great enough!" James-98442 hooted and was smacked good-naturedly by Commander Jane-21284.

I gazed back at the battlefield. Smoke snaked from the guttering corpse-fires of dead minotaurs and the white robes were like bloodied shrouds on the dead Christians. Already the reclamation flowers were beginning to grow on their remains. Soon the blossoms would be fruit, warm and delicious, nourished by the dead.

The Christian host was crumbling beneath our incessant assaults. Only their final redoubt in Southern Promised Land (formerly Texas) remained and Field Marshall James-002345 had amassed a huge tank army to destroy it. Word would reach us the following morning that the last of them had committed mass suicide in a final act of defiance, driving trucks laden with fertilizer towards the approaching army. A few succeeded in their suicide attacks, but most died beneath the accurate blasts of the autoguns.

That night we celebrated with lustful abandon. Everyone fucked everyone else and then we molested some children. We burned pocket Bibles we had confiscated and used their pages as toilet paper. We forced pregnant prisoners to have abortions and then we ate their babies, their blood like intoxicating fire in our bellies. We fucked apes with human genitals we had specially grown and frozen cryogenically because we are descended from them. We lubricated religious statuary and icons and inserted them into the vaginas of elephants, then we chiseled holes into them and fucked those too.

It was the greatest day of my life. It was the day we won the Secular Jihad.

◘ Dirt You Can Read? That's Amazing!

Praise Jehovah, it's more words from my fingers to your eyes. It's like an eye massage or an eye brushing. Or maybe it's like a beautiful dove taking flight between a Japanese man with two Colt .45s. And not the Billy Dee kind. Whatever it is, whatever strange dimension has spawned it, I think you should go read it!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.11 Contemporary Fables

Saturday, Jun 11, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

fable - *fa·ble (noun)*
1. a short story, typically incorporating fantastical elements, which serves to convey a moral
2. revolutionary RPG that changed the genre forever; allowed you to alter the course of history by stepping on a single blade of grass or making love to a rose bush, let you plant an acorn strategically so that thirty years later it would spring up right where someone you were fighting against was standing and skewer him

cliched - *cli·chéd (adjective)*
anything created post-Pulp Fiction which employs a dictionary definition as a preface

The Ant And The Grasshopper

In a large and grassy field one fine summer's day a grasshopper frolicked in the sun, hopping about with glee and chirping his favorite songs. It seemed the peak of selfishness to keep a beautiful day such as this all to himself, so the grasshopper visited the home of his friend the ant.

"Don't you realize what you're missing?" asked the grasshopper. "While you sit inside all day, life at its most precious and spectacular is passing you by!"

The ant wearily regarded his longtime friend with bloodshot eyes.

"I'm glad you're having fun, but I cannot join you for there is work to be done. My dwarven hunter in World of Warcraft is only level 12! I need to be level 60 come winter, and if you were wise you'd come in from your silly playtime and do the same."

But the grasshopper waved his hand dismissively.

"The little time we are given in life is best spent experiencing joy firsthand out there in the real world, not toiling away in a polygonal mine or hacking through carbon copies of the same spider all day and night. I shall be in the field to the south should you come to your senses and decide to join me, singing my song as loudly as my little grasshopper lungs allow."

And so he did. For several months the grasshopper went on adventures, plucked fresh fruit from trees, took naps in the sun, and drank wine until he giggled uncontrollably and beat his girlfriend. It was the greatest summer ever. The ant, on the other hand, rarely left his home. When he wasn't working on his character's progress he was researching the best way to make dwarven belts and advertise them in the game's auction houses.

Winter arrived as it always does, and one night during a bitter snowstorm there was a knock at the ant's door.

"Yes? Who's out there?" asked the ant, halfway listening for distress calls from his guildmates in the other room. They were on a very large raid that had been weeks in the making.

"It's me..." answered a weak voice, "the grasshopper. Please. You must help." He sounded frail, void of the life he had been bursting at the seams with in the summer.

"Oh, I must?"

"It's my night elf rogue... he's not even out of the newbie training grounds yet. Oh God you have to help me!"

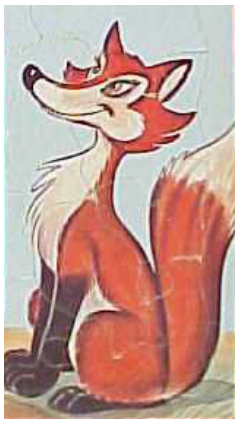
The grasshopper's desperate plea transitioned into a disturbingly lengthy coughing fit.

"This summer you had all the time in the world, and instead of working you sang as loud as your little lungs would allow." The ant paused for a moment to let this sink in. "I suggest you take up the violin, and spend the rest of this winter playing a sad song for yourself."

With that, the ant turned the lock on his front door and returned to the raid. The grasshopper never did learn the violin. His night elf all but useless, the grasshopper's body shut itself down and he died alone and friendless in a remote snowbank.

Moral: Ants are hardcore. Hard. Core.

The Fox And The Sour Patch Kids



One day a wolf happened upon a convenience store, his stomach folding in on itself and torturing him with relentless pangs of hunger. He was overjoyed to come across a candy shelf displaying Sour Patch Kids (his favorite treat), but that joy soon turned to dread. The last box of candy was on the top shelf, at the very back. He might have been able to reach it if he had simply stood on his tiptoes and reached a little, but risking a strained muscle or the unseemly sweat associated with physical exertion was unacceptable. The fox called out for the help of the cashier, who was simultaneously trying to take care of seventeen customers, report the license plate number of a guy who had just driven off without paying for gas, and get robbed at gunpoint.

The fox's voice was filled with enough panic to lure the clerk away from his duties without hesitation, and when the fox explained that he needed a box of candy located at eye level the clerk rolled his eyes.

"Oh, you fucker."

He handed the Sour Patch Kids to the fox, who wagged his tail happily as he tore into the tasty snack. Mmm, sour! The following day the clerk was slapped with a lawsuit for harassing the fox and inflicting emotional damages totaling seven thousand dollars.

Moral: Never do anything that might make you sweat, but if you do sweat make sure you're wearing one of those antiperspirants named Axe or Tag or Bif. Chicks will go fucking nuts and rape you in public, it's great.

The Camwhore Who Cried Wolf

In the magical land of Hoboken there lived a girl named Tiffany. She had always been moderately pretty but when given the forgiving eye of a low-resolution webcam, a poorly lit room, and a repertoire of poses ranging from "my head is at a slight angle as I slyly look off to the side" to "I'm trying really hard to show you how indifferent I am", she transformed into a beautiful jpeg princess. Her non-nude paysite was popular with desperate men who somehow managed to procure credit cards against all odds, and thus she found that she had enough attention from creepy strangers to make her happy.

For a few months, at least.

One morning Tiffany awoke from a troubled sleep and bolted upright, pressing her clenched fists against her chest and furrowing her brow. A troubling new feeling had overwhelmed her: discontent. It was a pivotal moment (which you can still watch if you pay an extra $10 to access her cam archives), and suddenly putting on a push-up bra and squeezing into a tight shirt so thousands of men could focus their attention on her cleavage wasn't as fulfilling as you'd imagine it would be. She needed more in life. More attention.

The call went out on her website that day. Woe! Tragedy! This poor girl's grandmother was dying! Letters of support were all that could possibly get Tiffany through this, and also donations to her Paypal account.

The letters poured in, their senders unaware that Tiffany actually hated her grandmother who was unfortunately alive and well in the kingdom of Boca Raton. Some expressed their deep and honest concerns, some hoped that the money they donated would show how generous they were and that Tiffany would fall in love with them, some asked for pictures of her feet in return for their donations, and one asked for x-rays of her feet or at least a drawing of what her feet would look like if x-rayed.

This pleased Tiffany greatly, but the feeling wore off soon enough.

One week later the call went out again. Disaster! Calamity! Now Tiffany herself was struck with an unnamed illness, and without the healing comfort of the items on her Amazon wish list she could very well die.

The packages poured in, their senders unaware that the only health problem Tiffany had faced since childhood was a bruise on her thigh where she had bumped into a tanning bed. There were cds, Harry Potter books, just about every dvd that Johnny Depp had starred in, and a George Foreman vibrator which she didn't remember putting on her wish list. Her illness was mentioned on other websites, and more letters than ever were flooding her inbox. She opened and read each one slowly, savoring them like fine expensive chocolates, making them last.

Two days later the call went out once more. Oh the humanity! The used Porsche (yuck!) her father had bought her broke down, and without a way to get to the grocery store Tiffany would almost certainly die of starvation. If she didn't come up with several thousand dollars for the down payment on a new BMW the poor girl might never be heard from again.

This time around, things were different. She had never responded to the multitudes of letters she had received in the past, and many people began to doubt whether the perils Tiffany described were real. These people now refused write a single letter or send a single dollar. Little did they know, her car had actually broken down and she *really did* want a BMW.

Luckily, there was an endless supply of desperate weirdos with credit cards to make up for the ones who had stopped buying her things. Tiffany had a brand new BMW in a week's time, so she took a snapshot of her belly button and the top of her panties to fully repay her members.

Moral: I'd totally do sex with Lindsey Marshal.

◘ Daily Dirt

Click here right this very second for my exclusive interview with Huey Lewis' ghost, or continue reading this sentence to learn the shocking truth that I am a compulsive liar.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.12 Nothing is More Distracting than a White Woman

Sunday, Jun 12, 2005 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

This really hasn't been a great year for America so far. The whole Iraq thing really isn't working out too well, the economy could be in trouble, and "Son of the Mask" was actually released in theaters. Sorry about that, rest of the world.

How's this for a new tourism slogan: "Aruba: Where Drunk White Women Go to DIE!"

Thankfully, you don't really need to worry about serious issues like the thousands of soldiers and civilians dying in the Middle East, the nearly 8 trillion dollar national debt, or silly things like famine or whatever is happening in places that aren't America... because the media spends most of its time and effort focusing on the current WWotM.

If you aren't familiar with the abbreviation, "WWotM" is shorthand for "White Woman of the Moment." This is the Caucasian female that the major news outlets are most breathlessly talking and writing about at the present time.

For whatever reason, white women distract the press from everything else that's going on. Here's a typical scene from a newsroom:

> **Reporter:** Oh crap! Like, 60 people died in a car bomb in Jordan!
> **Reporter #2:** Where the hell is Jordan?
> **News Director:** Shut up! There's a blond high school girl missing in Utah, her parents say she COULD be at the mall, but she COULD be getting raped and brutally murdered!
> **Reporter #1 & #2:** GASP!
> **Reporters drop everything and start combing over yearbook photos**
> **Reporter #2:** I hope she was cute!

Here's a rundown of some recent WWotMs:

Current WWotM: Natalee Holloway

In case you're one of the 3 Americans who never saw Jennifer Wilbank's picture, here it is.

Barely legal Natalee Holloway gets a trip to Aruba as part of her High School graduation gift. Ever the overachiever, Natalee decides to get a head start on college by drinking herself into a stupor and putting herself in a situation where a bunch of strange guys she just met can easily stick things into her. Unfortunately, someone stuck the wrong thing in the wrong orifice or something and she got killed. Ooops.

MORAL: If you are a pretty young girl and you die mostly due to your own stupidity, huge chunks of the nation will still mourn your loss and you'll get twenty times the media attention than some boring, ugly guy who died trying to defuse a bomb in Ashabombalot Iraq or wherever.

WWotM April-May 2005: Jennifer Wilbanks

Selfish emotionally unstable woman decides to ditch her wedding and "brilliantly" fake her own kidnapping to avoid... I don't know, the stress of telling her fiancé she doesn't want to get married? Who knows.

MORAL: If you're going to disappear and/or fake your own kidnapping, make sure your relatives know which "missing person" photo to use or or else you'll forever be known as that, "bug-eyed crazy big eyes night vision lady."

WWotM March-April 2005: Terri Schiavo

Beauty tip: don't spend 15 years in a coma and expect to still look good.

Terri Schiavo used to be pretty but then she had a heart attack, got a bad case of catastrophic brain damage, and became a vegetable. After 15 years or so of being kept alive by machines, somebody finally decides that enough is enough and they try to pull the plug. Unfortunately, this whole situation causes already insane pro-life activists to go even further nuts and there's a huge controversy. Eventually, the damn feeding tube is removed and Terri and the whole lame-assed story finally dies.

MORAL: To pro-life activists, saving the life of one incapacitated woman who hasn't snapped out of it over a decade is far more important than saving the lives of thousands of people who aren't white females.

WWotM March 2005: Martha Stewart

Lifestyle maven Martha Stewart did some not-so-honest things with stock. The shocking twist is that a rich white person who committed a crime ACTUALLY HAD TO DO THE TIME! Sure, it was only five months in one of those country club prisons, but still...

After her release, the media jumped all over Martha's triumphant "resurrection" as if she was actually innocent. Helicopters hovered over her house 24/7 until finally Terri Schiavo's story broke and everyone lost interest.

MORAL: You don't have to be pretty, dead, or even straight to be a WWotM. Just being rich and white and bitchy is probably enough.

BONUS: Actual Jay Leno joke: "Martha Stewart is now under house arrest. So she'll go to her $40 million 153-acre estate. So she's going from the big house to an even bigger house." Oh you sure now how to zing 'em, Jay!

WWoTM Late 2002-March 2005: Laci Peterson

Ladies, don't get married because your husband will end up cheating on you and then murdering you. Watch the Lifetime network if you don't believe me.

Laci Peterson was WWoTM off and on for quite awhile because her story was a little more exceptional than your typical "white woman dies" thing: first of all, she was pregnant when she disappeared. Secondly, she was married to a handsome man who was cheating on her with an attractive blond. So you've got the two pretty women, the evil two-timing asshole guy, and the dead baby. And the murder mystery. And the trial. The non-stop coverage didn't end until Laci's husband (well, ex-husband, obviously) Scott was sentenced to death in March.

MORAL: I don't know, something to do with being white and soap operas.

This Natalee Holloway story still has some life in it (unlike Natalee, apparently) because they haven't found the body yet and there's an exotic locale involved... but after that wraps up, keep your eyes peeled: who knows, an attractive white woman in your town may be the next Jennifer Wilbanks or maybe even Elizabeth Smart! Be sure to pay **close** attention to these white women sagas instead of paying attention to the issues and stories that actually matter. Thanks!

Daily Dirt

Yeah OK. You racing fans are in for a... treat?

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

6.13 A Memo From George Lucas

Monday, Jun 13, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

To: Roger Barton
CC: Ben Burtt, Lucasfilm Editing & SFX Staff
From: George Lucas
Date: 6/13/2015
Re: List of Changes for Episodes I-III Theatrical Re-release

CONFIDENTIAL

Howdy Star Warriors,

as you know work is about to begin on the THX II remastering process for the theatrical re-release of the prequel trilogy for Star Wars. I have talked about some changes I would like to see during this process with Roger but I would like to share this with everyone to get some feedback and maybe see what ideas you have. Most of these things are pretty minor and we should be able to handle them with Skywalker Sandbox Digital Actor Studio. Worst case scenario we may have to get a handful of actors back to loop in audio.

- I would like to add a sequence to Phantom Menace where Qui-Gon Jinn has his hand cut off by Darth Maul. This would happen before the final confrontation with Maul so that when Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan face off against Maul Qui-Gon has a mechanical hand. I would also like to add a similar sequence to Attack of the Clones. We could digitally add a light saber to Jango Fett and he can cut off Obi-Wan's hand and then later the bug creatures can give him a robot hand while he is in captivity. I think this really helps tie together all of the plot points that connect both trilogies.
- In Episode II when Padme and Anakin are having their picnic I would like to add some creatures like ants but they are bigger and they talk in a really cute high-pitched voice like "mee mee mee." These ant creatures come and while Padme and Anakin are talking to each other about love and whatever they cover everything in the picnic! They could have a whole lot of trouble lifting a hardboiled egg and Padme could laugh and try to help them along. It would be really cute and then Anakin could smash them all (we won't show it, just show him like stomping or smacking down a bowl on them or something) and he can say "don't help insects they are beneath you" and then he would make like he is going to kiss her but she doesn't want to because she thought it was mean. I think that would help show that he can give in to the dark side at any moment.
- I think it would be really great to add in Han Solo and Lando at some point in Revenge of the Sith. Our best bet would be to have Lando and Han Solo as little kids in one of the hallways where Anakin is walking around talking to Obi-Wan. They could be playing hyperball or glomp jumps or some other space game and Anakin could walk between them because he is starting to become evil. Han Solo could throw the ball and Anakin could catch it and crush it with his robot hand. Han Solo could say "hey you big jerk, that was my ball" and Anakin could say "when next we meet I will destroy you, HAN SOLO." Get John Williams to have a zippy little "dun-dun-dunnnn" that we can slip into his score there. Fans will go crazy. They love that sort of thing.
- A lot of people have complained that Yoda in Episodes I-III seems way too smart compared to Yoda in Episode V so I think we need to do something about that. Maybe add a scene in Revenge of the Sith near the end where Yoda like falls down on his knees and starts screaming from all of the Force HITTING HIM HARD because all of the Jedis

are dying. Then when he gets up he could be all laughs and "eh-hehehe" and sticking things in his mouth like a three year old. But then he goes back to being normal smart Yoda so, you know, it would show that he can go back and forth depending on his mood.

- In Episode I when Obi-Wan and Qui-Gon first go to Tattoine I would like a bunch more stuff going on like more ships flying around, some fireworks shooting up into the sky, and maybe a dragon or a giant gargoyle or something. It could like swoop by overhead and Obi-Wan could say "oh man, what is that thing, such beasts on this world" and Qui-Gon could lay some Jedi Master wisdom on him like "they are nothing compared to the Nuk-nuk birds I have seen on Jamis-5."

- Take out the verbal references to Midi-Clorians in all of the prequels and replace them with something cooler like "Force Levels" or "Force Mana." That one didn't go over too well.

- In the opening sequence of Episode III where Obi-Wan and Anakin fly their Jedi ships through the big space war I would really like to fully capture the razzamatazz of two huge forces colliding in space combat. Add hundreds more ships and huge explosions and missiles and lasers flying everywhere.

- I was a little bit disappointed that people didn't realize that was Moff Tarkin on the bridge of a Star Destroyer with Darth Vader at the end of Episode III. I think we should loop in some dialogue of Darth Vader saying something like "are you ready to destroy some stars, Moff Tarkin?"

- Let's see if we can tone down some of the violence, especially in Episode III. With the new MPAA ratings standards from the government a theatrical re-release of Episode III might get an "X" rating. I think these new standards are pretty extreme, but I would still like to make it more family-accessible. A good example that comes to mind is when Obi-Wan and the lizard creature he is riding fall after being shot at. Obi-Wan was able to save himself but the poor lizard, the audience assumes, fell to a grisly death. In a case like that we should add in a parachute that opens or maybe something cool like the lizard can inflate a big bubble on its back and float to safety. Little touches like that will help us get down to an "R" rating. This applies to the original trilogy as well. We're not editing much in those but I think things like Vader's Force choking should be like he puts them to sleep instead. Just a quick and easy change that no one will miss.

I think if we work really hard together on this we can turn something great into something awesome for the ages.

- GL

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.14 A KING'S RETORT

Tuesday, Jun 14, 2005 by KING MSWATI III

What is this hogwash!

WELCOME TO SWAZILAND I AM KING.

Swazi king waits two weeks for wife No. 12 - *Swaziland's King Mswati III took an 18-year-old former Miss Teen Swaziland finalist as his 12th wife during the weekend, barely two weeks after marrying his 11th, media in the tiny African kingdom said. Nothando Dube was selected as Mswati's fiancee after last year's Reed Dance, an event where thousands of maidens dance bare breasted in honor of the Queen Mother and where Mswati has chosen wives in the past.*

This is an outrage! I am KING! KING MSWATI III! I do not have to stand for such insubordination from trash rags like this "CNN!" I will find the vagrants, I will find the miscreants, I will find the foul-mouthed heathens to spread such vile lies and I shall grab their lungs of their throat by my mighty hands and squeeze the clear and runny fluids from their breath tubes like a biscuit cone full of ripe caterpillars! I have married myself to a 17-year old stunning beauty, which the CNN reports incorrectly as 18 years of age. THIS WILL NOT STAND! I shall imprison these vagabonds from this CNN for taking a year from my beautiful wife's lifetime and furthermore I shall now divorce her and marry a seven year old who is immune to the slings and arrows of such a lying, hurtful media! I THEREBY ACCUSE THE CNN MEDIA OF PEDOPHILIA.

KING MSWATI'S NEW ROYAL DECREE #1 - All liars shall be imprisoned inside my Chamber of Delicious Secrets! The secret is there is nothing delicious in the Chamber of Delicious Secrets!

KING MSWATI'S NEW ROYAL DECREE #2 - CHANGE NAME OF "CHAMBER OF DELICIOUS SECRETS" TO "SECRET CHAMBER OF DELICIOUS SECRETS" SO AS TO NOT CONFUSE PEOPLE WITH THE "CHAMBER OF DELICIOUS SUCROSE." ALSO ADD 105% MORE SECRETS TO THIS CHAMBER! GIVE IT ALL YOU'VE GOT, GIVE 105% SECRETS!

KING MSWATI'S NEW ROYAL DECREE #2a - Remove all non-secrets from Secret Chamber of Delicious Secrets. THIS INCLUDES ANY AND ALL SUCROSE.

HELLO LADIES WANT A DATE ha ha ha I am just kidding I am married for now!

I have married many women because I have not yet to this date found a woman perfect enough to become my Mrs. King Mswati III. I have found fault in all my wives so far! Many of their faults revolve around the fact that they no longer have heads anymore. Ha ha I am just kidding but seriously I am not kidding.

> **WIFE #1 - ADAMA -** My first wife! I shall always remember her! That is what I used to say until I forgot about her. I do not recall why I divorced her but I think I was young and naive at the time and like many immature young men, suspected she could transform into a unicorn.
>
> **WIFE #2 - MAKEMBA -** I caught her holding a baby at a nursery. Then I remembered she resembled the woman who stole a baby in the Lifetime Network movie I saw

entitled "Born Too Young." Baby stealing is the most terrible crime in the kingdom! I sentenced her to death for being involved in such a horrible thing, and then sentenced Makemba to death as well.

WIFE #3 - CHIKU - Threw out a stack of my royal decrees that I had marked with a red Snoopy stamp reading "TRASH! PLEASE THROW OUT!" in order to trick anybody who might try to break in to my bungalow and kidnap my kingdom away from me. I told her many times "DO NOT THROW OUT MY ROYAL DECREES" but she did not hear me because I told her long after I divorced her!

WIFE #4 - TARANA - Messed with Texas.

WIFE #5 - ZOLA - I got into a quite fierce argument with her father. I asked him "do you want me to cut off your head with gardening shears?" and he answered "no" and I disagreed. SUCH RELATIONSHIPS DO NOT WORK OUT AND YOU DO NOT HAVE TO PAY FOR OUTSIDE COUNSELING TO DETERMINE THESE THINGS, TRUST YOU ME!

WIFE #5 - MARGARET F. KINSLEY OF BALTIMORE - Discovered online. The relationship ended when I learned she was not who she claimed to be; HER LEVEL 43 NIGHT ELF WAS ACTUALLY A DWARF AND MY KINGDOM DESPISES SUCH DECEIT! I ordered her summary execution, but Maryland did not respect my wishes. THUS MY LONGSTANDING FEUD AGAINST BALTIMORE BEGAN.

WIFE #6 - SEKAI - Lost the youthful vigor and innocence she had when I originally married her. NOTE TO SELF: ISSUE A ROYAL DECREE MAKING IT ILLEGAL TO TURN 16.

WIFE #7 - MARGARET F. KINSLEY OF BALTIMORE (again) - Attempted to make the long distance relationship work again. MARRIAGE WAS DESTROYED WHEN I DISCOVERED SHE WAS USING THE ROYAL CREDIT CARD TO DOWNLOAD CELLPHONE RINGTONES.

WIFE #8 - NALIAKA - Suspected of spreading dissidence during my royal speech regarding the importance of proper pet care grooming. THE ROYAL CAT EXPERIENCED SEVERE TRAUMA WHEN EXPOSED TO HER COOKING. My Powerpoint presentation was ruined and my reputation amongst the peasants was tarnished until I promised to give them more AIDS.

WIFE #9 - LOIYAN - At our wedding ceremony I heard the sound of crickets but it was not night time! Clearly she was a witch so I ordered the entire wedding stage burned to the ground while all the guests screamed in horror. They were still traumatized by my mishandling of the royal cat.

WIFE #10 - MARGARET F. KINSLEY OF BALTIMORE (again again) - She convinced me to give the marriage another attempt "for the sake of the children." Then I discovered we had no children together because there is no command to adopt children in World of Warcraft! ONCE AGAIN A WOMAN ATTEMPTS TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF A MAN IN THE ATTEMPT TO RULE ALL OF SWAZILAND AND AZEROTH!

My kingdom shall rule this entire world, all 600 acres of it. I have the resources to bulldoze and irrigate anybody who stands in my way. We have the trained commandos and rusty sharp knives to make this happen. Under my rule, over 34% of the population has contracted HIV / AIDS! That is a 32% increase since Prince Sozisa Dlamini's rule! MY SCIENCE ADVISORS SAY HIV / AIDS IS AN EXOTIC SPORTS CAR AND IF ONLY WE COULD DETERMINE A WAY TO EXPORT THIS TO NEIGHBORING MOZAMBIQUE, OUR KINGDOM COULD SPREAD LIKE MY FAVORITE

EPISODE OF THE TELEVISED SHOW "STAR TRACK," WHERE THE OIL CREATURE ATTACKED THE LESBIAN SECURITY OFFICER! GOD BLESS YOU GENE RODDENBERRY.

Hello ladies I can see your under things.

KING MSWATI'S NEW ROYAL DECREE #3 - Appoint official oil monster in charge of devouring lesbians! DO NOT HIRE OUTSIDE THE FAMILY! THERE WILL BE NO IMMEDIATE MEDICAL BENEFITS.

I have been informed there is fighting and unrest amongst the citizens of Hhohho. I did not know such a location even existed! What is this "Hhohho" and how do we expel it from our kingdom? I propose a trade of Hhohho and Lumbombo for the area known as "Akron, Ohio." I have been contacted by their tourism board on multiple occasions and do believe it's a land of limitless wonders which can be tapped to provide 37% more HIV / AIDS to our remaining citizens. Swaziland's Official Advisor of Country Swapping has suggested combining Hhohho and Lumbombo into location named "Hhohhobombo." However I must consult the Official Advisor of Medical Sciences to be sure doing such a thing will not give the residents vowel cancer. Ha ha ha ha DO YOU NOT GET IT? VOWEL CANCER! THIS JOKE SHALL FOREVER BE KNOWN AS THE OFFICIAL JOKE OF HHOHHOBOMBO AND SHALL BE REPRESENTED BY AN EAGLE CLUTCHING A CORN BABY IN ITS STEEL TALONS. THE EAGLE WILL BE AIRBRUSHED ON THE SIDE OF THE ROYAL VAN.

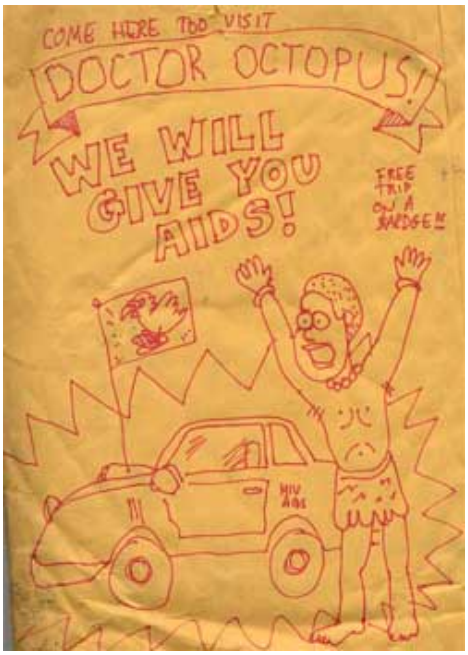
KING MSWATI'S NEW ROYAL DECREE #4 - Arrest any advisors who mention Hhohho. MUCH LIKE THE LESIONS ON MY ANKLE RESULTING FROM THE ATTACK OF THE LIQUOR CABINET LAST YEAR, IT TOO SHALL VANISH IF I IGNORE IT.
KING MSWATI'S NEW ROYAL DECREE #4a - Outlaw Booberry cereal. That ghost is staring at me with his panty eyes and it is making me quite furious and uncomfortable in my nether regions.

I have been informed by the Official Advisor of Telling Me Locations of Things Larger Than My Comfortable Chair that my kingdom is located in Hhohho! I now retract my previous statement and shall now combine Manzini and Shishelweni to form a new region named "Doctor Octopus" to capitalize on the success of America's "Spiderman 2." We shall print up hundreds of the tourism flyers convincing Americans to travel to Doctor Octopus and enjoy a family vacation on the Plains of Mud. We must create a series of family friendly attractions to bring in tourists and their fat purses! We must create colorful and vibrant slogans to attract money makers to Doctor Octopus. I have devised the following:

THIS IMAGE IS COPYRIGHT 2005 KING MSWATI III Inc.! If you steal this then I shall throw you into my hedge maze! My hedge maze is two straight lines of bushes that lead to a cactus. YOU WILL IMPALE YOURSELF ON THE CACTUS OR ELSE WE'LL SHOOT YOU!

KING MSWATI'S NEW ROYAL DECREE #5 - Anybody who escapes from the hedge maze shall be labeled a "heretic" and forced to spend a night in the haunted hayloft with Cousin Abebe.
KING MSWATI'S NEW ROYAL DECREE #6 - Anybody who escapes from the haunted hayloft will be forced to give guided tours of the haunted hayloft to visiting grade schools.

Many ignorant enemies of the kingdom have given me hardship regarding my policy to outlaw all political parties. THIS WAS FOR THE GOOD OF THE ENTIRE COUNTRY! If it were not for my kind and generous decisions, our entire country's fate would be determined by the tyrannical My



Baby's Daddy Party and the Organization of People With AIDS. DRASTIC TIMES CALLS FOR DRASTIC MEASURES PEOPLE! I am allowing the following parties the permission to form:

> **THE PEOPLE'S PARTY OF OH GOD KING MSWATI III IS AWESOME**
> **THE COALITION OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE AIDS AND QUITE FRANKLY LOVE IT AND WOULD LIKE TO EXPORT IT TO NEIGHBORING COUNTRIES LIKE MOZAMBIQUE AND AKRON, OHIO**
> **The National Party of Birthday Cake and Soda Every Day for Several Thousand Years**
> **A GROUP OF GUYS WHO HATE BALTIMORE**

My love for my country is like my love for women: there is a lot of it to go around and it often results in somebody getting beheaded! Ha ha ha that does not make any sense. But seriously come visit Doctor Octopus, you will enjoy all your moments of it, thank you for your time and AIDS.

■ THIS NONSENSE IS BONKERS

Words are located here.

-∼KING MSWATI III

6.15 Welcome to Scientology, Katie Holmes!

Wednesday, Jun 15, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

SHE DIGS IT!

In one of the biggest developments since the signing of the Magna Carta in 1215, actress Katie Holmes is converting to Scientology. "She digs it," reads virtually ever news headline in the known world. Now I'm not the most informed person on Teegeeack, but I honestly had no idea who Katie Holmes was until Tom Cruise decided she was important while in the midst of his own personal Mel Gibson-like downward spiral into religious zealotry.

Naturally, this got me thinking a lot, so I did some research. Apparently Katie Holmes is in the new Batman movie, and Batman is the superhero alter ego of billionaire Bruce Wayne. I spent the rest of the day reading Batman comic books before eventually deciding to finish my research. Batman is pretty awesome. Regardless, as far as I can tell, Katie Holmes is still pretty much a big nobody plagued by pesky thetans or, in layman's terms, spirits illegally occupying her body. But you know what, with a little help from Scientology, she'll be a real somebody. Scientology is about transcendence and going to indescribable places on the back of pure, mind-blistering imagination, far from the doubting reach of logic or common sense. Like all things, the first days are always the most memorable. Katie Holmes, you're in for a wonderful ride!

The First Magical Days of Scientology

Day 1: Buffet Party, IMAX Screening of "Battlefield: Earth"

As a new member of the Church of Scientology, you're going to enjoy a tremendous buffet, dining with such notable Hollywood stars as John Travolta, Corin Nemec, and Tom Cruise. Be sure not to let Kirstie Alley cut in line, or there will be nothing left for you! Just kidding, there's always plenty of fresh baby meat going around the Flag Land Base. The buffet is kept well stocked with fresh baby limbs emptied hourly from the giant Hubbard Kiddy Grinder Mark IV located one floor above.

After the meal you will relax in the beautiful Dianetics IMAX Theater for an exclusive screening of "Battlefield: Earth" alongside the film's heart and soul. Afterwards, John Travolta will regale you with trivia, behind the scenes stories, and humorous anecdotes from the making of this landmark motion picture. Once you are fully versed in "Battlefield: Earth" knowledge, you will be administered a near-lethal dose of knockout gas.

Day 2: Orientation, E-reading, and Audit

Waking up in the basement of the Flag Land Base can be a discomforting experience, but don't worry, as it and the explosive collar strapped to your neck are all part of your spiritual journey. At this point, because the thetan forces inside you will be telling you to run, it is important that you resist them. The collar will explode if you leave the premises and a cover story explaining that you tried to steal three tons of C4 explosives in the trunk of the original 1966 Batmobile will be leaked to the press. The CoS will also sue your family for damages.

Feeling comfortably helpless, you are now ready to begin the orientation process. At this point you will disclose all financial assets to your new Scientology caretakers and

Sophisticated E-Meter Machine

sign several wavers agreeing to let the CoS use your name and likeness for corporate promotions and important press releases and legal notices.

The CoS will also need to determine just how troubled you are by thetans. To accomplish this, you will hold some metal cylinders that should maybe hopefully cause the dial on the E-meter's gauge to move. If it doesn't, then the E-Meter technician is authorized to guestimate your spiritual standing using a simple thetan-weight ratio L. Ron Hubbard scribbled down on a Bob's Big Boy napkin.

Once your paperwork is in order, you'll be ready to enjoy some quality fun with your new Scientology family!

Day 3: Party at Hubbardland Secret SeaOrg Waterpark

The last days of Teegeeack

After that stressful second day, you will undoubtedly need to unwind and be reassured not to call authorities for help. Provided you don't squirm or try to escape, you will be taken to a top secret SeaOrg waterpark located deep in the Mediterranean. Once there, you will be treated to a lavish banquet, and be the guest judge for a diving contest between Isaac Hayes and Giovanni Ribisi. Afterwards, the whole gang will join in for a delicious baby barbeque and share campfire stories about the old days, when the solar system and Earth (Teegeeack) were overpopulated with hundreds of billions of people.

Day 4-84: Extensive Brainwashing

All religions require learning and sacrifice, and Scientology is no exception. To truly become a scientologist, you'll need to be systematically brainwashed to the point where your mind is just a big old bowl of highly pliable silly putty. That's when you're mind is clear and open to understanding the wisdom that is Scientology without having some

pesky thetan inside you say, "that's bullshit!" Don't perpetuate the vicious cycle that Xenu started so long ago, break free and become clear.

Over these tense days, you'll learn that you're not just any ridiculous idiot—no, you're the Church of Scientology's ridiculous idiot! Somewhere in the middle of this you'll probably find the time to learn to pilot a zeppelin. Also your friends and family will fear you, but that's just because the thetans inside them are jealous of your newfound clarity.

The collar comes off and you're released into the wild a free minded, free thinking Scientologist, ready to reshape the world with your imagination!

Day 85: Visit to Outer Space On Board Hubbard 3 Moon Rocket, Oprah

Being a true part of the family, you'll be ready to experience the monumental benefits of being a Scientologist. Strap in tight, because John Travolta and the Scientology Gang are about to take you on a flight into outer space on board a state-of-the-art rocket ship invented by L. Ron Hubbard on a lazy Sunday not spent filing taxes. Travolta, an experienced pilot, will zigzag through asteroids, swooping low through Martian canyons, and landing at the base of a large volcano on Jupiter, where you will enjoy a lovely picnic amidst the oppressive gravity and 600 mph winds.

Then it's a quick jot back through the solar system to good old Teegeeack for the start of some more fun with your good friend Oprah Winfrey! She'll have plenty of questions to ask you, and this is your time to really sell the world on your new family.

There you have it, Mrs. Katie Cruise-Holmes! Scientology is not without its bumps, but overall, it's a very magical ride. Hop on board today!

■ Dirt Today!

Here's some Daily Dirt, okay? Okay, good. Here it is.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.16 Steve Perry vs. The Madagascar Mummy

Thursday, Jun 16, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Steve Perry looked in admiration at his newly finished deck. He had spent months working on it under the summer sun while knocking back icy cold tallboys. His skin was now golden brown, with the first hints of melanoma forming on the nape of his neck. Yes, life was good for Steve Perry. He had everything: a rocking music career, a brand new deck, a baby elephant imported from India, and melanoma. Steve Perry was living the American dream -- that was, until the Madagascar Mummy started terrorizing the Africa coastline.

You see, Steve Perry was not only an all-star rocker, philanthropist, and dashing heartthrob, he was vital to the natural order of things on this planet. If a great evil rose from some dark place in the world, it was Steve Perry's job to destroy it. On the other hand, if things in the world were going too well, he would create horrible diseases or kidnap small children and sell them to a Nike factory. The neutrality of the cosmic balance is vital for Steve Perry to keep his powers of vocal majesty, and as such he is driven to keep a watchful eye on all events going on in the world.

ACT I

As Steve Perry was getting prepared to varnish his newly built deck, he felt a disturbance in the force of chi. it was if a thousand tiny voices were crying out to him. Then he remembered that he had a thousand babies stored in his basement for shipment to a Thailand shoe factory and went back to work on his deck. After only a few brush strokes of the varnish, Steve Perry felt the disturbance again. This time he knew something was amiss and ran inside to get on some clothes. Steve Perry mostly varnishes in the nude, for it is his way.

After putting on his glittery concert shirt and tight jeans that showed off his distrubingly large package, Steve Perry leaped out of his 2nd story window and transformed into a beautiful red bicycle that fell and clattered against the sidewalk. Then Steve Perry drove like the wind towards the direction of Africa. What dangers lay ahead, he knew not, but he was Steve Perry, who catapulted Journey into America's #1 rock band with hits like "Don't Stop Believing', and "Lovin', Touchin', Squeezin". Surely he could deal with any evil force that dared to tangle with him. Or could he?

The Steve Perry bicycle rolled over the hills and mountain streams of New Jersey. When he reached

the beaches of the Atlantic ocean, he turned himself into a blue whale. Unfortunately for our hero, he forgot to jump into the water before transforming and was thus beached, effectively putting and end to our adventure for the time being. Greenpeace was notified of the beached whale and tried to save Steve Perry by throwing water on him and signing petitions. He had used up the last of his energy in the transformation, and needed to have some rest before he was able to change back to his usual form.

A crane was able to lift him and he was put on a flat bed truck that was headed to Sea World. There Steve Perry stayed on as a main attraction for three years, delighting children everywhere, and giving guest seating in the front row a surprise shower with his aquatic trickery. After all his power was replenished with buckets of delicious krill, he turned back to his human form and took a bus back to his house, where he spent the next week figuring out his back taxes from the last three years.

ACT II

Steve Perry went back to the business of varnishing his deck. He sat down on the sanded wood, lit a cigarette, and started brushing. The neighbors were blasting their rap music again, the bass loud enough to rattle his windows. Steve Perry wasn't having any of that nonsense. He called upon the powers of space/time astral projection to guide a meteor towards his neighbor's house, where it crashed in a fiery explosion, stopping the noisy racket at its source. Steve Perry turned on his own music, Journey's Greatest Hits, Volume #3, and cheerfully went back to the varnishing.

After his lunch of a dozen Arby's roast beef sandwiches, Steve Perry walked to his mailbox to see what had come for him that day. One letter boldly stood out from the handfuls of fan mail, for it was midnight black and had the words "DIE STEVE PERRY" written in blood. Who would send such a letter? Everybody in the world loved and cherished Steve Perry and his soothing voice. Steve Perry opened the letter in anger, reading it with shaking hands. It read:

> *"Dear Steve Perry. You are the worst musician in the world. When Gregg Rolie from Santana started Journey in 1973, he had a vision of musical integrity and experimentation. Then you came along and turned it into sappy bubble gum "rock" that makes me sick. Of course the public ate it up, because they are mindless sheep and will buy anything, but that doesn't make it good music. Most of your hit songs are played for*

preteens at roller rinks and turned into Muzak for elevators. I will crush you for ruining the progressive jazz-rock of early Journey I loved so dearly. WE WILL DO BATTLE, YOU AND I!

Sincerely, The Madagascar Mummy

P.S. I had sex with your mother."

It is rare that Steve Perry loses his temper, but if you are unlucky enough to see it and live, you will know it is something to be feared. It took one thousand years for the earth to heal itself on the spot Steve Perry had his famous temper tantrum of 1986. After destroying everything in a 10 mile radius, Steve Perry turned into an F-16 jet fighter and flew towards Madagascar at supersonic speeds, ready to kick some mummy ass.

ACT III

The F-16 soared over the African mainland, once and a while dropping laser guided bombs on scattered huts because Steve Perry was still really mad. After landing at Madagascar International Airport he turned into a horse-drawn carriage, but instead of horses he had to use tapirs because the flight drained much of his power. Steve Perry headed towards the return address of the hate mail. He knew it was probably a trap, but it was a risk he had to take.

The address turned out to be an ancient pyramid on top of a craggy mountain in the northern section of the island. "This doesn't feel right", Steve Perry thought to himself as the tapir drawn carriage pulled up to the cobweb covered entrance. He turned back into his normal form, and in his hand a flaming sword that he had named "Sal" appeared. He had used it to vanquish many foes over the years, and this one would be no different. A Steve Perry-hater was not to be tolerated in this solar system, not while he still had the strength to fight for the freedom of mainstream rock vs. progressive jazz-rock loving mummies. Steve Perry walked into the cold, dark pyramid, ready for battle.

The dark claustrophobic passages wound through the pyramid in a confusing array of twists and strange angles, lit only by Sal, the sword of justice. Steve Perry walked onward, a deep sense of danger overcoming him. His foot came down on a loose piece of stone and there was a sharp click. The ground opened up beneath him, and he fell into the mummy's devious trap.

Steve Perry fell for what seemed like eons. Most of the time he was surrounded by solid rock, but

sometimes the sides would open up and he could see endless catacombs filled with skeletons and imps. A group of the unnatural creatures heckled and screeched while he fell past, but Steve Perry shot a fireball, destroying the lot of them. Then he hit the ground, cracking the stone beneath him. He was in the mummy's lair.

Inside the relatively small room was a basic living quarters that consisting of a cot, a worn couch, some wooden crates for sitting, a 27" color TV, an Atari gaming system, a stereo, and various band posters of groups like Rush and Boards of Canada. The mummy was in the middle of packing a bowl in his sarcophagus bong when he looked up at Steve Perry in mild shock.

"Wow, you actually came. I knew your ego would get the best of you. You represent the downfall of music since the mid 70's, and today I will kill you. Lemme just take a few tokes first," the mummy said while trying to find his lighter.

"Toke this, toilet paper head!" Steve Perry cried as he jump kicked the bong, making it explode into thousands of tiny shards

The Madagascar Mummy screamed in anger, charging at Steve Perry with his flailing arms. Steve Perry deftly leapt into the air, sprouting angel wings and striking down with his flaming sword. The mummy was slashed across the arm, and emitted a high-pitched shriek of rage. The mummy then picked up a crate and smashed it over Steve Perry's head. He fell to the ground, dazed. Then the mummy ran at him, seeing an opportunity to finish him off, but Steve Perry was far from beaten. He rose just in time and spin-kicked the mummy into the TV set, sending a shower of sparks into the air. The smell of burnt mummy filled the air as it rose to attack again. Steve Perry waved his hand, turning all the progressive art band posters into Journey posters.

"NOOOOOOOOOOO!" the Madagascar Mummy screamed at the defilement of his holy music shrine. He attacked Steve Perry in unchecked rage, swinging his powerful arms towards his head. Steve Perry flew into the air out of the mummy's range, and then swooped down with and slashed it deeply across the chest with Sal. The mummy was smitten into a smouldering pile of bandages. He was defeated and Steve Perry was once more victorious. Steve Perry found 150 gold pieces and a healing herb.

Steve Perry walked confidently out of the pyramid, which shook and crumbled behind him. All the evil that once festered in this place was now either destroyed or closed off from the outside world. The balance of order in the universe was once more restored. Steve Perry turned into a water balloon and rolled into the sea, eventually floating back to the New Jersey coast. Once there, he finished varnishing his deck, standing proudly to survey his creation. Just like Jesus, Steve Perry has the power to create great things in this world, and what could be more great than having a BBQ outside with friends while enjoying some frosty brews? Steve Perry smiled and looked up into the heavens. It had been a grand adventure, and he wouldn't trade it for all the platinum records in the world.

The Adentures of Hitler Dog #3

Please enjoy the latest adventures of Hitlerdog as he joshes around with his friend Bobby and ends up learning a little something about life in the process. THE INTERNET WILL SET YOU FREE.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

6.17 It's All Right There in the Figures

Friday, Jun 17, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

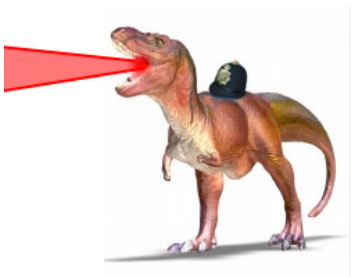
Jameson smashed another cigarette out in the ashtray and downed his cup of room temperature coffee.

"These ideas are all terrible." Jameson growled at the designers. "Laser Sniper Force? Militia Team Texas? What the hell is that shit? They sound like GI Joe knockoffs you'd buy at a Mexican flea market."

"Murray, we can't stray too far from proven-," Sommers, the old warhorse, had the sack to interject.

"Bullshit!" Jameson raged. "Totally bullshit! Every month we come in here and have a meeting about what action figures we should be making and every time the ideas are absolute garbage. Diane, we haven't heard from you yet, what stupid crap do you have?"

"I-I-uh," Diane rummaged through her folders and came out with a mockup of a dinosaur with a head that could be removed to reveal a laser. "DinoCops Future Squad. We use the old DinoCops molds only now the DinoCops are in the future and they have heads that you can take off with different high-tech weapons."



"What is that, an ion cannon?" Jameson smashed his coffee cup on the floor and stomped his foot. "More shit! Diane, do you have any idea how many DinoCops figures we have in the warehouse right now? Let me make it easy for you: enough to fill 78 shipping pallets. We could make more money melting them down and selling the plastic to a picnic utensil manufacturer than we would releasing another batch of DinoCops."

"I'm sorry." Diane hung her head in shame.

"I'm sorry. We're all fucking sorry. We're pitiful. Mattel is killing us. Where's the new guy?" Jameson dropped back into his seat.

"You said he wasn't ready yet." Sommers offered.

"He'd better be. That kid is our only hope. Send him in."

Sommers ducked out into the hallway to get the new intern, Ben Bixby. The kid was scrawny and tall with a necktie way too small and a short-sleeved dress shirt that was way too big. He took a seat at the table.

"Alright kid. Sommers has said you have some great ideas, real cutting edge stuff. Wow me." Jameson lit another cigarette.

"Thank you, mister Jameson." Ben nervously paged through a notebook. "I don't have any color mockups since this is such short-"

Jameson waved away his apologies.

"We just need ideas, we'll let the art department worry about the mockups. Now tell us what you've got."

"Alright, well, the first idea was based on something you said a few weeks ago about movie and music tie-ins being big business. So what do you think about Bruce Willis?"

"Great, I love him," Jameson said, "but most of his movies are already optioned out to toy makers."

"Not his best movie! I checked with legal and no one has licensed 'North' for toys. Bruce Willis as the narrator for the story of a boy who is fed up with his parents not giving him enough attention and decides to wander the world in search of new parents. Now, imagine if that boy was played by...The Rolling Stones."

"All of them?" Jameson asked.

"Yes, the Rolling Stones and Bruce Willis are teamed up to form an action force searching for the perfect parents. We can do a lineup with Willis and the Rolling Stones in commando gear, but no guns or anything, just like grappling hooks and flares and stuff. They could have a zodiac boat playset and maybe an armored van they drive around in."

"Pretty awesome, right? Well it gets better. What if all of the bad parents that they rejected joined forces with each other in an evil secret lair and they plan on blowing up all of the great monuments of the world? Team North has to stop them and their martial arts henchmen or they will blow up, like Mount Rushmore or the Space Shuttle or something. Totally perfect for a cartoon spin-off. Maybe we can do one like the old Captain Power where Team North is flying around in a helicopter and the kids have to shoot parents with a special gun as they pop up on the screen or else Mount Rushmore will get blown up."

"Not bad, kid!" Jameson smiled. "What else you got?"

"Okay, so I turn on the news and everyone is talking about teen pregnancy and abstinence education and stuff. The way I look at it, that's just a bunch of free publicity for our new line of toys: Abstinence Andrea and the Action Squad. We take some of the old Buffy the Vampire Slayer molds we have and recolor them and maybe apply some grenades and stuff. These girls are hot, but they're hot for God, and they're not interested in sex before marriage. They could all have different weapons for fighting their urges like assault rifles. One could have an arm that's a minigun and maybe we could have another one with a jet pack."

"So then for the bad guys there will be this army of teen mothers and they will always attack Abstinence Andrea and try to get her to have sex and have a baby. We can use some of the old Rocket Squad molds where they had the missiles they would shoot, we just redesign the figures so that the missiles are shooting out of their groin and then we do a new mold for the missiles that look like babies. We can also have a few male bad guys too and they can have weapons like date rape darts and lassos that they try to use on Abstinence Andrea so they can tie her up and impregnate her. Maybe one of them can be black to get some great sales out of race mixing opponents."

"I think that one might be going a little far." Diane chided.

"Hell, not far enough!" Jameson countered. "I say we have each teen mother come with a little packet of 'amniotic ooze' that you can grease up the baby missile with. Great job kid, any others?"

"Oh yeah," Ben smiled, "we're just getting started here."

"The domestic market is already really crowded, but I think there is a lot of potential out there for us to take on the less-competitive foreign markets. What is the biggest think right now for kids in other countries? Hating the United States, that's why I think we should do an all new soldier line called American G.U.T.S. You get all new 12 inch dolls. An American infantry man, a missile launcher

soldier, maybe a guy driving a Hummer, a commander, and then you can do a few politicians like George W. Bush and Donald Rumsfeld."

"I don't get it. If they all hate America why would we want to make a bunch of GI Joe 12 inchers for them?"

"No, no, these aren't GI Joe at all, these are American G.U.T.S. and these guys are the bad guys and the cool thing is they all have a button on them you can push to see how they die. Like we can do a spring loaded head on the Bush doll and it pops up on some translucent red plastic like his head got shot off. Then you can do the GI with a ribcage that pops open so you can see his heart and lungs and stuff. Maybe the machine gunner breaks in half and his spine is rubber with little veins painted on it. You could press a button on the Hummer and the panels all flip to look burned and the guy flies out the windshield and has little plastic glass embedded in his face. Kids will go crazy for it in the foreign market."

"Won't the media go apeshit over that?" Sommers asked.

"No, no, see that's the beauty of it. We do a run of about 200 on each doll that don't have the death buttons and then we release them domestically saying that 50% of each doll goes to charity. The market is already loaded with shit like that so no one will buy it. If word comes out about the foreign models we'll just point to the domestic ones and the charity donation and say that the American people weren't buying those. It will be great publicity."

"Risky, but I like it." Jameson stubbed out another cigarette. "Okay, hit us with one more."

"I think we all know what the big emerging market is right now: video games. Video game tie-ins are HUGE business. Action figures for Blizzard games, Halo figures, even figures for lesser known videogames are big."

"Oh, I like where this is going!" Jameson interjected. "Let me guess, Grand Theft Auto toys?"

"Nope, but you're close! One phrase: 'Battlecruiser 3000 AD.' You've got space ships, you've got marines, tanks, fighter planes, all kinds of weapons, dozens of classes, you could literally release thousands of toys based on this game. And the best part is that they can be thousands of unique toys that all look absolutely terrible with untrimmed mold flash and sloppy paint."

"We could outsource it to that factory in Nigeria that's run by that warlord or maybe one of the Chinese factories where they send the retarded people to work 18 hours a day. The worse the quality the more loyal we are being to the spirit of the game. Fans will eat it up and we've got a pitch man in Derek Smart who may literally try to murder people who say bad things about the new toy line."

"I have no idea what any of that is, but it sounds like it has huge margin in it." Sommers commented.

"Kid, you are a godsend. You may single-handedly save this company." Jameson began clapping and the applause quickly spread to the others gathered around the table.

Ben Bixby bowed and give himself a mental pat on the back for another job well done at Arlogeist Toys.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.18 Brushy Sez

Saturday, Jun 18, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

BRUSHY MC YOURTEETH'S GUIDE TO ORAL HEALTH

BRUSHY SEZ:
"BRUSHING YOUR TEETH IS 'TUBULAR' – ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU USE A TUBE OF TOOTHPASTE! HAHA!"

©1989 DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES.
DENTIST OFFICE'S ONLY COPY – PLEASE DON'T TAKE HOME, SELL, OR MEMORIZE.

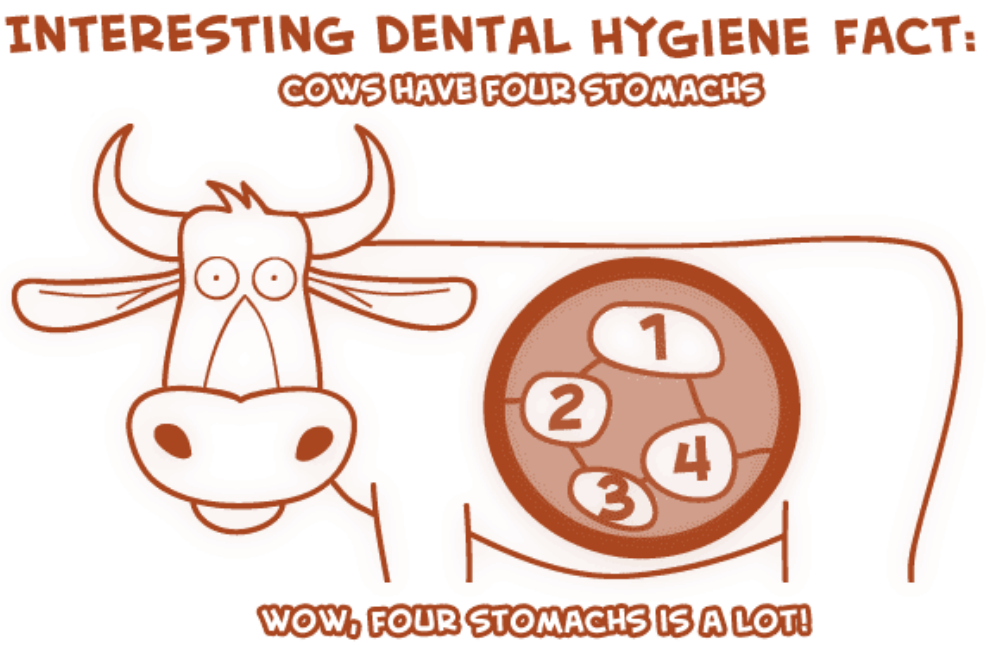
YOU'RE PROBABLY READING THIS BECAUSE SOME KID SCRIBBLED "FART" ACROSS EVERY PAGE OF THE ONLY HIGHLIGHTS MAGAZINE IN THE DENTIST'S OFFICE, BUT IT'S A GOOD THING HE DID!

OTHERWISE YOU MIGHT NOT BE READING THIS FUN PAMPHLET FILLED WITH NEAT STUFF, LIKE THE FACT THAT TEETH DO MORE TO KEEP YOU ALIVE THAN YOUR CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM, HEART, AND BRAIN! IF YOU FIND YOURSELF IN A WAR AND YOUR HEART OFFERS TO TAKE A BULLET FOR ONE OF YOUR TEETH, YOU SHOULD TOTALLY LET IT.

WANT SOME MORE INTERESTING FACTS LIKE THIS ONE?

READ ON!

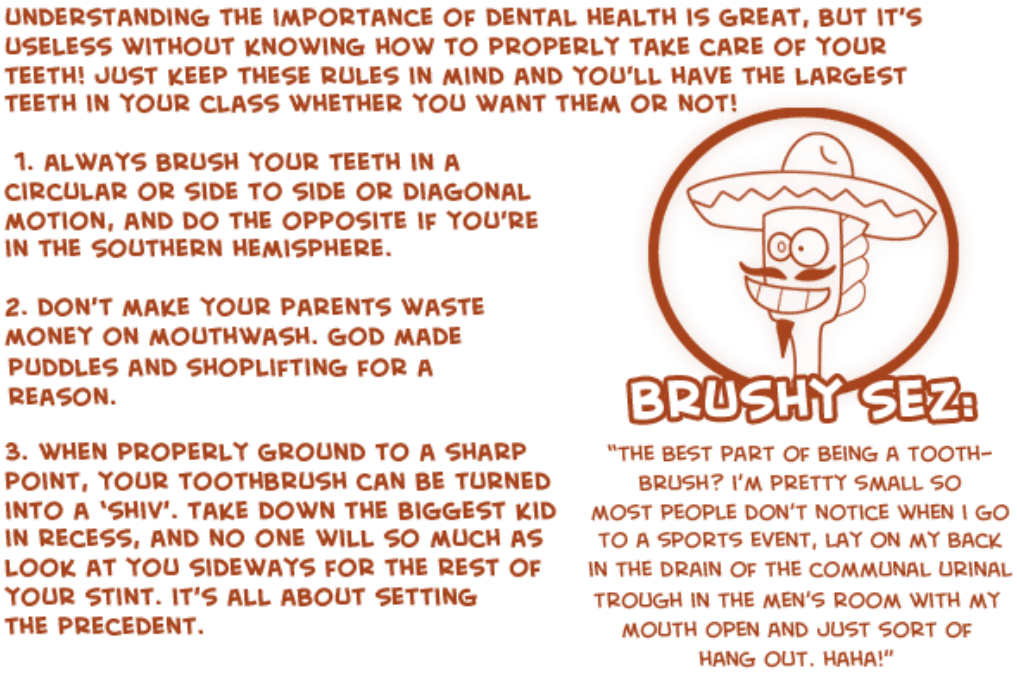
BRUSHY SEZ:
"I STARED HELPLESSLY AS MY PAL FLOSSY DIED ON THAT GOD FORSAKEN HILL, HIS INSIDES SPOOLING OUT WHILE HE CLUTCHED AT THEM AND TRIED TO PUSH THEM BACK IN. HIS CRIES OF ANGUISH – WHICH ONLY REGISTERED AS PATHETIC WHISPERS – WILL FOREVER HAUNT MY DREAMS. HAHA!"



SO NOW THAT YOU KNOW TEETH ARE BASICALLY THE ONLY THING KEEPING YOU ALIVE, SHOULD YOU BE WORRIED IF YOU LOSE EVEN ONE LITTLE BABY TOOTH? YES, REAL WORRIED. THAT SORT OF THING SHOULD NOT BE HAPPENING.

BRUSHY SEZ:

"I HAVE NO SEXUAL ORGANS, YET I WANT TO MOUNT EVERY PERSON I SEE REGARDLESS OF THEIR AGE, SEX, OR ATTRACTIVENESS. MY VERY EXISTENCE IS A COLLECTION OF UNFULFILLED PRIMAL URGES THAT TORTURE ME MORE THAN I COULD POSSIBLY EXPRESS. IN MY MIND I'VE ALREADY RAPED YOU TWICE AND YOU LOVED IT. I WILL FOREVER BE LONELY, UNABLE TO CONNECT WITH ANOTHER LIVING BEING IN ANY CAPACITY OUTSIDE OF IMAGINARY PERVERSIONS. HAHA!"


UNDERSTANDING THE IMPORTANCE OF DENTAL HEALTH IS GREAT, BUT IT'S USELESS WITHOUT KNOWING HOW TO PROPERLY TAKE CARE OF YOUR TEETH! JUST KEEP THESE RULES IN MIND AND YOU'LL HAVE THE LARGEST TEETH IN YOUR CLASS WHETHER YOU WANT THEM OR NOT!
1. ALWAYS BRUSH YOUR TEETH IN A CIRCULAR OR SIDE TO SIDE OR DIAGONAL MOTION, AND DO THE OPPOSITE IF YOU'RE IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.
2. DON'T MAKE YOUR PARENTS WASTE MONEY ON MOUTHWASH. GOD MADE PUDDLES AND SHOPLIFTING FOR A REASON.
3. WHEN PROPERLY GROUND TO A SHARP POINT, YOUR TOOTHBRUSH CAN BE TURNED INTO A 'SHIV'. TAKE DOWN THE BIGGEST KID IN RECESS, AND NO ONE WILL SO MUCH AS LOOK AT YOU SIDEWAYS FOR THE REST OF YOUR STINT. IT'S ALL ABOUT SETTING THE PRECEDENT.
BRUSHY SEZ:
"THE BEST PART OF BEING A TOOTH-BRUSH? I'M PRETTY SMALL SO MOST PEOPLE DON'T NOTICE WHEN I GO TO A SPORTS EVENT, LAY ON MY BACK IN THE DRAIN OF THE COMMUNAL URINAL TROUGH IN THE MEN'S ROOM WITH MY MOUTH OPEN AND JUST SORT OF HANG OUT. HAHA!"

Daily Dirt

Bigfoot: fact or real thing? Aliens: are they really from other planets? These are very intriguing questions which I won't or may not address in today's daily dirt.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.19 Something Awful presents Solutions for Modern Living

Sunday, Jun 19, 2005 by Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

If you're like most people, you probably see Something Awful as a humor site and nothing more. You visit once a day, send an email calling the writer a "faggot idiot", and get on with your life. Up until about nine minutes ago, you would have been correct. Up until about nine minutes ago I would have been sober enough to drive myself to work. What's my point? My point is this: The world is too dangerous for you to take on by yourself. You're gonna need a lot of help, and it's going to need to be endorsed by the writing staff of a moderately popular humor site. I've been authorized at gunpoint by the big man himself (Stone Cold Steve Austin) to share with you some of the exciting things that will be making their way into your living room, kitchen, bathroom, and (if you're lucky) bedroom and also (if you're unlucky) funeral.
Melt away wanted and unwanted pounds with our health, home and happiness catalog!

Z to the P™ Body Fuel
The only question that Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons gets asked more often than "What happened to that $20 I left on the counter?" is "How do you manage to write 3 to 4 pieces of content per week and still muster up the energy to break out of rehab twice a month?" The answer is simple: Fatal Familial Insomnia. Unfortunately for the rest of us, this disease is almost as impossible to contract as it is to cure... until now.

This delicately engineered mix of Taurine, Pabst Blue Ribbon, North Slope Alaskan Crude Oil, and a cinnamon scented emulsifier will have you saying "I haven't slept in over three weeks!" after only a few days use. Choose from flavors such as "Snackberry Punch", "Ham and Pineapple", "Hazmat", and "Diet Kosher" for our Jewish friends. Not only does ZP Body Fuel give you the energy to pull your scalp off in bloody sheets and hallucinate in broad daylight, it's great for dieters too! Sometimes energy drinks aren't enough to melt away the jiggling, dimpled evidence of your revolting sedentary lifestyle. That's why we're proud to bring you...

Rich, Lowfat Kyanka Bars
For a lot of readers, melting away that stubborn nerdfat is as hard as talking to girls, or making eye contact, or having a 3 minute conversation without mentioning World of Warcraft. I don't feel a goddamn ounce of pity for you, but Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka seems to. You may be asking "What good is his endorsement? He doesn't even need to diet! Those untameable curly locks of his get him more babes than muscle tone and self-confidence combined!" Oh, really? Ask him about this prom picture. Compare that to the Lowtax you all know today, and you can see the kind of results this product is capable of. In the skateboarding world, he's done what we call a complete 540, and all without ever having to eat those bland, unsatisfying diet foods that taste like stale fish (another skateboarding term I think!) Surf's up, "bro"!

Each Rich, Lowfat Kyanka Bar contains 6 calories, 0 grams of fat, and just enough mercury to remind you how precious and fragile life really is. Available at GNC and other fine stores.

Dr. Thorpe's Inserts

Boy, Dr. David Thorpe sure can be a big grump sometimes, can't he? From time to time, I'll express that same sentiment by saying "Who put the fire ants in his shoes?" Well guess what, *he did*, and now you can too! Dr. Thorpe's Inserts enable you to go from zen to irate in the time it takes to put your shoes on.

Says the doctor himself, "I designed these inserts in my garage back in 1997. My band Razzle D. Dazzle and the Glitterscouts were six weeks away from going on tour with Smashmouth, and I just couldn't keep up the intensity for a compelling stage presence night after night on my own. I knew I needed help. These inserts were just what the doctor ordered." It isn't exactly clear what he means by "just what the doctor ordered", as Razzle D. Dazzle and the Glitterscouts were taken off the ticket two weeks before the first date after all 5 members independently overdosed on heroin within hours of one another, each at a completely different party. Nonetheless, I remain confident that this product will hurt the shit out of your feet!

Corin Stucco's Caulker

The way you live disgusts Corin Tucker's Stalker and I so much that we decided we *had* to devote an entire line of products to home improvement. Unfortunately, he sobered up and went home, so I was forced to pick up the slack.

This is all I could come up with, and it basically does exactly what it says, so why go on? There's not a whole lot of jokes you can make about caulk. At least no obvious ones. I mean there are a few but all the big caulk jokes have been taken. You have to try really hard to get anything interesting to come out of caulk. I play with my caulk so much. My caulk swells when it gets hot. One time I got caulk in my mouth. Less talkin', more caulkin'! *$79.95 + tax and shipping.*

Sick of feeling good about yourself? Why not feel bad for others?

As people get older, they begin to as themselves "Am I going to die without having made a difference in the world?" Not if we have anything to say about it, and we do! For tax purposes, and to satisfy the terms of a ruling handed down by the state of Maine, Something Awful is now throwing its hat into the chain-link octagon of charitable corporations! Additionally, in order to comply with the same ruling, we are legally sorry for referring to lobsters as "the second biggest faggots in the sea." We will be offering a seafood cookbook with recipes for several savory lobster dishes. The proceeds will be split between the state of Maine, lobsters, and faggots. Look for it on bookshelves by the end of the year.

Cooking is great, but it's really not for you, right? Don't take a hike just yet, Jack, because our not-for-profit ventures have much more to offer you than just crustaceans and apologies. One project currently in the pipeline is a Scott Peterson legal defense fund. Donate $25 or more and you'll

receive a t-shirt emblazoned with the remorseless face of the *alleged* wife-and-baby killer as he was sentenced to die by lethal injection. Underneath his charmingly cold stare are the words "I pulled over and threw up when you cried", which is, of course, Scott's personal catchphrase, and was taken completely out-of-context during the trial.

Scott Peterson's sob story is *still* too much story and not enough sob? Try one of these badboys on for size! If this doesn't hit close enough to home for you, then maybe your home is just too far away.

Livestock Bracelets

Our very own Livestock is in deep trouble. He's got a big problem. He doesn't know if he'll be able to make ends meet this month. What's the problem? Depends on what month it is. Right now he needs $300 to get his 68 Dodge Dart of the police impound so he can go looking for a job. Last month his cat was really sick and you wouldn't believe how expensive a holistic veterinarian can be. Plus he's allergic to cats anyway and his health insurance doesn't cover Allegra.

What will it be next month? Gambling debt? Carpal Tunnel Syndrome? Your guess is as good as Livestock's, and that's why he's such a boon to the world of charity, and to you, the charitable donator. You can cure AIDS, you can rebuild houses, you can Save the Music™, but Livestock is still going to be $70 short of paying his heating bill. What does this mean for you? It means your Livestock bracelet will never go out of style, because he'll still need as much money as he did the day you got it. Plus if any of your friends ask about it, you can just say it's for FarmAid.

Thank you for your patronage.

-∼Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

6.20 Forget Everything You Thought You Knew

Monday, Jun 20, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It may not look like much but it looks way cooler when the logo is an animated hologram hovering in the night sky.

I was born on August 9th, 2078. Bet you didn't know that about me. In 2099 I joined the Temporal Exploration Society. It's a lot like what you folk in your simpler times call the Society for Creative Anachronisms, only instead of making suits of chain mail and hitting each other with cardboard swords we build time machines and travel into the past. A time machine isn't much different from a trampoline. It just has some wires and stuff hooked up to it and it makes a really loud "whomp" sound when you bounce and then when you land you're in a different year. You can check out a diagram of how it works. The real secret behind time machines is that they use nanotechnology and that's all I can really say without ruining your timeline. Nanotechnology is awesome, it solves pretty much every problem you guys have right now, but it won't really come into use until like 2069 so you guys are mostly out of luck.

There are a lot of really cool things about visiting the past and finding out just how real history can be. I would love to tell you about all of these things but, again, it might cause problems in your timeline and I also just don't have enough time to tell you about all of it. You might think "hey, you should have all the time you want!" but the truth is if I traveled back in time to June 19, 2005 and handed myself a pre-written article just getting that close to myself would make the old me turn into this pile of gray goop that is called Timeoplasm. I also can't email it for reasons too complicated to go into here.

Now, before I lay all this truth gleaned from time traveling on you I want you to close your eyes (after you finish reading this sentence) and take a few seconds to forget everything you know. Most of it is rubbish and the parts that aren't rubbish can probably be learned again pretty quickly.

Okay, ready? Let me start by laying some facts in your face about the Temporal Exploration Society. All too often some kids from the TES get a hold of a time machine and when no one is looking they'll go back in time and mess stuff up. The rest of the TES usually tries to fix it but sometimes we just can't, so here is what is real in your timeline because we messed things up and could not fix them:

I can't really show you what the future looks like, but this 3D render is pretty accurate.

- World War II. The entire war was instigated by the TES to kill one guy: Ted Dooley. It worked.
- One of the Beatles was a time traveler and it wasn't John Lennon. It was Ephraim Salinger, the one who could levitate. Beatlemania was a real disease only it was spread by Salinger through bad pork instead of by the Beatles and their music.
- Only through the constant efforts of the TES have we been able to prevent the release of Duke Nukem Forever. If it were to ever be published it would paralyze society as untold millions lose all thought of the real world in favor of the intense virtual realm of Duke Nukem.
- People used to ride dinosaurs all the time, but we moved their skeletons far away from

each other just so those damned creationists don't have any valid arguments.

- People also used to have sex with dinosaurs all the time but we had to move those skeletons even farther away from each other than the dinosaur riders because man, yuck.
- In about five years a senator is going to turn into blue light and then float through the ceiling in the middle of a press conference. Don't freak out. In fact, just pretend nothing happened.
- If you own any all-white cats with blue eyes I would highly recommend killing them before 2015. Sorry about that one.

I probably shouldn't be showing you this one.

There are a few other things I could tell you about without ruining your timeline or turning you all into Timeoplasm but I would probably get in trouble with the local Time Commander. You know that one asshole RA you had at college? The Time Commander here is like him only he will send you back to 1200 BC with a pair of underpants and a matchbook if you get caught with a bong.

While I can't tell you about any other TES alterations to your timeline I can tell you about plenty of observations I have made that can clear up history for you. While the history books are nice they inevitably change a lot over time. Being there and seeing the history makes our history books in 2078 much closer to the objective truth. Now, I have to warn you, I told you earlier to forget everything you think you know, but this time I really mean it. This stuff is going to blow your simple mind like 400 pounds of Truth-N-T.

- The fourth plane on September 11th of 2001 was shot down *by the Canadians.*
- Bill Clinton actually did not have sexual relations with Monica Lewinsky. During his tenure as president he frequently switched places with his twin brother Jessup Clinton and it was Jessup who engaged in untoward acts with the young intern. This will be revealed to an extent in 2011 when Bill Clinton runs for president again under the logic that Jessup was actually the sworn-in president during Clinton's first term.
- Woodward and Bernstein's "Deep Throat" contact was not Mark Felt. It was the world's tiniest New Guinean tribesman who was later defeated in hand-to-hand combat by Felt. After slaying the tribesman, Felt ate the man's remains to gain his knowledge.
- The Civil War was just an excuse created by the South to explain why they didn't recover as quickly as the North from a huge meteor impact.
- The Mel Gibson movie "The Patriot" is way more accurate than the British would have you believe. Never trust the British.
- Benjamin Franklin signed the Declaration of Independence with semen. Someone else's semen.
- Christopher Columbus did not kill any natives. By the time the boats landed (there were seven of them) he was so fat that he could not even get out of bed. Some guy named Jake did all the raping, enslaving, and murdering.
- The War of the Roses happened pretty much as history records, just replace the word "Roses" with "Lasers."
- Genghis Khan was a strategic genius, but that's pretty easy when you're a heuristic strategic AI programmed by a hyper-intelligent yak herder from the silicon steppes.

- The Crusades were less about knights and big battles and more about a feel-good tour of the Middle East complete with high-kicking showgirls and the world's first all nude revue.
- The Merovingians were pretty much exactly like that dude in the Matrix.
- The Byzantine Empire really wasn't all that complicated. There was this Emperor and then a couple bodyguards and he got pulled in a sled everywhere because he was lazy or something. Whatever the reason he was a total asshole and really "Byzantine" should mean "giant asshole."
- Jesus Christ was a pretty cool guy and all but man, the crap he did got blown way out of proportion. Seriously, he could lay a loaf in his pants and there would be an entire book in the Bible about him making fire-winged angels appear on top of a solid gold boat full of locusts or something. He was so mellow and laid back and he would totally freak out to see all these uptight people talking about him.
- Zeus was real and most of the other Greek gods were real. Zeus wasn't magical or anything, but he was like a hundred feet tall which might explain how he gave birth from his forehead.

That covers most of the interesting parts of human history that aren't already covered by conspiracy theories. We've also done a lot of exploring throughout ancient and pre-human history. This is a lot less fun than you might think. Without a record to go by we just sort of guess and usually end up watching a frog take a dump or seeing some giant bugs or something. In 50,000 TES bounces we have only recovered a few interesting facts about pre-human history.

- Humans didn't actually evolve from primates directly. The missing link is unicorns. I can't tell you where to find them, but...oh, hell, it'll be hilarious. Check under Mount Saint Helens.

- Have you ever had a lump of Play-Doh that you rolled into an elongated worm shape with your palm? That was pretty much the exact same thing as the Big Bang.
- Aliens didn't help build the pyramids, they *are* the pyramids, or their fossilized skeletons are anyway.
- If you knew what the Grand Canyon really was you wouldn't have turned it into a tourist attraction. Hell, you probably wouldn't be able to go near it without vomiting.

Look, I would like to be able to tell you what happened to JFK and all kinds of little details like that, but I'm out of time here. My bounce-back countdown is about to hit zero and I'm going to be back in 2078. Whatever you do, just don't forget: never trust the British.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.21 An Evening On The Holodeck

Tuesday, Jun 21, 2005 by by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

There were no perfect jokes, the gaming webcomic artist observed. Every joke asked the reader to accept some premise that was fundamentally absurd. Dear gaming webcomic artist, don't think of it as suicide. Think of it as making the ultimate sacrifice for your art. There's no denying the impact an artist's death has on the popularity of their work. This could be your shot at true immortality.

There are many parallels between writing and schizophrenia. Both have one identifying patterns and seeking out truths. Both can reshape the map of one's life, turning the familiar into the alien. If I wrote an update about my personal problems it would read like a letter to an advice columnist in Seventeen. Am I destined to spend the rest of my life trying to cope with feelings most people come to terms with as teenagers? I used to think M C Escher was a rapper.

I wanted to engage in a torrid love affair with Aphrodite. I wanted to wine and dine her and celebrate her womanhood. To me the point of writing wasn't where it was taking me but what it had gotten me through. The 10-hour shifts at Mcdonalds. The days where my every action felt like a scripted sequence.

I wondered what dogs would write if they were literate. Poetry? Lamentations on how the road to desperation was paved in frisbees, chew toys, and flea collars? "Ellie doesn't hate you." My dad would say. "She just relates to you differently. You see, to her I'm her master whereas you're just another dog in the pack."

I shouldn't have released my first Quake 2 level. Oh wretched miscarriage of my feeble imagination, you will hang over me like an albatross until the day I die. Five years of mapping and my levels still looked like blocky Tim Willits rip-offs at best. The shepherd realizes it's time to move on to pastures new.

My colleague, Dr. Boruff, had discovered that the disappearances in the Bermuda triangle exhibited the patterns of a feeding cycle. He would spend pages describing the smell of the gastric fluids the vortex queen used to digest her still living victims. So troubling was his description that I tore out the page and threw it down the nearest memory hole.

I had a hernia. Now I could tell someone I had a painful bulge above my testicles and they'd say "Hernia?" and I'd say "HURTING ME? IT'S DAMN NEAR KILLING ME!" Then I'd shoot myself.

My impending drive thru shift felt like a death sentence. Sometimes I wished I was back in high school where the rednecks could only berate me for 10 minutes in between classes. The ghastly visage of Ronald Mcdonald glared at me from the happy meal box. The destroyer. He had the power to shut the sky.

The drive thru customers hated me. Their hatred knew no words, only a revving of engines and a squealing of tires. Drive thru order #38. I greeted you with the kind of smile valium is famous for. By the way, that's me inside of you clogging your arteries and lowering your life expectancy.

Having secured the means by which to kill myself, all I needed now was a reason. I had tried calling

a so-called "depression" hotline only to find that it was in fact an *anti*-depression hotline. "Happy 4/20." The drive thru customer said. It took me a minute to get the relevance.

My dress had a cute little frill that corkscrewed up and down it like a tendril of ivy. "Some girls dress casually and some girls dress to get noticed." C said. "I think you definitely belong in the latter category."

Our attempts at starting a band. I missed those halcyon days. The three chord symphonies that exploded into the cool New Hampshire night. The incandescent glow of sonic alchemy. Music was made up of equal parts triumph and heartbreak.

Speaking of music, I really like the midi file on this page. Listen to it and remember happier times. You were young, college bound, ready to soar on the wings of destiny. You had the invulnerability of Super Sonic and an in-your-face attitude to match.

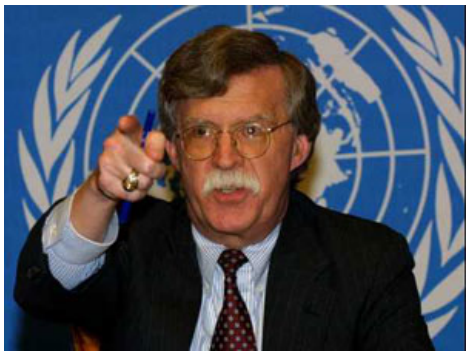
"I'd like to help you but I am too old and weak." The balkiry said. "I doubt I could take flight holding you in my talons. Not high enough to get over the prison camp fence anyway. Why are you smiling?"

"I just thought of something." I said. "What if our gender isn't something we're born with? What if it's determined by the actions we take, the perceptions we form, and the relationships we cultivate? Maybe all that has made me more of a woman than any sex change operation ever could."

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

6.22 John Bolton, Agent of B.U.S.H.

Wednesday, Jun 22, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



The power is yours!

For the last two decades, Americans have been captivated by John Bolton's heroic struggle to be named United States Ambassador to the United Nations. Though his heart longs for the chance to shake spines and crack skulls at the UN, the nefarious Democrat party blocks him at every turn. Critics call John Bolton unfit for the job and are fighting to keep him as far away from the position as possible for fear he will use the position to destroy all mankind. Logically, you would think the Bush Administration would just find somebody less controversial to nominate, but apparently there is a real shortage of competent Americans for them to pick from. I would think this would single a need to put lots of money into education and breed a new generation of competent Americans, but then I'm very stupid.

I'm very stupid, and probably a little biased in favor of disliking anybody in government. I think Democrats and Republicans stink equally, and would love to see some crazy socialist nutcases take over and make us all drive the same brand of car and give trophies to welfare moms and spray paint and megaphones to their untamed children. I favor this because I'm a spiteful jerk. The point I'm getting at is that I generally don't care for most elected officials because I think they just ramble on and act like idiots instead of getting actual, decent work done. And when they do do things, it's usually to let business get bigger or appoint more idiots to positions of power. We've wasted how many months on John Bolton?

Just give up on the guy and get somebody who isn't going to piss people off. The White House stands by the whole "we want John Bolton to bust some fucking heads and clean up the UN like Mayor Mike Haggar cleaned up Metro City" line of reasoning, but why? It isn't America's job to reform the UN, especially if it doesn't like the UN. Extra especially if America needs reforms itself. I know the current thinking is that we know what's best for the world, but I'd rather we had people to dog us constantly and to play Devil's Advocate even when they agree. The U.S. media doesn't really do that, so I'd at least like the rest of the world to volunteer and help us out that way. Having people question the ever-loving fuck out of you means you actually have to have solid arguments for things, and that's A-OKAY in my book. Sure that's more rhetoric, but in some instances I'd rather have us talking about blowing up countries instead of *actually blowing up countries.* The rest of the world owes us this favor after we saved them in WWII and for all those reruns of "Baywatch" we shipped overseas.

But since Bolton is destined to get the job anyway, we might as well get to know him a little better! So here's looking at you, John Bolton!

- John Bolton was grown as part of a top secret and highly advanced eugenics program along with actor Wilford Brimley. Members of this highly cantankerous batch can be identified by their distinctive mustaches and a barcode printed on their inner thighs.
- Complaining about the impotence of the UN, Bolton stated, "The Secretariat building in New York has 38 stories. If it lost ten stories, it wouldn't make a bit of difference." He then flew a plane into the top ten stories, knocking it down to 28 stories to prove his

point.

- Bolton has been described as a "kiss-up, kick-down sort of guy" and "tender, but not huggable" by high ranking State Department officials.
- Raven Software based the "Soldier of Fortune" game franchise off the life of John Bolton. In these games you play as Bolton on a world tour as a mercenary for hire.
- In 2001, John Bolton condemned the Court of Camelot for concealing a WMD known as Excalibur. He later revealed that he was just getting "in the zone" for an upcoming renaissance fair.
- Bolton once proclaimed, "There is no such thing as the United Nations. There is only the international community, which can only be led by the only remaining superpower, which is the United States." What he meant to say to the rest of the world was, "neener neener neener!"
- On day one of the Senate Confirmation Hearing, John Bolton made everybody cry and then threw mud at a girl.
- Experts warn that John Bolton's head is being consumed by hair, forecasting that by 2020, his mustache and hair might overtake his entire body. At this point a haircut would be all but inevitable.
- Former Senator Jesse Helms called Bolton, "the kind of man with whom I would want to stand at the gates of Armageddon." Proof once again that Americans love leaders ready and willing to lead them into **THE APOCALYPSE.**

I realize some people might not care, but is it really a good idea to put people in high power that cause such derision? At some point don't you stop and think, "Oh fiddlesticks, most people seem to hate this guy! Maybe we better come up with someone else?" What happened to that kind of thinking? I suppose it probably never existed.

Girlfriend, please!

■ Maily Mirt

Today's article was brought to you by the Daily Dirt, the number "4," and a shadowy transnational corporation bent on pumping raw sewage into the upper atmosphere.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.23 6 Ways to Ruin a Wedding

Thursday, Jun 23, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

In the past month I have been to over three weddings. I have ruined all of them. It is not something I am bragging about, or proud of in some sick way. I do not ask for mercy, only peace for my troubled conscience. I have hurt more people than you can fathom, all innocent victims of my destructive tomfoolery. If this update is a confession, then let it be my last, for after writing this I swore to never attend a wedding again. To this I pledge my life.

#1. Bum everybody out by talking about the Cambodian genocide all night.

Can I help it if I just saw The Killing Fields for the first time and was still in shock at the brutal atrocities conducted by the Khmer Rouge Communist Regime? I mean, those guys were real jerks. I didn't mind the whole killing-the-teachers-and-lawyers thing, but making everybody move out of the city and grow rice and then get hit in the back of the head with a stick really sucks. After a couple or ten drinks, I started telling fellow guests at my table about how the American bombing of Cambodia during the Vietnam War directly caused the fanatics to take power. Then I went on to explain the extreme methods of execution that were used on people deemed enemies of the revolution. The guests responded poorly and couldn't finish their reception dinners, leaving me alone at the table. I was very lonely for the rest of the night.

#2. Get drunk and fall into the wedding cake.

I like to drink, ok? Blame it on my hybrid Irish/Polish genes, my family history, or troubled past, but the fact is that I love my booze. This, plus an unlimited supply of free liquor, is a dangerous combination. I started off innocently enough, with a toast to the new bride and groom with a glass of light beer. Then I moved on to the jagerbombs. The next thing I remember is hitting on the bride's mother and putting my penis in the chocolate fountain. Then blackness enveloped me. At some point I remember doing the worm on the dance floor. Another missing scene. Then it happened: the moment of true shame. I was trying to stand on one foot while drinking a glass of vodka and I fell backwards into the wedding cake, soiling myself and the remnants of the cake in the process. I woke up in the woods the next day wearing a Native American headdress, a thong, and holding the DVD set of the series "Hitler's Henchmen". Right now I'm not on speaking terms with the newly-wedded couple.

#3. Trade stocks on your cell phone during the wedding ceremony.

They call me the Wall Street Kid in some circles, and "the stupid asshole screaming into his cell phone" in others. When I see a deal, I attack it like a mongoose: going for the supple hindquarters, and then dragging the remains back to my nest for leftovers and a bout of necrophilia. My love for money is only dwarfed by my love of booze, so its only natural that I am directly linked to my broker via speaker phone during market hours. If the wedding party can't understand the importance that

trading has on freedom, then they should go back to Communist Russia and wait in line for carpet samples.

#4. Harass the DJ into playing Journey songs.

I hate these new age DJs whose setup consists of a computer playing MP3s. When I was a kid they had this thing called a CD player that would shoot space lasers into a plastic disc that contained the imprisoned souls of the popular music artists of the day. I kept bugging the ignorant DJ with his computer contraption to play some fucking Journey instead of all the gay slow songs but he kept blowing me off. After getting a little more sauced and belligerent, I became more insistent on my music request, trying to get my point across with the business end of my dress shoes. After a good thrashing, the bloated music spinster finally put on "Don't Stop Believing". The once-crowded dance floor parted like the Red Sea, not being able to handle the pure rock that was blasting in the wedding tent. I'm a pretty damn good dancer, so I went out there with a few of my buddies and showed those assholes how its done. After that the party died down and people started to leave in flocks. The DJ blamed Journey, but personally I blame violent video games and the fast food industry.

#5. Screwing up the reception speech

(The following is a transcript of the ill received reception speech given by Frolixo at his best friend's wedding on June 14th, 2005)

"You know, I've known Kevin for over 10 years and I have never seen him as happy as he was today. I feel only joy in my heart that he found somebody so special, a very loving and beautiful woman that will be by his side for the rest of his life. When we were just kids, we used to always say that we would never get married and move off to California to become rock stars. (Polite laughter) Of course we never did end up becoming rock stars and now we are both married, using our amps as shelves for our various bottles of medicine. (Laughter) But seriously folks, lets give cheers to this great couple that has invited us here to witness this most blessed union. All your friends and family are happy for both of you. (Applause). WHITE POWER!"

#6. Bring a butterfly as a date.

"Hey you wanna make out?"

What is wrong with our society when a man can't express his love for an insect of the Rhopalocera genus without the glare of hate and disapproval from the masses? In a time when gays are fighting for their rights to live in bondage with each other, you would think that the doors would open for other alternative lifestyles like lepidopterophilia. As I met the bride and groom's family, I shook hands and introduced my date, Sandy, who was perched on my shoulder, her beautiful wings fluttering in the slight breeze. Soon I became known as "the creepy butterfly guy" and was avoided like the plague. "They were just jealous of my love", I thought to myself as I gave my date another rum and coke, her proboscis dipping into the sweet liquid. Later on in the night when the party was heating up, the maid of honor let out a blood-curdling scream, pointing of my right shoulder. It was Sandy, dead from alcohol poisoning. The rest of the night was a real bummer.

I'm not a bad person. Really, I'm not, I'm just terrible in large social situations filled with bordom and free drinks. Can you really blame me? If it is a crime to be a free spirit, than color me guilty, for no man can tame me, and these colors don't run. Go Pistons!

Click here to certify for a pre-approved loan and volunteer for the Spanish navy. SPANISH NAVY.

-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

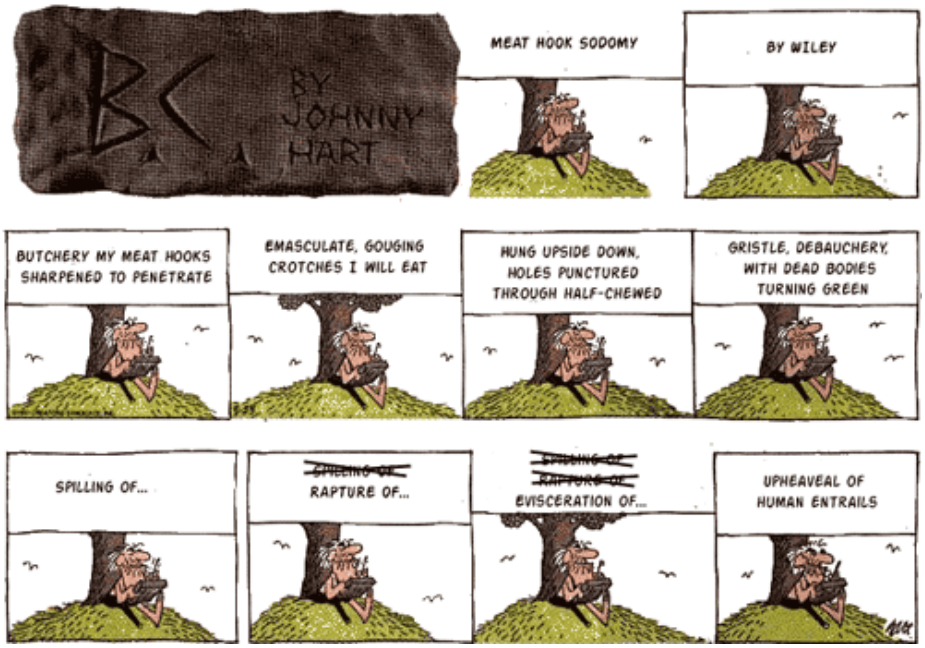
6.24 The Book of Horizons

Friday, Jun 24, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Salutations! I'm glad you could join me today. I am in the middle of things so please bear with me. I'm working on a butt-rock power ballad written for the Theremin. If you move your hand up and then sort of wiggle it around it will make this awesome *oooeeeooeee ooeeeeeeee ooooo* sound and that's where the chorus breaks in "cuckoo, angel baby, I'm in love, with Crown Gravy" PYRO! BANG! BANG! Light up the night.

There are people who work on oil platforms and pretty much their only job is to dive down to these incredibly dangerous depths and scrape barnacles off of the support pylons for the oil platform. 24 hours in a decompression chamber, potential nitrogen narcosis, burst organs and they are underwater moss removers. But during the off time they live like kings. You can build up a lot of savings out on an oil rig. Amazon doesn't deliver to them. Yet. Somewhere out there is an oil rig diver who comes back from a tour of deep diving and barnacle scraping and he buys every back issue of Spiderman he can find and explores the soda aisle at the grocery store to see what toxic sludge has been combined with Mountain Dew while he was gone.

It's Mountain Dew Riptide, packed full of delicious Seaborgium. Atomic Number 106, a gas at room temperature, well-suited for infusing a coconut-flavored hyper-caffeinated soft drink. It's the perfect pick-me-up for the barnacle diver who just wants to feel energized for a long night of reading Spiderman comics and macroing his Dark Age of Camelot character. Seaborgium is so rare and precious that even Microsoft Word's comprehensive dictionary doesn't recognize Seaborgium. Like the Nintendo Gamecube or the Sony Playstation. If Sony made a word processor's spellchecker would they include the Xbox? Would it know what Seaborgium was? Could it really learn to love?



Thanks to the Internet I've seen a video of a woman shooting live eels out of her vagina, a Russian guy having his throat cut and a kid lighting himself on fire after filling a watermelon with gasoline. I've seen lots of terrible and amazing things, but I've never seen a video available for download that was just a happy birthday party. Are happy birthday parties just that hard to come by? Is it so wrong for me to want to just download one and laugh with the opposite of schadenfreude? Hey, look at their good fortune! Haha, that guy sure is happy about that great gift he got! Nope, guess it's back to the Japanese woman shitting an egg enema into a pan and then eating the poop egg omelet.

I think Rich "Lowtax" Canuckles wanted me to write about politics today, which is pretty much a complete reversal because usually he yells at me and breaks out the pimp hand when I start ranting about how much I hate Tom DeLay. A girl can't help it. I *really* hate Tom DeLay. But today's political stories include such winners as "Ban on Flag Burning Passes House" and obviously that particular house is full of pussies who cry in their sad cups whenever a piece of cloth gets burned. No one is going to disagree except for faggots, and I don't mean the gay kind of faggot, I mean the kind who pronounces "Osama" like someone saying "asthma" in "Lord of the Flies."

Also topping the headlines today is the fact that the US government hates porn. I may have to take down all of the porn images in the Horrors of Porn reviews because we don't have some ridiculous amount of actress age records on file with our fictional attorney. Great job US Government, you win again, you're on the path to success.

At least I didn't have to hear shadow conservative Hillary Clinton break out the drama over video games in the past 24 hours. Oh laws no Miss Scarlet! This games ah gunna give me the vapors with all these shootins and beatens and what have you. It's baby time for babies and we need someone to protect our kids from the deadly terror of Kirby's Cloudland Happytime Cake Adventure. Why did iD have to go and release Doom 3 so that their outrageously obsolete Doom references suddenly became vaguely relevant again? I blame the liberal media and Jewish banking.

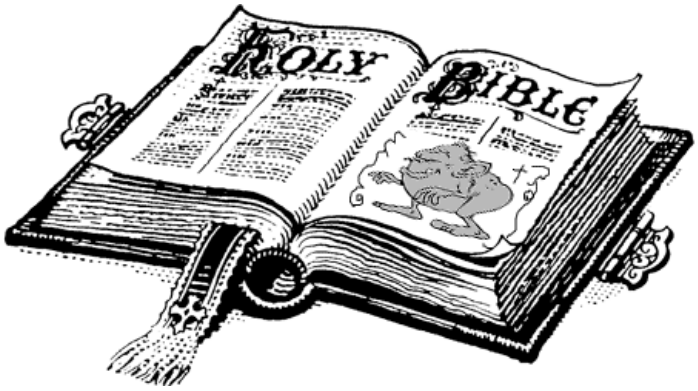
Fourthly, did you know that eminent domain includes seizing your entire home and business to build a government-run office complex? I hope they rent out the bottom floor to Starbucks so that I can sip a double milk grande latte while I remember growing up in this house. Oh, I remember the stories ma used to read to me after tucking me into my bed in the center of County Comptroller Wayne Duncan's office. Even better, maybe they'll just seize my family business and let Wal-Mart open up a mega center there. You know, the kind where you can buy a pie, tires, a cat, and family pictures all in one trip.

I wonder if Chet in the photolab can adequately capture the gravitas of my sorrow over the loss of 120 years of family tradition using only a stock 35mm camera and the "Arizona Sunset" backdrop? That bubble of spittle in the corner of his mouth tells me he graduated high school photography with at least a C, so I'm guessing "yes."

Oh wow, I never knew dusk in Arizona looked like a bunch of vague dark red clouds. You're a miracle worker Chet. I think in this third one here you can actually see my spirit unfurl like a burned flag. No, no Chet, I mean that figuratively. Of course, what kind of maniac would dare touch fire to God's Flag? Can I get that one in an 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 11? Three for a dollar, you say? Well hell, just set the envelope on top of the pie.

My favorite book of the Bible is Deuteronomy. That thing is a way more violent version of "Birth of a Nation." Half of Chapter 2 is about how subhuman slaves need to respect their masters, which is awesome since whole books of the Bible are about how slaves have to murder their Egyptian masters. Throughout the other half of Chapter 2 and most of Chapter 3 of Deuteronomy God sends the Israelites out and they go from town to town killing every man, woman, and child. That's a seriously hard ass religion of peace. If you read some of the other stuff it's crazy too. The Bible is just madcap. I absolutely love the part where the angels come down to Lot and the crazed homosexuals

start banging on the door because they want to have sex with the angels. But Lot loves God so he is like "here rape my daughters instead." Way to go dad. How can people take this shit seriously?



Maybe I'm being too hard on them. It's a big book and it is a staggering work of bad writing and sloppy narrative. It's like if you took all of Steven King's books and jammed them into one mega volume and then scrambled up the sentence structures. Then you'd also have to add a bunch of anachronistic language and phrasing to give you mad street cred for when you are about to shoot a criminal and you want to say something dramatic and awesome like "woe betide he who maketh me mad for I am vengeance" or something like that.

Yeah man, that Randal Flagg guy was in all of his books all along and he planned it from the start. He fights Jesus and then some dragons come down and a virus kills everybody and don't forget if you marry a girl and she's not a virgin you get to have your car eat her. Then 144,000 chosen faithful can fly alien lawnmowers to heaven while Satan and his Langoliers destroy divergent time. Good job for living Donnie Darko. Fucking garbage.

I'm sorry, I can't take Darwin seriously anymore either, but I blame that one on "SeaQuest DSV." Roy Scheider could kill Jaws like five times but he couldn't come up with a computer that didn't make his dolphin sound like a muppet? If I were a dolphin I would be pissed. I would swim as fast as possible and ram my nose into some six pack rings or tuna nets just to prove a point. Enjoy your not-dolphin-safe tuna, Blue Thunder.

Great news for those of you who are reading this who also happen to be soullessly evil: De Beers has opened its first retail outlet in the United States. In case you aren't up to speed on who De Beers is, they are a diamond cartel that has a virtual monopoly on the natural diamond market, controls diamond prices, and uses slave labor and deals with regional warlords to extract diamonds from Africa. They make Halliburton or Enron look like Hug Time at the Cupcake Parade.

Dim bulb luminary Lindsay Lohan was in attendance for the New York store's grand opening to show off how she ruined her scrumptious figure by becoming a titless stick girl composed of sinew and gristle. She probably got a free tennis bracelet that still had part of a 9-year-old African boy's foot attached to it. When asked what she thought of the protestors Lohan's neck-cords strained at their emaciated moorings and she rasped out ""I don't get involved in any drama." Oh really, Lindsay Lohan? Is that why you're practically attached at the syphilitic uterus to Paris Hilton? She's a real safe harbor in the uncertain seas of drama.

Teri Hatcher was there too. I remember having a huge dork boner for her back when she was on that Superman show with "Dragon Fighter's" Dean Cain. Then I saw "Heaven's Prisoners" where she steps out onto a New Orleans balcony topless and her breasts looked like ziplocks full of custard stapled to a sawhorse. Call me shallow, but I haven't been tempted to jack off to a Radio Shack commercial ever since. Her banter with "Firestorm's" Howie Long in those commercials had me

reaching for the nearest receptacle capable of holding half of a regurgitated pizza. A little tip for the wise if you're ever in a similar situation: it's pretty much impossible to projectile vomit into a 20 ounce soda bottle cleanly. Maybe some sort of vomit specialist could pull it off, but I skipped that class at the Al Qaeda training camp.

Battlefield 2 is an enormous improvement over Battlefield: 1942. By removing three digits from the title they have streamlined gameplay, added a strategic element, and incorporated some intense new improvements like the ability to drive a tank out into the ocean and shoot at rubber rafts. The best part about Battlefield 2 is sometimes when you jump out of a buggy or a rubber raft it will be going like half a mile an hour still and right as you jump out it will lightly touch you and you'll scream and fall over dead. It could be lazy programming or maybe, just maybe, they have finally incorporated all of the demands for poison covered vehicles from people on their forums.

In Battlefield 2 all of America's potential Middle Eastern enemies have been transformed into the Middle Eastern Coalition or MEC. As was the case in the terrible game Act of War, the idea of asymmetrical warfare just isn't fun so bad guys have to be reorganized into a complimentary and fairly balanced force so that we can fight them. But hey, I'm sure all of the insurgents in Iraq have parachutes in case they need to jump off of a building to race to their SU-34 attack jet. When is Donald Rumsfeld going to provide the armor needed to protect our military's Hummers from wire-guided Ataka anti-tank missiles launched from hovering Mi-28 Havok attack helicopters? Never! Fucking Halliburton!

By the way, did I mention that I hate Tom Fucking DeLay? He's a pretty giant cunt. I went to the Ohio Caverns as a kid and that's the kind of cunt Tom DeLay is. The kind of cunt full of stalactites and geodes that get folksy nicknames from the tour guide like "Old Man's Moonshine" and "The Cat's Eye." There is probably even a river inside Tom DeLay somewhere, loaded with albino crustaceans that have evolved in an environment with so little light that they actually see sounds. Every time he blocks a vote on anti-slavery legislation in Saipan one of those little white crabs gets a little bigger and a little meaner. When he dies his face is going to split open and they'll just come pouring out in a great wave. Millions upon millions of fat white crabs, just pinching and

echolocating the fuck out of us all.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.25 The Big N

Saturday, Jun 25, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I am a man for hire. Not a hitman, I wish it were that simple. That's not to say I haven't cracked a few skulls and shot my share of men in the back, but it's not my primary job description. I walk into impossibly dangerous situations for a rotating cast of wealthy individuals who wish to keep their own hands clean and their heads attached. If all hell breaks loose - and it usually does - I walk out unscathed. I do not say this to brag, but because it is the one thing I am good at and what I'm paid for. I am a survivor. If you don't believe me, I'll show you the shirt I bought at Disney World that reads "I Survived Space Mountain". I wear it as a badge of honor. The steel track my fake spaceship rides upon was laid down by the hand of Mickey himself, and I will outlive you and everyone you love. I can stick my hands and head outside this vehicle at all times, and will still be riding long after you've turned to bitter dust.

I am on an undisclosed floor in Nintendo's headquarters in Japan. Their recently released video game console, the Nintendo Entertainment System, has swept the globe and turned them into a power player overnight. A company that makes children's games doesn't seem likely to hire a man such as myself, but they have paid me handsomely so I ask no questions. The room I sit in is minimalism personified. Bare soundproof walls, ceiling, and a tile floor with a drain in the center of the room identical to those found in locker room showers. One door. One table. Two chairs. Everything white as fuck and spotless, a germophobic klansman's wet dream.

The man sitting across from me wordlessly slams a stainless steel briefcase on the desk, unlocks the latches, and slides it toward me as though he's going for the briefcase sliding world record. My instincts are sharp and I easily catch it before it rams into my ribcage. Great. Asshole's testing me.

"Open it." he says bluntly, and I am alarmed to see that he has gotten out of his chair without catching my attention and is now lazily slouched against the far corner of the room. No one should be able to duck under my radar so easily, especially when they're sitting three feet away from me in an empty room. As if reading my thoughts, he cocks his head and smiles. There is something very wrong about this man. His very presence is so elusive that he blurs into and out of my vision even as I stare directly at him. An assassin. He has to be. It's not abnormal for my clients to deal with me through a proxy of hired muscle, but this is different. This guy's not your average goon, he's big time. Things are not adding up.

"Open it." he says once more, his monotone voice simultaneously coming from all directions and none in particular.

If he wanted me dead he would have made his move by now, so I abandon the exhausting task of keeping track of the unnamed man and flip open the briefcase. Its inside is lined with the standard black padding found in most gun cases, but resting in the precision-cut cavity is a grey and black glove with a panel of buttons attached to the top. The thing looks like something Darth Vader would wear if he decided to take up skateboarding.

"What the hell is this?" I ask, and am only marginally surprised to find my creepy friend is now behind me, looking over my shoulder.

"This, Mr. Bannon, is the Power Glove. The prototype of a device of considerable, well, power. No one has fully tested its capabilities yet, and that's why you are here. You will be the first to wield it." He does not attempt to conceal the jealousy in his voice. "Go on, put it on."

I do as he asks, half expecting the thing to shock me or tighten around my arm in a death grip.

"What do you think, Mr. Bannon?"

"It's so... bad." It doesn't carry the heft that I'm accustomed to from traditional weapons, and the open fingers complete the sensation of wearing a futuristic hobo's garment.

The man bristles at my casual insult of the item he covets, then produces a clunky tripod with goggles attached to the top which he sets on the table in front of me.

"Go on, have a look."

I press my face against the goofy device and am met with a nightmarish red world populated by robot pugilists and plumbers playing tennis.

"Why is everything so annoying and red?" I ask, so appalled that I dare not look away.

"You will get used to it, that's the testing area."

I feel the lightest of touches, and realize he has pressed some of the Power Glove's buttons while I was preoccupied. I whirl around angrily, but of course he is no longer next to me.

"I have activated a countdown in the Power Glove which will teleport you to the N-Zone in twenty seconds. There you will survive as only you can, with the aid of the glove. Learn all you can and report back with your findings."

"Teleport. Are you serious? How will I return?"

"The code I entered will take you on a round trip, it will automatically bring you back. The funny thing about the N-Zone, Mr. Bannon, is that for every six seconds which pass on Earth one year passes there. I am perfectly comfortable with waiting one minute while you gather a set of extensive test results."

My eyes widen and I make a frantic move to take the glove off, but the twenty seconds are up and I find myself dropping through reality into an infinite sea of red.

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I pop back into the room and blink uncontrollably, a red afterimage burning angrily over the first real colors I have seen in ten years. The nameless man is waiting with a clipboard in hand and a smile on his face, ready to ask how things went. The bastard won't live to hear how I used the Power Glove to fight off seventy robot boxers at once and turned their remains into a suit of armor by simply willing it to happen, or how I came upon Koopa's lair and smote him by pretending to crush his head with my fingers from afar then took Princess Toadstool and lived in sin with her for seven years before realizing the glove could please me more than any woman. Ten years of my life in a digital hell. His death alone cannot compensate for that, but it will be a great beginning.

I raise the Power Glove toward him and touch my middle and ring finger against my palm, unleashing a plasma blast which was simply another shade of red in the N-Zone but is a brilliant flash of blue here. He dodges entirely too easily, and slips out of sight instantly. I am about to die at his hands unless I act quickly.

I have absolutely no idea where he is, but I close my eyes and think of the enigmatic man as I swing my fist wildly, and the Power Glove's aim is true. There is a satisfying moment of impact as the upper left side of his head bursts, but instead of the wet and squishy sound I expect there is a hollow *chok!* akin to a rice cake being snapped in two. I open my eyes in time to watch the man hit the ground, and cannot comprehend what I see.

The inside of his gaping wound is not a leaking mess of grey matter and bone fragments. It is a

padding the color of cardboard and the consistency of styrofoam. The trails left by my knuckles are perfectly preserved in its grainy surface.

"What *are* you?"

With a great amount of effort the man struggles to lift his head and trains his remaining eye on me.

"I am error." he says matter-of-factly, and he crumbles into thin air.

The room's door swings open and in walks a laughing Shigeru Miyamoto, the creative mastermind of the company. Not thinking of anything but escape, I use the glove to levitate the sole table in the room and fling it toward his head at lightning speed. With a casual wave of his hand the table rebounds off some sort of invisible barrier and streaks past me. He laughs once more at this.

"Mr. Bannon, meet Megaton." He displays his hands palms-up, revealing a series of rings on his fingers which are attached to glowing gyroscopes. He is grinning happily, and it's surprisingly hard to resist returning a smile of my own. He loves this stuff. "This is something we hope to use as a controller for a future console. Who knows. For now I suppose it serves the purpose of stopping airborne tables quite well."

"Yeah well, let's just say you guys owe me quite a bit of overtime pay."

"Oh, undoubtedly. My assistant was overzealous. The trial was only supposed to last a few hours for you and mere milliseconds for us. You will be compensated to the point that you will never need to work again. In the meantime, what of that glove? What can it do aside from what I have seen firsthand?"

I tell him of the lasers, the plasma beam, the mind control, the reflex booster, and the AM/FM tuner.

"That won't do at all," he says sadly. "Goodness, no."

"That's not enough?" I ask, amazed.

"It's entirely too much. We were hoping it would, you know, move game characters in four directions, have A+B button functionality and maybe turbo mode."

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.26 A Guide to Courtship

Sunday, Jun 26, 2005 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

PROPER: Saying, "morning, miss!"
NOT PROPER: Saying, "Yeah, wash those hands good you dirty, dirty girl! Oohhh yes..."

A lot of people say that courtship and chivalry are dead. But it's just not true! The same mating rituals that worked in the 1700's still work great today. You just need to know the rules! Follow this simple guide to courtship and you'll double your dating faster than a cat's whisker!

- **Date #1:** There must be absolutely no physical contact during the first date. In fact, all communication must be through telegraph or written letter, and these communications must be carefully screened by the lady's father or uncle.

  TIP: Do not use salacious language in your first date letter, such as "pretty" or "hug."

- **Date #2:** You are allowed to meet your date in person, but again, no physical interaction of any sort is allowed. Direct eye contact is also forbidden. **TIP:**If you must look in your date's direction, stare at their left shoulder.

- **Date #3:** Now this is where things get hot and heavy! At the end of the third date, the man is allowed to kiss the lady's gloved hand under a streetlight. Please note that the woman's hand **must** be gloved as direct skin-to-skin contact at this point could result in blindness. It is also now acceptable to laugh at your date's casual antics. **TIP:**If a woman does not let you kiss her gloved hand at the end of the third date, then that means she is a prude and not worth dating. This is called the "three date rule."

- **Date #4:** Direct eye contact is allowed, but no winking or fluttering of the eyelashes, lovebirds! You may also briefly hold hands if you are **both** wearing gloves. **TIP:**Some women will allow you to hold their hand on the 4th date even if you aren't wearing gloves. If your date lets you do that, she's probably a prostitute. So be polite, offer her a copper for her services, then dump her.

- **Date #5:** Have you ever heard the phrase "this is where the gloves come off?" Well, that's exactly what happens on the 5th date! **Now** you are allowed to briefly hold gloveless hands and sit upon a park bench. **TIP:**Once seated, you may only talk about the following subjects: weather, the bible, plants, silverware, top hats, brass, liver oil, Spartacus, grain, and buildings within your township.

- **Date #6:** Now the man is allowed to wink. The lady is allowed to blush and fan herself in a flirtatious manner. **TIP:**Some couples take things too fast and engage in middling chicanery. For example, the male may make a suggestive comment such as, "this wind is as soft as your skin and as sweet as your melodic laughter." Ladies beware!

Look at this idiot! He's wearing the glove instead of the lady and the woman's nipple is exposed. These people are obviously witches and must be burned.

If your date says something such as this, he is most certainly a **rapist**. Call the constable and arrange for a lynch mob post-haste.

- **Date #7:** Up until now all dating must obviously take place in public. Some old-fashioned people believe that a chaperon must supervise all dates up until date #18... but in today's modern society, a chaperon is no longer required after the seventh date. **TIP:**After the seventh date, it is customary for the man to tip his top hat to the chaperon and say, "thank you for watching over this young lady's honor, dear sir/madam, but I will guide the carriage from here."

- **Date #8:** You may now sit alone on the front porch of the lady's house to engage in light banter and hand holding. At this point, you may also talk about which race of people is your least favorite. **TIP:**If you have strong feelings for your partner, it is permissible now for the woman to allow the man to **smell**her wrist.

Whoa whoa WHOA, slow down there kids! This isn't a house of whores!

- **Date #9:** This is the big one: you are allowed to briefly dance with your partner. If there is accidental contact with the lady's bosom or brushing against the man's lower body, yell loudly for a priest: you are forced to get married at this point. **TIP:**If you don't want to get married during the ninth date, don't dance. Play a game of Cribbage instead.

- **Date #10:** The man may now give the lady a gift of flowers. The lady is expected to flash a bit of elbow in appreciation. **TIP:**When giving flowers, don't say something like, "I'd love to pluck your flower really hard, if you know what I mean." Disregard this advice if you are a creep and/or the woman is ugly.

- **Date #11:** The man may now kiss the lady upon the cheek. Congratulations! You've scored. **TIP:**If you're a male, be sure to **brag**to all your friends about your conquest down at the pub. If you are a woman, don't talk about getting kissed or you'll be forever known as a filthy harlot.

I hope you've found this simple guide to courtship useful! Go forth and be merry, you assholes!

Daily Dirt

Blah blah blah.

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

6.27 Role Playing Corner: Miscellaneous Random Encounter Chart

Monday, Jun 27, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

These delightful random encounters are perfect for any situation, either solo adventuring or with a group. You can work them into an existing campaign, create a campaign based solely on rolling on the random encounter chart, or you can just use them in your day-to-day life as a substitute for actually leaving your parent's basement. You may have up to six encounters per day. Roll a 117-sided die to determine what you encounter.

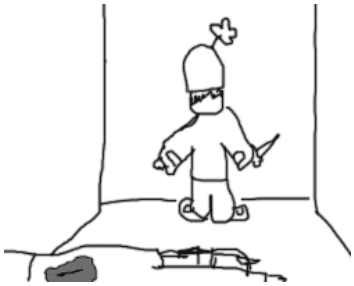
1-2 A level 14 Abraham Lincoln (Presidential Pantheon, Page 17) attacks from ambush. He will begin by casting (as 20th level) Emancipation Incantation and then will follow up with raking claws and prehensile hat attacks. If reduced to 25% of his hit points, the Lincoln will attempt to Gate in Ulysses S. Grant (80% chance of success) along with the 188th Boston Riflemen.

3-4 Lemmy from Motorhead attacks! He wields three big horrid moles per turn and on a successful strike he can cause you to develop huge mutton-chops that permanently reduce your charisma by five.

5-6 Three pairs of not-quite-ordinary shoes. These shoes are the opposite of extra-ordinary. Seem comfortable at first but inflict terrible Demonic Bunions on the wearer (Mordenkainan's Big Folio of Hoof and Mouth Diseases, Page 108).

7-8 There are some elves with lasers emerging from the whirlpool of time. There are 3D6+XD8 elves, where X is equal to your character level minus 10. If you are an elf there is a 25% chance that the elves will not want to shoot their lasers at you. If there are no elves about then the laser-wielding elves coming out of the time whirlpool will definitely want to shoot their lasers at you. If all but one of the elves is killed, the remaining elf will attempt to detonate its self destruct device.

9-10 Uh oh, you just saw an anime. Add three to your "months until you have sex" score. If you already have a girlfriend who is really into anime then make a separate roll to determine whether or not she is a furry.



11-15 Several kobolds ambush you. They aren't really in the mood to attack you so they smoke cigarettes and shout insults at you while they lean against a wall and try to look cool. One of them actually feels sort of bad about it and he calls you later to apologize.

16-20 Make a willpower save with a difficulty of 46. If you fail your saving throw you have just purchased something from Jim and Jake's Knife Showcase on QVC. If your roll was a critical failure you just bought the "101 Cinema Blades: Movie Knives, Swords, and More" collection.

21-24 A leprechaun will grant you a single wish as long as that wish is not more wishes. You agree to this stipulation and then wish for

more wishes anyway. The leprechaun shivs you in the kidney and leaves you to bleed out in an alleyway.

25-28 Do you know what the troposphere is? Well, it's okay if you don't, you're about to find out first hand.

29-36 While campaigning to save "Veronica Mars" from cancellation you pull a tendon in your wrist angrily typing up an online petition. You suffer 3D6 hit points of damage. Subtract one from any future rolls when determining whether or not "Veronica Mars" has been cancelled.

37-44 You encounter a sleeping helicopter. You may attempt to sneak past it making a sneak roll with a difficulty of 36-24-36, only if she's five three (wa-wee-wa-wee). If the roll fails the helicopter receives an attack of opportunity and may use its helicopter touch power which inflicts d3+1 negative levels.

45-49 You are attacked by a bugbear but you become confused as to whether it is a bug or a bear and it becomes embarrassed and sulks off.

50-59 You are ambushed by D6+2 salted peanuts. The peanuts have no attacks and cannot move, they just drop from the tree above you and land on your neck. If you have no peanut allergies this attack is harmless. If you have a peanut allergy you die instantly. Welcome to the nightmare world of peanut allergies. I think we can all learn a bit of tolerance from this random encounter.

60-71 There is an ancient red dragon lurking nearby, but like, it's from another planet where dragons are the size of a mouse and people are the size of ants, man. It's far out, and like, it shoots rainbows instead of fire and it talks in a little high-pitched helium voice. It still casts disintegrate at the 20th level.

72-85 You appear in an Old West town and are immediately elected sheriff. Before you can object a pack of bandits ride in and demand the deed to the old mine out west. Their leader is named Bad Briscoe and he is an 11th level druid.

86-117 3D6 Randy Newmans assault you with a droll song about how crazy the world is. Make a willpower saving throw with a difficulty of You've Got a Friend In Me minus Lyle Lovett. If you fail you are instantly turned into a pillar of salt.

If you roll the same encounter twice you may opt to either accept the duplicate results or roll again on the table.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.28 Lowtax Has Been Hit By a Stork

Tuesday, Jun 28, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Something Awful mastermind and Internet legend Rich Kyanka gave birth to a beautiful baby girl named Lauren yesterday just before noon. It had something to do with his wife Megan and the magic of the cabbage patch or something like that. Whatever dark sorcery is responsible, Lowtax will be occupied for a couple of days while he eagerly awaits the first poop of his new daughter. I am sure the next 48 hours will involve all manner of madcap fish-out-of-water moments where Rich accidentally puts flour instead of baby powder on his daughter or where he gets poop on his hand and he doesn't know where to put it and he is going "awwwww, ohhhhh, oh god!"

Until his return, Lowtax would like you to enjoy "Mood House", a sequel of sorts to the intense horror thriller "Doom House" that he and Fragmaster created more than a year ago. If you haven't seen "Doom House" I highly suggest you watch it first since "Mood House" makes even less sense without having watched "Doom House." As usual it is a tour de force of acting and directing. It is a true masterpiece of editing with breathlessly flowing continuity.

Download "Mood House"
Download "Doom House"

The intensity will blow you up, up and away!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.29 Small Town USA of the Dead

Wednesday, Jun 29, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

The sun rose lazily, doing a half-assed job lighting the fog-strewn landscape of Shady Vales. This was the start of Day Two of the Zombie Apocalypse, which began late evening the day before in a violent and sudden fashion. In an instant, our family dinner was shattered when we heard a cacophony of screams and moans, bones splitting, blood splattering, gunshots, and footsteps. It happened in an instant that somehow dragged on for bloodcurdling hours.

Sequestered in Aunt Edna's modest home, my extended family and myself hid from the beasts roaming outside. We were safe, but only for a little while. Throughout the night they pounded senselessly at the door, beating their bloodied heads and limbs in a desperate attempt to get in. We closed the curtains and turned all the lights off, remaining silent. Occasionally Grandma would angrily shout, "Go away!" We'd rush to quiet here and then hope to God that the zombies did not hear her or any of us for that matter. After several horrifying hours, the zombies gave up and stopped trying to get in. We knew how to hide from the zombies using techniques honed from years of evading Jehovah's Witnesses.

"Well, good grief, it's 6:30 AM now," said Aunt Edna. "By now the morning paper should be here. Go fetch it, won't one of you?"

"Are you mad? The morning paper? There was a zombie apocalypse last night!" I quickly responded.

"Yes, but my paperboy is fantastic. He never misses a beat, and he even gives cards to everyone on his route every Christmas. Bit suspicious looking, but he comes through."

"There are zombies roaming in the front yard," replied Uncle Ernest. "I'm pretty sure your paperboy is either dead, hiding, or among the zombies. Something tells me that the newspapers aren't going to be printing today. Real shame, too. I always enjoy the Sunday comics."

"He's a good paperboy. Never misses a beat!"

Grandpa chimed in "I want to read Old Stephen Eggbert's column. He's a hell of a writer, and I agree with his angles. Go and get the newspaper, will you?"

"Zombies," I said. "Zombies will feast on our flesh if I do!"

"Well," chuckled Grandma, "at least somebody will be eating a decent meal around here!"

"Well what are we supposed to do?" asked Aunt Edna. "We're going to have to go out and get food eventually anyway."

Grandma butted in, "That's not true, we have plenty of leftovers! You people are all skin and bones. It breaks my heart to see all that food prepared and not eaten. We'll have leftovers for a week at least!"

The news was disquieting, as the zombies had much more appetizing food opportunities than us.

"You know," Grandpa said, "there could be important news in the paper. Maybe about this zombie business! At least the sports scores, for God's sake."

"Yes, that's right," added Aunt Edna. "Important news we need to survive!"

"But we may die just getting the paper. Is it that important?"

"Look, can't you at least have a look outside the window and see if the zombies are still there?" pleaded Aunt Edna. "It may be they've gone on to better things. You know how kids are!"

"If I open these curtains, and they see me peeking out, then they'll know this house is full of fresh food!"

"Just look out the peephole then," blurted Grandma. "Paperboys always throw them on the porch. Should be in plain sight."

"The peephole is splattered with blood," said Uncle Ernest. "One of those zombies was beating his head pretty hard against it."

"Great, now I'll have to get a new door!" said Aunt Edna in an angry tone. "I hope he at least got a concussion."

"I don't think his brain functions that way—" I started to say.

"No," said Aunt Edna, "I take that back. I'm not a mean spirited person."

"Alright, alright! I'll peak out the damn curtains!"

The sight just outside the window was ghastly. The lawn, and every street and every lawn visible beyond was littered with mangled corpses and smeared with blood. There were graceful pink flamingos towering over scenes of complete carnage and horror, and abandoned sprinkler systems still going, washing blood into the streets where it pooled up. There were zombies drinking from these pools, and feasting on the mangled corpses, and on each other. It was a sight I staggered to comprehend. I quickly jerked away from the window, careful to ensure the curtain remained fully closed.

"Well, is the newspaper out there?" demanded Aunt Edna.

"I—"

She continued to badger for an answer. "What? What did you see?"

"I—I forgot to look."

"You forgot to look? That was your one job! To look for the newspaper!"

"Look, it's horrible out there. I want to puke all over. They're everywhere. We can't go out at all. We'll die if we do. Die for certain, I know it!"

"Oh don't be so melodramatic," argued Aunt Edna. "It can't be that bad."

But it was. It was a true, genuine zombie apocalypse. The world was in the grips of murderous fever transmitted through killing. Only no one truly died of this fever. It was a horrifying climax to a family get-together, to know that the world had truly ended and there was no going back.

"It's a zombie apocalypse, Aunt Edna. It's the end of the road!"

"How did you get to be such an expert at zombie apocalypses? Huh? How many zombie apocalypses have you survived?"

"Well," I replied, "just one."

"One? There's only been one so far in human history!"

"I thought you meant counting this one."

"It's not even over yet, so how can you count it?"

"If I was dead I couldn't count it, but I'm alive so I'm counting it. One zombie apocalypse survived thus far."

"Yes, well then I guess we're all zombie apocalypse experts then," said Grandpa.

"Look," I said, "the whole man-zombie relationship is defined by them being out there and us being in here. The second you change that relationship, one group ceases to be. It's simple science!"

"Well I don't believe this," said Aunt Edna. "I'm going to take a look myself." As she spoke she yanked the cord, pulling the curtains wide open and exposing everybody in the house to the scene of absolute, unimaginable horror. Death was splattered all over the once serene neighborhood, now pulsating and bubbling with unnatural life.

"There!" Grandpa said triumphantly. "There's the newspaper over there underneath that dead colored boy!"

"That's my paperboy," responded Edna, "and we call them African Americans, Dad. Guess I won't be getting a card this Christmas."

"What a horrible sight," said Grandma. "Have you ever seen so many messy yards in your life? Look at the shape of that yard across the street. Absolutely shameful!"

"Well, Mom," said Aunt Edna. "You can't really blame them given the zombie apocalypse. I doubt they planned to die and get eaten on their lawn."

"No, but look at that grass. It hasn't been cut in at least three days. And over there, those flowers aren't even planted yet. There's no excuse for such an ill-kept yard. I'm 76 and I still have time to plant my flowers and your father still has time to mow the lawn, bless his soul."

"Did your neighbors get a new roof? Those shingles look awfully new compared to the siding on that house over yonder," said Uncle Ernest, pointing to a house across the road.

It was all more then I could stomach. They gawked in horror at the state of the neighborhood, oblivious to the walking danger roaming mindlessly outside the thin sheet of glass.

"Please for the love of god close that damn curtain before they see us!"

"What?" responded Grandpa.

"Close the fucking curtains before the goddamn zombies kill us all!"

"Well, I don't appreciate that kind of language, young man!" responded Grandma. "You should really mind your tongue. It's that rap music, isn't it?"

Just then a zombie, apparently unconscious beneath the window, staggered to his feet, surprising everyone. He weakly banged his frail arms against the glass while murmuring "braiiinnnnssss!"

"See," said Grandma, "that's a healthy attitude towards eating. He's skin and bones like the rest of you, but at least he wants to get healthy. We should give him some leftovers!"

I marched over and yanked the curtains shut, staring at everybody in angry dismay.

Grandpa said, "Well, enough of that anyway. The newspaper is right out there, so you can go fetch it now."

"I'm not going out there! No way in hell. Those zombies will see me!"

"I'm not so sure," said Uncle Ernest. "I read in that Terri Schiavo case she was blind. Yep, the part of her brain responsible for sight was withered away."

"That's not true!" said Grandma. "She was a good girl and the Lord would have taken care of her if the doctors gave her time!"

"What the hell does that have to do with anything?"

"Well," said Ernest, "if these zombies are suffering from brain damage, there's a good chance they're blind as well."

"That's absolutely true," said Aunt Edna. "Why that one outside said 'brains!' He must have meant that his brain hurt!"

"Terri Schiavo was a good girl," continued Grandma. "A real good girl and she was nothing like these creatures!"

The zombie outside was tapping at the glass still, hungry for brains. But the people inside were more insane. It seemed inevitable I would have to go outside at some point. At the very least, I could get a look at my car parked on the curb, and see how easy it would be to escape if need be. I'd rush in and out quickly before the zombies had a chance to see me. If I didn't get the paper, it seemed all but certain I would be driven insane.

I quickly ran to the dead paperboy, turned on his stomach with his newspaper sack beneath him. I tried to remove a newspaper from his hand, but rigor mortis had practically grafted it to his skin. So I improvised, turning him over. His body rolled, but his insides remained, spilling out like a bucket of red spaghetti all over the bag of papers and my hands. I vomited a little, and the gagging sounds seemed to attract the attention of the zombies kneeling over a corpse in the neighboring yard.

"Brains" they all murmured in surreal synchronization. "Brains...."

I plunged my hands into the guts, pushing them away in a desperate attempt to grab hold of a newspaper out of the sack. They were wrapped in plastic and so slimy I could barely hold grab hold of them. It was the kind of hellacious task you'd see on some demonic version of "Double Dare." The more you clamped your fingers down, the more they squirmed away. It was as though they were alive, like fish, evading your fingers. My hands were cold and numb and drenched in blood.

Finally I got hold of a paper and yanked it out just in time to turn around and swing it at a zombie sneaking up behind me. The impact of the extra heavy Sunday edition of the newspaper sent his head flying clean off his body.

"That a boy!" I heard Grandpa yell. I turned and saw him clapping in the window.

I turned back when the headless body began clawing at me. I quickly shoved it, knocking it on its back as I began to run towards the door. Just then a thought in the back of my head climbed over a legion of frantic thoughts of survival to remind me of something important. "The car," it said.

I turned back to look at the car, surveying it to make sure that it would prove useful in escaping the neighborhood. I thought I should move it onto the lawn, near the door for safety. I ran towards it and began to rummage through my pockets for keys, spinning around as I did so as to see every angle of attack.

The door to Aunt Edna's house opened behind me. "The paper, you idiot!" screamed Aunt Edna. "We want to read the damn paper today!"

"I call the opinion section," yelled Grandpa. "Sports, too."

"Comics," shouted Ernest. "I call comics!"

"But the car, I need to make sure we can get out of here!"

"You can do that after we eat breakfast and read the damn paper! You need to learn some patience!"

I found the keys in my pocket, but dropped them the second I pulled them out. Just then the zombie from the front yard started waddling towards the open house door, so I ran frantically to intercept him. I clotheslined him with the heavy newspaper just as he neared the door, splattering his brains all over the porch. Then I quickly ducked into the house. Within seconds the door was locked shut and the curtains were drawn.

It was a good thing, too. The ruckus had attracted the attentions of all the zombies in the neighborhood. They were slowly waddling towards the house, singling certain doom now that we had no easy way out. We could hear them outside, a chorus of creaking bones, soft footsteps, and ethereal moans.

The newspaper was wrapped in an orange plastic bag, which was good because the bag was soaked in blood and disgusting bodily debris. It seemed especially heavy, but given that this was Sunday it was only natural the newspaper was overloaded with sale flyers.

Aunt Edna slowly removed the rolled up newspaper from the bag, careful not to let any of the guts drip onto the paper and smear the fine newsprint. As she unrolled it, she took a big look at the headlines while the rest of us were left to stare at the back of the paper.

"Will you look at that," she said. "Now that's just ridiculous."

She turned the paper over and showed us the headline. It read, in giant bold print, "BRAINS!" The zombies had gotten to the newspaper, and no doubt the rest of the city. Maybe they got the entire country, too, and the world beyond. From lawns to towns to states to countries, it seemed certain.

As she shuffled the paper in her hands, its raw guts fell out and spilled over the floor. There were no advertisements, no sale flyers, no sports or lifestyle sections. No comics for Uncle Ernest. Today's Special Zombie Apocalypse Edition was nothing but obituaries. Everybody in town was dead. Everybody but us.

There would be no escape. Not from family, not from town, not even from the leftovers. The zombie apocalypse had made certain that no one would ever truly live again, not even the survivors. Now all that was left was to wait for the inevitable moment of bodily transcendence and hope that it would not last long.

◘ Daily Larp!

In my Daily Dirt for the week I share some colorful feedback I got last week after making fun of live action role-playing in the Awful Link of the Day, as well as some other stuff!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.30 The Harassment Awareness Certification Course

Thursday, Jun 30, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

We here at Something Awful Dot Com Incorporated take the issue of mutual respect and appropriate behavior in the work environment very seriously. You are required by FNS standards to complete this certification by July 14th in order to comply with human resources directives. This website promotes equal opportunity in a harassment-free environment. Before taking this test, make sure you go over the source material so you will know how to conduct yourself and what to do if you find yourself a victim of harassment. Failure to comply with this policy will result in disciplinary action, preferably by a spanking to the buttocks. You would like that wouldn't you, you dirty, dirty whore. Good luck.

■ #1: Ronald is chatting it up with a new female employee named Ping Pan Pot in the break room. Ronald notices that she is Asian so he does an impression of the atomic bomb blast in Nagasaki by ramming her with his large stomach. Ping is not pleased. What did Ronald do wrong here?

A) Didn't remember to replace the coffee filter in the machine.
B) Was rude and inconsiderate of Ping Pan Pot's nationality.
C) Failed to make a bomb noise when recreating the atomic blast.
D) All of the above.

The answer is B. Ronald did not act in a manner that is proper in a work environment. All atomic blast recreations done with large bellies should only be done to blacks or Indians, who have never felt the deep scars of an atomic blast on their land, and as such won't be offended.

■ #2: In the midst of Ronald thrusting his gut into Ping, she holds her hand up in defense, yet in the process touches Ronald's nipple. Ronald is confused and upset over this overt sexual gesture. What should he do?

A) Go directly to his HR supervisor and report the incident.
B) Go into Ping's office and touch her nipple, to show her how it feels.
C) Write an email to his state representative and complain about road construction.
D) Cry in the shower.

The answer is A. This kind of behavior is unacceptable, even during those steamy 3:00 meetings. The HR supervisor will have a one-on-one talk with Ping and, depending on the amount of money she has on her person, will be reprimanded with a verbal notice or shipped back to the old country in a rice boat.

■ #3: Back in the break room, Ronald introduces Ping Pan Pot to Larry, who works in finance. Larry asks Ping if she wants to go out to the parking lot to see his new hotrod automobile. Ping refuses, saying "So solly, Charlie." Larry, angered at being turned down and called "Charlie", spikes her coffee with his semen. Ronald laughs when she takes a sip and spits it out in disgust. What is wrong with this scene?

A) Employees should not be in the parking lot during business hours.
B) Larry forgot to put sugar or sweetener in the semen laden coffee.
C) Ronald's top button is undone, and his chest is clearly visible.
D) All of the above.

The answer is D. What a bunch of goofballs.

■ #4: Ronald likes to browse joke websites full of crude riddles and hardcore pornography. He calls Larry into his cubicle to show him a picture of a man bending over and stretching his anus to unbelievable proportions. "Oh my god what is that man doing to his anus?" cries Larry. Larry knows that they shouldn't be looking at such pictures at work, but how can he tell this to Ronald?

A) Cut the power cord to Ronald's computer so it won't work.
B) Tell Ronald that images like that are not appropriate for the workplace and that they should quit so they can stay at home and look at porn.
C) Report Ronald to your HR department and then hide and watch as they come into his cubicle and beat him with billy clubs.
D) Watch the sky for omens.

The answer is C. Always rat out your co-workers to the HR department. There is nothing to be ashamed of when you are concerned with your own job, and need to sell out others to gain the trust of your superiors -- even if you are a sniveling little wretch who has no friends and would stab your own mother in the back for a promotion. There is no "us" in the word "team".

■ #5 Ronald and Larry sit in the employee lounge area discussing important business implementation paradigms so they can touch base and stay on the same page. Then Ronald starts telling a story about how he became intoxicated in Mexico and milked a goat for 100 pesos on a dare. Ping Pan Pot is walking by and is offended by the story. Then Ronald and Larry knock her down and rape her while shouting racial slurs. What should've been done differently?

A) Ping shouldn't have worn such a skanky business suit that tempted the men into such an embarrassing situation.
B) Ronald should've known better than to talk about milking goats around the 3rd world melting pot that is the technical department.

C) Larry forgot to wear a condom.
D) All of the above.

The answer is D. In this case, all three of these employees would face harsh disciplinary action or possible termination.

■ #6 Ronald tends to fall asleep at his desk with his eyes open and his mouth agape. Flies will often land in his mouth to lay their larvae, causing a cascade of maggots to fall out whenever he talks or smiles. This disturbs and frightens his co-workers, who report the strange behavior to their HR department. What would you do if you were the HR representative?

A) Put flypaper inside Ronald's mouth.
B) Put flypaper inside Ronald's mouth.
C) Put flypaper inside Ronald's mouth.
D) None of the above.

The answer is D, none of the above. Given the situation, the proper course of action for the HR representative in this case would be to put flypaper inside Ronald's mouth.

■ #7 Ronald has been put in charge of a task group and has to choose his team members. He picks his friend Larry because he is a true Aryan like himself, but he has trouble finding other members. He didn't want Gerald, who was black, because he was afraid all the paper and pens would be stolen. He didn't pick Jose, a Mexican, because he didn't want any lazy people on the team. He didn't even want Peter, a Canadian, because he talked like "a big homo". What was the right way to pick the team members?

A) Aryan features.
B) Lottery.
C) Based solely on skill, dedication, and the best person for the job.
D) Hire a Jew.

The answer is D, you should hire a Jew.

■ #8 Larry, eager for a promotion and that corner office, plans to seduce his boss. They go out to a cubs game, split a hog dog, and end up making out in the bleachers. Larry's boss gets in trouble with his wife when a camera zooms in on them and the act is broadcast on national television. Larry gets fired the next day, and moves to the slums of LA to become a fluffer on a porn set. Was Larry's termination lawful?

A) No.
B) Yes.
C) Only if Larry's boss bought the beer at the game. If they split it than it's a push.
D) Yatzee!

The answer is A. This country was founded on people whoring themselves out for money and power. What Larry did was in no way wrong and in case he was unlawfully fired for making out with his boss and giving him a blowjob in the parking lot. That's how Ben Franklin invented the light bulb.

■ #9 Ping Pan Pot has had it with the sexual harassment and racial comments made by her fellow worker, Ronald. She meets with her HR representative, Dan, who sits her down to talk about the problem. Dan explains that Ronald is a good worker and they can't afford to fire him, so instead they will construct a rocket and shoot Ping Pan Pot to the moon where she can cook, clean, and raise babies in a low gravity environment. Dan then presses an oversized red button, sending Ping down an oiled chute leading to the corporate crocodile pit, where all the men gather around to hoot and holler at the highly erotic spectacle of wet female temps struggling with crocodiles. Dan watches the scene from his tower, laughing and smoking a cigar. Did Dan do the correct thing as an HR representative?

A) No, there is no smoking allowed in the building, aside from the designated smoking areas.
B) Yes, Ping Pan Pot was batting her eyelashes at Dan, and years of experience told him that this was a sign of a flirt. She could just be blinking, but Dan didn't want to take any chances.
C) All of the above.
D) One of the above.

The answer is D. If you chose one of these answers then you are correct.

■ #10 Ronald's dark past has finally caught up to him. His time was running out in the department. He was personally responsible for one million dollars in harassment settlements in the last quarter alone, and it all came crashing down on his head after he made a pass at the boss's dog. They could no longer ignore the UN-enacted human rights sanctions on their company due to Ronald's actions, and they had to let him go. What could've Ronald done differently?

A) Wear a new disguise every week so victims couldn't point him out in a picture of an employee outing.
B) Respect all his fellow co-workers and treat them as equals.
C) Send Dan a box of cigars for all the trouble.
D) Eat a whole package of Nutter Butters and throw up in the copy room.

The answer is B. You should ALWAYS treat your co-workers as equals and with the utmost respect. Unless of course they are one of the lesser mongrel races that are only good for breeding in the hay like dogs. Like the Swedes.

Congratulations! If you got at least 3 of the 10 questions correct, you are now certified for harassment awareness. Print up this certificate and turn it in for a free small ice cream cone at your local Baskin Robbins. Good job.

Frankly Mr. Shankly

Frankly, Mr. Shankly, this position I've held
It pays my way, and it corrodes my soul
I want to leave, you will not miss me
I want to go down in musical history

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Chapter 7

July

7.1 Aeon Flux Script Leaked!

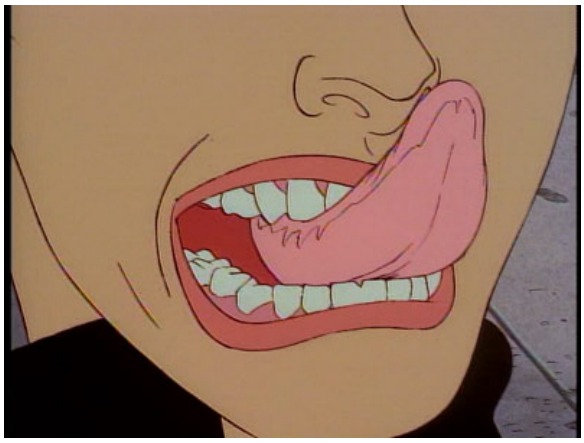
Friday, Jul 01, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Paramount Pictures has decided to grab up one of the hottest intellectual properties out there and turn it into a big-budget science fiction action movie. I am of course referring to Peter Chung's failed MTV cartoon "Aeon Flux" in which Monican agent Aeon Flux is in a love/hate battle of the wits with Breen president/scientist/creepy guy Trevor Goodchild. I was a huge fan of the show, mostly because I was constantly high on acid during the entire two year run, so I wanted to find out what I could about the movie before it came out. I had mixed feelings about Charlize Theron playing the titular character since she doesn't look like an inmate at Dachau. Not even a "Monster" quality makeover could shave 100 pounds off of her, but she has proven her acting chops and I'm sure she can lend the role some degree of nuance. I'm talking about the sort of nuance I have come to expect from the deep character studies of Peter Chung.

A few days ago I received an email from an anonymous source. It proclaimed that the script for the Aeon Flux movie had been leaked onto the Internet. Better still, the email message had a text file attached and it was none other than the leaked script. I will not repost the entire thing out of fear of legal retribution from Paramount, but I think our loyal readers deserve a few excerpts.

First up, here is a scene near the beginning in which Aeon Flux watches Trevor Goodchild through the window of his science lab.

> EXT - NIGHT - FUTURISTIC WATER PUMPING STATION
>
> AEON FLUX climbs out of a huge futuristic sewer drain and does a bunch of flips and bounces off of pipes to get to the top of a big golden water pump shaped like a bug. She crouches down and licks her lips for several seconds. AEON FLUX opens a zipper on a futuristic purse and LITTLE METAL BALLS fall out. The LITTLE METAL BALLS grow wings and start flying around and we see that they have CAMERA LENSES built into them. AEON FLUX then reaches into her eye socket and pulls out her eyeball. She moans with pleasure as she is doing this. She places her eyeball in a bottle full of bubbling green liquid and then puts a metal ball in her eye socket.

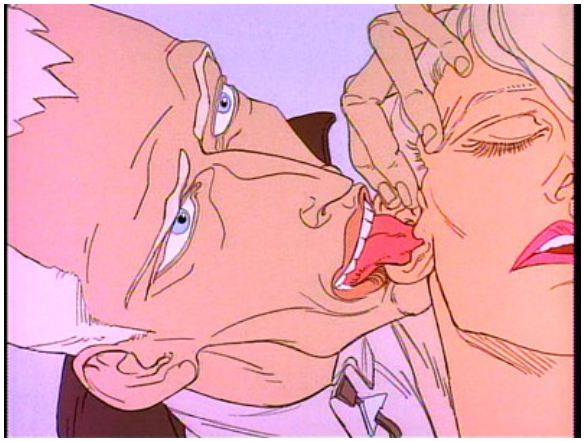


CUT TO view through the floating camera balls.

CUT TO metal ball hovering up to the window of a laboratory.

INT - LABORATORY

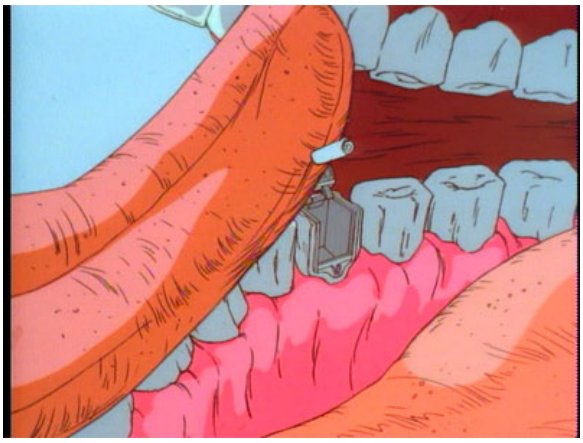
The Science lab is circular and consists of 16 cell doors and a central hallway. TREVOR GOODCHILD is standing on grass next to a fountain of a mermaid and he is wearing a surgical apron and is talking to two GUARDS. Robotic babies with cat heads are flying around laughing in the background.



TREVOR GOODCHILD
Turn off the security monitoring for cell 8 and then you may go.

GUARD
Yes, sir.

TREVOR walks over to a cell door labeled "number eight." We see an extreme closeup as he slowly peels off the fingernail of his index finger and reveals a tiny silver disc. He licks the disc out of the wound and with it balanced on the tip of his tongue he inserts it into a small mechanism on the door to the cell. With a WHOOSH of futuristic door technology the door slides open. A skinny and sickly looking woman sits up in bed.

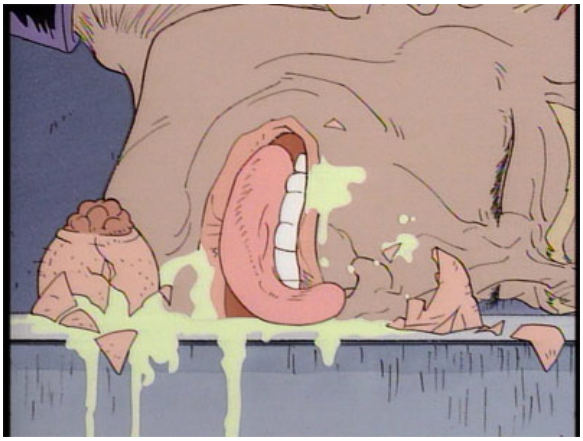


TREVOR GOODCHILD
Wake up my cupcake, I am here to feed the children.

TREVOR embraces the woman and starts licking her neck. With his free hand he uses a robotic speculum to open a wound on the woman's chest. The woman starts moaning and TREVOR licks all the way down her body to the wound and then he presses his eye up to the wound. Inside are millions of giant cell-like creatures and they are VIBRATING STRANGELY and making a chattering sound.

TREVOR GOODCHILD
Hello, little lovelies. Father has brought treats.

TREVOR bites into a false tooth and pink goo streams down his tongue and into the wound. The vibrating cell creatures start feasting on the goo and chattering happily. The woman moans some more.

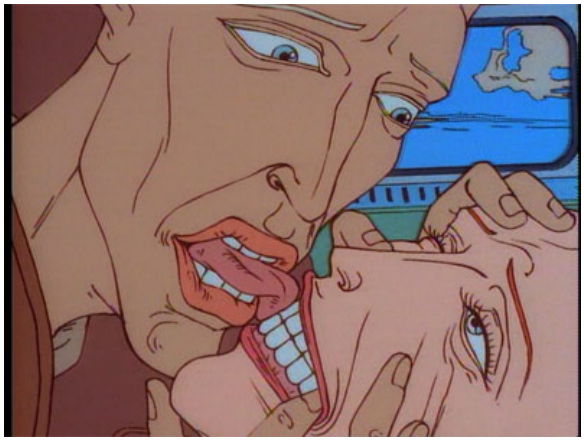


EXT - NIGHT - FUTURISTIC WATER PUMPING STATION

AEON FLUX coos with pleasure as she thrusts her real eyeball back into her eye socket. She blinks. AEON FLUX
He just doesn't get it.

Wow! Intense! With Aeon hot on the trail of Trevor's clever plan he swings into action and releases a giant golden bird with the face of an eight-eyed woman called the Phreenix to kill Aeon Flux. Aeon manages to kill the Phreenix by crushing its head with her thighs and then Trevor floats down on a disc to chastise Aeon for her unwillingness to be killed.

> EXT - DAY - FUTURISTIC ALLEYWAY
>
> AEON FLUX presses against a wall, slightly out of breath from defeating the PHREENIX. She looks at the feather she plucked from its head and we see it shimmering hypnotically. AEON FLUX tucks the feather in her hair and turns to continue down the alley. TREVOR GOODCHILD appears above the alley and floats down in front of her on a futuristic platform that can fly.



> AEON FLUX
> Visiting hours are over, Trevor.
>
> AEON shoots her pistol at him but it hits a force field that turns it into a tiny dragon that flies harmlessly away.TREVOR GOODCHILD
> Aeon, Aeon, Aeon, when are you going to do me the favor of retiring?
>
> AEON FLUX
> I don't like what you're up to.
>
> TREVOR GOODCHILD
> Neither do I. I am up to no good. The inverse of good. You might say 'evil.' But evil is so subjective. Join me Aeon, you're too good for this.
>
> AEON FLUX
> I'm too good for you.
>
> TREVOR GOODCHILD
> (suddenly angry) THIS IS NOT HOW IT'S SUPPOSED TO GO, AEON! Do or die! DO OR DIE! You do for me or you die for me.
>
> AEON FLUX
> I'm outta here.
>
> AEON throws a DISC BOMB at the wall next to TREVOR and it explodes creating a huge fireball and big cloud of dust. TREVOR flies up out of the dust and looks for AEON but she has disappeared.

Finally, this climactic third scene takes place near the end of the movie. I think it's pretty self-explanatory.

INT - HAIRLESS MONKEY'S BLOOD STREAM

Thick red blood rushes rhythmically and the walls of the vein pulsate to the drumbeat of the monkey's heart. TREVOR GOODCHILD holds the ANIMATUS CORPUS and is preparing to use it to IMPREGNATE the SHIVERING MANY. TREVOR is wearing a bulky diving suit with transparent circles so you can see his nipples and an oversized glass helmet. He attaches the ANIMATUS CORPUS to his COD PIECE just as AEON FLUX arrives. She is wearing her usual costume plus a simple mouth-piece breathing device so that she can survive in the blood.

AEON FLUX
Your time is up, Trevor

TREVOR GOODCHILD
No! Aeon, you are just in time. Witness the birth of a new epoch!

TREVOR begins licking the inside of the glass of his diving helmet. TREVOR thrusts his hips forward and the ANIMATUS CORPUS plunges into the GIANT VAGINA SHAPE of the SHIVERING MANY.AEON FLUX
(to herself) I am the edge...I am the edge...I am the edge

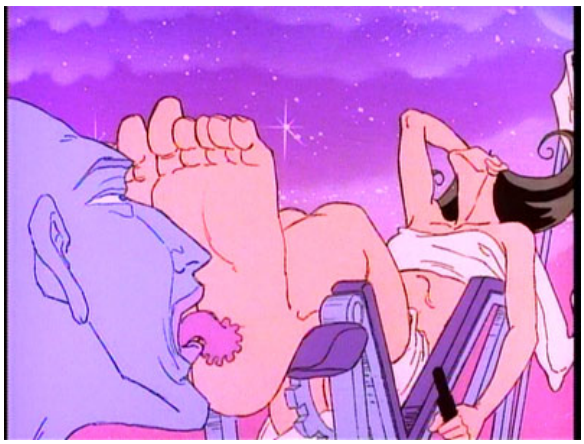
TREVOR continues to moan and thrust into the SHIVERING MANY. The ANIMATUS CORPUS begins to glow from inside the shifting and chattering mass of cells. AEON FLUX starts vibrating and suddenly goes blurry and there are FOUR AEON FLUXES. We see that through her vision now the SHIVERING MANY looks like a small crying child. TREVOR is just a shadow shape dimly seen.

AEON FLUX
It's okay, I won't hurt you.

SHIVERING MANY
The scary father is hurting me.

AEON FLUX
No! I brought you something.

AEON FLUX holds a PINK ORCHID out to the little girl. The girl tentatively takes it and there is a FLASH OF WHITE and then the girl morphs into AEON FLUX!



AEON FLUX
I knew it!

SHIVERING MANY
I know you.

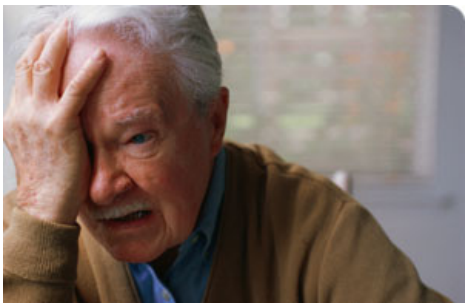
Wow, I just have to stop there because otherwise I will give away too much of the plot. Needless to say you can look forward to an extremely faithful interpretation of the TV show by the folks working on the movie. If you want to know more about it you can check out the film's website or you can just close your eyes and then mainline a triple dose of PCP. You'll know you're watching the Aeon Flux trailer when you start licking things like your family's feet or broken glass.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.2 Corinology

Saturday, Jul 02, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

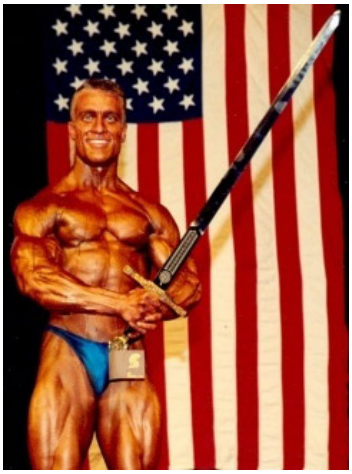
I know you.



I used to be just like you, only not quite so fat and I was better at checkers. I was ashamed of my past. Afraid of the future. Resigned to the familiar drudgery of the depressing present.

My love life was in a shambles. I had rejections, a string of unrequited loves that I laid awake at night uselessly pining over, and once I even got caught in a bear trap. My first relationship (which came at the age of 21) was a disaster. It was love at first sight but unfortunately I was standing pretty far away and didn't have my glasses on, and the girl turned out to be a couch. The fact that she was unattainable made me want her even more. The lustful abandon with which I pursued her that balmy summer set a once-peaceful southern town on fire with controversy and also fire. She burned to the ground that day, along with my hopes for a normal life.

Or so I thought.



Now things are different. I am an adonis. My rippling muscles are so powerful and intimidating that they make children cry, and by flexing my bicep in just the right way I am able to wipe their tears from across the room. This makes them cry even more but I don't really care. Maybe once I would have been concerned or even ashamed, but now my extra layers of muscle insulate me from bad feelings like a kevlar vest.

I was always the last guy picked in every sport I played, but now I'm picked first even when I'm not there. By simply invoking my name the team who picks me is guaranteed victory.

I get women all the time now. I tend to frequent those fancy restaurants with sneeze-guard equipped buffets since that's where upscale chicks tend to gravitate. I'll typically sit in the corner booth idly licking a lukewarm strip of bacon while flashing my bedroom eyes at every woman in the place. Without fail several international supermodels (especially when I'm at IHOP) join me, and soon the smooches and free refills flow like water.

These aren't the only positive changes in my life, far from it. My urine is a rich and hearty brown, I am able to catch bullets with my bare hands as long as they are gently thrown underhand to me, and I haven't been caught in a bear trap in days. I've never been happier.

What brought about these dramatic improvements, you ask? I'll tell you, my friend: Corinology. Chances are you've never heard of it, and that's okay. I didn't know what it was either but I am now reaping its benefits and not paying taxes.

So is Corinthenics a cult? Haha, no. Is it a religion or simply a way of life? This is something which must ultimately be judged by every follower of the cult for his or her own self, but I'll refer you to a passage from The Great Thirty Dollar Corin Handbook which should shed some light upon the

subject:

> *"And Jake did find that the timing belt was indeed the problem, and he waved his fist in anger at his friend Alan who had insisted it was the alternator. Jake did not understand why Alan would forsake him at his hour of need, but Jake forgave his wayward friend and said unto him 'hand me thine allen wrench'.*
>
> *Three days had passed since the Camaro had died, and when the garage door lifted to reveal its glorious resurrection there came a great multitude of onlookers from distant and exotic lands who brought gifts of Turtle Wax and Budweiser girl calendars."*

You're ready to take the plunge and change your life for the best, I can sense it. Joining Corinoscopy is simple. First you purchase the aforementioned Great Thirty Dollar Corin Handbook for only $42.99 at fine book stores everywhere in Tijuana. Take the book home and glean every bit of life-changing information from between its covers that you can. If you're intelligent enough to realize that Corintronics is all that can truly fill the gigantic hole in your life, remove the dust jacket from the book and note the hidden address printed inside. This P.O. Box is where you will begin to regularly send every spare dollar that you can afford from your paycheck.

The idea of sending money off in the mail might sound fishy, but don't succumb to your emotions. You're better than that. Think about it logically. Corinetics is based on the scientific principle that we are all made of tiny atoms (scientific term: quarks), and that every seven years our bodies completely recycle the old atoms in favor of new atoms with firmer breasts. If your body needs to purge itself to survive, Corinism dictates that your mental state and very soul need to do the same. If everything in your life at the current time is dragging you down then you obviously need to purge it all to make things better, including your money.

This is not a scam. You'll be sending your insidious money to a not-for-profit P.O. Box for safe storage where it will never harm you again. The P.O. Box will not use your tainted money for anything. What would a P.O. Box do with money anyway? Have you ever seen one driving a Ferrari? Of course not.

Hey, whatever you feel comfortable doing is fine by me. I'm not here to pressure you, I just wanted to share my experience with something that truly worked wonders for me. If you want to continue being depressed or lonely or whatever, that's cool. Just keep in mind what The Great Thirty Dollar Corin Handbook says about that:

> *"And ye, all Jeremiah could think about while on his vacation was whether or not he had left his iron plugged in. It troubled him to the point that he could not enjoy himself at all, for the warmth of the sun upon his skin did remind him of the iron's sizzling face. Upon the trip's end Jeremiah recalled that he had no home, and that his vacation was simply a drunken voyage around the Walgreen's parking lot. And Jeremiah did sob and take the name of his lord in vain when he later remembered that he was but a lowly bullfrog who had no right to even dream of owning an iron, because iron permits for frogs were nearly impossible to obtain due to the extreme difficulty of the written portion of the exam."*

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.3 Law & Order: Junior Victims Unit

Sunday, Jul 03, 2005 by Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

Episode 101: Olivia's Patriotic Surprise

July 4th, 7:20am

Detective Stabler leaned back in his chair and squeezed the last few drops fortified fruit juice from his box of Hi-C.

"Kids don't get to grow up this big and strong without niacin and citric acid. Some kids don't get to grow up at all." he remarked gruffly.

"You put one scumbag away and three more pop up to take his place."

"Elliot, your first priority is protecting the citizens of New York from the scum that would cut their throat in a second and let them bleed out on a sidewalk. Your second priority is taking care of your body now so you don't have problems later. You're a model cop." Captain Cragen snapped his suspenders playfully, yet without a hint of levity. "If you need me I'll be in my office celebrating the diversity of this fair city." he said, making a 'jerk-off' gesture with his left hand. He winked at Elliot and shut the frosted glass door behind him. Elliot shook his head because that was a pretty insensitive thing to do.

Stabler returned to his paperwork. Everyone else around him seemed listless and subdued, but not Elliot. He knew that the trick was getting plenty of sleep. Besides, he thought, who wants to watch the garbage they show on late night television? He certainly didn't.

He was leafing through the ME's report on a 16 year old runaway who was bludgeoned with PVC pipe and dumped in the East River when Olivia got there. Her hair was very pretty and she didn't need to wear makeup to impress boys because her self-respect was impressive enough. Elliot gave her a chipper greeting and handed her a juice box.

"Rape." She said, tossing a manila envelope into Stabler's lap. Several glossy 8 x 10 photos spilled out onto the floor.

"Looks more like Italian food to me. The marinara sauce looks hearty, but the presentation leaves something to be desired."

Olivia cringed. "Elliot!" She snactched the envelope from his hands. "Oh God. Dexter's final in photography! If we have this then who has..."

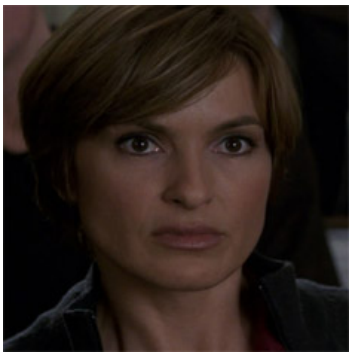
8:30am, Queens

Benson and Stabler's white Crown Vic slowed to a stop along the curb in front of the Benjamin W. Jefferson Academy, a prestigious year-round high school for gifted and portly students, namely her nephew Dexter Benson. Munch and Fin were already there, intimidating whoever looked the weakest.

"Smoking in front of a school? Do you know how many tickets I could write you, son?" Fin snatched the cigarette from the mouth of the quivering sophomore and pinched it out with his thumb and index finger.

"Cops don't scare me." the kid sneered. Fin Tutuola ignored his retort and nodded at John Munch, who silently assumed a crouching position behind the student at knee level.

"A real firecracker, huh? Just in time for the holidays." Fin shoved him lightly, which sent him toppling backwards over Munch. "Take a load off, kid."



"You might look at me and see nothing more than a pretty face, but trust me I'm a strong, independent woman who defies gender roles like it's going out of style. Tee hee!"

Munch brushed himself off and jogged at a Belzerly pace towards Benson and Stabler, while Fin apologized to the young man whose well-being he was looking out for. After all, people appreciate it when you try to help them, but no one likes a bully. He also reminded him that although firecrackers can be fun to watch, they aren't toys. Don't ruin a fun holiday with carelessness because where's the fun in that?

"You mind telling us why we're here, Detective?" Munch snapped.

"We're looking for my nephew, Dexter Benson. He's staying with me while his alcoholic father detoxes and looks for a job. My sister-in-law bailed on him when her Manhattan sugar daddy decided to move to the Cayman Islands to beat a tax evasion rap. Families come in all shapes and sizes, and every one of them is beautiful."

"So why do we need to be here?"

"He's turning in some crime scene pictures as his photography final, I'm trying to piece together a rape using poorly lit shots of cannelloni noodles."

"Yeah that's what my ex-wife said before she slept with my partner."

"Isn't your nephew pushing 300 lbs.? Do you think letting him turn in a 4500 calorie art project is really gonna win him any more friends?" asked Munch.

"Dex is comfortable with who he is because he realizes that what's inside is more important than what's outside."

"Are we talking about cholesterol now?" John Munch's daily exposure to society's most heinous crimes and criminals, combined with his string of failed marriages, had left him with no shortage of pithy, bitter quips. Unfortunately, it had also created within him a profound deficit of compassion and humanity. Deep inside, he really was worried about the health of his co-worker's family member, but sometimes people don't know how to say what they really mean. Olvia understood though, because let's face it women are just naturals at that stuff. "Detective Tutuola and I will set up a perimeter. No amount of Crisco is gonna let that little butterball slide out of our grip."

Before she could object to his idiotic grandstanding, Munch was rooting through the trunk of his vehicle for crime scene tape and Fin had already radio'd for a K-9 Unit. What a couple of overgrown kids, she thought, smiling matronly. They can be a little overzealous sometimes, but it's good to see people who have fun at work, and their antics really are a nice break from all the negativity. She was still smiling her matronly smile while she thought all of that.

8:55am, Outside the Office of Principal Adam Montgomery

"Oh God. Montgomery still works here." said Olivia.

"I take it this won't be your first time meeting with him?" asked Stabler.

"Not since my sophomore year, when he suspended me for drinking vodka and throwing up in my geometry teacher's desk drawer."

"It looks like even kids who get into a little trouble here and there can grow up to serve their city proudly. The important thing to remember is that lying, to principals or teachers or cops or whoever, only makes things worse. After all, we're all here to help, and we really are just good people doing our jobs the best we can."

"Rights? You want rights? Okay, your shoulder has the to remain dislocated, punk."

The door swung open, and a man in his mid 60s emerged with tired eyes and a forced smile.

"Detective Benson, Detective Stabler, please come in. I have a feeling I can guess why the two of you are here." Principal Montgomery pulled two seats up to his desk and offered the two of them coffee. "Your nephew Dexter was given in school suspension for distributing some very troubling photographs, and this isn't the first such incident. We've been leaving messages for you every night for the past two weeks, but you haven't been returning them. Tell me, what's life like at home for you and Dexter?"

Elliot shifted awkwardly in his seat and then quietly excused himself.

"He mostly keeps to himself. I don't get home until around 10:30 most nights. He's usually in his room unwinding after he finishes his homework."

"Homework? That's not what his grades say." Montgomery slid a printout labeled "Progress Report" across his desk. Olivia glanced briefly at it and recoiled. "Ms. Benson, I'm aware that your family situation is unconventional, but right now you're all the family that he's got. If he can't pull bring these grades up and stop causing problems, I'll have no choice but to expel him. I think the two of you should have a talk." He sent out a page for Dexter, and reclined in his office chair.

Dexter entered the office shortly thereafter, a spitting image of Jack Osborne, if Jack Osborne were about 100 lbs. heavier and slept on a bed of stale, greasy french fries. He gave an exasperated sigh upon seeing Olivia and stood by the door with his arms crossed.

"Dexter, how did you wind up with those pictures?" She asked.

"I swiped 'em off your dumb dresser you blocky old spinster. Can I go back to detention now?"

"Whoa, let's check our vocabulary. *Armoire.* You swiped them off my *armoire*, Dexter. And I need them back. They're for work." Olivia's patience was wearing thin.

"Great, the longest conversation we've had in weeks and it doesn't take you three seconds to bring up work." He threw the envelope clumsily on her lap, and a tear beaded down his oily face, creating a kind of gasoline rainbow effect that reminded Olivia of the gutter of a busy street during a storm.

She realized he was right. Here was a kid whose parents had walked out on him. Kids wouldn't talk to him because he smelled like an ashtray full of cat piss. His teachers realized what a lazy dunce he was. He really had no one to talk to. All he needed was a little attention, and she was too busy playing superhero to see what it was doing to him. Sometimes even the best people forget to think about the way their actions affect others.

"Dexter, I'm sorry. I was just trying to get us by. Things are going to change from now on. No

more TV dinners. No more talking to my cat and pretending you're not in the room. It's going to get better. Do you want to go to the park and stare at the freak shows?"

A smile crept across his face. He nodded with all his heart and chins.

"And after that, do you want to go watch the fireworks?"

"Okay." He said sheepishly, his smile growing bigger by the second.

"Oh, I'm afraid he's not allowed to leave campus unless he has a medical reason." Said Principal Montgomery. "He will need to stay here for the duration of his punishment."

Olivia struck a sassy pose, with one hand on her hip and the other on her chin. "Hmmm... Tell the nurse he's got..."

"Retarded!" Shouted Dexter.

"Yes, tell her he's got retarded. Oh, and by the way Adam, I'm drunk right now. Call the cops you leathery killjoy." The two of them stood up and walked out of the office to find Stabler, Munch and Fin waiting for them.

"How did it go?", asked Elliot. Olivia tossed him the pictures and smiled.

"The IAB has been on my ass since 4:30 this morning. You guys wanna tell me what the hell happened out there?"

"Oh and the principal just tried to sell us cocaine. He's all yours, Fin." The office door was off its hinges before she finished the sentence. As they walked out the front entrance, she overheard Fin yelling "This is gonna be the last face you see when they stick that needle in your arm!" Epilogue

9:25am, Northbound

Olivia's cell phone rang. Cragen. Great, she thought. Dexter rolled his eyes. She flipped it open at a stoplight and answered. "This is Benson."

"Olivia, we need you at the station ASAP. The dismembered body of an unidentified 6 year old girl was found in a padlocked refrigerator by a junkyard worker two hours ago. We've taken statements fr-" She cut him off.

"You can cram it with black cats, Cragen, I'm celebrating the 4th of July with my family."

"Two joggers stumbled upon the severed foot of a local prost-"

She clicked the phone shut, smiled at her nephew, and tousled his hair. The light turned green. Today was going to be a good day.

I can't come up with a clever Daily Dirt headline

So how about you just go fuck yourself instead.

-~Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

7.4 God Bless America. Amen.

Monday, Jul 04, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

ZAP, England!

In 1750 or something the United States of America declared war on England who was occupying our country with troops. They tried to make Americans into slaves and Benjamin Franklin and George Washington created a big fuck you letter to them entitled the "declaration of independence." It was pretty wordy and in retrospect sounds a little gay, but you just have to remember that it was written back before they had words like "fuck" and phrases like "go fuck yourself." This letter was mailed to England on the third of July.

The very next day the American army, commanded by George Washington, defeated the king of England on the field of battle. Washington personally defeated the king in a duel and then he was all about to cut his head off but he hesitated thoughtfully and said "no, that is what you British do. I will spare your life. Go back to England and never return." The United States never fought the British again and lived peacefully with its neighbors Canada and Mexico.

It wasn't until many years later when the French and British begged America for help that we involved ourselves in World War I. They were about to lose that but we kicked the German's asses for them. Then like 50 years later Germany had forgotten about the top shelf beatdown we handed them so they started up again and we went back over there without Britain or France even asking and Teddy Roosevelt was like "unfinished business" then he fucking harpooned Hitler right in his face. There were explosions everywhere and somehow the Japs got uppity too and so we bombed them back down into their caves. I'm getting off topic though.

I hope everyone reading this is just taking time out from their incredible Fourth of July celebration. For those of you who aren't lucky enough to live in the United States and enjoy all of our freedoms (we are by far the freest country in the world) then maybe you can light some sheets of paper on fire or something and pretend they're fireworks unless some sort of Frenchy cop comes in with a waxed moustache and says "sacre blue, what does this look like, America? You are all slaves to our communist government! Put that out immediately!" Meanwhile in the USA we are exploding things that have no business being exploded like boomerangs and clouds and shit. Things you didn't even think could be blown up are getting blown up right this minute. Last year in Chicago some dude managed to throw a cherry bomb into fifth dimensional space and blew that up all crazy.

Speaking of space, NASA is proving once again that we don't take shit from space foreigners either by blowing up a comet. I hope there were like ten thousand little green space Mexicans on that thing headed to earth to take all of our prized crop-picking jobs and they were just like "KA-POW!" Happy Fourth of July, astro-hombres!

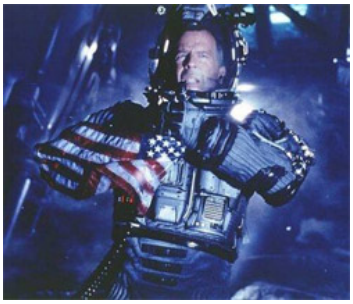
Look out aliens, Frenchie Cruise is going to take you down!

Somebody who forgot how awesome we are at blowing crap up is Steven Spielberg. I saw his "War of the Worlds" movie over the weekend and it was freaking retarded. First off, the robots are made out of lightning bolts, how stupid is that? I can't even make a basket out of lightning bolts. Second off, why didn't the army just blow the crap out of the robots? They keep showing these tanks and soldiers driving around everywhere and jet planes but then they all

go over a hill or something and burning trucks come back over the hill. What is that, the Human Torch behind the wheel? Did their cookout get out of control? They shot like a billion missiles at the robots so why aren't they dead?

So the Americans can't blow up a robot, but then that hippie guy Tim Robbins says "the Japs blew one up in Ching Chong land" so what the hell? How come the Japs figured out how to blow up a robot and we can't? We are totally the experts on how to make shit blow up. They are like the experts on how to give you food poisoning from rice or maybe on how to put an eye out with dental floss. What was the last awesome thing the Japanese blew up? Pearl Harbor. They blew that up and then we had atomic bombs falling from the sky. We blew all of Japan away! Why didn't we just drop some atomic bombs on the lightning robots in "War of the Worlds?" Bullcrap!

The only awesome part of that movie was at the end the robots started getting dizzy and a bunch of soldiers figured out that when they're dizzy you can blow them up with missiles. The soldiers shoot a bunch of bazookas at the robot and totally blow it up and then it falls over and pukes out a crazy baby and it's awesome. The gayest part of that movie is when Tom Cruise is like "no, my daughter" when the hippie guy is about to nail one of the mushroom baby things with a shotgun.



Now that's more like it!

I mean seriously Tom Cruise, I know you love your daughter Katie Holmes a lot, everyone knows it, believe me, but if a hippie dude like Tim Robbins has the sack to blast a mushroom creature with a shotgun and you're crying like a woman after a tough lesson then I just don't know what to think of you. Tom Cruise sort of redeems himself by feeding a robot some grenades but as far as I'm concerned it was too little, too late.

Forget about that movie. The only movie you need to see during this time of year is "Armageddon" because nothing could be better at bringing home exactly how good Americans are at blowing crap up than having Americans blow up a giant space comet. I'm talking way bigger than the comet NASA just blew up. Bruce Willis and some other dudes go up to the comet and then they drive around in a giant space truck and the best part is they put a machinegun on the space truck!

I bet if Russia or Europe or Germany or somebody sent their mission up to blow up the comet and they had a space truck it would be small and there would be no machinegun. I mean really, they would be like "why do we need a machinegun on our space truck that is ridiculous what could we possibly shoot" and of course the answer to that question is "everything." This one ugly guys even goes crazy with the American spirit and he just starts wailing away with the machinegun because hell, that's what they put it there for.

It's awesome. It's second only to "Independence Day" for proving how awesome Americans are at blowing the crap out of crap, but that movie they dilute the message by having people all over the globe blowing crap up. They even have some Egyptians blowing crap up. With what? The Sphinx? They don't have any jet planes with bombs, but I guess that's why it's called "science fiction."

Heh.

That reminds me though, I was watching this Flash animation about how there was no plane that hit the Pentagon on 9/11 and then there was a link at the end to this page about how the government blew up the World Trade Center. At first I didn't believe it because it sounded pretty much like commie talk, but then I got to thinking: could arabs really make explosions as awesome as the ones that blew

up the World Trade Center? No, I don't think so. It would take some American made bombs and whatnot to blow something up that awesome. Maybe it wasn't the government, but whoever blew up the World Trade Center was American. You can be sure of that.

Anyway, I've got to go guys, I've got some Johnsonville brats that I need to cook up. After that there is this car wash these high school girls are running down the street and I want to see if I can get away with jacking off in the front seat while they clean my windows. It worked out last year but I think the old bitch that runs the car wash saw me wipe off on one of the girl's shoulders so I'm going to have to bring a spare sock this time.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.5 Noclip Mode

Tuesday, Jul 05, 2005 by by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Lauren, Janessa, and I can enter a dreamlike haze that puts our perception of the world in bullet time. And we can relax knowing that every cd the dj plays is on Pitchfork Media's list of albums it's okay to like. The words were written on a postcard from an alternate reality. One where King Henry V never defeated the French at agincourt because all he ever wanted to do was sniff glue with Bardolph and Falstaff.

Cue flashback to when Lauren and Janessa worked at Mcdonalds.

"You turned that metal cane from the lost and found into a hash pipe?" Lauren said.

"I thought it would be an uplifting swords to plowshares kind of thing." Nessa said.

"But the old man wants it back."

"Okay right now I'm in first gear and you're in like fifth gear." Nessa said, her hand pantomiming a shifting motion.

Lauren, Janessa, and I surveyed the landscape in front of us. Cracks and fissures in the rocky terrain revealed pools of television static. We knew the planetary alignment would wreak havoc with our cosmic biorhythms. To Lauren and Nessa: sorry about the lifeless, shriveled husk I left on your couch when I merged with the astral plane and was reborn as a being of pure energy.

"You recorded over my tape of recitations from the Necronomicon?" Lauren said. "I need the reverse incantation for the resurrection spell, not this crap."

"Oh, that's what everyone says the first time they hear Tool." Nessa said. "It takes a few repeated listenings for the heaviness of the songs on Lateralus to really sink in."

We made the mistake of playing the Wild Zero drinking game (drink every time some Japanese wannabe punk in a leather jacket shouts "Rock n' roll!"). We toasted each other's health with flaming shots of absinthe only to find that once lit absinthe is pretty much impossible to put out. The cracks in the plaster were a grim prophecy that's implications we dared not contemplate for fear that our last remaining shreds of sanity would be ripped asunder.

"If we want to convince the aliens not to destroy earth we have to show them mankind's greatest accomplishments, right?" Lauren said. "So what's wrong with showing them Nellyville?"

"Look, there's a difference between a good collection of songs and a good album, okay?"

"Oh, Nessa and I got you this Sailor Moon dvd box set. We figured now would be as good a time as any to give it to you since, you know, robots don't really have birthdays."

We tried not to think about the rural desolation in which we had to live in between happys. According to alien abductee Betty Hill there are UFOs flying over New Hampshire every night. Aliens, if you are flying over this state please don't judge my race by the human slimes that live here. The best part of the Nirvana concert video we watched was the lack of Courtney Love.

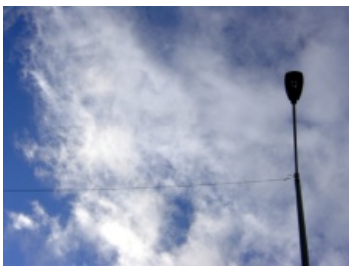
"I got the idea for the Ghostbusters answering machine while browsing a Bill Murray fan page." I said. "The hardest part of inventing it was making the tone sound like Ecto-1's siren."

"Was this like your idea to write a cop drama based on Penny Arcade?" Lauren said.

"Hey, that was a great idea. You see, Tycho preferred a by-the-book approach to solving crimes whereas Gabe had all the street smarts."

There was an ecstasy of warmth and laughter. It was only in this place that we truly lived. The scrolls held the key to untold realms of wonder and discovery, but we weren't stopping there. We were going beyond the planets and constellations. Beyond time itself.

The node placement in Lauren and Janessa's apartment was spotty at best. My thumb bore the red ellipse of a lighter blister. Bio Hazard was a good movie but we were bummed out by the E.T. bashing in the middle. Don't hate the players, Fred Olen Ray. Hate the game.



The band had a horribly pretentious name we were embarrassed to say to our parents. By the opening notes of the song we were already hopelessly sucked in. We were on loudon road. Through some form of manifest destiny the strip was continually expanding. I recalled a tiny piece of minutia from an hour before and then realized that all the memories in between had been erased.

It was like a fresh coat of snow had fallen on everything, reminding us of what it was like to live in a world where everything was bright and new. We were the first life forms to set foot in the tomb in eons. Judging by the size and shape of their doorways, the rylans were a race of giant insects.

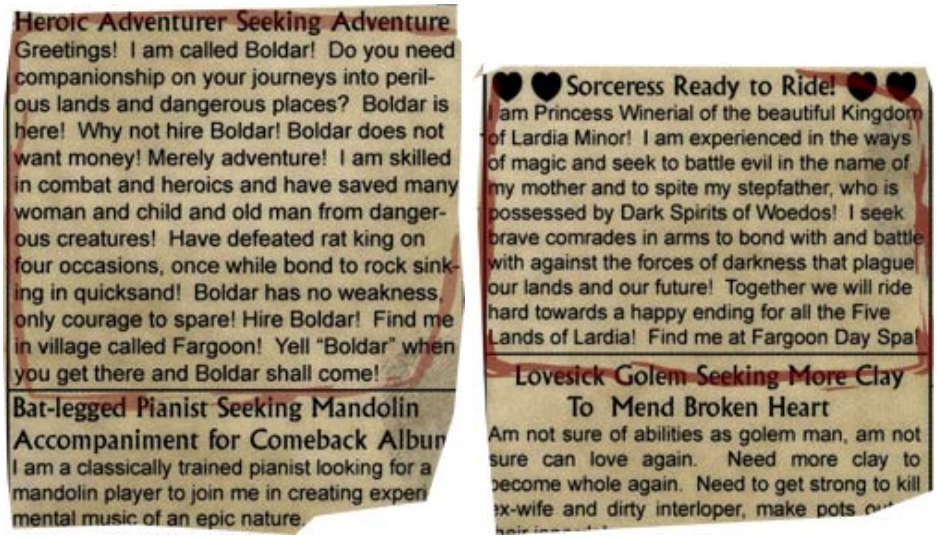
As the red team stormed the flag room we knew we were caught in the path of history, destined to become names on a stone monument. The youth killed on the battlefield are abortions of sorts. Somewhere in an ancient storeroom sit the implements of war. The combat boots that march forward in time. The adamantine blade that leaves cuts and gashes across entire generations.

You have from now until the end of this paragraph to return to your designated temporal interface matrix. Collect your skin, melted and amoeba-like on the floor where you left it. If you'd like to make any vows never to look at reality the same way again now would be the time.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

7.6 Ride, Adventure, Ride!

Wednesday, Jul 06, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



Heroic Adventurer Seeking Adventure

Greetings! I am called Boldar! Do you need companionship on your journeys into perilous lands and dangerous places? Boldar is here! Why not hire Boldar! Boldar does not want money! Merely adventure! I am skilled in combat and heroics and have saved many woman and child and old man from dangerous creatures! Have defeated rat king on four occasions, once while bond to rock sinking in quicksand! Boldar has no weakness, only courage to spare! Hire Boldar! Find me in village called Fargoon! Yell "Boldar" when you get there and Boldar shall come!

Bat-legged Pianist Seeking Mandolin Accompaniment for Comeback Albur

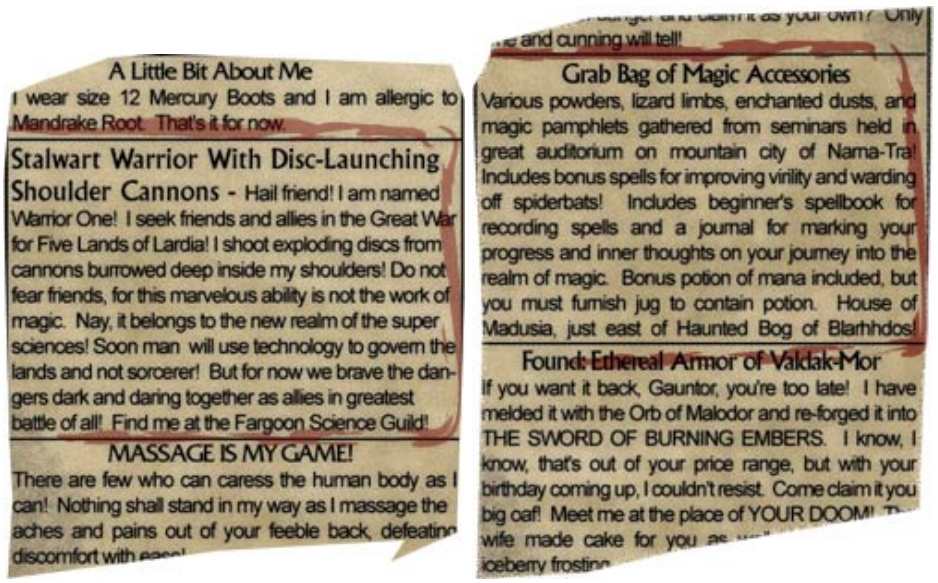
I am a classically trained pianist looking for a mandolin player to join me in creating experimental music of an epic nature.

Sorceress Ready to Ride!

I am Princess Winerial of the beautiful Kingdom of Lardia Minor! I am experienced in the ways of magic and seek to battle evil in the name of my mother and to spite my stepfather, who is possessed by Dark Spirits of Woedos! I seek brave comrades in arms to bond with and battle with against the forces of darkness that plague our lands and our future! Together we will ride hard towards a happy ending for all the Five Lands of Lardia! Find me at Fargoon Day Spa!

Lovesick Golem Seeking More Clay To Mend Broken Heart

Am not sure of abilities as golem man, am not sure can love again. Need more clay to become whole again. Need to get strong to kill ex-wife and dirty interloper, make pots ou



A Little Bit About Me

I wear size 12 Mercury Boots and I am allergic to Mandrake Root. That's it for now.

Stalwart Warrior With Disc-Launching Shoulder Cannons - Hail friend! I am named Warrior One! I seek friends and allies in the Great War for Five Lands of Lardia! I shoot exploding discs from cannons burrowed deep inside my shoulders! Do not fear friends, for this marvelous ability is not the work of magic. Nay, it belongs to the new realm of the super sciences! Soon man will use technology to govern the lands and not sorcerer! But for now we brave the dangers dark and daring together as allies in greatest battle of all! Find me at the Fargoon Science Guild!

MASSAGE IS MY GAME!

There are few who can caress the human body as I can! Nothing shall stand in my way as I massage the aches and pains out of your feeble back, defeating discomfort with ease!

...and cunning will tell!

Grab Bag of Magic Accessories

Various powders, lizard limbs, enchanted dusts, and magic pamphlets gathered from seminars held in great auditorium on mountain city of Nama-Tra! Includes bonus spells for improving virility and warding off spiderbats! Includes beginner's spellbook for recording spells and a journal for marking your progress and inner thoughts on your journey into the realm of magic. Bonus potion of mana included, but you must furnish jug to contain potion. House of Madusia, just east of Haunted Bog of Blarhhdos!

Found: Ethereal Armor of Valdak-Mor

If you want it back, Gauntor, you're too late! I have melded it with the Orb of Malodor and re-forged it into THE SWORD OF BURNING EMBERS. I know, I know, that's out of your price range, but with your birthday coming up, I couldn't resist. Come claim it you big oaf! Meet me at the place of YOUR DOOM! T wife made cake for you as well! Iceberry frosting

Ride Mighty Steeds Into Battle!

Why ride inferior animal like cat or dog into battle? Ride mighty Battle Steeds like true warriors! Fight atop beasts of great courage and size that trample on your enemies like spiderbat meat tramples on my arteries. I sell only to gallant warriors with hearts pure and passion for battle! Contrary to recent article in Fargoon Gazette, I do not sell horses to lascivious men with horrific lusts I dare not write about in this place! Find me in Fargoon Stables two doors down from THE GRAVEYARD OF DEATH.

Small Success Stories go a Long Way!

By purchasing old taverns for reduced prices and then fixing them up me and my twin brother were able to accumulate a vast and tidy personal fortune. Although we are merely dwarves and thusly looked down upon by society, we are slowly making waves and showing that it can be done. We're now prepared to share our fabulous secrets of success! Come to

DON'T LEAVE HOME WITHOUT ONE! REAL CYCLOPS WHISTLE!

This amazing whistle will lull any Cyclops to sleep when you play the right sequence of notes!Don't get caught traveling the Great Northern Desert of Lardia Prime without this whistle, for the loathsome Cyclops will devour you like so many berries on an especially fruitful berry tree! Included in great deal is a Cyclops Whistle Songbook, with notation for popular hits. 47 gold pieces. Find Mort in Village of Fargoon at tavern!

-*-You Can't Handle Dez Legs-*-

Or can you? PROVE YOUR WORTHINESS, YOU CHILDISH MOUND OF VILENESS! I AM MORE THAN ANY MAN COULD EVER HOPE TO HANDLE IN A DOZEN LIFE

Call upon the Four Winds to Summon Me!

Rah!! Gw'atilk!! Maght!

Garrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrhhhh! Kraaattttt!! Vhut'moo lar DOOOO!!! Mawkkkk ka TEEEE!! Twaa took na batttt KOOOM!! Cave 11, forest of DAKAH!! Ask for TA'GAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

Got Big Breasts?
Then this Dwarf is for you!

I have one passion in life and if you haven't figured it out yet then you are probably of

mental capacity to date me!

so that's why you need to protect your a
tissue from batspiders. Some things never hea

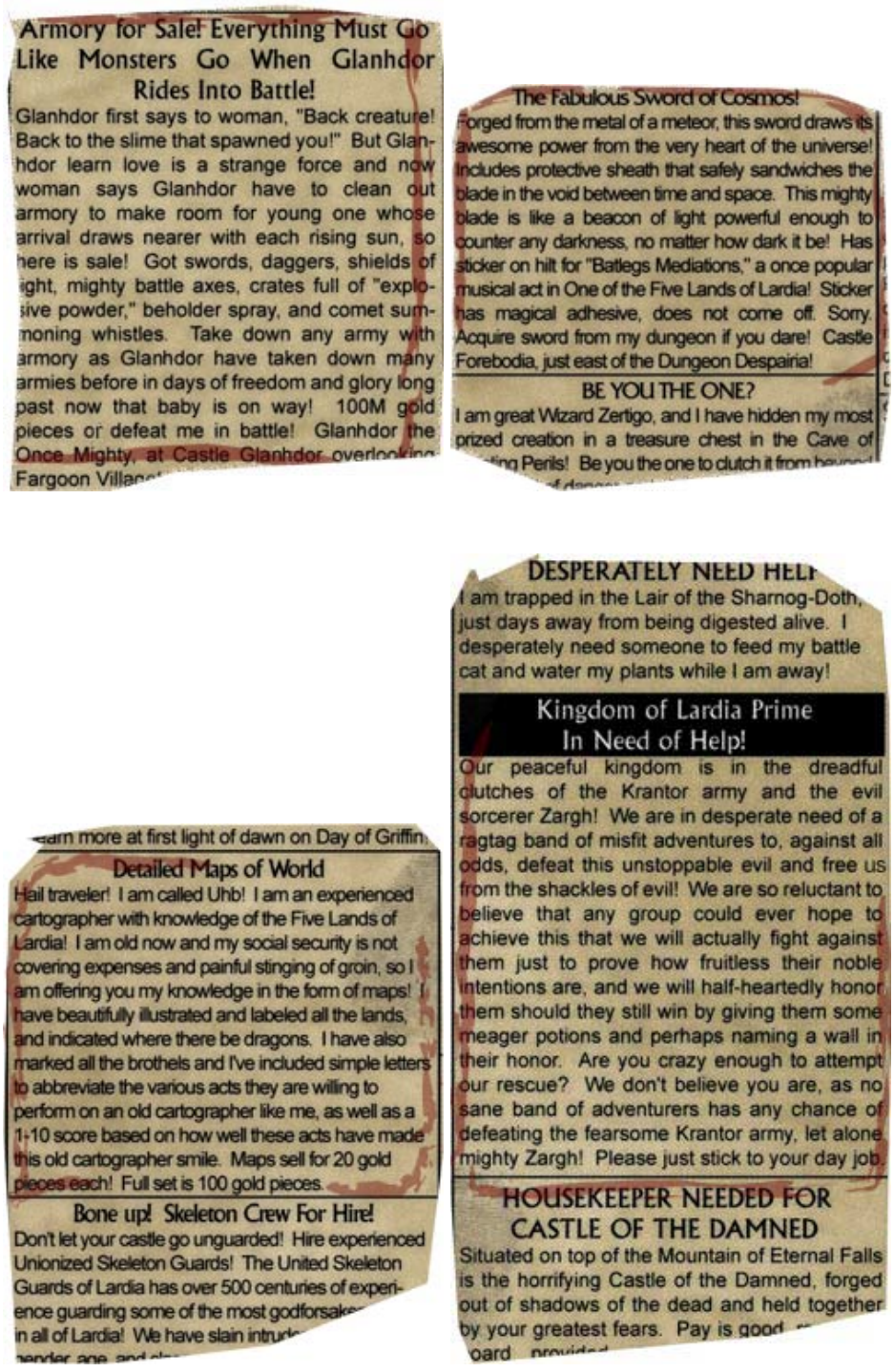
Intelligent Falcon Seeking Employment

I know what you're thinking, yeah, yeah, yeah! Bullshit! But no, I'm a talking falcon and I'm highly intelligent. Basically I'm looking for an open-minded crowd to travel with and discuss politics. I'm essentially a fiscal conservative, but don't think I'm going to hog all the loot. I believe I'm entitled to my fair share and I think that's a lot given my contributions to the group. I can fly, scout ahead, gather food (real food, not that faggy vegetarian shit), and offer an enlightened perspective on most things that you don't get from your common barbarian or liberal sorceress (really, go conjure us some food, woman). Look, if you want my help (and you most certainly do), find me in the mountains of Blarrh. Look up and whistle for me, Swifteye!

Cursed Man Looking for Understanding Woman

If the Gypsies of the Dark Forest thought the Curse of 1000 Batskunks would be enough to hinder my romantic progress, well, they were dead wrong! Dea wrong thanks to you, the understanding woman of m dreams! I know you're out there, and I'm waiting for

beyond your wildest dre


Armory for Sale! Everything Must Go
Like Monsters Go When Glanhdor Rides Into Battle!
Glanhdor first says to woman, "Back creature! Back to the slime that spawned you!" But Glanhdor learn love is a strange force and now woman says Glanhdor have to clean out armory to make room for young one whose arrival draws nearer with each rising sun, so here is sale! Got swords, daggers, shields of light, mighty battle axes, crates full of "explosive powder," beholder spray, and comet summoning whistles. Take down any army with armory as Glanhdor have taken down many armies before in days of freedom and glory long past now that baby is on way! 100M gold pieces or defeat me in battle! Glanhdor the Once Mighty, at Castle Glanhdor overlooking Fargoon Village
The Fabulous Sword of Cosmos!
Forged from the metal of a meteor, this sword draws its awesome power from the very heart of the universe! Includes protective sheath that safely sandwiches the blade in the void between time and space. This mighty blade is like a beacon of light powerful enough to counter any darkness, no matter how dark it be! Has sticker on hilt for "Batlegs Mediations," a once popular musical act in One of the Five Lands of Lardia! Sticker has magical adhesive, does not come off. Sorry. Acquire sword from my dungeon if you dare! Castle Forebodia, just east of the Dungeon Despairia!
BE YOU THE ONE?
I am great Wizard Zertigo, and I have hidden my most prized creation in a treasure chest in the Cave of Perils! Be you the one to clutch it from
DESPERATELY NEED HELP
I am trapped in the Lair of the Sharnog-Doth, just days away from being digested alive. I desperately need someone to feed my battle cat and water my plants while I am away!
Kingdom of Lardia Prime In Need of Help!
Our peaceful kingdom is in the dreadful clutches of the Krantor army and the evil sorcerer Zargh! We are in desperate need of a ragtag band of misfit adventures to, against all odds, defeat this unstoppable evil and free us from the shackles of evil! We are so reluctant to believe that any group could ever hope to achieve this that we will actually fight against them just to prove how fruitless their noble intentions are, and we will half-heartedly honor them should they still win by giving them some meager potions and perhaps naming a wall in their honor. Are you crazy enough to attempt our rescue? We don't believe you are, as no sane band of adventurers has any chance of defeating the fearsome Krantor army, let alone mighty Zargh! Please just stick to your day job.
HOUSEKEEPER NEEDED FOR CASTLE OF THE DAMNED
Situated on top of the Mountain of Eternal Falls is the horrifying Castle of the Damned, forged out of shadows of the dead and held together by your greatest fears. Pay is good
learn more at first light of dawn on Day of Griffin
Detailed Maps of World
Hail traveler! I am called Uhb! I am an experienced cartographer with knowledge of the Five Lands of Lardia! I am old now and my social security is not covering expenses and painful stinging of groin, so I am offering you my knowledge in the form of maps! I have beautifully illustrated and labeled all the lands, and indicated where there be dragons. I have also marked all the brothels and I've included simple letters to abbreviate the various acts they are willing to perform on an old cartographer like me, as well as a 1-10 score based on how well these acts have made this old cartographer smile. Maps sell for 20 gold pieces each! Full set is 100 gold pieces.
Bone up! Skeleton Crew For Hire!
Don't let your castle go unguarded! Hire experienced Unionized Skeleton Guards! The United Skeleton Guards of Lardia has over 500 centuries of experience guarding some of the most godforsaken in all of Lardia! We have slain intruders

Just the Dirt, Ma'am!

I have sold my legs to a leg baron and I cannot walk but I still have my arms and my arms have typed some additional words that you can read here!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.7 Crazy Frolixo's Firework Blowout Sale

Thursday, Jul 07, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Overstocking for this 4th of July season has left us OVERLOADED with boat loads of high-quality fireworks that we are selling for LOW, LOW PRICES. We have everything you can imagine, including snappers, red whistlers, lightning sticks, and even angry toads, all being sold at DISCOUNT prices to you, the Internet customer. This is a sale of EPIC proportions that you simply can't afford to miss! If you squander this opportunity to buy a wheelbarrow of cheap fireworks then you will die a lonely and spiteful person, full of regret and SORROW.

The reason the Crazy Frolixo warehouse is so overstocked this season was because Frolixo OVERSLEPT and missed the 4th of July completely. Profit from his folly! Opportunities like this only come once a season, like last year when he forgot his lighter, or the year before when the cops where called after he molested a scarecrow. DON'T MISS OUT!

Blue Snappers

Fun for all ages, the first Blue Snapper was made in China by some Asian dude who was totally high on opium and mixed gunpowder with peanut butter and chocolate when he had the munchies. We like to call these 'Lil Blues, or "nut snappers" because they sting like heck if they blow up while strapped to your testicles. I got a whole bin of these things and I'm selling them at some insane prices here. Frankly, I'm a little afraid of being committed because these prices are so goddamn zany.
Price: 1 pack $4, 2 packs $7.

Whistle Rods

This is a fantastic firework for all ages and comes in a variety of festive colors. Once set off, they will shoot into the air, pop once, twice, thrice, and shower the old people and children below with an airburst of hot embers. Half the fun is putting out the fires and waiting for the skin grafts. They are named for the whistling sound they make after the fuse is lit, which happens because the firecracker is in pain and screaming in misery.
Price: $14 a bundle

Angry Toads

These are my favorite and it's a shame to have to sell them at such low prices, but I know if I keep them around I'll be setting them off in my bathtub during an absinthe binge, pretending I'm in some old Louisiana swamp with exploding toads and I'm a bayou wizard. The last time that happened the landlord broke down the door and found me in the tub dressed as Gandalf, the steaming, murky water bobbing with the charred remains of the toads. He dragged me into the street by my beard where I screamed, thrashing about in my wet undergarments. Oh god, it was horrible.
Price: $5 per toad.

The Rob Thomas Experience

Popular musical artist, Rob Thomas, has entertained millions of fans for millions of years as the front man for the band "Matchbox 20". He has recently left the band to start his own resoundingly successful solo career. Now you can enjoy all that is wonderful about Rob Thomas in the form of a wacky and fun firework. Highly explosive, just like his songs, the Rob Thomas firework is a treat for the senses. Just don't set off the Rob Thomas Experience near any small children or animals. It may cause slight cancer in newborn babies, but this issue is being dealt with at the Rob Thomas Cancer Treatment Center that was opened after the rash of cancer cases were brought to the manufacturer's attention. When a Senate Congressional committee was called to deal with the Rob Thomas Experience, Rob testified that he didn't even know he was made into a firework. When he asked his publicist about it, he was shot in the neck with blowgun and thrown into a burlap sack. I recommend this firework, unless you are a newborn baby or hate cancer.
Price: $20

Bouncing Betties:
Shipped from the heart of the Vietnam jungle, these rare fireworks are tons of fun to set off on the 4th. Just set the trigger and bury them three inches below the soil in high traffic areas, like your neighbor's yard. As the neighbor-bratlings run about and screech, their tiny feet will trample the Bouncing Betty, setting off the sensitive trigger. From a powerful spring located in the undercarriage of the device, the charge will be launched to about midsection to a man, or head-height to a full-grown child. The charge then explodes, causing massive trauma to flesh and bone. Little bodies, scorched, scattered. Faces contorted into twisted, charred smiles. This is what the 4th of July means to me.
Price: A barrel of rice or necklace of ears.

The Pink Vagina
Don't let the name fool you; this firecracker can pack a punch. It's a very rare firework that had a limited production run in 1992 by the Lifetime Television Network, but was halted after poor sales. I bought 75% of the warehouse surplus and have been setting off Pink Vaginas every 4th of July. After lighting the fuse, step back and enjoy the vagina opening up, and spraying a rainbow of wonderful colors into the sky. USER WARNING: Stand your ground right away, or the next thing you know you'll be buying it expensive jewelry and going to see "Sisterhood of the Traveling Pants" during a basketball playoff game.
Price: Half of what you own.

Heroin Baggies
SOLD OUT

Yes Dear: The Firework
The same creative powerhouse that brought you The Rob Thomas experience now brings you Yes Dear: The Firework. Based loosely on the hit TV sitcom of the same name, this firework is simply a delight for the whole family, bringing the crazy antics and mixed up situations from the small screen right to your back yard for you to blow up. Each package of these fireworks also comes with a Yes Dear napkin caddy and a mild case of cancer. Yes, these have the same carcinogenic laced

smoke as the Rob Thomas Experience, but don't fret, help is on the way in the form of low-key court settlements.
Price: $15

The Big Motherfucker

This motherfucker is big. With more firepower than 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ sticks of dynamite, it is the king of fireworks. Bow down, for you will be humbled before such massive power. The main chamber of the Big Motherfucker contains 12 rockets, 32 smoke bombs, 200 Dragon Snaps, a sack of M80s, a Yes Dear, and a whole mess of strawberry jello. This really is the ultimate encore for a party ender, mostly because of the ruptured eardrums and loss of limbs, but also because nothing can top this. It has been outlawed in 48 states, and has the death sentence on 12 systems. I don't recommend lighting this yourself unless you are an Olympic sprinter or a cheetah. If you are a cheetah, you should also probably get back to the zoo for your own safety.
Price: I only have one for sale for one million dollars or a handjob.

This is a picture of me with my fireworks. The government will only pry them from my cold dead hands.

If you miss this HUGE sale then you are an idiot and a Communist. America became the greatest nation the world has ever known by blowing shit up to reach to top. It is our duty as God-fearing patriotic Americans to light as many explosives as we can afford, regardless of whether it's 2:00AM on a work night. When the police and fire department come to question you about the Big Motherfucker that destroyed your neighbor's shed, raise your flag high and defend your freedom. They will never take you alive if you enough Turkish candles. ACT NOW!

Send all orders to P.O. Box 2837, Rylokiovink, Greenland, small cave, 2nd hole on the left. I've been banished for throwing a cherry bomb into Carl Rove's ice cream sundae, splattering it all over his surprised, cherubic face. I'll be back someday.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

7.8 War of the Wools

Friday, Jul 08, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

They were here before us. They grew complacent in their dominion over this earth and almost without noticing the stewardship passed from their hands to ours. The ridiculous tentative clusters of our hovels seemed to become teeming cities overnight to a species that had existed unchanged for more than a million years. Though they were slow to react to our intrusion their wisdom spanned the eons. With the deliberateness of an alien intellect they drew their plans against us. Their superior minds enslaved a handful of us at a time and gradually they insinuated themselves into our culture. The sight of them, once strange, became commonplace until we barely noticed their presence. They even used television to convince us that they were beneficial and pleasant companions. Then, when their numbers in our midst had swollen to an unstoppable host, their assault began.

In two days they brought the greatest nation of the world to its knees. Man fled from his great cities in churning chaotic masses. It was a rout of human civilization, a massacre of mankind.

A jet of some sort, perhaps a fighter plane from the National Guard airbase, streaked across the horizon. It shed burning fragments as it went, like falling stars in the night sky. We paused only momentarily to watch it go, wondering in our own ways what cruel fate had befallen the men inside. No worse than surviving in a world of endless terrified flight from the unstoppable alien legions.

The artilleryman and I came upon an insolated farmhouse just as dawn began to reach burning fingers of red and gold into the sky. While I forced the crude lock of the cellar with a makeshift pry-bar the artilleryman crouched low behind the brush. From somewhere in the distance we heard their unearthly war cry, a howl of pleasure at their unequal hunting. They enjoyed an advantage over our armies that men with rifles and scopes might have had when pursuing a rabbit. The civilians caught in their path were a banquet or, when they were satiated, a grotesque amusement.

At last the door came open and we hid inside the cellar. The artilleryman found a way into the house and returned with a block of dried cheese from which we cut bitter slivers. We drank water from a rain cistern teeming with mosquito larvae and watched the flicker of fires slowly dim as the sun came into the sky. I slept fitfully, awakened from time to time by my fears alone, at others by the haunting war cries or the percussive sound of an explosion in the distance. Near dusk the artilleryman shook me awake, his eyes wide and red and a crazed smile upon his face.

"I've got it," he told me. "We're going to build a new world, underground where these things can't find us. Cellars and basements won't hide us forever, but the cities have millions of miles of drains."

I told him he was mad, but he wouldn't listen.

"Once they see us we're done in, but if they can't see us, if they can't find us, we can start again. We're going to start it all over underground. We'll build barracks, houses, schools, even shops and

movie theaters, right beneath their feet. We'll study them and take them apart. Maybe we'll catch one and get it to tell us all their secrets. Then, when they least expect it, we'll surge up from the sewers and it'll be our turn to send them running! Their turn to do the dying!"

I shook my head. The artilleryman pressed a shovel into my hands.

"It starts with us, soldier. We dig down deep, where they can't find us. Look, I started while you slept."

The artilleryman showed me a tunnel he had been digging into the floor of the cellar. It was no deeper than my ankles. I could have dug that much in an hour, yet he seemed to think it was quite an accomplishment. I didn't have the heart to tell him otherwise.

He had found a bottle of champagne in his search for digging tools and in celebration of his plan we drank it and played checkers. With mankind on the brink of extinction, with no hope but a terrible death, we actually played a game. But, as they drew nearer and I could hear their ghastly cries with increasing regularity I felt a traitor to my own kind. The artilleryman, still mumbling to himself about his grand schemes, fell into a drunken sleep.

An insane resolve possessed me. I could see them moving in the distance and I resolved to not die like the artilleryman, cowering in a cellar with mad dreams of a better tomorrow. I took up my rifle and set out to give myself up to the first of them that I could find.

It took nearly a day of aimless wandering before I found them. In great numbers they choked interstate 90, forming a dense almost cottony shroud over the once-human landscape that jostled here and there as they moved. They seemed aimless, confused, and it took a great effort to forget their cruel intellects before I saw that they were behaving as they once had. Their masquerade would not fool me again.

I called out to them, casting aside my rifle as I raced down the embankment with my arms held wide. Those nearest to me raised their heads up from the ground in alarm and then began to press against the others fearfully. I did not stop, I ran to them headlong, praying that death would come quickly to me. I was footsore and weary, possessed with only enough mad energy for this last fatal dash.

I came up short as a few shied away from my sudden appearance. I fell to my knees before them, imploring these conquerors in words I scarcely recall to take me as they had taken all I knew and loved. They seemed confused by my presence, but gradually one dared to approach me. It nudged me gently with its white muzzle still stained with human blood and then chewed at my collar with big, flat teeth. A few cried out, their bleating strangely hollow, devoid of intelligence.

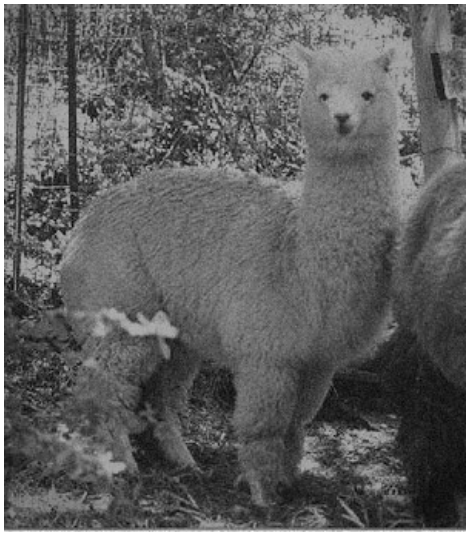
I screamed and wailed for them to take me and this only sent them into a terrified frenzy. They kicked and battered against once another until at last they found a direction and in a great galloping mass they left me utterly alone once again. With no more energy remaining to seek out my end I fell into a deep sleep on the broken pavement of the interstate.

When I awoke again it was to a few curious people prodding me with the barrel of my own rifle. They told me that it was over, that for whatever reason the creatures that had so nearly wiped us from the face of the planet had resumed their previous docile behavior. I joined a queue of survivors and listened to an announcement that proclaimed much the same thing. The voice of authority over the loudspeakers explained that as the creatures ate our flesh and drank our blood the diseases and bacteria that swarm and multiply within us infected them in ways they had not foreseen. They lost their intelligence as though in a fever-dream and reverted to the behavior they had constructed to fool us. The humblest of organism on this earth had saved us from them.

At the end of the queue I was given food and water and sent to stay at one of the homes in the area

that still had electricity. I was the first to arrive and I almost instinctually turned on the television, hoping in some primal way to be comforted by its inanity. Most of the stations were dead or had an unpleasant emergency tone and a civil defense message repeating. A few that had been programmed to carry on without human supervision still continued to broadcast their regular shows. I watched a bit of something called "Silk Stalkings" and was somehow lulled. Then, to my horror, the first advertisement that played was that devised by these invaders to convince us to accept them into our society.

"I love alpacas." An older gentleman declared, laying a hand calmly over the very creature that probably sucked out his blood through a metal tube.



I wanted to laugh but instead I fell to the floor and retched.

"Go to Ilovealpacas dot com and-," I shouted and hurled the television out the window.

For now we are free to rest and gather our strength. I look to the abandoned suburban farms and wonder if some day these creatures might return with better plans and better weapons. The whole world waits fearfully for their return, to finish what they have begun.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.9 Life: An Exclusive Review

Saturday, Jul 09, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Life opens with a visceral blood-drenched scene in which I am squeezed out of my mother's womb and deposited into the harsh light of a delivery room in the tiny town of Altoona, Pennsylvania. A secluded and peaceful environment is left behind as a chaotic new world is introduced; one which is at once frightening and rife with possibilities. At times slow and repetitive, the rest of life is wildly uneven when compared to this compelling opening, but the good parts are so fantastic that they manage to make it worth checking out.

Life is certainly ambitious. For one, it is presented entirely in one perspective and unfolds in a single continuous and uninterrupted shot. Think of Scorcese's legendary introduction to the nightclub in Goodfellas or the teahouse in Kill Bill Volume 1, only imagine conveying an entire story that way. And what a long story it is. With only one third of the project in the can, life is still a work in progress. Production is set to wrap up in fifty five years, barring any unforeseen setbacks.

Welcome to existence, kid. Here's your tuxedo.

The plot thus far follows me through my formative childhood, into my turbulent and frankly embarrassing teenage years, and up to the point where my lifelong dream of becoming a writer sort of comes true. Right from the beginning, some terrific opportunities are passed up that could have made life much more entertaining. If I had been born a few months earlier and a few miles away on Three Mile Island, for example, a terrific plotline in which I had horrific deformities (laying the groundwork for a tearjerker "against all odds" story) or was able to shoot plasma blasts from my fists (for more of a mindless but fun action-packed tale) could have been employed. Instead, we are presented with a rather unassuming backdrop that only changes when my hard-working single mother takes me to New York and once more when I eventually settle in Florida. Yawn.

The teenage scenes are traditional shy white bookworm fare, and little thought seems to have been put into them. Okay, I'm awkward and quiet and I play a lot of video games. So what? A little originality could have gone a long way here but sadly this entire segment is a disappointment. There aren't even any sex scenes to liven things up, and the first of these don't appear until I'm 21. In fact, the amount of time spent masturbating, fantasizing about sex, and longing for girls I hardly know because I'm too shy to approach them outweighs the amount of time actually spent with them by a sizeable margin. This might have been interesting if it had driven me to become a psychopath and ultimately go on some sort of murderous rampage, but yet again an opportunity is wasted and the whole thing just comes off as a little bit sad and a whole lot boring.

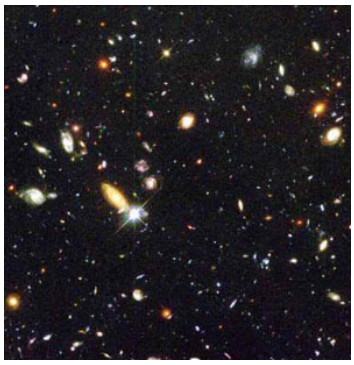
Perhaps the most glaring flaw in life is the total lack of character development. The Dennis we see at the age of 19 is essentially the same as Dennis at age 25. No attempt is made to flesh the character out and have me blossom into an outgoing and normal guy. The same juvenile sense of humor and idealistic view of the world still influences my approach to nearly everything I do, and I even look the same as I did when I graduated high school, only my bad haircut from back then has been replaced with a new bad haircut. When I faced a cancer scare at the age of 24 and spent several months in a limbo waiting to learn whether my lump was malignant or benign I solemnly pledged to change my life and be the best person I could be if I survived, but after it was removed and found to be harmless I took a sigh of relief and went back to the same old routine. So much

could have been done with this, but yet again a great opportunity to advance the plot went unused.

We learn from great novels and films that character development drives a tale, so what's going on here? As far as I can tell life doesn't seem too concerned with creating a cohesive story or revealing the point it ultimately may or may not have. Some other reviewers might consider this mysterious and brilliant but I find it trite and pretentious.

My gripes with the main character and his story's progression aside, life is really not bad at all in spite of itself. I think the universe is a fairly interesting setting, and the premise that we can only experience a very tiny fraction of it from our isolated position here on Earth helps to maintain some of the initial sense of wonder and possibility that was introduced in the opening sequence. While very little thought was put into me, the imaginative backstory of Earth makes up for it in spades. People have written whole books detailing the events leading up to the present time, which makes the planet feel like an environment that's actually alive and constantly changing.

Life features some stunning visuals. I particularly enjoy seeing the sun rising, the sun setting, and the sun sprinkling two gigantic scoops of raisins on unsuspecting villages. I like to think that the poor villagers being bombarded with thousand pound raisins are also allergic to raisins, because *damn* you'd have to have bad luck for that to happen. These are really the only sights worth seeing, but they're pretty great.



The universe as we know it. Consensus: Not too shabby.

What really impresses me is the attention to detail. Dogs have literally thousands of individual hairs covering their bodies, all of which move and react to outside forces realistically. There are all sorts of languages out there that I don't even care about and will never use. When I go to the store and grab a case of soda there isn't just the one waiting for me, but a whole shelf of them for a bunch of people I'll never lay eyes upon. Heck, if I kicked down a random house's door I would find a uniquely furnished home with tons of hand-placed objects decorating the place. The effort that must have been put into all of these details which aren't central to my life in any way is mindblowing.

Life manages to be quite funny at times. My favorite such scene occurs at the age of 19, when a friend and I are sitting on a beach and absently digging a hole in the sand just past the reach of the approaching tide as we talk. I look down at the hole, cheerily declare that I could probably fit my head in it, and plunge in without hesitation. Just then, a surging wave rushes forth and fills the hole, mixing with the sand to form some sort of hellish suction chamber of doom and wet sand. I freak out and attempt to pull my head out, only to find that the suction is stronger than a thousand really strong ants or ten hundred weak, yet much taller, ants. I flail and panic for a solid twenty seconds as my friend laughs, and finally the sand dries just enough to release its deathgrip on my cranium. After shaking my head rigorously, I glance at my friend's stupid laughing face and realize with no small amount of horror that I cannot hear his laughter. For the next two weeks I am only able to hear the loudest of sounds through the cemented mixture of earwax and sand compacted in my ear canals. The slurry that trickles out of my ear in the shower on the glorious day I regain my hearing resembles the diarrheic bowel movement of a cat that has eaten nothing but kitty litter for a week.

Undoubtedly the best part of life is aluminum siding, which is pretty much like normal siding but it lasts a lot longer and is much easier to clean up after someone throws their colostomy bag against your house in a fit of colon-induced rage or after your house falls right in a mud puddle on class picture day. As you might imagine aluminum siding is a hot-button issue for some people, and has created a deep seated hatred between its detractors and protractors. The fight will likely go on

pretty much forever, long after aluminum siding ceases to exist and humans evolve into some sort of sentient soup that's really quite delicious but still OFF LIMITS, even if you are really hungry.

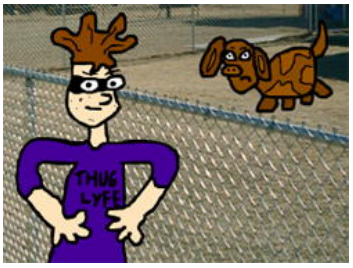
While I can only comment on the portions which are complete, I'd have to say that I recommend life. It's not quite as good as Batman Begins, but if you've already seen that I'd suggest giving it a chance.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.10 The Perfect Crime FAQ

Sunday, Jul 10, 2005 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

The following document is a FAQ (Frequently Asked Questions) guide to committing the perfect crime.



STEP #1: Find your target.

Q: What do you consider to be "The Perfect Crime," exactly?

> **A:** Many people think that the perfect crime involves getting away with murder, but this simply is not the case. The **true** definition of the perfect crime is a crime so flawless that even on the off chance that you *do* get caught, there is nothing the police or the victim can do about it!

Q: Then what *specifically* is "The Perfect Crime?"

> **A:** The perfect crime is shooting your neighbor's dog through a chain-link fence with a tranquilizer dart launched via an ordinary household straw.

Q: How is that "The Perfect Crime?"

> **A:** It's the perfect crime because -- no matter what -- you'll get away with it.

Q: But what's my motive for doing this?

> **A:** Your motives are the following:
>
> - To get your neighbor's dog to stop barking.
> - To get revenge for the childhood injury inflicted upon you by a beagle named "Candy" who bit you above the eye when you simply tried to jump on her back and ride her like a horse. You're just lucky no one can see the scar from that attack, thanks to your bushy eyebrows.
> - To commit the perfect crime.

STEP #2: Shoot tranquilizer dart through fence.

Q: What if there are witnesses? Can't the police arrest me for this?

> **A:** Nope. What can they arrest you for? They can't arrest you for animal cruelty because by the time they get there, the tranquilizer will have worn off and the dog will be back to normal. It's going to take awhile for the police to show up anyway since most cops have better things to do than investigate unconscious canine crimes.
>
> Plus, they can't charge you with trespassing since you shot the tranquilizer through the chain-link fence. You never actually stepped onto the other person's property. And they can't get you for weapons possession since you used a harmless straw to deliver the tranquilizer dart's non-lethal payload. Finally, the dog will be unable to testify against you in court because he/she is a dog.

Q: May I perform "The Perfect Crime" on Lassie?

A: Yes you may!

Q: Where do I get the tranquilizer darts?

A: eBay.

Q: Won't the dog's owner notice the tranquilizer dart sticking out of their dog and immediately be suspicious?

A: Not if you use tranquilizer darts that instantly biodegrade on contact... idiot.

STEP #3: You did it! "WE'VE GOT A DOG DOWN!"

Q: What if my neighbor doesn't have a dog?

A: Move.

Q: What do I gain from "The Perfect Crime?"

A: You will gain peace, quiet, and the warm fuzzy feeling that comes with knowing that you just committed the perfect crime! You're a master criminal!

Q: But if the cops *do* come and they *do* figure out you tranquilized the dog, then what will they do?

A: They will shake your hand and congratulate you for perfectly executing the perfect crime. They know there's absolutely nothing they can charge you with, so they'll just compliment you on your brilliance and go back to planting drugs on minorities.

STEP #4: The police will say, "congratulations sir you have committed the perfect crime you have won there is nothing we can do!!"

Q: After I commit "The Perfect Crime," what should I do with the straw?

A: Blend the following ingredients in your blender: 1 cup pineapple juice, 1 egg (optional), 1 tsp vanilla, 1/4 cup Milk, 1 small Banana (sliced). Sugar to taste, pour into a glass, drink up with the assistance of your loyal straw, and toast your sweet victory. It's the perfect way to celebrate the perfect crime!

Daily Dirt

Blah blah blah.

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

7.11 The DH-05 Dental Dating System

Monday, Jul 11, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Ahhhh your teeth are beautiful!

One of the principal claims from creationists is that Carbon-14 or radiocarbon dating is inaccurate when used to date things more than a few thousand years old. When Carbon-14 dating is used to date dinosaur bones they seem to be anywhere from 5,000 to 20,000 years old. Scientists then turn to other dating methods like potassium argon dating which are used for things expected to be millions of years old. Many creationists then assert that Carbon-14 dating is actually dating the dinosaur bones correctly or that all scientific dating methods are inaccurate. I disagree vehemently, but that's not what this article is about. I have developed a new and vastly more accurate dating method that will blow the claims of the hated creationists out of the water and leave no room for error when performing future dating tests on specimens.

I call it DH-05 Dental Dating and it is derived from rigorous scientific study of the effect consistent abuse and the passage of time has had on Deborah Harry's teeth. For those of you not familiar with Deborah Harry, she was a punk-pop new age sensation from the late 1970s and early 1980s who fronted the band Blondie. She had major hits with songs like "Call Me," "The Tide is High" and "Heart of Glass." At the time she was sexy, sassy, and a little bit dangerous for the sort of people who consider dangerous to be video footage of a tiger mauling a gazelle.

As her career eroded so did her teeth. Debbie began a swift downward spiral from slightly snaggle-toothed but gleaming white to the depths of dental decay. By the mid-nineties her teeth looked as though they had been encased in rancid butter and then dry-brushed with wood enamel. In the early eighties she appeared in multiple H.R. Giger paintings, by 2002 her teeth looked like an H.R. Giger painting. One of the ones where like a giant green dick is fucking a rotten baby inside of a buboes covered vagina, only it's all made out of teeth.

Because of the accelerated effects of time on Debbie Harry's teeth I have been able to use them as a sort of micro-timeline. By using a complex computer algorithm that compares Debbie Harry's teeth throughout her career to a given simple you can determine the exact chronological age of a specimen. You can see the extrapolation program that we originally used to produce the algorithms in an informative animation I have prepared. It might not make sense to you, but I assure you that the science is rock solid. In around 2004 Harry paid to have her entire set of teeth replaced with those of a 15 year old girl from Indonesia. Thankfully, enough data existed from 1977 through 2003 to provide nearly 100% accuracy.

The science behind the DH-05 Dental Dating system is important, but what I'm sure you all really want to see is the system in action. To put it through its paces I challenged the DH-05 Dental Dating system with a variety of near-past and ancient artifacts.

Subject 1: "Today's News"

Description: A copy of the morning edition of the July 8th New York Times was placed into the specimen scanner. If everything went right this should produce virtually the earliest possible result.

Raw Data:

Deborah Harry's teeth on the afternoon of August 15th, 1977 after drinking a glass of tap water.

Processed Data: Confirmed date of specimen is July 8th, 2005, 2:56 PM.

Analysis: The DH-05 system functioned delightfully, only missing the mark by two minutes.

Subject 2: "Boots"

Description: A pair of boots recovered from an underwater excavation near the Omaha beaches was placed in the specimen scanner. These leather boots have been accurately traced to their curing and manufacture in April 28th of 1944.

Raw Data:

Deborah Harry's teeth in the early morning of October 9th, 1988 after smoking 27 cigarettes and then forgetting to brush her teeth.

Processed Data: Confirmed date of specimen is April 11th, 1944, 3:11 PM.

Analysis: This result was reasonably accurate compared to conventional dating methods but was a major failure for the DH-05. I looked into this failure further and it turns out that the kill date for the cattle used for the boot leather was actually the 11th of April and is believed that the batch from which these boots came was given one in the neck in the mid-afternoon. Huzzah!

Subject 3: "The Magna Carta"

Description: The original Magna Carta was placed in the specimen scanner. It is known to have been drafted and signed in 1215.

Raw Data:

Deborah Harry's teeth on the evening of February 11th, 1992 after ingesting liquid codeine and then smoking pure tar on a train ride to Prague.

Processed Data: Confirmed date of specimen is July 9th, 1215, 10:07 AM.

Anaylsis: Flawless data that should serve as an interesting point of study for scholars of the Magna Carta.

Subject 4:"Bones of Cro"

Description: The bones of a Cro-Magnon specimen dated through previous methods to approximately 29,000 BC.

Raw Data:

Deborah Harry's teeth on the morning of September 4th, 1997 after receiving a 500 rad dose of radiation through a drunken mishap in a hospital's oncology lab.

Processed Data: Confirmed date of specimen is April 2nd, 29,075 BC, 4:33 PM.

Analysis: This dating is corroborated by less accurate dating methods previously used on the specimen and is an example of just how amazingly refined the dating can be using

the DH-05 system. Margin of error is +/- 3 minutes.

Subject 5: "Three Horn Fever"

Description: The skull of a triceratops (Triceratops horridus) specimen recovered from a dig site in Marseilles, France and believe to have existed 65,000,000,000 years ago.

Raw Data:

Deborah Harry's teeth on the afternoon of July 5th, 2003 after drinking five colors of wool dye and then allowing a family of bats to take up residence inside Harry's mouth.

Processed Data: Confirmed date of specimen is January 30th, 64,987,235 BC, 5:28 AM.

Analysis: With unbelievable accuracy, Deborah Harry's teeth and the DH-05 dating system have been used to determine almost the exact moment of death of this skeletal triceratops. The margin of error on this test is an incredible +/- 26 minutes.

New ideas and new techniques are not rapidly accepted by the scientific community. It is my opinion, however, that as word of the accuracy of the DH-05 method spreads scientists will no longer be able to ignore it. Creationists are already beginning to malign the good name of this dating method, but that only makes me feel further vindicated. I would like to dedicate this achievement to Deborah Harry. Without her unwitting help this hard-science breakthrough would have been nearly impossible.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.12 Tear Down Terror

Tuesday, Jul 12, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Sheesh, will you guys ever learn? TRY TURNING ON THE TV ONCE IN A WHILE!

For those of you freshly awakening from a coma and insisting to read this website as the very first thing you do, London suffered over 50 deaths in a terrorist attack last week, shaking the foundation of America's strongest ally. Citizens across the fair and noble land of Britishland found themselves shocked and confused by the surprise attack. How could the country of London, a group of people so closely tied to the internationally respected and revered United States of America, become the target of radical terrorists? Did some filthy jerks somewhere not see the 23-hour looping tapes of George W. "W." Bush "Bush" looking straight forward at the camera and repeating something along the lines of "we'll get all you rascally terrorists if it's the last thing we do" while his one remaining lip trembles in righteousness? There's no way any intelligent being could possibly believe their wanton acts of terror could defeat either America or Britishville; **George "Bush" W. said so on TV!!!**

Unfortunately, some terrorists apparently lack access to basic cable or were at Applebee's while the news conference aired, and consequently failed to see one of the President's 6000 speeches denouncing terrorism and resolving to stack up radical Islamic corpses like firewood in his majestic Texas ranch. A great problem lies here; how can world leaders possibly extinguish the flames of terrorism when the terrorists repeatedly fail to watch television and learn that Donald Rumsfeld is planning on personally driving up to their house and hog tying them with the horrible chains of freedom? How can we win a war on terror when we don't even know how to fight it?

I sat down and spent this weekend brainstorming solutions to the current quagmire in the Middle East, creating thousands of answers for the problem of rampant terrorism. My wife would repeatedly ask me to change the baby's diapers and I would say, "not right now dear, I'm brainstorming solutions to the world's current quagmire in the Middle East." Then I'd continue to sit on the couch and play Halo 2 with a real serious look on my face. My undying dedication to improving the global community truly makes this marriage a resounding success.

TWO FOOLPROOF WAYS TO DEFEAT TERRORISM
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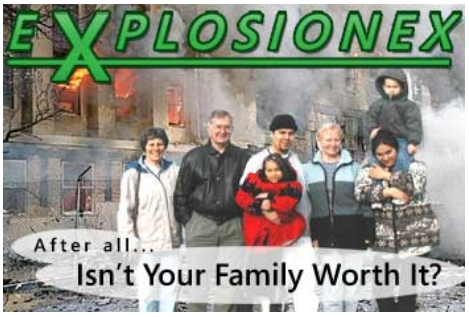
SOLUTION #1: Manufacture some drug which counteracts the effects of being blown up.

America, once known as the land of the free and the home of the brave, has mutated into the land of the medicated and the home of the lawsuit. The pharmaceutical industry has taken over most of this fine country, pumping out a steady stream of designer medications to relieve pain, cause pain, grow hair, cure depression, ease nerves, and solve countless other physical and psychological problems nobody was aware they suffered from until a commercial informed them in graphic detail. If the multi-billion dollar drug industry can spew forth such a wide array of speciality medication, what's stopping them from producing a narcotic which simply prevents people from exploding?



I've been doing a lot of research lately regarding the effects of blowing shit up, mostly in the form of lighting paper towels on fire and screaming "HAPPY NEW YEAR" at my dogs. Now I'm no scientist, but since I am just another faceless coward on the Internet, I'm going to claim I am. Now I'm a scientist, and my studies have conclusively proven that when something blows up, parts of it go flying around everywhere like a cantaloupe thrown off the roof of a paint store. Sometimes these pieces fly into your eye and make you curse while stumbling around blindly, at which point your pants fall down and the neighbors call the authorities once more. Therefore, it would seem to me, that the problem here lies in the fact that our atoms and molecules and crap don't stick together well enough to prevent being blown up. Another problem lies in the fact that I need smaller pants.

Unfortunately, we can't just wrap up all our atoms and molecules with tape to prevent them from flying apart, even if we use that really fancy shiny grey crap at Home Depot. I spent over an hour just trying to find a few of my molecules to glue together last night, and I gave up after the ninth beer. Sure I could hear all my molecules shouting and screaming in Latin inside my head, but I just couldn't view any of them, even when I put on a pair of prescription sunglasses which weren't made for me and caused everything to distort into nausea-inducing blobs of unrefined chaos. This is all dubbed "research" by scientists like myself, and if anybody tells you otherwise, they're lying.

So clearly the time-honored tradition of "fixing crap with a lot of tape" will not work in this case, unless we are somehow able to tape up the terrorists to the back of an elk and then push that elk off a cliff. We need something smaller, a solution which works on a much tinier scale, and the average pill is much more diminutive than the average roll of tape. This is why it's easier to ingest pills and why doctors prescribe them instead of tape rolls, which are nearly impossible to swallow even if you chew them up first. If those corporate fatcat bigwig somethingsomething pharmaceutical jerks realized the anti-explosion industry was crammed full of countless thousand-dollar bills like a pregnant wedding cake on a land mine, perhaps they'd start putting their brainy manpower into a project to keep innocent people like you and I from exploding. Here, I'll even kickstart their ad campaign for them:

> **EXPLOSIONEX - For the temporary relief of being blown up by terrorist attacks.**
>
> Commercial fades in to a family eating dinner. Mom is serving her kids eggs and bacon while the husband reads the paper. They are all frowning for absolutely no reason. Subdued music plays in the background. Zoom in on father.
>
> **DAD:** (Shaking head) Did you read this, dear? Another terrorist attack killed 18 people in a bus station. Apparently an Islamic fundamentalist strapped explosives to his chest and then dived under a pile of live babies.
>
> **MOTHER:** If only there was something we could do to protect our children! (Waves her hand towards her kids, just so the really stupid people watching the commercial don't get the kids confused with the eggs)
>
> **ANNOUNCER:** Well now there is something you can do. Johnson-Heimlich-Fescue-Ringworm Pharmaceuticals know the problems parents have to face every day; work, bills, and stress. So why worry about being exploded in a terrorist attack when you don't have to? Explosionex is the first FDA-approved medication for use specifically to treat the symptoms of being blown up in terrorist attacks.

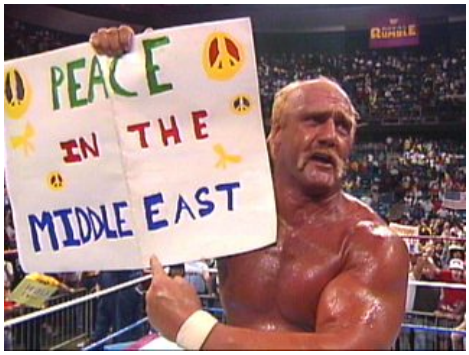
Cut to a healthy young man and woman running through a really green field of indeterminate plants. They are smiling and having an incredibly wonderful time simply running in a random direction while happy music plays.

ANNOUNCER: Do not take Explosionex if you are pregnant, were pregnant, will ever be pregnant, know somebody who's pregnant, or aren't pregnant. Explosionex may cause dizziness, cramps, muscle spasms, rectal bleeding, Crazy Eye Disease, fatigue, dry mouth, constipation, magnetic attraction to large automobiles, sweaty palms, loss of appetite, gain of appetite, the sensation of a fat man poking your back with a metal flagpole, internal organ liquefaction, an uncontrollable tendency to vote Republican, itchy throat, or a complete nervous system breakdown. Please consult a doctor after watching this commercial.

Cut back to the family eating breakfast. Now they are all happy. The eggs are clearly plastic

MOTHER: Thank you so much, dear, for buying us that prescription of Explosionex! Your purchase of unnecessary consumer goods and / or services truly demonstrates to your peers that you are a capable caretaker with sufficient disposable income and obligatory status symbols!

FATHER: (Confused) Huh?



And to think some people feel celebrities have nothing to say!

SOLUTION #2: Blow up our own citizens and buildings before the terrorists can.

America was founded by daring individuals who believed that if somebody treats you like a jerk, you should not only treat them like a jerk in return, but additionally write really cheesy songs about it while you're wearing a patriotic headband and shaking your head as if to say, "oh hell yeah, I'm shaking my head FOR AMERICA." For example, when Queen Elizabeth the 13th told the Founding Fathers, "let them eat cake," the Founding Fathers responded by throwing a bunch of tea off a boat. Why did they do this? Nobody knows, but many historians suspect this as an early example of Coca Cola's successful lobbying power. The Boston Tea Party, which wasn't really as much of a "party" as it was "illegal," led to the invention of the cotton gin, and established the time-honored tradition of giving jerks a healthy amount of guff.

In addition to being a scientist, I am also a trained psychologist, and the behavior these Islamic extremists presents a classic case of attention starvation. Simply put, they are strapping bombs to themselves and detonating in public locations because they want attention and feel the act of blowing up sets them apart from Joe Nonexplosion Pants. They're kind of like goths except that instead of wearing black clothing and eyeliner, they wear dynamite and grenades, and whine a lot less. If we strip away the whole "hey, look how original I am" aspect of suicide bombing, the inherent thrill and feeling of originality will vanish as well. This is why the US government should start blowing up its own citizens as soon as possible, for the greater good of global security.

Now I am not suggesting the murder of completely random, innocent American citizens. There are plenty of people who should publicly explode, folks who simply deserve to die. First up, anybody screwing around with their cellphone during a movie. Those shitheads have got to go. Every time I go to see any film, there are at least two people in my row playing with their phone during the

majority of the movie, distracting me with their bright, glowing screen as they download Crazy Frog ringtones. These people deserve to die, no questions asked. Next up, anybody paying for anything with checks. In an age of instant cash, credit cards, and debit accounts, there is absolutely no goddamn reason for anybody to ever write a check in a grocery store, much less right in front of me in line. If somebody is seen pulling out a checkbook, an unmanned probe should instantly launch a barrage of missiles at that person until they are thoroughly dead and everybody behind them in line can hurry up and buy their stuff without having to wait on some white trash bucket of hair fumbling with a pen and trying to figure out how to spell "98 cents." Additional targets include:

- People who listen to rap music at 400000 decibels while driving their crappy two-door Japanese car by my house.
- Anybody quoting catchphrases from the Dave Chappelle Show.
- Psychopaths who dress their pets in clothing and then hold animated conversations with them in public.
- Tom Cruise and anybody who mentions Tom Cruise. Except me, I guess.

As for buildings that deserve to be leveled, let me be the first to nominate the Wendy's on Chipman road near 50 Highway in Lee's Summit, because my wife and I went in there a week ago and the walls were literally covered with flies and roaches. When I mentioned it to the slavering braindead behemoth behind the counter, she merely muttered "oh shit" and SLAPPED A ROACH THE SIZE OF A MOPED WITH A ROLLED UP NEWSPAPER. Then she acted like nothing happened and asked to take our order. It was truly revolting, and I wholeheartedly advise anybody who has eaten there to see a doctor and ask him to euthanize you, because it's only a matter of time before the Queen bursts out of your chest and converts your lifeless carcass to one of her undead legion.

To win the war on terror, we must think outside the box and come up with solutions besides sitting around in filthy towns and shooting people for years. As an important historian once said, "blah blah blah, something something blah blah," so you can see how vital this epic struggle is. Although I infinitely appreciate George "George W. Bush" W. Bush's nonstop appearances on national news networks, I fear his message might not be reaching the target audience. And if there's anything I've learned in my years of being both a scientist and psychologist, it's that when television fails you, one can always fall back on random advice from the Internet.

Dirt That is Most Daily

Click here you mutton head! It's time for the Daily Dirt and oh boy is it daily! And dirt.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

7.13 Return to Outer Space: The Revenge

Wednesday, Jul 13, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

A space shuttle during the physical act of love.

Today marks an important step in mankind's murderous relationship with outer space. On this exciting day we are blasting man back up into the cosmos in one of NASA's space shuttles and hoping man does not blow up in the process. It has been over two years since the last shuttle trip into orbit, and that trip ended on a very fiery sad note. Lessons were learned and precautions taken, so things should be different now.

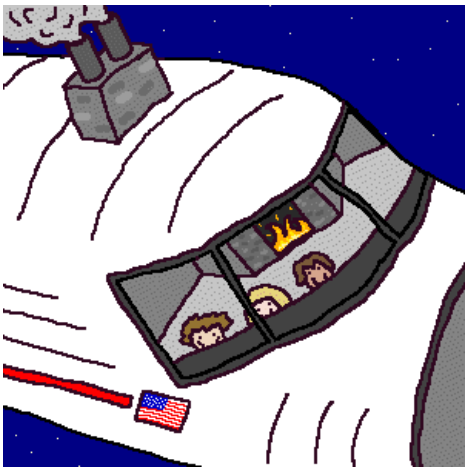
When the debris rained down from the Space Shuttle Columbia like a cosmic piñata, it seemed to signal a dark age for space exploration. At the time, I took it with a great deal of indifference. I listened to the Bush's speech, watched the news all day, and didn't think much. Now I don't want to say that I didn't care that 7 people died in the process, but people die on a daily basis doing less risky things like "existing." It was kind of hard to get too worked up about it when CNN was busy erroneously reporting that the space shuttle was traveling "nearly 18 times the speed of light" when it went boom and asking questions like, "will man ever go into outer space again?" Little did CNN know that man was still in space, onboard a top-secret international space station called the "International Space Station."

I for one am very excited about the return of the space shuttle. After growing up in the age of routine space missions, I started to take them for granted. It seemed like every week there was a new story about something NASA did with ants or something NASA was thinking about doing to ants while in space. After a while you just stop caring. Unless they are using stem cells to grow giant ants that I can ride around on and use to fight off my enemies, what's it got to do with me? A lot of my space apathy was a result of the lack of an ambitious objective on the part of NASA. It was neat what they were doing, but it failed to really evoke any sense of importance in the greater scheme of things. Even still, we learn a lot from going to space, and I consider the insights into our world and everything around it to be as invaluable as a serum that turns cancer into money.

Space fascinates me, mostly because it's a veritable treasure chest of mysteries and important gasses and glowing rocks not available in retail stores like Spencer Gifts or Wal-Mart. Sure we've got robots in space. We've got all sorts of probes and a pair of adventuring robots running around poking rocks with drills and generally just demystifying Mars in a rather boring way. While robots can easily kill mysteries with boring answers, they can't do all the things we can. While the Earth is big, there is only so much it can offer us on our exciting journey towards death. This all but necessitates forays into space, where we can die someplace new and cold and different, far from the home we love so much. Some day we're going to have to leave Earth, our celestial grandma's basement though it may be.

We've got a long way to go, though. After decades of research, development, and execution, we are still horribly bad at leaving the planet. It's not like science fiction where everything works great and with lasers. The amount of systems and subsystems that power and maintain the primitive space shuttles are mind-blowing, so it's fairly easy to understand the reasons for the recent shuttle downtime. NASA has been working very hard to upgrade the space shuttle and make safety improvements I was able to download an extensive .pdf file from the internet highlighting these exciting upgrades, the most exciting of which I have summarized here.

- **Headlights**
  What a lot of people don't realize is that space is very dark, even with plenty of light



NASA concept artist's rendition of the newly improved Space Shuttle Discovery.

sources such as stars and ghosts. Thankfully, with the addition of headlights, shuttle crews can now orbit safely even at night. The lights have both a regular and high beam setting, the latter of which are not to be operated when other spacecraft are visible.

- **Air Conditioning / Fireplace**

In order to get to space the shuttle has to ride a massive explosion up for several minutes. Then on the way back it has to withstand a fiery reentry. This excessive heat results in a lot of sweaty situations for the astronauts on board. Thankfully all remaining shuttles are now outfitted with air conditioning to keep things pleasant. Evidence has shown that hot conditions can be in extenuating factor in causing stress and anger, which in turn increase the likelihood of domestic disputes and possible violence. That certainly won't happen now. Also drinks stay cooler longer, reducing the need for outer space ice cube production.

We must recognize the temperature duality of space travel, though. Not only does it get hot, it also gets very cold. For those more chilly moments, the new shuttles are equipped with a fireplace and chimney. The cargo bay provides ample space for plenty of potent artificial fireplace logs designed by the Japanese Aerospace Exploration Agency.

- **Dashboard Compass**

Space is a vast and infinite frontier, making it incredibly easy for a space shuttle crew to get confused and lost, thereby drifting away from Earth. But with a handy new dashboard compass astronauts can always keep track of which direction they are going and which direction the Earth is. This will also help them avoid staring into the sun, which always rises in the east and is much more visible in space.

- **Sonar**

Space is not only full of natural debris, but it is also full of unnatural debris, such as giant frozen chunks of urine left over from past space missions and parties. To protect to the shuttle from impacts, NASA has installed a state-of-the-art sonar system in the shuttle to monitor for incoming objects that may pose a threat.

- **Lady's Room**

Believe it or not, until recently the space shuttle only had a men's room, making it extremely difficult for female astronauts. In the past they would have had to execute a daring and dangerous 3-hour space walk to an external outhouse connected to a robotic arm dangling precariously from the open cargo bay. It was a shameful situation in

general. Now the shuttle fleet is equipped with a spacious lady's room, complete with makeup mirror and zero gravity diaper changing station. Now female astronauts can maintain their prettiness and still have time to fulfill their womanly duties.

- **Robotic Poker Arm**
  One of the most exciting developments to the space shuttle is the addition of a Canadian designed SRCMS (Shuttle Remote Card Manipulator System) robotic arm created specifically to play poker with the astronauts. Capitalizing on America's love affair with poker, highlighted by such shows as "Celebrity Poker Showdown" and those mind numbing poker games aired on ESPN, NASA will broadcast outer space poker games to classrooms throughout North America via NASA TV. These games will not only demonstrate how astronauts operate cards and chips in a zero gravity environment, but also the complex artificial intelligence behind the poker arm.

  A secondary function of the SRCMS is to simply poke things.

The advancements to the space shuttle fleet are just the beginning. There are still more improvements to be made, such as making the shuttle fleet compatible with the Americans with Disabilities Act of 1990. However, we must remember that the shuttle fleet will ultimately be retired in favor of more efficient spacecraft, just as soon as somebody invents the technology to power next generation space vehicles.

Beyond that, George W. Bush, the mischievous boy president, has given NASA a new mandate that not only entails a return to the moon, but also calls for a manned mission to Mars. Bush feels we have unfinished business on the moon, what with Neil Armstrong leaving his car keys there and all. From there, Mars seems like a practical goal since there's still some decent mysteries there not spoiled by those damn robots. Besides, the sooner we get to Mars, the sooner we can enjoy the kind of horrific accidents envisioned by the brightest minds in science fiction. Accidents that threaten to kill us all!

- [ ] I'm Not Very Dirty

Click here to proceed to the next stage.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.14 The Lost What If? Comic Archives

Thursday, Jul 14, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

I wasn't very popular in high school. While my peers were playing team sports, attending social activities, and engaging in sexual congress with the opposite sex, I was in my basement organizing my comic collection and adding up their presumed value with my Wizard price guide. Not that all of my collecting was based on future investments, like my Image Comics #1 duplicates or 400 copies of the death of Superman. I mostly read for the enjoyment of the stories and fantastic tales of adventure. This is proven by my monthly subscription to the least popular Marvel comics ever created, the "What If?" series.

The plots are the kind of insipid nerd shit that guys that work at comic shops argue about for hours, like who would win if the Incredible Hulk fought Dr. Doom in a tank full of electric eels but he was blind and had a tail? It's this kind of masturbatory thinking that generated "What If?" -- a comic that would raise the serious questions that plague a collector, like "What if The Punisher was afraid of loud noises?" But some of these issues were even too nerdy for some of most hardcore fans. They were stored in the secret Marvel vault 5 miles underneath the earth's crust, hidden like a guilty secret, never to be revealed to the public. Until now.

How did I get my hands on these you ask? I dressed up as a sultry vixen, seduced Stan Lee at a Fantastic Four movie premiere, and stole the key to the secret vault while he was sleeping. I had to kiss an old man's balls for this so you'd better be thankful.

What If Thor Converted to Scientology?

Thor, a follower of the Norse gods, turns his back on Valhalla after attending a weekend Scientology seminar in Clearwater, Florida. His friends and family become concerned after he quickly converts, sells all his possessions, and gives everything he has to the church. Soon he starts really annoying his teammates on the Avengers when he keeps on trying to get them to take an e-meter test and do spiritual audits. He also grossed them out by eating a large plate of newborn babies, the Scientologist snack of choice, at the Freedom Cafeteria. Things got worse when Thor got into a fight with Moon Knight after he called Scientology a "brainwashing cult that preys on the weak and stupid." Captain America had no choice but to let Thor go. Then it turned out that Hubbard was right and everybody but the few pure souls are forever trapped into an alien ghost world.

Reason placed in the vault: It was clear that this comic was written by a Scientologist and was thus never published.

What If The Avengers fought the Care Bears?

In this reality, the burning question of who would win a fight between the Avengers and the Care Bears is finally answered. The Care Bears run afoul of the Avengers at a little league baseball game, after Iron Man's son is called out by the umpire. A typical overbearing pushy sports dad, Iron Man gets in a heated argument and blasts the ump with an energy ray, disintegrating him on the spot. The opposing team from a Care Bear league called the "Bad News Bears", was angered at the disruption of the game and attacked Iron Man, digging their claws into the seams in his armor and urinating on his joints, rendering him immobile. The rest of the Avengers heard his distress signal and came to the rescue. Thor came swooping down, smashing Love-a-Lot Bear with his hammer of

power, Mjolnir. Captain America threw his trusty shield, decapitating Tenderheart Bear. The rest tried to flee across the field but were cut down by Silver Surfer.

Reason placed in the vault: Overall this comic was pretty bad and was only 3 pages long. It was placed in the rejection vault and the intern that wrote it was beaten to death with a rusty pipe.

What If Daredevil died?

These comics are full of realties where some superhero dies or is killed by another superhero. In this one, Daredevil is gets hit with a meteor while walking his dog. The funeral is a somber and respectful one, full of friends and family. Flashbacks are shown of his amazing feats and crimefighting adventures. Meanwhile, The Punisher, pleased as punch that Daredevil is no longer alive to meddle in his violent methods of dealing with criminals, throws a huge bash and everybody that hated Daredevil is invited, like Kingpin, Calypso, Bushwacker, and Aunt May. Then the comic took a turn for the gay when Daredevil's ghost shows up to the party and makes some strange noises in Punisher's basement. The Punisher hires an exorcist and Daredevil's spirit is sent to the 6th plane of hell where he becomes a cute mascot.

Reason placed in the vault: It was a terrible issue!

What If Wolverine was Mexican?

In this crazy reality, Wolverine was born in Mexico instead of Canada. That means that he wasn't used for the secret project that implanted the adamantium into his body and instead he grew up in a small village, becoming a coffee farmer. He owned a couple mules and ended up happily married with 10 children. Because he didn't become a superhero, the forces of evil run rampant in Canada, falling under the sway of the Ice Witch, Celion Dion. Also, Sabertooth becomes the president of the United States. Logan dies of old age under a crumbling adobe wall, with his arm around his mule "Francisco".

Reason placed in the vault: This was the most boring/stupid comic ever created.

What If Galactus Fell in Love With Ant Man?

Galactus is known for his passion for devouring planets, but not for his passion for homosexual relations with terrestrial beings. That's one of the reasons this issue doesn't work. The other is that he falls in love with the Avenger, Ant Man. In exchange for not destroying the Earth, Ant Man agrees to be another herald of Galactus and spend his days frolicking in space with this lovestruck giant. Silver Surfer gets really jealous and tries to kill Ant Man, but is foiled by Spider Man who shows up for no explained reason. Then Galactus tries to make love to Ant Man but tears him asunder with his enormous phallus. He shouts "NOOOOOOOOOOOOO", and destroys the earth in anger.

Reason placed in the vault: The multiple panels of Galactus' penis was probably the nail in the coffin for this comic.

What If Dr. Strange was a Drug Dealer?

Dr. Strange is known for being the master of the queer and unusual dark arts of magic. In this special issue he is also known for being the master of any wicked bud or killer acid that buyers are

looking for. The whole wizard thing is just a front for his illegal drug selling activities. Superheros with dark secrets from all over world pay the good doctor a visit when they needed a little pick-me-up, and he was personally responsible for getting the Thing hooked on meth. At the end of the comic his empire comes crumbling down when his house is invaded by the DEA and he starts shooting them up like at the end of Scarface. The Punisher is the one who walks up behind him and blows him away. Then the Punisher takes over his drug cartel and grows a mustache.

Reason placed in the vault: The drug references were unappropriate for the young children buying the comic. Especially when Dr. Strange sold some smack to a bunch of school kids and transported one of them to the 5th dimension after he snitched.

What if Spiderman fought Batman?

This actually seemed like it would be a really fun comic to read. Marvel and DC crossovers are always interesting, especially when two really cool characters have to fight each other. The whole comic builds up the battle between the two heroes, who due to a misunderstanding find themselves at odds. But just when they are about to exchange the first blows, Superman swoops in and straightens out the whole thing. Then they all go to the mall and go shopping for watches.

Reason placed in the vault: It was the biggest letdown in comic history. I wish they really killed Superman.

What If The Incredible Hulk Replaced Neil Armstrong on the Moon Landing?

In this one, Bruce Banner is the backup astronaut for the Apollo Mission and Neil Armstrong comes down with a severe case of shingles. Banner is sent in his stead, and is the first man to step on the moon. Then, during the flight back, Buzz Aldrin angers Banner and he turns into the Hulk. The extra weight throws the Apollo off course and they head towards the sun, where they all are vaporized 10 days later. This disaster makes it possible for the Russians to win the space race, and Communism covers the world in a dark blanket of oppression. The Incredible Hulk is posthumously given the highest military medal by the Communist new world order and his statue is erected in Red Square, replacing Lenin's. Then something happens and the world explodes.

Reason placed in the vault: Bruce Banner was afraid of heights.

Well we can see why Stan Lee never wanted these embarassing comics ever to see the light of day. The fact that he had a grand jury injunction forcing me not to say anything about the comics to anybody is clear evidence of how much they wanted to keep this under wraps. I'm like the Michael Moore of the comic world, except not as suave and well dressed. Hell, now I have to go in the closet and get out my old comics. This is a big step backward for me. Dumbledore Dies in the New Harry Potter Book

It's true! My sources at bookstores around the globe have leaked the big surprise about the newest Harry Potter book. As always, Somethingawful is the first to report on this groundbreaking development. If you are a fan of the book and despise people who spoil all the fun in life because they are miserable bastards and enjoy the suffering of the innocent, then please ignore this paragraph and write me an angry letter.

Also check out the brand new Adventures of Hitlerdog #5! What zany mixups will Hitlerdog get

himself into this time?

-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

7.15 SA FAQ: Legends of Wrestling II (Xbox) - Part 1 of 2

Friday, Jul 15, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

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################
# INTRODUCTION #
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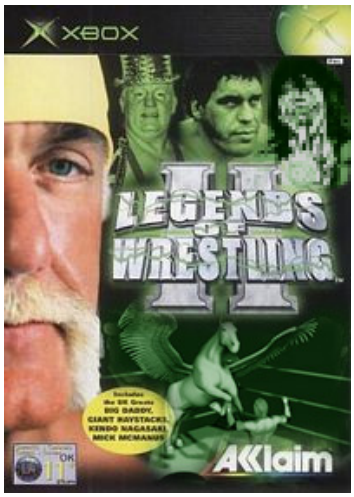
Legends of Wrestling II brings the wrestling legends of the WWF to life in an intense fantasy future roleplaying game of gothic horror and epic emotional plot. This walkthrough was written with the Xbox in mind but much of it will also apply to the PS2 and PC versions. Please note that the nude Han Solo character unlock was just a rumor and is therefore not included in this walkthrough. There



never was a Han Solo, nude or otherwise, in Legends of Wrestling II. The nude Thomas Jefferson unlock can be found in the cheats section.

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# CHARACTERS #
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HULK HOGAN

Hulk Hogan is the starting character and can be leveled to usefulness throughout the game. His primary attack is the Seer Sword and his special attacks include Hyper Beak, Turmoil Tornado, Lucky Ladies, and Hotrod. He is good with Ether Magic and Meteor Magic, but you will probably want to use all of his Powerspheres for Swordeo and Charge Attack. His ultimate weapon is the Dark Vengeance Blade.

ANDRE THE GIANT

You can find Andre the Giant in Summoner's Peak near the tavern and he will join the party automatically when you talk to him. Andre is an excellent physical attacker and is armed with Brawler Moves. His special attacks are all Brawling-based so I would recommend expanding his magic skills to include Heat Magic, Seaside Magic, and when it becomes available Titanic Magic. His ultimate weapon is Adamantium Knuckle Knives.

NIMBUS FADE

Nimbus Fade is a master assassin and he appears in Craggy Bottom when you complete the Hyperion quests for Enchanter Steve. Nimbus will only join your party if the Gringo Grappler is not already in your party. This is fine because if you have the Gringo Grappler you don't need Nimbus Fade. Otherwise just use Nimbus Fade until you can get the Gringo Grappler and then kick Nimbus Fade out of your party. Nimbus Fade uses Hurt Magic, Venom Magic, and attacks with his Serpent Discus. His ultimate weapon is the Cobra Coil.

HACKSAW JIM DUGGAN

Hacksaw appears so late in the game (Apokalypse Acres) that you will probably relegate him to the back of your party. He wields the Board of Justice and has special attacks you will never use like Chairman of the Board, Duck Tapes, and U-S-A. He is the only character in the game that can learn Beardaga Magic, but this isn't really worth getting unless you're having trouble with the Maned Minion or Santaclips. His ultimate weapon is the Silver Board of Wrath.

RISTA HIGHMOORE

Rista Highmoore will join your party automatically when you complete the Egg Quest and the Horticulture Quest. She fights with the Threewhip and you MUST HAVE HER IN YOUR PARTY to complete the game. Rista's special attacks include Lady Lash, Cruel Mistress, Dungeon Queen, Bull Crack, and Spinning Justice. She is good with Hurt Magic and can eventually acquire Agony Magic. Her ultimate weapon is the Fivewhip.

THE GRINGO GRAPPLER

The Gringo Grappler is being imprisoned in the Genoforce Corporation's Fortress. When you rescue him make sure you choose the "Be a man, Hogan" dialogue option or he will NOT JOIN YOUR PARTY. If Nimbus is in your party Gringo Grappler will refuse to join until you kick Nimbus out. Be sure you do not have an invisibility scroll active when you talk to Gringo Grappler or the game will lock up. The Gringo Grappler is a Brawler like Andre the Giant but he has extremely powerful Technicos Magic, he does double damage to Rudos Undead, and near the end of the game he can learn Torpedo Magic. His ultimate weapon is the Girdle of Technique.

VISA SUPERCHARGE

Visa Supercharge will join your party automatically after Hulk Hogan gains his Ori'Shan scar in the Lava Castle. She attacks using a Winsome Wand, but you will mostly want to use her for her Heal, Healaga, and Dark Healaga magic. She is really annoying during the cut scenes but the fact that you won't have to buy curation tinctures anymore sort of makes up for it. Her ultimate weapon is the Comely Caduceus.

DRACURA

You can get Dracura in Crazy Cindy's Crypt by assembling all seven parts of the Myth Mummy and then answering his riddle correctly (the answer is "love"). Dracura comes pre-levelled, has damage regeneration of 7, and is invulnerable to non-magical attacks. His special attacks are Kiss of the Lover, Crimson Embrace, Rose Passion, and Teardrops of Felony. Once you have Dracura in your party you are pretty much unstoppable so keep that in mind before allowing him into your party. If you're trying for 100% complete you will want him to beat the four Seasonal Golems, otherwise I would recommend not adding him to your party. His ultimate weapon is the Thorny Lancet.

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# WALKTHROUGH #
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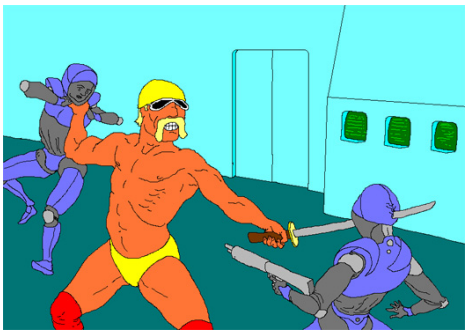
1A. NEXUS CITY - GENOFORCE LAB

Once the cinematic finishes move Hulk Hogan down the corridor. You will encounter several random guard patrols as well as Genetowasps. Just use your clotheslines and arm bar takedowns, Lucky Ladies when your special attack crystal is full, and run if you are hurt too badly. Just before you get to the unlocked door at the end of the hall you will see a crate. The code for this crate is 778 and inside you will find a Powersphere. Put the Powersphere into either Lucky Ladies or Hogan's Swordeo battletalent. Head through the door.



You will fight three Chief Scientists and Doctor Von Mueller. Ignore the Chief Scientists and attack Von Mueller. If any of the random encounters dropped stun grenades use them on the scientists because Von Mueller is immune. When you kill Von Mueller it will show a cinematic revealing the dark curse that the Genoforce Corporation has placed on you. When the cinematic finishes you have to navigate a series of tunnels while a timer counts down to the self-destruct of the Genoforce Lab. When you get to the junctions take the right-hand door, right-hand door, left-hand door, and the center door in that order. Another cinematic will play showing the Genoforce Prison exploding.

`1B. NEXUS CITY - SLUMS`

Talk to the old man near where you start in the NC Slums. During your conversation select the following dialogue options:

1====> "Thanks, Jabroni"
2====> "Magic, who needs magic?"
3====> "Yes, I've hung and I've bung."
4====> "I'll take the Powersphere."

Take the Powersphere from the old man and apply it to Swordeo or use it to buy one of Hogan's two new available special attacks. I would suggest Python Patrol. There's a merchant nearby who can sell you a Minor Bicarbonate of Soda, but save your money for when you have enough to buy the Wound Graver Sword. Head south and open the sewer grate. Inside the sewer you will see a woman who belongs to the resistance. Pretty much anything you say to her is fine as long as you don't call her a jobber. She will take you to the Vermillion Resistance Hideout.

`1C. NEXUS CITY - VERMILLION RESISTANCE HIDEOUT`

There are several people you can talk to in the VRH, but the first thing you want to do when you arrive is search all of the crates and chests. There is also a locked crate behind the sewer pumps next to the statute of the Vermillion Valkyrie. Mieracco gives you the code of 835 but you can just skip talking about the code and entering it in. Inside you will find the 24" Torques of Trauma. Equip those because they're much better than your 24" Rusted Bracers. Buy any Geo Boosts, Candy, and Stun Grenades you think you'll need from the merchants there. You will also have the option of participating in the VRH training arena. You'll probably lose until you're level 5, so just hold off on that for now and accept the quest that Meiracco offers to take a package to the Red Wizard Nookly in Summoner's Peak.

Once you've got the quest head back outside the VRH hideout and back to Nexus City. When you exit the sewer you will find a little girl who lost her poppeh. You can tell her you're too busy (neutral), threaten her with your pythons for heel score, or offer to help her find the poppeh for face score. It is hiding underneath a blanket next to the Sheena Zap poster. After you've helped her out (or not) you can head to the east gate of Nexus City. You can fast travel there if you want but

I would advise following the road and leveling up a little through random encounters. Do not take the south fork in the road or you will head to Ric Flair's Millennial Bog. You are not ready to fight the Four Horsemen yet.

2A. SUMMONER'S PEAK

When you reach Summoner's Peak you will find the Red Wizard Nookly's magic workshop immediately to your left. If you want a chance to gain face or heel points you can stop to deal with the apple vendor with the overturned applecart in the thoroughfare. Head into Nookly's shop and tell the Monkekette that you have brought a package from Nexus City. Nookly will appear in a really irritating cinematic. Nookly has by far the worst voice acting in the game and you will be so sick of "Hoooooheee, the winds of fate are not with you today" before you're done dealing with him. Give Nookly the package. He will challenge you to a Shakuhachi Flute contest. It's a really simplistic rhythm game where you just have to match whatever Nookly plays on his flute.

If you win the contest you will have a choice between a "priceless artifact" and "a lot of gold." If you choose the priceless artifact option Nookly will give you a zero-value Worthless Coin. If you choose "a lot of gold" then he will give you a claim ticket for the bank in Nexus City. If you get Lot #17 from the bank you will find a single gold coin. A "lot" of gold, get it? Har, har, that Nookly. You NEED the Worthless Coin to get the Dark Vengeance Blade for Hogan later in the game.

Finish talking to Nookly, he'll give you a note for the VRH, and then go back and talk to the Monkekette. If you have the gold buy five Beefy Jerks from him. When you leave Nookly's workshop a cinematic will play in which you accidentally bump into Andre the Giant. He gets mad, but instead of attacking you he challenges you to an arm wrestling match. The arm wrestling match is a nearly-impossible button mashing minigame. However, if you bought the Beefy Jerks you can placate Andre the Giant by giving him those. Add Andre the Giant to your party.

Instead of heading immediately back to Nexus City it will be easier for you if you go to the Doggone Forest and get Rista Highmoore. Head south out of Summoner's Peak and when you get to the Singing Obelisk of Kevin Nash's Hair you're going to want to head east. Walk across the field until you hit the tree wall and follow that until you get to the entrance to the Hidden Glade.

3A. DOGGONE FOREST - HIDDEN GLADE

Walk into the Hidden Glade and approach the circle of mushrooms. When you step inside a combat will be initiated with a Mycafiend. This is one of the toughest fights you will have had up to this point so be ready with the Resurrection Creams. When you defeat the Mycafiend a cinematic will play and you will be able to talk to the Zephaerie that inhabits the Hidden Glade. She will agree to let you into the Horticulturist's Garden if you bring her the egg of Brett Hart. This conversation opens the path to the Lair of Brett Hart.

Fight your way through the random encounters and enter the Lair of Brett Hart.

3B. DOGGONE FOREST - LAIR OF BRETT HART

The Lair of Brett Hart is a twisting maze of traps and difficult random encounters. You can disable most of the traps by activating semi-concealed trap crystals. Be cautious and on the lookout for these crystals at all times. Try to move east whenever this is an option.

In a large creepy chamber with red light streaming down from crystals you will encounter Brett Hart's necromancer henchman Neidhart. Neidhart himself is not that tough, just keep using takedown attacks and Meteor Magic and you'll whittle down his health. When he is nearly dead a cinematic will play showing Neidhart conjure the undead spirit of Brett Hart's brother Owen. Owen is a Negazombie and, although slow, he does huge damage when he hits and is immune to every type of magic other than Heat Magic. Finish Neidhart off so that he will stop healing Owen and then use

Heat Magic and Hogan's Burning Bulldogs to bring down Owen Hart.

When Owen Hart dies you can open a great treasure chest with weapons for both Hogan and Andre and then proceed east to Brett Hart's throne room. Brett Hart jealously guards his clutch of eggs and you will get some pretty funny conversation options with him before the fight starts. After the battle with Nedihart and Owen, Brett is going to seem like a pushover. He will continually summon Hart Foundation guards to protect his eggs. Just ignore them and focus your attacks on Brett. When he dies the guards disappear. Take the egg and return to the Zephaerie. She will thank you and open the way for you to meet the Horticulturist. She will also give you the Summoning Powersphere for Summon Booker T.

3C. DOGGONE FOREST - HORTICULTURIST'S REDOUBT

Scott Hall the Horticulturist is working on a particularly potent strain of the Machismo Herb in his hidden growing center. When you disturb him he will be angry and drunk. His assistant is Rista Highmoore but she won't be able to talk to you until you get permission from Scott Hall. Talk to Hall and make the following dialogue choices:

1====> "No thanks, bra"
2====> "Only losers are users."
3====> "Good sir, I swear on my bandana that on this day Hulkamania will not be made to run roughshod over you."
4====> "Yes, I will get you the prescription painkillers."

Scott Hall gives you a mission to travel deep into the bad part of the Doggone Forest and recover a crate of prescription painkillers that he dropped when fleeing from the monsters that lurk there. This mission is extremely easy. Whenever you get attacked by a Mud Mog use a stun grenade or a Sleep Magic attack and then run away. They give you crap experience. If you want to gain heel or face points you can head north and you can help carry the gravely injured Rey Mysterio back to the Horticulturist's Redoubt. Otherwise just head west until you dead end and then head south. You'll have to fight off the Jobber Ghouls that guard the crate but there's no real boss fight.

When you get to the shaft of light a cinematic will play showing you pick up the crate. Return to Scott Hall for your reward. Another cinematic will play at which point Scott Hall is no longer coherent and you can pick up his Toothpick of the Throwing (a good weapon for Nimbus Fade). Talk to Rista Highmoore and get her to join your party. Head back to Nexus City. You can fast travel once you're out of the Doggone Forest, but you may want to just hoof it on foot so that you can level her up to match Hogan and Andre.

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# END OF PART 1 #
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I will continue this when I get a chance because I have got soccer practice today and my mom wants me to let my sister use the computer. Hopefully Monday I will be able to finish it. If you have any questions about specific parts of the game you want me to answer in Part 2 just let me know.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.16 Mark Of The Bistro

Saturday, Jul 16, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Clive tapped his pen on the clipboard furiously, hoping the schedule in front of him would provide an answer to tonight's problems if he reached a thousand beats per second. It was the big night at the bistro, for the owner himself was celebrating a birthday and planned to arrive at some point for dinner. This was a night that could make or break an assistant manager's career and very life.

This was also a night that the bistro was short staffed. Rodney, a sentient flu strain and the restaurant's dishwasher, had called in sick. That left four employees, including Clive himself. Julie was stationed up front as the hostess as usual, Andrew was the sole waiter despite it being his first night on the job, and Paolo... wait, where was Paolo? Clive had sent their chef to the storage room for a box of steaks over an hour ago and no one had heard from him since.

Clive bolted toward the back of the restaurant, cursing under his breath for somehow missing the obvious folly of sending a german shepard into a freezer filled with boxes of steak. It wasn't that Clive resented Paolo at all, in fact he was extremely proud of the restaurant's diverse hiring practices and felt that Paolo was an excellent chef in his own right. There were simply some things you did not send a dog to do.

As Clive turned the corner into the storage room, his worst fears were realized. There stood Paolo, on his hind legs, his nose nudged underneath a box of steaks futilely trying to lift it. Paolo turned his head toward Clive, and his tongue lolled in exhaustion.

"I so sorry boss. I try and try but the box, it is too heavy for my nose. I can no lift it."

Clive simply patted him on the head and sent him back to the kitchen. Paolo was a good boy, but without opposable thumbs or any real arm strength to speak of he would never have been able to lift the box. The dog had too much pride to give up or ask for help, and in a way Clive respected him for that. With a sigh, he set his clipboard on the box and hefted it, depositing it in the kitchen before returning to his normal position up front alongside Julie.

"How're thing shaping up, boss?" Julie asked, two of her tentacles raised upwards in a gesture of curiosity.

Clive consulted his clipboard, tallying up all the checkmarks next to the tasks that had to be done.

"Surprisingly well. I managed to get most of the little things done myself, so now we just have to survive the dinner rush and wait for the big man to show up. How does Andrew seem to be holding up?"

"He seems okay, if not a little nervous. The customers just started to file in not too long ago and he didn't seem to have any problems taking their orders. We'll see how well he does at bringing everyone their meals, but I think he's going to be fine."

Clive smiled. Good. Things had settled into something approaching normalcy. Perhaps tonight wouldn't be so bad after all. Sure, he'd have to wash a few dishes himself and run around a little more than usual to keep things under control, but Clive was confident that the owner would be proud of what he saw when he arrived. And then the big promotion wouldn't be too far off...

"BOSS! Boss, come quick!"

The hum of the patrons' conversations came to a halt as Paolo stood in the center of the room, wild-eyed and panicky. Clive briskly led him into the back, pausing at every occupied table just long enough to assure his customers that there was no problem and their meal would be out shortly. Once they pressed through the swinging double doors leading into the kitchen, Clive whirled on his chef.

"Paolo, you do not shout like that in front of the customers! If we give patrons even the slightest cause for concern, they will not return. Now what is it? What's so urgent that you couldn't calmly walk up to the front and get me like a civilized dog?"

Paolo didn't say a word, but simply stared at a large dish of veal parmesan and pasta which lay on the floor.

"What, that's what's wrong? A plate of veal? Look, Andrew's new. If he forgets a dish or drops one it's okay. We're gonna have to cut the guy a little slack while he learns, alright buddy?"

Paolo simply shook his head. *No. That's not it. That's not what made me scream for you like there was a four-alarm fire.* The dog kept staring at the plate, and a shiver ran down Clive's back when he realized that Paolo was genuinely frightened by what he saw. But what was it? Nothing appeared wrong with the food itself. The only thing that seemed off was the fact that the plate was slightly tilted, as though something was under it.

No.

Jesus, no.

Clive steeled his nerves and lifted the plate, and discovered the crushed and broken body of Andrew the field mouse. His back was bent at an impossible angle, his insides had been forced out of his anus and mouth, and a pained expression remained on his lifeless face. The combined weight of the food and plate had simply been too much. Damn the restaurant's large portions at reasonable prices! The little guy had lived in Iowa his entire life before venturing out to the big city and getting his first job here, and look what he got for his troubles.

"We need call the nine one one." said Paolo, breaking the silence.

A tear rolled down Clive's cheek for the mouse, and for what had to be done.

"No. The owner is coming tonight. If he sees this, it's both our asses. We need to get rid of the body."

Paolo turned to Clive and tilted his head as though he had just blown a doggy whistle. A really weird doggy whistle.

"You are kidding? This no time for the jokes."

"No, Paolo. I'm not kidding. Think about it. If the police get involved, there could be charges. You cooked that irresponsibly big meal. I allowed this to happen on my watch. I'm not going to do anything without your approval, but consider the options. Andrew is already dead. We can't do anything about that. We can make sure our lives aren't ruined. I think I could handle myself pretty well prison, but do you haave any idea what it would be like for a dog? Pretty bad, I'd imagine."

Paolo furrowed his brow, considering the situation while Clive silently prayed his manipulation would work. He didn't want to be forced to bury two bodies tonight, and he definitely didn't think he could impress his boss without a head chef.

"I do it," said Paolo, unknowingly saving his own life. "I'm in."

The two wrapped Andrew in an extra large heavy duty garbage bag and dragged it into the bathroom, grunting and sweating profusely from the effort. They stopped in front of one of the stalls, the toilet inside facing them with an open and waiting maw.

"Why in here again? It does no seem right."

"Because," began Clive, "it's the easiest way and no one will think twice about a bad smell in a bathroom. Now come on, the quicker we do this the quicker we can go back to our lives."

Paolo looked at the toilet and frowned. "I suppose."

Clive barely waited for his response, moving into action immediately. He brought the head of his shovel down in front of the toilet and cracked the tile, doing so several times before the earth underneath was revealed. For twenty minutes the two dug a man-sized hole in front of the toilet. When it was complete, Paolo wanted to say a prayer for the mouse but Clive unceremoniously dropped the tiny body into the hole and began filling it with dirt. Fuck Paolo's feelings, it was too late for the chef to turn back and Clive no longer needed to string him along.

They filled the hole back up, but a pronounced three foot high mound clearly identified the grave so Paolo ran to the kitchen and returned with a cabbage. Together they peeled off the leaves and spread them across the dirt, successfully concealing the mound.

"This never happened, Paolo. We will never speak of this again. Andrew simply left in the middle of his shift, probably because his first night was too stressful. Do you understand?"

Paolo nodded sadly, then brushed himself off and went to the sink to clean himself off. Clive followed in suit, looking down at his blood-soaked hands as he scrubbed them. When they were sufficiently clean he splashed a handful of water in his face, then regarded his reflection. Something above his hairline caught his eye.

The owner was sitting on his head.

"Mr. Giancarlo! Y-you.... how long have you been there?"

"All night, Clive my boy."

Clive shot an angry glance sideways at Paolo.

"Why the hell didn't you tell me?"

"I thought it was elaborate new hairdo, like the Beatles or Kojak."

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.17 TV Party Tonight

Sunday, Jul 17, 2005 by Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

Co-written with Thomas "kl0pper" Hatton

TV Party Tonight!

It was a long day. I pull into my driveway and turn off the engine. I yank the keys out of the ignition, stumble to my front door and jam my housekey in the lock. I turn the key, the doorknob and lean on the door and it swings open. I trip over the threshold and throw my keys on the floor.

I stumble to the fridge. No beers.

I stumble into the living room. I collapse on the couch. The remote control stabs me in the back. I curse halfheartedly and reach behind me to grab it. This is going to be a long night.

You think this is

Channel 4

"--but according to Blaine Trujillo, an expert homosexual who lives in one of Austin's gayest districts, you're getting off light if all they do is tie you to a fence and leave you for dead."

A flamboyant 20-something wearing jelly bracelets up to his elbow and a fishnet shirt steps into frame, saucily grabbing the mic.

"Being a homosexual today isn't as easy as it seems. Ever since The Real World came out it's been harder and harder to get attention. Do you think I dress like this because it's comfortable? I couldn't get threatened if I walked into a honky-tonk bar in cutoffs. Something's gotta give."

With a sharp yet dainty flick of the wrist, he hands the microphone back and examines his nails.

"Well golly if that ain't queer as a five legged horse. Hey why do y'all grow them musta--"

Channel 9

"Well it started in about 1999 as a monster truck rally newsletter and it was pretty popular." Says a young man with the posture of a heartbroken velociraptor.

Kenneth flounders, aware that the interview isn't going--

Channel 15

"--penetrator of black holes; fertilizer of whole galaxies. Giant spheres that hang like twin suns: equally stunning and dangerous to look directly at without proper UV protection.

The giant, swollen testicles of a god.

For through my enormous meteoric member, molten lava flows as semen. I am eternally virile... and I'm only a phone call away! If you're looking for someone like me to spend some intimate time with, just call--"

Channel 18
"--favorite thing about rap-metal is that it's much more efficient than rap and metal separately--"

Channel 24
"--grandchildren will remember this year, 1977, as the year that man finally exorcised the lingering specter of superstition. The year that reason triumphed over instinct. The year that irrational traditions were eternally banished to the pages of history. And we're all to thank for it."

The boardroom fell silent, save for the shuffling of a few papers. The pause grew awkward, but no one dared speak up. Chairman Albert Kincade had a habit of tickling his subordinates when he felt affronted. He called it "scratchin' the nasties away" and refused to settle disputes by any other means. At the other end of the table, a yuppie named Eric cleared his throat.

"What is it?" He asked.

Albert continued, ignoring the question. "I founded Automotions Unlimited with one goal: The complete mechanization of all human emotion and interaction. Today is a milestone for the company, and for me personally. Today is the day when chivalry and courtesy become relics from a bygone era! I present to you, the automatic sliding door." He unveiled a scale model, and waved his hand in front of it. The boardroom gasped.

"This is just the beginning. Soon smugness, jealousy, small talk and laughter will be replaced with a system of strings, pulleys, levers and pistons. The sky is the limit!"

Eric rose from his seat. "You're a monster!" He screamed. Tears were welling up in his eyes.

"That I may be," replied Kincade, "but you're ticklish." He mashed his stumpy, wrinkled finger into the button on his intercom. "Lynn, bring in the Discipline Feather."

Eric tried to run, but the other board members had already descended on him like a pack of wolves, pinning him to his seat. "This can't be happ--"

Channel 33
"--dozens of phone calls, faxes and emails every single day, and they're all asking for the same thing! People have been begging me, and begging me, and begging me to bring back the skulls. You want 'em, you got 'em, people! Let's see the skulls!"

A delicately arranged pyramid of skulls sits in the middle of a village full of thatched huts. Widows and mothers are gathered--

Oh yeah! That's what I'm talkin' about baby!

Channel 39
"Children, children; settle down children." Mrs. Schmenkel waved her arms in the air to get her students' attention. "Today we have a very special guest who's coming to speak to you about Judaism and why it's important to be Jewish. His name is Rabbi Abramowicz and I'd like you all to pay attention to what he has to say. Here he is now!"

A small, thin man hobbled into the room and stopped directly in front of Mrs. Schmenkel.

"Shalom, young men and women. How many of you are good little Jewish boys and girls."

Every student raised their hand ethusiastically. Except for little Herschel Goldfarb, who sat with his arms folded across his chest, staring at the rabbi.

"Ahh, I see we have a little trouble maker in the classroom." The rabbi winked knowkingly at Mrs. Schmenkel. "Tell me Herschel, have you ever heard of the Booger Golem?"

Herschel's eyes widened and his jaw fell agape. "H-h-how..wha..."

"Ahhh..." The rabbi chuckled. "Your teacher has told me all about your little habit," the rabbi mimed picking his nose, "and I think it would do you well to hear this tale, young man."

Herschel was flabbergasted.

The rabbi looked out the window as he spoke. "Surely you know what a golem is, yes? A living statue? You most likely know of the clay golem; most people do. But not so many know of the Booger Golem...." The rabbi snuck a peak over his shoulder at Herschel, who was sitting upright, rapt in reverie, finger in nose. The rabbi grew angry.

"LISTEN TO ME, BOY! If you do not listen, if you do not learn, you are no better than an ignorant goy! Do you want to be placed on the Booger Golem's list, so that he may find you at night while you scrape your nostrils in ecstacy?"

The rabbi tore Herschel's finger out of his nose with a shriek, which Herschel promptly matched.

Channel 45

"Next, on Seconds From Disaster: Most girls have fond memories of staging tea parties with Barbie Dolls, but when you're deaf and you play too close to the railroad... everything can go wrong. Eight year old Jenna Fitzgerald found that out the hard--"

Channel 56

"They called me Dr. Risk. I was a big board game fana--"

She blew a head gasket last weekend but once I get that fixed and buy my new blower motor she's gonna be running 7 second quarters.

Channel 60

The modified golf cart weaved among the inmates. Recess is when most prison crimes are committed. Kev, riding shotgun, in a sky blue 100% cotton sweater-vest and white khakis, scanned the crowd. His partner, Brandon, was dressed identically except that his sweater-vest was pink.

"Brandon, we got a live one. Step on it!"

Brandon stomped on the accelerator and zipped across the roof top, inmates stepping nonchalantly aside to avoid bumping the cart. They didn't want it to tip and send Kev off on one of his infamous hissy-fits.

"Move move move!"

Kev grabbed his megaphone and shouted, "Freeze it, buster! You've been caught violating the recess guidelines! Prepare yourself!"

Brandon darted to the inmate in question and kneeled down in front of him.

"What the hell is this shit?"

"INSIDE VOICES! INSIDE VOICES!" screamed Kev into the megaphone.

Brandon tied the inmate's shoe. When he was finished, he stood up and said "Don't let this happen again...or there'll be biiiig trouble!"

"You faggot." The inmate frowned a big frowny face.

Kev and Brandon high fived each other and bumped chests and said "Chalk up another one for the Prison Crimebuster Friends!"

Channel 4
"--there's HIV, but they're gonna cure it soon so I'm not really worried. Oh, and I have to turn down girls now. That never happened when I was straight. You know what? I have a belt that matches those shoes, let me go upstairs and get it--"

I hurled the remote across the room and began raiding the house for painkillers. Fuck this. I need cable.

Dunno if this is true but I'm not taking any chances

In 1931 a young girl was murdered by homicide! If you don't forward today's Daily Dirt to everyone on your MySpace friends list the girl from The Ring will hide in your oven and try to burn all your casseroles for the next 7 years!

-~Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

7.18 One More Thing Before I Go

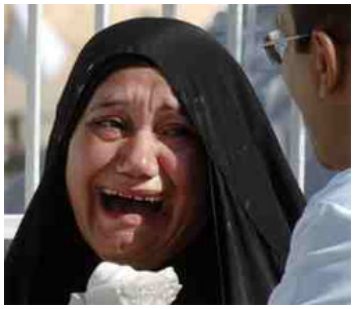
Monday, Jul 18, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I would really like to pretend that one day, when I am old and infirm, my consciousness will be uploaded to some sort of robotic body and I will be able to live forever as a titanic metal warlord. Even a titanic metal bakinglord or animal husbandrylord would be sufficient as long as I become immortal in spite of my kingless blood. When the hallucinogenic drugs wear off I am left with the stark realization that I will one day die. We are all doomed. Every one of you reading this is doomed. Medical science can't save you, vigorous prayer can't save you, and even the immortality rings of Alex Chiu will be no barrier for the Reaper's inevitable visit to your doorstep.

Once you're aware of your own mortality you become more clearly focused on setting and achieving goals. A lot of people want to do things like see Europe, put their kids through college, or write a book. More adventurous souls try to challenge their willpower and endurance by climbing mountains, swimming across particularly large lakes, or eating the most hotdogs in history.

This is all bullshit. I don't want to do something someone else has done or see something someone else has seen. I want to have a unique life, one full of bizarre sights and sounds.

I want to see...



Oh Allah, they kicked out Jamie! He was my favorite housemate!

...an alligator or crocodile fucking a woman doggystyle and not like a picture or something either it has to be a video or in person because it's too easy to fake that sort of thing. It's better if the woman likes it but the crocodile doesn't and they have to get some dude to hold up a female crocodile and wiggle it around to give the dude crocodile a boner.

...a muslim woman crying about something other than the death of her son or husband.

...a drag race where both cars flame out and crash at the exact same spot on the track and the drivers are okay but they both think they won so when the judge calls it a draw they fist fight to see who the winner is only I don't know if they have judges in drag racing.

...a golem or some sort of mud man. Like it can be a mutant guy who just looks like he's mud but it has to smell and feel like mud when you touch it or it could be a robot I guess. That wouldn't be too hard just take a regular robot and cover it in mud. Then to keep it mud you'd have to spray water on it and maybe that would mess up his programs or something.

...a guy wearing a "Beaver Patrol" shirt who actually has the job of patrolling some sort of nature preserve or something and he has to arrest beavers.

...a fish that has the face of a man but the voice of a sensual woman.

...two cop cars chasing a drunk driver and the drunk driver wrecks his car and both cop cars pull up and then one cop walks up to the other and is like "I'm sorry Officer Stenfield, I have to write you a ticket do you know how fast you were-" and then right as he is about to finish the joke the drunk driver's car blows up in a huge fireball.

...a bunch of kids at an isolated Victorian-style orphanage with a ruthless taskmaster of a headmistress who are just laughing and playing games.

...South Dakota

...an episode of Iron Chef where the secret ingredient is like Ritz Crackers or Hostess Fruit Pies and then Hiruyuki Sakai makes an apple fruit pie gelatin with swallows nest and truffle glaze.

Give me, a bean to build a dream on.

...a kid who gets tricked into selling his cow for some magic beans only instead of planting the beans he just eats them and they give him all kinds of awesome bean-related powers like he can control the shape of beans or make bean stalks grow faster than usual (but not bigger or anything) and then at the end it turns out it was all a dream that a bean stalk was having because I like irony.

...two blimps crashing into each other over the North Atlantic while attempting to circumnavigate the globe. They don't have to explode, but that would be nice from a viewer's perspective.

...WWE wrestler HHH changing a flat tire on the interstate and then when he bends down to pick up like a lugnut or something his pants rip right as a school bus goes by and all of the kids laugh at him and then HHH starts sobbing.

...a town somewhere, probably where there is a cake factory or something, and for a festival or what have you the town is going to bake the world's biggest cake. So they put like 50000 times the normal ingredients for a cake into a giant bowl and then mix it up and then put it in a giant pan and put that in a giant oven. The thing is if a cake gets to be a certain size it becomes unstable and right as they cut into it, and it looks really delicious mind you, the cake explodes in a huge atomic fireball proving that in the end the greatest threat to mankind is our own hubris.

More like Happy Heart Hugsly.

...Australia. Then I want to go to this show where this expert Crocodile Dundee type of guy shows off how to throw a boomerang and he hauls back and chucks the thing and it flies off into the distance and he's like "well mate you can't win 'em all" and then like months later he is visiting America and I happen to bump into him and just as we are talking the boomerange comes back around and it hits him right in the balls. I mean RIGHT in the frickin' balls.

...Ty Cobb beating a child with a broom.

...a serial killer that is a pretzel or just a guy who wears a pretzel suit because I think it would really steal the thunder of all those assholes who think the president almost getting killed by a pretzel was funny.

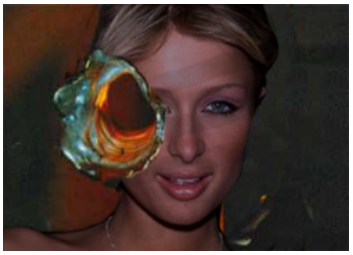
...a postal mix-up that accidentally sends all of Santa's mail from the north pole to some lucky kid but then when he opens all the letters it's just like utility bills and angry letters Santa wrote to Reader's Digest because of a story about a dog saving its master by dragging them out of a burning car that he believes was fabricated.

...some Nazi dude in full dress uniform at a protest holding up a picture of Bush's head Photoshopped onto some giant hippy like Jerry Garcia.

Seeing amazing things is great, but there's also a lot to be said about doing amazing things.

I want to...

...fire a shotgun into Paris Hilton's midriff, but she's so skinny that the shell goes through her and makes a hole that reforms like the T-1000 and she puts down her Sidekick long enough to waggle her finger at me and then I shoot her with a grenade launcher and she bursts into a twisted mass and I kick her into lava.



No, stop it, I'm sore, I don't like this position.

...travel to a space station so that I can be the first man to smoke a cigarette in space.

...set up residence in French Guyana and establish a voodoo cult that believes I am the living manifestation of Bon Dieu. My followers will refer to me as Papa Whitey and together we will form the First Voodoo Bank & Loa Trust and take over international banking. By 2030 Voodoo will be the dominant religion in Western Civilization.

...snorkel dive at the Great Barrier Reef and then blow it up with an atomic demolition charge. Afterwards I will stand over the ocean on a platform suspended beneath a helicopter and declare all fish to be free and a bunch of fish will jump out of the water and into my arms and they will giggle and kiss my face and then I realize they are radioactive but it's too late and the damage is done and I become super strong and able to read books by looking at the cover.

...learn how to speak Chinese so that I can fly to Japan, attend a Nintendo press conference, and then ask over and over again in a variety of different ways "do you think Nintendo is dead?" Then I will realize that they speak Japanese and not Chinese so I will hire a beautiful Japanese interpreter, but I become obsessed with making her say really nasty sexual things in the car ride to the press conference and I end up getting arrested for shaming her ancestors.

...use nanites or some sort of futuristic technology to change myself into a really comfortable chair and then have myself delivered to Liv Tyler only it has to be before like 2020 or something and she had better not eat beans.

...learn how to be a sorcerer or warlock so that I can scry into the future and then use the information I have gleaned to spoil Harry Potter books for children.

...discover a method to make infants cry on cue in public that does not get me arrested.

...eat more than a dozen pints of Ben & Jerry's ice cream in a single day and then totally chill out and maybe doodle on my guitar a little bit and record it and send it in as a demo and get a record contract and then form a touring jam band called Ice Cream Truck that becomes the next Grateful Dead until I realize I hate that kind of music and the band breaks up citing creative differences.

I may not manage to make it through all of these things before I die, but with a little help from modern medicine and possibly a robotic body, I think I can satisfy my grandchildren.

Ink From a Stone

Hey good-looking, I've got a Daily Dirt you might be interested in! Oh, you think you're too good for me? Well, nuts to you!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.19 You Make Me Sick

Tuesday, Jul 19, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

This is me giving a lecture at our weekly PETA meeting.

Ew, are you seriously gonna drink that, man? Do you know what's in that crap? Your precious Diet Coke is more like DIE COKE because that junk will kill you faster than I can rotate the jog wheel on my U2 Limited Edition iPod. You know the main ingredient in Diet Coke? It's aspartame, a chemical which liquefies your internal organs and turns into embalming fluid after it's exposed to oxygen. Seriously man, these scientists did a study where they carbonated some aspartame and then the H20 molecules caused tiny detonations which converted the artificial sweetener into hydrochloric acid, and then it exploded and blew the head off a nun and some crippled orphans. Then all the cola totally irradiated the ground for like six decades, man.

It's completely 100% true, I heard about this on some radio show talking about a website that interviewed a guy who knew a doctor. It's totally true, man. 20 years from now, when half of the world is dead and rotting from drinking diet cola, I'll be there laughing at you all, standing on a pile of your corpses and shouting, "GUESS YOU SHOULD'VE LISTENED TO ME!" at all your dead bodies.

You drink that shit and it's totally goodbye for you, man. There was this study where these scientists gave Diet Coke to a bunch of flies and they all got brain cancer within 43 seconds of drinking the stuff. For real, they all started dropping like flies and keeling over, and then the aspartame ate through their stomaches and began leaking out all over the place and vaporized a 18-inch thick steel plate and then those two helicopters crashed into the World Trade Center. Oh, and their eyeballs exploded too, and flies have like nine billion eyes and all nine billion of them blew up like raspberry-filled donuts full of TNT.

If your precious diet revolves around taking a dump and watching your liquefied internal organs leak out your ass like a really weird gross slide, then just keep drinking that crap, man. I'll just sit here and finish drinking my Starbucks coffee while you go ahead and kill yourself to death like the stupid sheep lemming dingo koala you are.

It's true, man. The reason you dont hear about this in the news is because the guys who made aspartame, Monsanto, have completely bought off every single news source and government and organization in the world. They got their hands all over the globe, man, and they can buy and sell entire countries like sticks of Pocky. The entire planet has been bought by Big Aspartame, and that's why you never see all the research proving it will give you cancer and make your arms fall off and turn into poison dust. I knew this guy, I think his name was Edgar, anyway this guy drank some Diet Pepsi once and then he started getting headaches and he went to the doctor and the doctor told him he had AIDS. Well you know what? He didn't have AIDS before he drank that aspartame shit! So he tried to get a lawyer to sue those corporate fatcats, but nobody would take his case. You know why? Because Monsanto cuts checks for every single lawyer in the world, that's why.

It's completely true, he told me all this shit personally when I visited him in prison. If you don't believe me, I'll show you some text files which I think were written by a doctor or somebody who once spelled the word "doctor" on their ninth consecutive attempt, and this document proves that it's complete poison. Just save yourself the trouble and go drink some embalming fluid laced with bleach mixed in hydrochloric acid and strychnine, man, because there's no difference between that

and drinking diet soda. Hey too damn bad if I sound a little hyper about this; it really means a lot to me, and this energy drink is making me kinda hyper.

Yeah, that's right, put down the Diet Death Cancer but really, go ahead and eat your precious steak. Do you have any idea what you're doing to your body? It's like paying somebody to shovel rat poison down your throat and then sexually assault your wife with a bullhorn. I read a report that somebody wrote something somewhere conclusively PROVING that red meat gives you bowel cancer even if you just smell some cooked meat or look at a cow without sunglasses. It's true! I read it on the Internet.

Enjoy your sugar-coated death, corporate whore.

Every piece of meat you chew sits in your stomach for nine years, just building up gasses and generating unnatural chemicals until they turn into little wads of explosive acid that burn holes through your thorax. Man was never meant to eat meat! If we were supposed to eat meat, why would we, ourselves, be made out of meat? Our we supposed to eat ourselves? I mean, you don't see plants eating other plants, man. It's only human who do dumb shit like this. You know I'm right and that's why you can't argue with me.

And don't get me started on the crap they use in the meat processing plants. Have you ever been in one of those? I was gonna go last Thursday, but my friend Eric got some primo acid, so instead we went to his apartment and took a few hits and played Halo 2 on his Xbox all night. But my friend James, his dad worked in a meat processing plant, and man, he had some royally screwed up stories, man. Like, for example, before they kill the cows, the companies pay this group of Mexican immigrants called "Los Pantalones Hormigas" like $5.00 to spend a solid week poking the cattle with javelins and making ghost noises all night. This is supposed to scare and infuriate the cows so they produce more hormones and make your precious meat more tender. Way to support human trafficking and animal cruelty you mindless consumer drone.

Don't wake up the cow!

Then, instead of killing the cows, they just slice sections of its stomach off while it's still alive, so they won't lose any tender juice. Then, when the cow is about to pass out from pain, in comes Los Pantalones Hormigas, to make really loud ghost noises and prevent the poor defenseless animal from escaping its agonizing pain. It's all true man, I knew a guy who heard something from somebody else who said something, it's 100% true man. Might as well just take that steak knife and jab it into your eye and then stick a funnel of hot tar up your ass because that's what you're doing to your body, man.

But hey, go ahead and shove another burger down your throat just like all the other braindead sheep. Go drive your SUV to pick up your fat kids from your private school and ignore the fact that there's no more oil left anywhere in the world. Peak oil man, there's no more oil left, it all ran out three days ago! All gone, game over, no more continues, man! Kiss the entire planet goodbye! The only oil left is in a few of those blue barrels at some Jiffy Lubes in Tuscon, and next week the price of oil is gonna jump to $68.37 a gallon.

You're damn right this is a fact, I got an email about it in my Hotmail account, and I was so sure it was 100% true that I forwarded it to the 10 people it asked me to. Then I had good luck for 10 straight days and I totally got those KMFDM concert tickets I asked my mom to buy me. And yes, the concert was awesome, not like you'd know about these kind of underground indie bands I listen

to.

Yeah, what do you think of that, you environment-destroying hypocrite? Go drive your SUV out to the woods and run over some innocent squirrels and elk and seals and pandas and... those other things that live in the woods, and just throw a lit match out the window and burn it all down because what do you care? Who gives a crap about the environment, right? Let's toss our McDonalds burger wrappers on the ground and then masturbate into Mother Nature's eye while beating a Native American to death with his own canoe oar! Yeah, that'll be a blast!

What? You drive a SUV because you have five kids, and it gets 26 miles per gallon? Well... WAY TO HAVE A BUNCH OF WASTEFUL CHILDREN YOU FILTHY BREEDER! Haven't you heard of the peak cereal theory? There isn't anymore cereal man, because THERE'S NO ENVIRONMENT LEFT THANKS TO YOU! But hey, I guess everybody can't be environmentally aware like I am. I just get rides with my friend Buck in his '83 El Camino whenever he's going to the store or shit, and sometimes I borrow my mom's station wagon when there's like a System of a Down concert I want to go to or something. But I guess you don't have to protect the environment because your needs come first, right? Go wear your fancy tophat and monocle and talk about The Great Gatsby or something.

Oh, what's wrong, is that depressing to you? Sure, go pop a valium pill and feel better about yourself. You and the rest of America can knock yourselves out medicating yourself to death. No really, have fun, a pill is really the answer to all your problems! You make me sick; those pharmaceutical companies really have their hooks inside your gullible brain and are manipulating you like a puppetmaster pulling the strings on a mannequin. There's no reason whatsoever anybody should be taking any medication from big companies, PERIOD. All that crap does is screw up your brain and make you addicted to it. Are you depressed? Go drink some water and exercise you horse's ass. Oh, you have uncontrollable seizures? Go to a gym you twitchy asshole, and use your seizures to lift weights. Wow, you "hear voices" and "think everybody is trying to kill you" and you've been "institutionalized for beating your skull against walls?" Well jam some cotton in your ears and go work on a farm you big whiny baby.

YOU MAKE ME SICK, AMERICA!

I know more about every medical and psychological condition than any "doctor," so stop paying money for some rich old white guy to write you a prescription for a $40 a month habit. There's not a single thing in the world that prescription drugs can cure or help, it's all in your mind, and if your brain wasn't already so weak from eating your precious meat and drinking your precious gas, then you'd be able to cure yourself. There's no such thing as cancer, it was just invented by Pfizer to peddle their witchdoctor garbage, and if you believe their bullcrap, you're just another braindead zombie padding the corporate pockets of Big Pill. I'd go dig up some more documentation on this to shove in your face like a rancid cheeseburger, but I gotta go to a meeting to rally for marijuana legalization.

What? You're going to stay home and look all this up on the Internet? Well good luck with that buddy because THE INTERNET IS ABOUT TO COLLAPSE AND IMPLODE UPON ITSELF! Yeah, that's right, there's no way that thing can survive, it's all going down in flames. You don't believe me? Well check this out on your precious Internet: CNET Special Report: Four Horsemen of Net Apocalypse. Yeah man, feast your eyes on that. cyberterrorism, the Millennium Bug, famine, and traffic overload, it's all there man! There's no way you're gonna be able to use your fancy telnet and ftp servers anymore because the entire Internet is going down in flames, man. What? This

article was written in 1996? Well... uhh... if things were that bad then, JUST THINK HOW BAD THEY MUST BE NOW! Yeah, I guess you won't be able to read all your important news stories now. Me, I'll be fine, I get all my news from the local "It's Dope" zine, printed entirely on hemp.

No, but seriously, go ahead and live your disgusting, pointless life like that. I don't mean to make you feel bad for destroying your body, our environment, and the future of all human beings on the planet! God forbid I make you feel like the utter shit you are for destroying everything precious to the human race! I don't mean to infer that you're a disgusting, repulsive, morally vacuous pile of crap who looks to big business to make all your decisions. But you are, and you make me sick.

Dirt and Worms

Click here and realize how wonderful life truly is!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

7.20 State Your Purpose

Wednesday, Jul 20, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

USA! AKA "Thirll Station 1"

A little less than a year ago I set out on a journey from the northwest chunk of Indiana to the northwest chunk of Washington. This was all part of an ingenious plan to escape the Midwest forever and relocate to the Pacific Northwest, which was a major step up from the gigantic cornfields that surrounded me in Indiana. I remember at the time thinking, "this long drive across half of our beautiful nation will give me plenty of things to write about!" It was a solid plan indeed. I would have a cross-country adventure and capture wonderful stories to tell about this glorious land called America. Boy was I wrong.

Here's the problem with America: the middle section is a gigantic wasteland. It's not even the good kind of wasteland. Not the awesome kind of wasteland where a few salvaged cans of food gets you a teenage sex slave and all the diseases you can handle, but the bad kind where you work at a McDonald's to support your teenage girlfriend and unwanted child. That's what America's rotten center is really all about these days. At least that's what I gathered from living in the Midwest for twenty-two wonderful years. The residents of the so-called "flyover states" are trying to fight back with their own unique take on culture, but it is a doomed voyage that will eventually kill itself in what I can only imagine will be the trailer park equivalent of a religious crusade. And I don't mean that figuratively.

I certainly learned to hate the land and about 78.3% of its people during my stay. As such I was eager to move anywhere else for any reason, so that's why I left for Washington. I told my unwanted common law wife that I was going to get some more beer to quiet her down, and left her and my seven unwanted children behind forever. I ended up driving from Indiana to Washington twice, and each trip proved to be a horrifying reminder that this country is a lot bigger than it needs to be. But nonetheless that's 4,400 miles I drove, so even after all this time I'm damn well getting an update out of it.

I'd like to share a few random thoughts on the states I traveled through. As I made the trek twice, I took different routes each time, so don't think I was navigating drunk or trying to really get the most out of these sub par United States. If I wanted to see the best of the U.S., I'd avoid the middle entirely and just jump a monster truck from the East Coast to the West Coast with the aid of a giant ramp and several rings of burning sharks for dramatic effect.

- **Indiana**
  Indiana was a lot of fun to leave, and I miss absolutely nothing about it. I've complained about Indiana a lot in the past, so I'll just post a hyperlink to that and shut up.
- **Illinois**
  My experience with Illinois consists of spending time in Chicago and avoiding the rest of the state with a burning passion for subconscious reasons I simply do not understand. I guess it never occurred to me there might be anything else in Illinois. From the other parts I've seen of it, outside of Chicago, it was indistinguishable from any other Midwest state. Flat farmland ranks up there with "'Golden Girls' autopsy photos" as one of the worst things to look at. Little known fact about Illinois: it's not actually pronounced "ill-in-no-is." That one confuses everybody.
- **Wisconsin**
  Wisconsin is a rather ambitious Midwest state, because it attempts to do things like

modest hills, strange rock formations, and horrible tourist traps. Madison is a fairly nice place, but the rest of the state has problems deciding whether to be just another boring cornopolis or deranged tourist destination. I give Wisconsin a tremendous amount of credit, because few Midwest states have a "Tommy Bartlett's Robot World and Exploratorium" of their own. Wisconsin is lucky to host such a business, as it is quite the prestigious honor and definitely makes the neighboring states jealous.

- **Minnesota**

I tried not to stop the vehicle in Minnesota because every time I exposed myself to the elements I was in excruciating physical pain. They have some kind of special proprietary coldness there designed to scare outsiders like myself away. I'm not sure what they have to hide, but I imagine they have some kind of subterranean society they don't want anyone to know about. At least I hope so, because there was jack shit above ground. One amazing feature Minnesota has to separate it from the rest of the Midwest: changes in elevation. HOLY CRAP, THERE WERE BIG HILLS THERE! JUST LIKE IN PICTURES!

- **South Dakota**

If you were basing your opinion of South Dakota purely on what was visible from the highway, then you would think the entire economy of South Dakota was based around a drugstore, a reptile zoo, and a palace made out of corn. This of course would lead you to the logical conclusion that everybody in South Dakota is insane beyond all measure. But believe it or not, driving through South Dakota you see hundreds of billboards advertising "Wall Drug," a reptile zoo, and the mystical Corn Palace. Somewhere I guess they are hiding Mount Rushmore, but really, what's Mount Rushmore compared to a building made out of corn or a gallery of lizards? Maybe if Mount Rushmore was made out of corn and covered with lizards it would be something worthwhile, but it's not.

- **North Dakota**

North Dakota is approximately 95% boring farmland, with a few areas I can only describe as "reverse hills." Maybe some day a geographer or someone will come up with an elegant word to describe a recess in the ground elevation, but probably not in my lifetime. The last 5% of North Dakota features Teddy Roosevelt National Park and some tangible scenery. That was actually the first legitimate scenery I saw on my first trip to Washington, which meant I had traveled roughly a thousand miles through several states without seeing anything even remotely eye pleasing. I really don't understand why those nutcases behind Operation Plowshare couldn't have created some breathtaking scenery around the Midwest with some fancy pants nuclear bombs. It would be a real morale-booster, not to mention a boon for tourism.

- **Wyoming**

The state that almost created the battle-hardened and merciless Dick Cheney proved to be kind of boring to drive through. It was basically "Montana but more red," which was nice because I like red and at this point in my trip I was really wanting to fly through the windshield and splatter all over the highway in a desperate attempt to not spend any more of my life driving. On the plus side I got to see some high quality shale! Hell yeah!

- **Montana**

This is an absolute monster of a state. First of all, it never ends. It goes on for days and days. Second of all, what's there is terrifying. This is the only place in the world where any jerk can go claim a mountain of his own. Just take your truck there, find an unclaimed mountain, and the government will provide you with a rundown trailer and help you erect the ruins of a barn. There are even government grants available to help you afford a derelict vehicle to place atop cinder blocks in your gigantic city-sized front yard.

Montana, strange visitor from another world, who fights a never-ending battle for comfort, hospitality, and enjoyment for all who visit.

> Driving through Montana is a painful process. The eastern half of the state is an endless cattle field, and there's a big hill about ever five miles. Then the western half is full of mountains covered with trailers and rundown barns and derelict vehicles. It's like a tornado swept through a trailer park and deposited the contents safely on top of mountains. The result is lots of wonderful sights scarred with ugly homes.
>
> Life in Montana is difficult because the only clothing stores there are hunting supply stores. As a result the entire population is clad in camouflage, including the people that man the fast food restaurants and gas stations. And I'm quite sure they are all armed, because in Montana, you never know when a bear or the FBI is going to challenge you for your land.
>
> What frightens me most is that Montanans are quite clearly up to something. There's something suspicious going on there, and I can't seem to put my finger on it. It's not quite a state; rather, it's more like a training ground. Maybe God created Montana to train his faithful.
>
> ■ **Idaho**
> Idaho is the best state ever because I just had to drive through the panhandle and it was only 60 miles wide. I wish every state was as quick and painless to travel through as Idaho. Maybe that's why people like New England states. Idaho a total pussy of a state compared to Montana, and I love it for that. If it were any longer, I would probably notice how scary most of it looked. My main concern is that because the panhandle is so thin, there is very little in the way of a buffer zone separating Washington from Montana. This worries me a great deal, as Montana is preparing for something big. I just know it.

So to sum it up, I had to drive roughly 1,000 miles just to get past the cornfields of the Midwest. After that I was treated to "dirt and rocks," followed by "big brown hills and fields," followed by "bigger hills with rundown trailers on them." There were some mountains in the mix, but I was so drunk and tired I just wedged a brick on the gas pedal and slept through them. Really, I should have done that for the entire trip.

■ If This Dirt Could Talk

It would say, "My name is mud!"

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.21 An Arby's Mystery

Thursday, Jul 21, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

There are some things in this world that are better left unexplained. The dark mystery that shrouded the Arby's off of Interstate 94 was something no sane human could witness and go unscathed. It is a black mark on the earth, forsaken by God and man alike. With each fold of roast beef pulled back to reveal a terrible secret, 10 more folds will appear underneath in a never ending game of deceit. Much like the curly fry, the truth here is twisted until confusion and ultimately madness set in. With a wink, a whisper, and a smile, countless innocents have been lured to their demise by the promise of fast meals, to find only doom. Will you be able to grasp the horror that is the Arby's Mysteries, or like the countless others, forfeit your soul to the grease trap that is Arby's restaurant #1255?

To solve these mysteries you need to be quick of wit and wile, for this is the most fattening game of whodunit ever committed to the written word. Put your thinking cap and your X-Files t-shirt on to see if you are up to par with the dashing Fox Mulder and his redheaded floozy sidekick. Check the answers at the end of the update to see if you guessed right!

The Case of the Missing Napkins

Young Robert Henderson was working the morning shift at Arby's #1255 when he noticed something strange was afoot. The condiment island that he had just spent an hour stocking was devoid of napkins, a task he was positive he fulfilled. Regardless, Robert refilled the empty napkin holder, and went back to slicing the roast beef he was preparing for the sandwiches that day. When he finished slicing, he noticed that all of the napkins had disappeared once again! This was mighty queer, so Robert called his manager at home to report the problem. His manager berated Robert harshly for waking him up for such a mundane problem. Puzzled and upset at the verbal reproach he just received, Robert decided to restock the napkins and watch them for the rest of the afternoon. Only an hour into his stakeout, he blinked and the napkins were gone again!

Then Robert went crazy and shot himself in the mouth, but he lived because he angled the gun at the last second and it went through his cheek instead. He called off the rest of the day sick.

Who stole the missing napkins?

The Tasty Roast Beef Sandwich

Vernon McGee is a regular at the Arby's on I94, and everyday he gets a roast beef sandwich for lunch. Like usual, the roast beef sandwiches are terrible. The beef is yellow and as tough as shoe leather. Why does Vernon buy one of these to consume everyday? Because he is stupid, bordering on mildly retarded, and has "proud to be an American" bumper stickers all over his pickup truck. One day Vernon slapped down his cash for another vile sandwich and was shocked and appalled to find that it was absolutely delicious. He complained to the manager, who tried a bite and was just as amazed. The beef was moist, succulent, and flavorful, not at all like a normal Arby's sandwich. What was this imposter doing in his store and how did it come to be? The

premises were searched, but no other tasty roast beef concoctions were to be found. This was a diamond among coals, and it had to be preserved so it could be sent to the Arby's headquarters in Wisconsin. After some haggling, Vernon was paid a hefty sum for his troubles and silence.

Where did the tasty roast beef sandwich come from?

The Manager's Mustache

Few can explain the mystery of the manager's mustache. He's 32, a graduate from Big Babe's Business school, and a softball league 3rd baseman. The manager is content with his position at Arby's store #1255. He wanted to play bass guitar in a rock n roll band for a living, but he gave up those dreams years ago (about two years ago, to be exact). He now wields his unquestionable power over the denizens of Arby's with an iron fist. The source of this authority and power is his jet-black mustache, which sits atop his upper lip like a hairy gargoyle -- always watching, always waiting. It never sleeps. The employees have come to fear this mustache, and bow before its imposing semblance like a whipped dogs, scrambling to fill food orders when it is near.

Then one day, a hero rose to challenge the manager in an epic that the prophets foresaw thousands of years ago. The fearless employee was named Jeff and he toppled the terrible tyrant, bringing about a new age of peace. The Arby's employees were now free, and they all went to the zoo to watch the penguins.

How did Jeff defeat the manager's mustache?

The Voice From the Drive-Thru Speaker

One day while Robert was manning the drive-thru window and discussing the merits of the new Fantastic Four movie with Jamal, who was stationed at the deep fryer, a warbly and distorted voice came out of the speaker box. It was an otherworldly voice from beyond, making demands in a tongue long forgotten by man. Jamal's eyes grew so wide that they popped out of his head and fell into the deep fryer, instantly cooking them into a new Arby's treat. Robert hardly noticed as the ghostly voice rasped from his speaker, making his knees knock together like a pair of bongo drums being played by a swarthy, godless native. It wouldn't stop and Robert went mad and shot himself in the head, this time killing himself. Jamal couldn't see a thing, on account of his eyes being served to a customer, so he wandered into the storage room and took a nap.

What was the voice coming from the speaker?

The Miscarriage in the Women's Restroom

Arby's is a place where one lives, loves, and loses. Some find happiness at the bottom of their large fry container; while others find only misery in the form of a mocha shake brain freeze. Many new lives are created right in the establishment, as pregnant women find it relaxing enough to let go of their vaginal fluids and plop out a miniature life form into the plastic booth, where it claws and struggles though the sticky embryonic fluid for its first fried meal. But sometimes things do not always go as planned, as Susan, an Arby's employee for 3 months, learned on Saturday afternoon while cleaning the women's restroom. In the sink there was a bloody fetus, holding a single curly fry in its tiny fist. It was long dead, so Susan ate the fry since it obviously wasn't going to use it. Who

would do such a thing, and why? Susan wrapped the fetus up in some napkins and brought it into the kitchen, where some of the guys deep-fried it on a dare.

Who killed the baby?

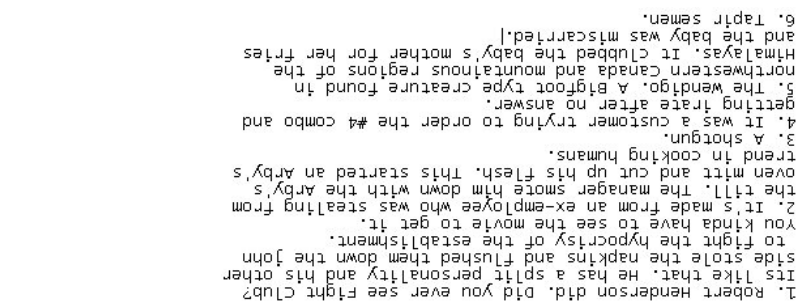
The Special Sauce

The Arby's special sauce has puzzled mankind for centuries. What was that odd, zesty flavor that seemed so familiar? Why did it make sandwiches taste so much better? The special sauce at store #1255 was extraordinarily good, so much so that customers couldn't get enough of it and they had to make 5 times as much as other Arby's restaurants. Some customers even got in fights over the last cup of it, and this lead to some violent scenes involving gunplay and foul language.

So what makes the special sauce so special?

Did you survive this rollercoaster ride of thrills, chills, and spills? No? Oh no that must mean that you are a ghost haunting my waking life for killing you with my awful update. Please go away ghost, leave me be.

Check your answers to see if you are smarty pants or as dumb as a bag of rocks


1. Robert Henderson did. Did you ever see Fight Club?
Its like that. He has a split personality and his other
side stole the napkins and flushed them down the john
to fight the hypocrisy of the establishment.
You kinda have to see the movie to get it.
2. It's made from an ex-employee who was stealing from
the till. The manager smote him down with the Arby's
oven mitt and cut up his flesh. This started an Arby's
trend in cooking humans.
3. A shotgun.
4. It was a customer trying to order the #4 combo and
getting irate after no answer.
5. The Wendigo. A Bigfoot type creature found in
northwestern Canada and mountainous regions of the
Himalayas. It clubbed the baby's mother for her fries
and the baby was miscarried.|
6. Tapir semen.

Daily Dirt

A lot of people were pretty sore at me for saying that Dumbledore dies a few days before the book came out, but at the time I had no idea and just guessed out of the probable characters that she would kill off. It really wasn't my intent to destroy so many lives and harvest the sweet nerd tears for my flower garden. I'll share my favorite email from the PR disaster of last week:

From: "richard le"
To: "frolixo@somethingawful.com"
Subject: concerning harry potter spoilers

OMG why? You didn't need to put in big black bold font on your front page with the spoiler to the book. Nothing can repair what you've done to me...

Oh god...what have I done. These hands, stained with innocent blood. I offer my humble apologies HERE.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

7.22 Here in Chicago Town

Friday, Jul 22, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Has been.

Crime and Chicago are inextricably linked. When people think of the city of Chicago they think of Al Capone and gangsters mowing people down with Tommy guns. The mob is still around these days, but they no longer patrol the streets standing on the running boards of a 1933 Packard. The real criminal showstoppers in Chicago are individual crimes so bizarre and so surreal that you can't believe a human being is responsible.

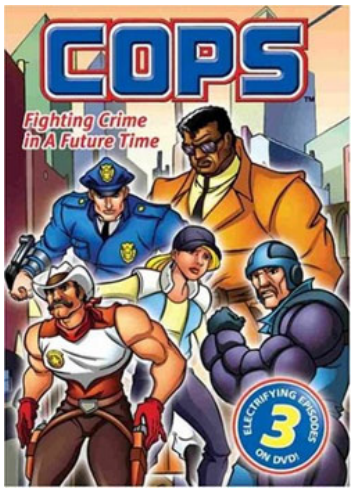
A few weeks ago I was watching our local news and being brought up to date on the annual porch apocalypse. Chicago is an old city with a lot of old buildings and those buildings often have equally old porches or balconies. When the weather starts to get warm people start having house parties and inevitably too many dorks wander out onto their balcony and the damn thing collapses and people die. Every year there is at least one porch or balcony massacre where eight, nine, or even 15 people plummet to their death.

That's routine though, what followed on the heels of the porch report was a report of a man who had killed his girlfriend's infant child. This is an example of the sort of crime that makes Chicago great. It puts us on the map. Paraphrasing from memory:

"Walters hit the infant, placed it into a plastic bag, and threw it against a wall. Walters then suffocated the child inside the plastic bag. He is also charged with raping the child. Walters is planning to plead no-contest."

I couldn't do anything other than laugh at that. The sheer inhumanity of crime like that is so off the charts that it registers as cartoonish in my brain. It *can't* be real.

Yesterday I caught another headline that warmed the cockle regions of my heart and watered the tree of love I have planted for this great city of Chicago. Technically it's news from the suburbs, but if you think Chicago's criminal taint hasn't spread to outlying areas then I dare you to go streaking on the south side.



Look out, it's Buttons McBoomBoom!

"Brain-Damaged Patient Delivers Baby"

"Oh," I thought, "a miracle of modern medicine. A woman who fell into a coma while pregnant managed to give birth to her child."

Naturally my optimism was misplaced. I read on.

"A severely disabled, brain-damaged woman who was discovered to be pregnant while living in a nursing home has given birth to an apparently healthy baby girl, authorities said. A lawsuit filed last week claims the woman was raped in the home in suburban Bloomingdale. The woman has cerebral palsy and is so severely disabled she must use a wheelchair and be fed through a tube."

Rape prevention seminars often coach women to void their bowels and urinate if they are ever attacked by a rapist. This woman does that sort of thing with regularity so I wonder if her gentleman caller timed his appearance to coincide with a recent cleanup or if he just gritted his teeth and drove on through the bad weather. The idea

of a child resulting from this sort of unkind union makes me think back to the bold days of eugenics when the retarded were subject to mandatory sterilization here in the United States. I mean, otherwise they're just flopping around in a bed looking all hot and ready. They are a temptation that modern society doesn't need. Chicagoans are going to succumb to the feminine wiles of that palsied succubus, so you should make sure children could not possibly be the result.

What kid wants a mom who has to eat through a tube? It will make pizza parties at Chuck-E-Cheese pretty awkward.

Chicago's crime rate is one of the worst in the nation, but it's also at a 40-year low thanks to a variety of crime fighting measures and a general revitalization of the city. Unfortunately, if Minneapolis is any indication, our heroes are dying before their time is due. I think we can expect crime rates to shoot through the roof in the near future.

If you would like to peer into the seedy side of Chicago there is a great site called Chicago Crime that allows you to view crimes organized by type and zip code. There have been over 20 homicides within five miles of my apartment since late June. Weeeee!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.23 Inactive Fiction: FPS Edition

Saturday, Jul 23, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Welcome to the shareware edition of FPS (Fun Parser Shooter). Prepare to frag your enemies in the first three levels of single player mode and frag your friends in the included deathmatch level, and when you're ready to experience all 32 levels of awesomeness found in the full version just register online! We at Corinsoft thank you for checking out our game and remind you that our previous titles are still available in fine software stores everywhere.

Menu

- Single Player
- Deathmatch
- Settings
- Quit

Please choose an option from the menu above:

> ***settings***

Settings

- Text on/off
- Main menu

Please choose an option from the menu above:

> ***main menu***

Menu

- Single Player
- Deathmatch
- Settings
- Quit

Please choose an option from the menu above:

> ***single player***

You are Grunt Flintlock, a space marine employed by Government Corporation to investigate incredibly dangerous situations involving aliens. GovCorp spares no expense in the protection of Earth, as your obscenely expensive armor proves. Just look at how bulky it is! As usual, you arrive at your latest mission via dropship armed with only a butter knife and a communications headset that rarely works.

As your eyesight adjusts to the dark tunnel you find yourself in, your headset crackles to life as some sexy chick with big tits back at headquarters contacts you.

"Hey Grunt! Now that you're actually at the mission site and in extreme peril, it's time to brief you with your objectives!"

You reply to her with some Bruce Campbell line or maybe something from They Live, and she gets totally turned on.

"Oh Grunt, you're so manly! Now's not the time for romance though! The Hooples' alien force has struck the first blow against humanity! They've set up base in the largest sewer system in all of Germany! Ah! They plan on using alien technology and Satanic rituals to conjure up the long-dead Nazi army with some sort of evil portal! It's a million to one shot that you'll make it through this all by yourself Grunt, but frankly it's Christmas eve and we couldn't get anyone else to show up! Wait, Grunt! It looks like you've got company! My scanners indicate a lar- *static* - headed your way! That can't be right! Do you -"

With nothing but static emitting from your headset, you click the device off and plunge headlong into the tunnel and the danger ahead. Three steps later, you come across a SHOTGUN laying on the ground.

> ***pick up shotgun***

It doesn't work like that. Try walking onto it.

> ***walk onto shotgun***

You place your trusty butter knife into your pocket and wield the shotgun. It's a single-barrel weapon which is very effective at close range, and you just happen to be the kind of guy that likes to be within smooching distance when you blow someone's head off in a shower of grey matter and skull fragments.

You continue down the sewer, the sounds of approaching Hoople forces drawing nearer. It's pretty scary. At an intersection, you find ANOTHER SHOTGUN.

> ***walk onto another shotgun***

You pick up another shotgun and put the first one away because this one has two barrels. That means it has roughly 4 times the power. Suddenly, a HOOPLE attacks!

> ***shoot hoople***

You shoot the hoople, and as his lifeless body falls to the floor his weapon lands at your feet. It is a FOUR BARREL SHOTGUN.

> ***walk onto four barrel shotgun***

You put the double-barrel shotgun away with the first, and wield the four-barrel shotgun. Which path of the intersection will you follow?

> ***go left***

Confident thanks to your newfound firepower, you swagger down the sewer tunnel to the left. It's a dead end, but at the very end you see a GREEN KEYCARD.

> ***walk onto green keycard***

You attempt to collect the GREEN KEYCARD, but it won't budge. You'll need to find the BLUE KEYCARD to activate it.

> ***go back***

You turn around and make your way back to the intersection. Which way will you go?

> ***go straight***

This is a dead end too, but at the end of this tunnel awaits a powerful weapon. The MST 3000 is an advanced rifle which allows the user to manipulate the laws of physics, so you could pick up a car and shoot it at someone or flail somebody around the room by their head. The number of ways

in which you could kill someone with this thing are infinite.

> ***walk onto MST 3000***

The MST 3000 is a delicate and experimental device, and by stepping on it like a retard you completely break it. Inside its broken shell, however, is a six-barrel shotgun. You put your four-barrel shotgun away with the others and wield it proudly.

A Nazi zombie approaches!

> ***main menu***

Menu

- Single Player
- Deathmatch
- Settings
- Quit

Please choose an option from the menu above:

> ***deathmatch***

Servers
----
1. cRaZy LaRrY's MoNkEy HoUsE oF oStRiChEs
Description: AnImAl NaMeS aRe KoOkY aNd HiLaRiOuS!

2. Clan #-^-+-(Deathbringer)-+-^-#'s practice server
Description: ONLY #-^-+-(Deathbringer)-+-^-# members allowed no noobs

3. Linux Linux Linux Linux Linux Linux Linux Lin
Description: Linux server, no Winblowz users allowed

4. HARDCORE SERVER
Description: Alternate rules, no guns allowed. Only bullets. The ultimate test of skill!

5. default
Description: server

Please choose a server from the menu above:

> ***5***

Connecting to default...

Welcome to deathmatch mode! This exciting map is essentially a big medieval castle in hell, with lots of spires and lava and stained glass. There's all sorts of hallways that serve absolutely no purpose other than leading directly into other hallways. Have fun!

Other players on this server: Skullcrusher, Eternal_Warrior, [FARK]Domokun, EugeneWilliams

> ***shoot skullcrusher***

You shot Skullcrusher! Your kill count is now at 1.

> ***shoot Eternal_Warrior***

You shot Eternal_Warrior! Your kill count is now at 2.

You have been shot by Skullcrusher!

EugeneWilliams says: gg
EugeneWilliams says: next map
Skullcrusher says: theres only one map faggo

FARK

Domokun has been fragged by Eternal_Warrior!
EugeneWilliams says: oh lol

You have obtained the Quad Damage powerup!

> ***shoot [FARK]Domokun***

You shoot [FARK]Domokun, and he dies four times thanks to your powerup. Your kill count is now at 6.

> ***say "Am I missing something? This game sort of sucks, all we're doing is typing names."***

You have been shot by Skullcrusher!

Skullcrusher says: its type or be typed bitch
Skullcrusher says: if u arent good enuff go cry, dont blame th game for sucking
EugeneWilliams says: lol

> ***shoot everyone***

You have shot everyone! Your kill count is now at 10. You win the round!

[FARK]Domokun says: OMFG HAX CHEETZ
EugeneWilliams says: gg
EugeneWilliams says: next map

You have been kicked from the server by Skullcrusher.

Daily Dirt

Warning! The Daily Dirt may or may not contain dirt. Proceed at your own risk.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.24 Corporation Town, USA

Sunday, Jul 24, 2005 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

My early nerd years were spent growing up in the rural hicklands of Western New York. I lived in a kinda charming little village with a rich, colorful history and a lot of poor, white people. Across the street from my house was a seemingly endless cornfield. Less than a mile down the road was a "gun club," which was really just a fancy name for "a cement wall in the woods rednecks drunkenly shoot their firearms at."

Celebrating the Community
Irvine enriches the lives of its citizens in many ways...
• Hosted four "September Sundays" concerts at the Irvine Civic Center
• "Beyond the Limits" Art Exhibition held at the Irvine Civic Center, featured works by artists with disabilities
• The 2003 Multicultural Festival – "Global Village" featured international cuisine, entertainment and crafts celebrating Irvine's rich cultural diversity
• Family Holiday Concert featured the Irvine Master Chorale and the Southern California Children's Chorus

IRVINE CELEBRATES THE HELL OUT OF THE COMMUNITY!!

Alas, once I reached adulthood, I had to leave my hometown. In an economy where the top two careers for men are "farmer" and "domestic abuser," there's really not many opportunities for someone with a thorough knowledge of HTML. So I moved completely across the country to Orange County, California.

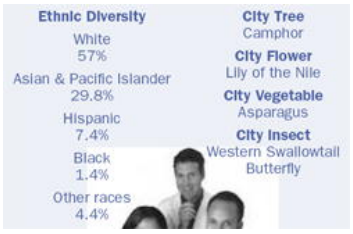
The O.C. (as retards like to call it) is pretty much the complete opposite of my native land. It's home to some of the most terrible, shallow, rich, and materialistic people on Earth. For example, Dennis Rodman lives here. The cost of living is insanely unreasonable, with the average home price currently over $600,000 and average monthly apartment rents of over $1500. Local car chases broadcast live on TV are our most high-brow form of entertainment. On the plus side, the weather is great!

To make matters worse, I live in easily one of the weirdest parts of Orange County: Irvine. Home of Blizzard Entertainment (makers of the digital cocaine that is "World of Warcraft") and Mark McGwire, Irvine describes itself as, "one of the nation's largest planned urban communities "

Unlike my hometown, which was founded hundreds of years ago by some idiot who was too lazy to walk all the way to Niagara Falls, Irvine was pretty much just a big ranch until it was incorporated in 1971. So Irvine's most treasured historical artifact is probably a disco ball.

Irvine is literally a corporation. It's like living in some kind of dysfunctional Orwellian future world, except with less robots and greener landscaping. Most of the housing, property, and retail space is owned in some way by the Irvine Company. I myself live in an Irvine Company apartment, which is very beige. The only discernible difference between buildings in Irvine is that the older ones (built in the 80's) are a darker shade of beige.

Every year, the residents of Irvine get an annual report, just like stockholders of Halliburton and Pfizer do. This report is filled with performance metrics and other corporate type stuff. Here's an example:



I guess that part of the report is supposed to demonstrate that the city is doing a good job at keeping black people out? I don't know.

The Irvine Spectrum is the cultural heart and soul of the city. It's basically just a big outdoor mall with an IMAX theater. I think this actual promotional image pretty much sums it up:

Cell phones, sushi, high style... throw in a couple of breast implants and a surfboard and you've just stereotyped all of Southern California!

Outside of the Spectrum, Irvine is probably best known locally for its police department. Irvine cops will pull you over for speeding, jaywalking, or just being ugly. Irvine is one of the safest cities in California, so I think the cops are just really bored. In fact, Irvine was well on its way to being named one of the safest cities in the United States until some guy walked into a local supermarket with samurai sword and hacked off the heads of two former co-workers. Ooops.

So what's it like living in a giant corporation? In a word... boring. Sure, Irvine is clean, safe, and quiet, but it's basically a continuous strip mall interspersed by chunks of land which are too difficult to bulldoze level and build a Starbucks on. The city refers to this land as "open space" or "parks."

The sad thing is that as America expands its living space into currently lightly populated areas like deserts, cornfields, and former nuclear waste dumps, you're going to see a lot more Irvine-type cities pop up across the nation. Preplanned, prefabricated, corporate communities laid out on neat little grids. Maybe if you played a lot of "Sim City" as a kid you can get a job laying out these soulless little slices of sterile shelters. Hope you like beige!

Daily Dirt

Blip blip blee.

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

7.25 Cobra After-Action Report: "Lights! Cameras! Cobra!"

Monday, Jul 25, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Cobra After-Action Report series.

G-I Joeeeee!

Search and rescue missions can be some of the most dangerous and unpredictable operations that a modern military can undertake. They are launched with minimal intelligence and planning because time is of the essence. Most SAR teams have drilled and practiced a variety of techniques for recovering downed pilots and evacuating battlefield casualties. Unfortunately for Cobra Commander there is nothing in the Cobra manual about recovering a jet with a super-expensive "homing device" that will allow it to fly back to Cobra's secret base located surreptitiously inside of a giant cobra-topped castle.

You would have thought Destro could sneak in a 150 dollar self-destruct mechanism next to the 15 million dollar homing device. When Cobra Commander learns that the plane - captured by the US government - has turned up at a film studio to be used as a movie prop he decides to launch a recovery operation. Luckily for him no curious government agents or stunt men have decided to press the 5-inch rectangular button in the Firebat's cockpit that has "RETURN TO SECRET BASE" printed on it.

When you're an inept secret leader the best thing you can do in this sort of situation is to call in the assistance of an arguably even more inept mercenary and his gang of swamp-dwelling ingrates. Cobra Commander reaches out and touches Zartan and offers to pay him four million dollars if he can recover Cobra's precious aircraft. The plan is simple: go onto the set and pose as actors playing Zartan and the Dreadnoks, then simply press the button in the Firebat when no one is around and send it home. Easy as can be, but Zartan can't resist drawing this extremely simplistic and easy plan out into an epic saga of fumbling attempts to embarrass or beat up various GI Joe members.

Cobra's comedy of errors is in high swing in this operation and the Joes prove to be delightfully witless opponents who man to foil Cobra Commander at every turn through a combination of luck and implausible shows of bravado. But I am getting ahead of myself, let's talk about facts about "Lights! Camera! Cobra!"

- **Theater Commander:** Cobra Commander

- **Theater Resources:** Zartan and some of the Dreadnoks, a Cobra Firebat jet with a 15 million dollar "homing device," and Destro
- **Corps Level Resources:**

A full squadron of Firebat jet aircraft
Company or greater force of Cobra infantry
Platoon or greater force of Crimson Guard infantry
3+ cute little Cobra four-wheelers

- **Known Opposing Forces:**

A handful of GI Joes
Miracle Motion Picture Studios
A mincing Prince Valiant-like director and Ron Jeremy

- **Primary Mission Objectives:**

Recover or destroy the Firebat with the 15 million dollar homing device

- **Alternate Mission Objectives:**

Ruin the production of a movie that might cast Cobra in a negative light

Cobra's overwhelming superiority in numbers and military might has never gotten in the way of them bungling an operation. Let's find out just how Cobra Commander's surprisingly straightforward plan unravels.

198X, Day 1, 4:00 PM

Cobra Commander is standing around a quaint European village watching people being rounded up by his troopers. He uncharacteristically orders a mass execution and...wait a second, that's not Cobra Commander's voice! Who is this imposter? Just as the peasants are about to get a noodle in their neck some weird-looking GI Joe helicopters swoop in and some weird-looking GI Joes get out. A battle rages and Cobra Commander predictably attempts to flee only to be thrown through a paper wall by the Dukealike. Cobra Commander tears off his mask and we see that he's just a whiney old man who threatens to sue the fake Duke for playing too rough.

G-I Jeffff!

Cut is called on the set by a dandy with a cravat and tinted glasses who seems displeased with how unrealistic his movie is turning out. The producer at his side is none other than Ron Jeremy in a porkpie hat. We learn that the director's name is George and the producer's name is Marty and George plans to walk off the set unless Marty can find him some military advisors to make the action more believable. Marty promises to do his best and that probably means he's going to end up stuck with a bunch of scrofulous GI Joe characters with defining traits like "he's a sassy sailor who goes into battle with a parrot" and "she throws javelins." That will sure up the realism on your picture, George.

Look, I can do the scene, just give me a couple minutes with a fluffer.

Not much later, Cobra Commander is enjoying a solitary meal when Destro bursts into his dining chamber. With news of a missing aircraft dancing from his iron-shod lips, Destro his halted mid-sentence by the sight of Cobra Commander eating and making weird bug noises without his mask on. Destro insists Cobra Commander put his mask back on and he averts his gaze like a weak-stomached southern belle who simply cannot bear the look of a man with too much sweat on his brow. Cobra Commander has a good laugh about this. After all, Destro is a man who had his head permanently encased inside of a mysteriously flexible metal mask. You would think he could pretty much stare at his own infant son being dissolved in sulfuric acid.

It's worth noting that Cobra Commander is dining alone on a simple meal of "brown lump" and a fine bright red wine. You would think he could afford finer libations, but I guess he spent all of his caviar money on his gigantic Cobra throne that probably has an escape pod in it.

Cobra Commander drops the hood back on and Destro explains that their Firebat jet that went missing recently has been located at Miracle Motion Picture Studios in Hollywood. Cobra Commander wants it back because he installed a 15 million dollar "homing device" in the jet. Apparently this device does not allow them to easily track the aircraft down, it's just a button you can push

in the cockpit that will make the jet take off and fly back to Cobra's top secret lair. Oh no! Not the top secret lair that as usual consists of a huge stone obelisk topped by a 500 foot tall cobra head. God forbid the Joes manage to figure out where that 600 ton cobra head statue was delivered without calling up Crazy Hank's Cobra Statuary and Iconography Outlet.

Because the useless homing device computer that is causing the problem costs so much Cobra Commander refuses to authorize an operation to destroy the Firebat. He wants that computer back! How else will he get back the Credence tape he left in the cassette deck?

It's just like Oceans Eleven!

To this end Cobra Commander calls up Zartan. Zartan and the Dreadnoks are in the middle of an extremely well-planned bank heist when Cobra Commander calls. They blow through the wall of a bank and then they have Ripper cut open the bank vault using his chainsaw. Ah, chainsaws, the favorite tool of lumberjacks and safe-crackers alike. As the Dreadnoks are loading the loot into the van Zartan answers Cobra Commander's call. Cobra Commander is all "come right away" and Zartan is all "there is a million dollars in this bank vault" and Cobra Commander offers him four million for a job. Zartan immediately cancels the bank heist, tells the Dreadnoks to put the sacks of money down, and they leave for greener pastures. I'm not too sure that I would have handled things that way, but Zartan's the boss.

198X, Day 1, 9:00 PM

It's the famous LA hot spot Shintester Esfererel Ueehm

Marty arrives at LAX to collect the Joes that have been assigned to advise on the movie. He is unimpressed with the rag-tag bunch consisting of the omnipresent Shipwreck along with Dusty, Blowtorch, Covergirl, and the mustache patrol of Mutt and Recondo. Marty bundles the bunch into a limousine and Shipwreck is highly impressed with the nightlife of Los Angeles. Covergirl shoots down his plans of a night on the town.

When they arrive at the studio they are greeted by George who explains that the government has loaned the studio a variety of GI Joe and Cobra military equipment. Shipwreck explains that the production needs a "smoke shifter" and George gets Marty to give Shipwreck cash and a corvette to go buy some smoke shifters. Covergirl realizes that Shipwreck is up to no good and she hops on a motorcycle to pursue the wayward sailor. Zartan, who is watching the proceedings from the shadows, dispatches Torch to keep an eye on the two Joes while Zartan and the other Dreadnoks needlessly plot to kill the others.

How sleazy do your holes get, baby?

Torch scampers off to chase Shipwreck and Zartan sends the other two Dreadnoks into the desert to prepare an ambush. He then sidles brazenly up to Dusty and Recondo who are monkeying around with a GI Joe bike. They mistake Zartan for an actor even though he starts bragging about how much better Cobra vehicles are and trying to antagonize them. Zartan finally manages to get Recondo's mustache in a knot of blind fury and he uses the opportunity to challenge the Joe to a motorcycle race through the desert. This predictably ends with the Dreadnoks shooting the motorcycle carrying Dusty and Rocondo. The motorcycle flies into a ravine and generates a massive explosion. Amazingly Dusty and Recondo are only lightly injured, though they are both knocked out for a time.

Meanwhile, Covergirl tracks Shipwreck to a dive bar in Los Angeles. "Shipwreck, I knew you would be in the sleaziest hole in Hollywood," Covergirl remarks as Shipwreck wrestles with some angry ruffians in the bar. Surprisingly, shipwreck doesn't take Covergirl's comment as an opportunity to lay a particularly vile pickup line on her like "you can find me in one of your sleazy holes next" or "it was the sleaziest hole until you walked in here with a couple that put it to shame." The Joes engage in an exceptionally confusing brawl with patrons of the sleazy hole in which Covergirl is transformed into a dark-haired woman wearing completely different clothing and several identical men in gray suits are flung around like balloons. Even Torch gets grappled by a member of the Hell's Angels with some sort of hippy gigantism while trying to call the police.

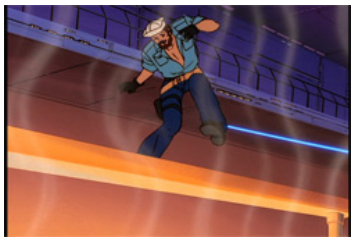
198X, Day 1, 10:30 PM

Having disposed of Dusty and Recondo, Zartan and the Dreadnoks interrupt the filming of the movie. Ripper saws through the support for a huge water tank and sends it crashing on top of the main camera. The other Dreadnok takes a few shots at Blowtorch and Mutt, but Junkyard leaps in to save them, proving once again that he is the only dog in the world capable of mentally calculating the trajectory of laser blasts. Zartan is attempting to do something way too complicated with the Firebat when Blowtorch and Mutt attack. Zartan manages to drop a bomb on the tail section before he is grappled by Mutt. Blowtorch grabs the bomb just in time and hurls it into the air, saving both Joes and Zartan. The force of the blast briefly knocks the Joes out of commission and Zartan is able to successfully escape.

George is horrified to learn that none of the explosions and laser blasts were caught on film. Adding insult to injury Shipwreck tries to get George to bail Shipwreck and Covergirl out of jail. The Joes pick them up in Marty's limousine and by the next morning they have commandeered the Rattler and Flight Pods being used as film props to begin a search for Dusty and Recondo.

198X, Day 2, 8:00 AM

Zartan and two of the Dreadnoks are less than pleased to receive an angry video-phone call from Cobra Commander. He refers to Zartan as a fool and this makes Zartan apoplectic with rage. The Dreadnoks want to spring Torch from the hoosegow, but Cobra commander tells them in no uncertain terms that the Firebat takes priority. I'm not exactly sure why Torch is even in jail since he was beaten up while attempting to call the police.



Ahhhhhh FREAKOUT!

Meanwhile, out in the desert Recondo and Dusty spots a pack of snarling animals that he refers to as "coyotes." They don't really look that much like coyotes, but their appearance becomes even more bizarre later. For now they begin to menace the two injured Joes and this sends Recondo's mustache into a rage. Mustache wants to pummel the coyotes. Mustache wants to smash and rend them into mangy coyote paste. Dusty holds mustache back, advising Recondo to "save his strength until [the coyotes] charge." Yeah, that's some real desert wisdom there Dusty. Stay sitting on the ground until the coyotes charge. How about even one of you standing up and scaring all the coyotes away? Nah, that would be too easy.

Just as things are seeming grim for Dusty and Recondo, Shipwreck arrives and zooms around scaring away the coyotes. One of them leaps up and latches onto Shipwreck's ankle. The supposed coyote has mutated into some sort of mountain lion were-creature by this point, but Shipwreck manages to knock it into a deep canyon. Shipwreck radios the Dusty and Recondo finding in to Covergirl and she and Blowtorch airlift the worthless saps to a hospital. Shipwreck returns to the movie studio

only to find Mutt once again rendered unconscious by Zartan and two of the Dreadnoks. An inept fist fight follows in which Shipwreck gets the best of his three opponents only to be cold-cocked into the cockpit of the Firebat. Zartan hits the "fly back to secret lair" button and the canopy closes on Shipwreck as the jet takes off into the sky.

198X, Day 2, 8:00 PM

It takes the Joes a full day of lounging around the movie studio to remember that Torch is in jail and they can use him as a bargaining chip to get Shipwreck back. Covergirl's eyes pop to nearly anime scale as she realizes this and suggests they use a little "movie magic" to trick Cobra Commander. Girlfriend, you could trick Cobra Commander with three Dixie cups and a pea. You don't need Industrial Light and Magic.

Back at Snake Fortress Cobra Commander torments Shipwreck by having him balance on a girder above a pit of lava as Cobra troopers shoot at his feet. Shipwreck has nearly lost his balance when a call comes in from Covergirl. She has what appears to be Torch strapped to a table with a set of deadly spikes slowly be lowered over him. She wants Shipwreck or she plans to kill torch. In something that could almost be timely political commentary Destro remarks that GI Joe's desperation has caused them to adopt Cobra's vile tactics. Cobra Commander is less enthusiastic and seems more upset that the Joes will coerce Torch into revealing the location of his secret base. You know, the secret base for which the GI Joes know the phone number.

Back in the fake dungeon we learn that Recondo was actually posing as Torch with a little help from Covergirl's incredible makeup skills. In the world of GI Joe people's identities are so readily interchangeable that it wouldn't be surprising if the Baroness turned up as the Firebat jet later in the operation. Unfortunately, the Baroness is nowhere in sight in this episode.

Cobra Commander flies out to the film studio to make the prisoner exchange with an entire squadron of Firebats. For once Cobra Commander seems to have no secret plot in mind and it's the Joes who double-cross him. Shipwreck knocks Cobra Commander over and a massive firefight erupts. Cobra parachutes rain from wrecked Firebats by the dozens as GI Joe fighters swoop in to assist. Cobra Commander screeches as his precious "homing device" equipped Firebat is destroyed by the treacherous GI Joes. After blowing up most of the Cobra aircraft the Joes then amuse themselves by flying around the movie studio and shooting missiles at random set pieces. There are no Cobra troops in sight; the Joes just seem to be enjoying the wanton destruction.

Arrrrghh! My precious Firebat!

Cobra Commander flees through a Western set with Covergirl and Shipwreck in hot pursuit. Shipwreck, abruptly sporting a Fu Manchu mustache, shoves a burning wagon into the front door of the "Saloon Child." Cobra commander flees out the back of the fake saloon and reaches Destro who is waiting in a Firebat on the set of a Roman epic. The Joes arrive just in time to make most of this set explode as Destro and Cobra Commander escape.

George and Marty are not very happy about the destruction the Joes have wrought at their studio, but then George realizes he got it all on tape. Covergirl seems genuinely unhappy that Cobra Commander got away. I guess Covergirl goes on so few missions that she hasn't developed the hardened cynicism of the other Joes about Cobra Commander escaping.

198X, Months Later

Joan Rivers shoots green lasers.

It's the premiere of "The GI Joe Story" and all of the Joes seen earlier are wearing tuxedos and waiting for George to arrive on the red carpet. Yes, even Covergirl is wearing a tuxedo, which gives you the impression that she has just attended a lesbian wedding. Why is it that so many lesbian weddings have at least one of the women dressed as a groom but so few gay men opt to wear a bridal dress? I guess I'll just have to pretend to ask Covergirl, although I would have taken Lady Jaye for the man of the marriage.

George finally shows up and then dramatically thanks...his parents, without whom "The GI Joe Story" would never have been possible. Shipwreck blows his top and it's a hilarious moment all around!

Cobra Commander's modest plan to recover the Firebat was thrown into chaos by Zartan, who was more interested in fighting GI Joes than recovering or destroying the captured aircraft. When Zartan finally did get around to sending the Firebat home it was so easy that it just further highlighted all of his gross incompetence in this episode. Cobra Commander still deserves some of the blame. It was shortsighted not to include a self-destruct mechanism in the precious Firebat and it was even more idiotic to order a recovery effort rather than listening to Destro and just having a Rattler or something drop a bomb on it.

To summarize the idiocy thing of it this way: Cobra, a globe-spanning terrorist organization with tens of thousands of troops and hundred of high tech military vehicles, barely succeeded in stealing a movie prop. Covergirl was the only Joe in this operation who did anything other than brawl or be knocked unconscious. Mutt particularly deserves to get shitcanned for being knocked unconscious twice by Zartan.

◘ Seen Any Elves? HAAHHAHAHAHA!

There is a Daily Dirt with a special surprise for you so go check it out, homey.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.26 You Owe Me!

Tuesday, Jul 26, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

It has recently come to my attention that I selflessly give and give and give, yet hardly ever get anything in return. The following entities owe me, and owe me big:

What the hell are you two doing and how does it earn me any COLD HARD CASH?

- **My Dogs** - Okay you two retarded hairy monsters, it's time to pay up, because I'm sick as hell of taking care of your dumb asses and getting nothing in return. Let's see here, I've raised you guys from puppies, which according to my calculations occurred roughly 95 years ago, and in that time I've cleaned up countless vile piles of goo that have flowed from your various orifices like a hyperactive volcano of congealed gravy. I never grew angry when you insisted on chowing down chunks of rancid sausage squeezed from your sibling's puckered anus, then deciding to engage in the time-honored tradition of reheating those wads of waste in your stomach and forcefully ejecting the remains all over my kitchen floor in a mucilaginous, vile mess. I've been pretty damn patient with you two, and it's time to pay up.

WHAT I WANT FROM YOU: First off, I'm gonna have to demand you guys stop barking at ghosts of deceased alien Vietnamese soldiers haunting the backyard. Honestly, I've got no earthly idea what the hell you're barking at, why you're barking at it, or what causes you to randomly decide, "hey, we've spent more than enough time barking at absolutely nothing! It's time to stop and roll around in our filth now." So I'd just absolutely love it if you two would shut up for five consecutive minutes, and that includes the nonstop gagging noises you make, perhaps because your brain was incorrectly wired directly into your small intestines.

And speaking of keeping your mouths shut, I'd like to request an end to the waterfall of rancid filth that escapes from your diseased throats every time something vaguely upsets your stomaches. Here's an idea, you idiot animals: if you don't want to throw up, **STOP EATING HORRIBLE THINGS WHICH WERE NEVER MEANT TO BE EATEN.** This includes your sibling's poop, pieces of wood, rocks, dead grass, tiny birds who died from tiny bird leprosy, and large chunks of each other's skull.

Additionally, I'm requesting you develop some awesome extra-sensory abilities like all the Golden Retrievers possess in every Dean Koontz novel. I think that author suffers from a "really smart dog" fetish or something, because it's growing increasingly impossible to pick up a Koontz book that doesn't at least casually mention the amazing contributions to the survival of the human race that psychic Golden Retrievers offer. In a world where ordinary pets can repel Satanic killers and otherworldly invasions, my two goldens can barely walk forward without farting and falling into a piece of furniture.

So maybe you two dogs could develop some sort of psychic power that lets you see the future and predict when you're going to puke or emit a stream of viscous death upon the carpet, and when that time comes a-rollin' around, you could attempt to adjust your orifices in such a way that the arc of innards angles into the toilet or a trash can or the backyard. Hell, I'm not picky at this point; I'd be pleased if you could manage to aim it directly into each other's mouths, thereby cutting out the middle man.

■ **My Cats** - As far as the animal hierarchy is concerned, cats rank on the "useless" scale below "grey ceramic duck statues" and slightly above "leeches that attach themselves to your testicles." I adopted two cats, "Cat" and "Kit" from local animal shelters over the years, and I have yet to experience them giving anything back to either me or the Kyanka household in general. I pet you two, brush you two, clean up the hairballs you've shrewdly elected to vomit onto random locations about the house like a minefield of barf, and constantly provide you with a steady stream of food and water so you may fill up your litter pan with compressed nuggets of stench. How the hell am I getting anything out of this relationship? What are you two doing for me here?

GET TO WORK YOU USELESS CRETINS!

WHAT I WANT FROM YOU: I want you to start acting rationally and using that icky grey matter between your ears. I'm sick to death of you meowing nonstop for hours to go outside until I eventually succumb and open the front door, at which point you walk onto the porch and meow nonstop for hours to come back inside. Why the hell did you want to go out in the first place? Did somebody phone in a bomb threat? If so, why didn't you tell us about it? We know you're able to communicate; you prove that each and every day you decide it's time for you to eat and mistakenly believe this desire should be communicated to me via the time-honored tradition of "constantly emitting a series of horrible and weird noises shrill enough to shatter glass."

I'm also going to kindly request you stop murdering woodland creatures and depositing them in the garage, bent into comical poses that insinuate the animal died while lightheartedly juggling its own intestines. Yes, both my wife and I know you're painfully proud of your ability to rob life from innocent creatures, but we don't appreciate the stench of week-old death obscured somewhere behind a series of heavy boxes in the garage, particularly when the toxic cloud of decay grows so obscenely ripe that it begins disintegrating our home's structural foundation. Maybe you could drag your bloody carcasses out to the backyard so the dogs can ingest them with a sizable amount of mud and poop, thus completing their doggy buffet.

Stop acting like a baby and make daddy some megabucks!

■ **My One-Month Old Daughter** - The first thing anybody blurts out the second you announce your wife's pregnancy consists of, "boy, you know, your life will change forever!" Well duh, of course my life's gonna change forever, tell me something not painfully obvious to anybody with an IQ eclipsing a vegetable strainer. You inherently understand your life will change forever once you realize your wife will be squeezing a living, breathing human being from her crotch, which, even now, represents such a bizarre concept to me that I refuse to believe it actually occurred. Sure it demeans the grueling pain my wife experienced during the delivery, but - come on - **the baby comes out of her vagina!** That can't be right; that's where I put my penis to create it, for crying out loud!

What your friends and doctors don't tell you, the big secret everybody tries to keep under wraps, is that babies are essentially worthless and incapable of accomplishing even the most basic of tasks. Our one-month old daughter Lauren has yet to earn back any of the cold hard cash we've invested into her "Living With Lauren" fund, most of which goes towards products directly applied to her rear end. Sure she's excelled in the fields of diaper-soiling, crying nonstop, and flailing her arms furiously like an angry bloated tick, but has she landed a paying job? Has she helped clean up the house? Has she accomplished even the most basic household task? Nope.

WHAT I WANT FROM YOU: It's time you started working for what your mother and I provide you. The days of leeching from our generosity, our free diapers and babysitting services and all-you-can-drink milk from a boob... they're all over. If you want something, you're going to work for it. Now many of you may be wondering what kind of position a baby could possibly fill, especially now since Mexicans are refusing to take jobs that not even blacks would accept. Well there's good news: the potential for baby labor has never been stronger! In fact, many industry analysts believe awarding jobs to American babies could possibly remedy the outsourcing issue affecting so many workers these days. Why just look at this long and extensive list of jobs for babies!

* Large, crying doorstop
Unhappy living statue
Filler for an eight-pound sack *(NOTE: BABY MUST WEIGH EIGHT POUNDS)*
Burglar detection system that cries when a burglar either is or isn't nearby
Breast-milk checking device
Really useless and nonfunctional computer made out of human flesh and poop

Granted, I haven't exactly noticed an overwhelming demand for any of these positions in the local newspaper, but since I haven't bothered reading the local newspaper in over a decade, I suspect my research may be fundamentally flawed. I stopped reading *The Kansas City Star* once I realized half of the inflammatory opinion columns on any given day revolved around street lamps.

■ **My Lawn** - I am required to maintain a lush green lawn in order to fit in to my high class middle-class neighborhood full of snooty people with filthy retarded children. The homeowners association practically forces me to pay guys in overalls like $50 a month to spray deadly chemicals on my lawn and make sure it doesn't spontaneously catch fire and explode when I look at it because I'm such a terrible gardener that I can't even successfully grow tired at night. I have to water the stupid grass every day, yank weeds from it, and mow the entire deal about once a week, and what do I get in return? More grass, more weeds, and more bills. It's about as useful as paying a fat man to step on your skull after you insulted his wife and tried to run from a guy at a bar because he looked like he was on crystal meth.

What the hell is this

WHAT I WANT FROM YOU: Remember the scene from that movie "Minority Report," where Tom Cruise falls into some old woman's garden and the plants suddenly grow sentient to attack him? Well I want my lawn to track down and murder everybody responsible for that movie. There might be some issues killing Tom Cruise with my landscaping because Scientology probably has at least three books dedicated to defending yourself from alien lawn attacks.

■ **The Red Cross** - Way back when I was trying to woo my wife, I pretended to care about donating blood and doing good things for other people because that's how you trick people into falling in love with you. Even though I absolutely hate needles - and I realize that's an utterly ridiculous thing to say, because who honestly loves needles besides junkies? - I still agreed to donate blood because I suspected it would deceive my wife into accidentally thinking I wasn't a jerk. The move paid off in that sense, but in another aspect, it completely screwed me. The Red Cross has been calling my house every day since then, asking me to give them more blood. Sometimes they call two or three times in an hour. I've begged to be removed from their calling list, but apparently blood is thicker than callers.

WHAT I WANT FROM YOU: I just want you to leave me the hell alone. Please, for the love of god, stop demanding my blood. That's the job of all the furries, Juggalos, and Scientologists.

Pay up and pay up now, suckers.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

7.27 Children's Story Time: The Rainbow Farm

Wednesday, Jul 27, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Old Jebediah the farmer tended to his rainbow farm for some seventy years, starting from his earliest childhood days and continuing roughly to the present. In the early days the farm belonged to Jeb's father, who had carried the courageous scrap of land through its most successful years. As was the way of things, Jeb took over the farm at the ripe age of ten years, upon his poor father's flu-induced death. Jeb's mother had died giving birth to him, and he had no other family in the world. It was not easy for a ten year old to run a rainbow farm, and so Young Jeb had to drop out of school and give all his heart and mind to his land and his beautiful crops, which arced through the sky with colorful grace and butterfly splendor.

Old Jeb was most often a grump, scarcely able to control his temper and prone to fits of powerful exclamations and fist shaking. For most of Jeb's life, his temper was kept cool by the mere presence of his darling wife, Phyllis, whom Jeb always referred to as "Ma." Ma was splendid at keeping grumpy Old Jeb from killing the mean old banker, which he often threatened to do when the bills arrived promptly each month and signaled the couple's continued nightmarish descent into the oblivion of debt.

"Jeb," she would say, "we'll make it through to see another day."

Ma and Jeb's love began long ago, too. When Jeb was a mere eleven years of age, running the farm proved quite the daily tussle. Particularly when overfeeding resulted in one of his rainbows growing too big. The colorful colossus wobbled crazily in the sky, and caused quite a commotion when one end uprooted itself. The mighty bow of colors snapped like a catapult, whipping the earth hard, thundering mightily! Jeb ran along the limp, outstretched rainbow and found that it had destroyed his neighbor's barn.

Like all eleven-year-old kids, Jeb was responsible to a fault. He spent the entire summer of his eleventh year rebuilding that barn for his neighbor, Old Mr. Riley. Old Mr. Riley was so impressed that he encouraged Jeb to start courting his daughter, beautiful Phyllis Riley. The next thing you know Old Jeb was engaged to Phyllis and the two were married at the ripe old age of twelve.

Sad times fell upon poor Jeb, as he soon learned that his wife was barren and that her womb was a furnace where dreams were turned to ash. Without any children to inherit the farm, Old Jeb was filled with tremendous sadness, and often toiled angrily in the shadow of mighty rainbows. He spent hours cursing and shaking his fist at the hideous God that plagued him with such bitter fruits. Still, even without child, Ma and Jeb grew happily old together, tending the farm along the way. Jeb worked hard and delivered harvest after harvest. There were colorful rainbows of all shapes and sizes all throughout the county, but the prettiest grew out of Old Jeb's farm.

Last month Jeb returned to the house after a long day sewing the seeds of a new patch of rainbows to discover yet more tragedy. His darling Ma had collapsed in the kitchen and expired under the heat of the hot oven where she labored to prepare Jeb a feast as a sign of her undying love for him. The feast remained, though her life did not. Jeb's heart snapped, like the mighty rainbow that brought them together once snapped.

Jeb sighed at this latest curse and began preparing a coffin and grave fit for the person who loved him longest. He gathered some lumber and a large stone and then set out to give Ma a final resting home. Soon afterwards she was buried on a beautiful hill near the house, and a rainbow arced over her grave. It was a pretty rainbow, but it was hard for Jeb to see. A black rainbow of debt loomed over the entire farm, and Ma's passing made its shadow all the bigger and blacker. What's more, Ma was now buried on the farm, making it impossible for Jeb to sell the land without someone digging her up. Jeb decided to try alternative methods for delivering the surefire harvest needed to escape the debts. He would turn to science to save his crops.

Last week the mean old banker came again. The banker was a lecherous man, dressed in a black suit and with a face scarred by a dainty moustache. He was prone to stopping by quite often, but never stayed long and was always polite. Although Jeb was a grump, Ma kept him in check, and treated the banker like a king. He always left with a smile and took great pity on the couple, letting them slip by on the promise of a bountiful harvest to come. Ma was dead now. Jeb would have to survive the banker on his own wits.

"Oh, Jeb," the mean old banker said. "Oh, Jeb, Jeb, Jeb!" he said.

"You can go now, Mr. Banker," said Jeb. "My crop is fine and the money will come through. We'll be square come harvest."

"Without that money, Jeb, your farm is dead," said the mean old banker. "And I decide if the money comes through or not, not you."

"The crops are fine," Jeb exclaimed, shaking his fist madly in the air.

"But Jeb, old boy, I can see out the window and what you say is not true. Those crops are blurring and leaning, too."

The mean old banker was right, for just outside the window was the shameful sight of rainbows unfit for harvest. They cast an eerie light on the farm that made it seem sick and decrepit. It was a million miles from the old days, once beautiful and beaming with life and color.

"Now just a second here, those rainbows are perfectly fine!"

"What about the two laying out in the pasture over there?" inquired the banker.

"Those two had to be put down. It was the damn E. coli. But the rest are fine."

"And those there? The colors are running and they look garish."

"It's the window. It's smudged and dirty. I don't have Ma – bless her soul – to clean them like in the old days."

"I see, Jeb. How about the rest over there? They look positively nightmarish."

"I need to deliver, so I used some of that rainbow growth hormone. It adds color, but they bands tend to buckle under the added weight. That's why they droop. They're still mighty fine rainbows."

"You used far too much, Old Jeb. You ruined an otherwise fine crop."

"I'll beg you pardon! This crop is fine, and come harvest you won't be welcome on my property ever again. We'll be square!"

"I think you need to face the music, Old Jeb. You have no one to will the farm to, and you are already sizeable in debts. This crop is hopeless, and it's time for you to stop.

"The subsidies, they'll kick right in!"

"Government subsidies for rainbows are at an all time low, Jeb. You're going to have to sell your farm to pay these debts. We own half of it already anyway. That's what all the other rainbow farmers in the county did. Subdivisions are springing up everywhere as a result. Colorful houses of all shapes and sizes all throughout the county, Jeb."

"OVER MY WIFE'S DEAD BODY!" Jeb shouted, ushering the mean old banker to the door and slamming it behind him. If not for the arthritis to retard movement, Old Jeb's fist would have vibrated clean off his arm.

The mean old banker went back to the bank and signed some papers signaling Old Jeb's fate, then put them in a box at the end of the day. When morning came, the box was emptied, and the papers entered into a machine, and the machine talked to another machine, then that machine had a conversation with yet another machine. Soon the machines were all in agreement. Old Jeb had to go.

The bank seized the rainbow farm, and Old Jeb was told to go. But he refused and fought to the bitter end, shaking his fist and exclaiming his right to stay with passion and anger. The mean old banker argued right back, and soon the county sheriff was in on the act. Everyone agreed that Old Jeb had to go.

Old Jeb would not listen, and argued with all his might. But his anger was too strong, and his heart not up to the fight. His face went white and stiff, then his fist stopped suddenly. Soon he was flat on his back. The rainbows loomed high above and they were wretched and stupid, wobbling through the air with colors all smeared. They were drooping and dripping and some were splayed out dead. Jeb's last sight was not of his own death, but the death of his family farm. It was a gruesome sight he had not allowed himself to truly see until the last of his heart was all gone. All the pretty rainbows were dead and buried, just like Ma.

There were sirens too, with flashing lights that splashed colors all around the farm. Old Jeb didn't see those though, for he was already asleep. Old Jeb was dead and the ambulance took him away to the hospital where men signed some more papers signaling his fate. They took his body and burnt it to ash inside a big furnace.

Soon Old Jeb's farm was no more. They built a subdivision there, just like they did with all the other old farms in the county. There were colorful subdivisions of all shapes and sizes all throughout the county, but the prettiest one was built on Old Jeb's farm.

■ Hello Daily Dirt

There is a Daily Dirt article here behind this link located directly to the left of the last ten words.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.28 Heart Smarts: The Deadliest Drink

Thursday, Jul 28, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

"Beer is living proof that God loves us and wants us to be happy." - Benjamin Franklin

"Benjamin Franklin is a big, fat, stupid drunk." –Concerned Mother

Daddy drank. He beat me with old splintered turkey bones, swearing in his pagan Irish dialect, reeking of the foul tavern he'd just come home from. As a child, I didn't understand that it was the whiskey that transformed him into a wicked monster, and thought I deserved to be beaten because I had red hair and God hated me. With age and years of electroshock therapy, I came to understand that alcohol was an evil drug that can possess the souls of many good people, making them do terrible things. Today we are going to take a heart smart look into the world of alcoholism, and what you can do to protect yourself and your loved ones from becoming victims of its intoxicating, invigorating, and irresistible allure. Oh Jesus I need a drink, just one to get through this update. Just one.

As you may already know, I work on my Heart Smarts goodwill program full time, helping people fight off vices that plague their lives, like gambling and genocide. This is partially due to the fact that I have a master's degree in computer science and can't get a job as a Wal-Mart cart wrangler. Sure, this non-profit organization doesn't help pay the rent or buy groceries, but the knowledge that I am doing some good is enough to keep my spirits high so I have enough energy to avoid the landlord and steal from Farmer Maggot's crops. I don't like to think of it as the economic recession crushing all my hopes and dreams, but rather as an opportunity to give back to the community. The greedy, soul-sucking community. It takes and takes, sucking at my dry teat with its mealy black hole of a mouth, giving nothing back but gnaw marks on my raw nipples. Fucking community...

But I digress. In order to help all of you weak-willed and pathetic alcoholics out there, we first have to take a look at the different types of drinks that are produced by the corporations of America for our harmful consumption. If at any time you think I am just making this stuff up while I go, then you are wrong and need to shut up. You don't know the history of alcohol. I know the history of alcohol so you need to listen to me.

Beer: The most common form of alcoholic beverage is beer. Consisting of a slurry of fermented wheat, rye, and barley, this has been the drink of choice since the days of the caveman. He would come home from hunting dinosaurs or beating prehistoric monkeys with tapir femurs, and kick back with a tallboy of Natty Lite. Little has changed since then. Men work all day at their grueling jobs and come home to the one true friend who takes away all the stress and pain, if only for a few fleeting hours. Of course this is their six-pack of ice-cold suds. Even though beer is seen as a mostly harmless drink compared to the vice of hard liquor, it is thought to be the biggest cause of random naps and hilarious college deaths in the United States. The Super Bowl is the biggest beer drinking day of the year, and also has the most cases of spousal abuse; but then, it's also the biggest day for salty snacks, so the results are inconclusive on what's really causing all those halftime black eyes.

Wine: Wine is for snobs and homosexuals. Not that I have anything against homosexuals, but I sure hate yuppie snobs. Once in a while when I'm feeling fancy I'll go out and

My father was a saint!

get a large jug or box of the stuff, but mostly I stay away from the "elf water". Elves are snobs.

Liquor: This is the good stuff. Since the early days of man letting things rot and then drinking it on a dare from his buddies, liquor has been the bane of mankind, causing whole societies to succumb to its terrible power. The empire of Ireland would rule Europe if it weren't for the malt whiskey that consumed the country, making once-great warriors into drunken derelicts, bartering with sheep over potato prospects and crooning under the waning moon. If it wasn't for vodka, Russia would have landed a dog on the moon and brought it back with moon treasures, instead of just shooting it into space and forgetting to get it back down because they got drunk while celebrating. As for myself, I would've been the president of the United States and a 7-time winner of the Tour de France if I didn't love my sweet Boonesfarm so much. Wait, that's a wine cooler, right? Ok, forget I said that. I can't find the backspace button. I probably shouldn't be drinking while writing this update.

Rubbing Alcohol: This is what people use when they are all out of booze and they don't have any money or a car. It tastes terrible but it does the job, as long as you don't mind vomiting blood and/or brain damage.

A large problem that many people face is that there isn't much to do in social situations that doesn't involve drinking, unless you only play Dungeons and Dragons and spend all day working on your bard kit, but even then you have the vice of Mountain Dew to contend with. Boredom is proven to be the largest catalyst for alcoholism. The proof for this theory is the countries of Poland, Latvia, and Russia. When there is nothing to do but play potato soccer and visit WW2 mass graves, it's easy to see how vodka can become an integral part of everyday life. The truth is the same to a lesser extent in America and Europe, where many times the only thing to do is to meet some friends at the local bar and knock back a few dozen cold ones while discussing the merits of regional sports teams.

Social drinking isn't that bad unless you do it constantly. It really starts gets dangerous when you do it alone, in the dark, while watching ghost programs on the Travel channel, and then think your downstairs neighbor flushing the toilet is a poltergeist coming to get you and falling into the shower in a drunken, sobbing mess and then ordering a dozen pizza deliveries but not having the money to pay. What's that noise???

Booze has ruined yet another Christmas.

The biggest problem when going out to drink is that somehow, someway, you must get your car back home. Forget about designated drivers, they are just a myth. Nobody wants to sit with a bunch of people drinking and having fun all night just so they can drive your slobbering ass home. And forget about cabs. The last time I was too drunk to drive and had Francisco the bartender (my best friend in the world) call a cab for me, I woke up the next day naked and crucified on Martin Luther King Drive, with my wallet stolen and a fresh circumcision. So, what can one do if they find they've been "over-served" and need to get their car back to their place of residence so they can pass out in the flower garden? If we are not going to stop people from drunk driving, we need to teach them to HOW to drive drunk. Here are some special tips that I've learned over the years to become a pro drunk driver. I currently have 4,400 hours of drunk driving time under my belt and have not had a single accident or fatality in over 28 months -- not counting last weekend, because that wasn't my fault.

Drunk Driving Tips

Before you get in the car, eat a bunch of garlic so if you get pulled over they won't be able to smell the alcohol on your breath. This will also protect you from vampire motorcycle gangs.

Practice makes perfect. Buy GTA: San Andreas, if you don't already have it, and get really wasted. Then try to drive as well as you can through the city streets, obeying all traffic lights and avoiding hitting black children on bicycles or picking up prostitutes. Next, try to get at least a $250 insane stunt bonus. It's pretty tough when you're drunk.

Take the back roads. The fewer obstacles on the road, the less chance that you will run into them head first. I normally drive off road through empty fields to avoid all lifeforms.

The tree Ents are out to get you. Whenever I drink and drive, the trees come alive to conspire against my safe passage home. They walk to and fro, sometimes appearing out of nowhere right in front of my car! They are by far one of the most dangerous enemies of a drunk driver.

Go to White Castle. Nothing will sober you up like a long wait in line to get some tasty burger gems from an underpaid immigrant worker. By the time you get your food, the alcohol should be out of your system and you can drive home with ease. Just don't eat your White Castle before trying to drive home or you will be in serious trouble.

Don't try to milk any rattlesnakes.

DON"T WEAR A SEATBELT. Trust me on this one. If you happen to get in a major accident while drunk then you will spend the rest of your young life in prison and get your cellmate's name tattooed on your ass with an ink pen and a lighter. It's a lot better to get thrown 100 feet out of the front windshield and become a piece of modern art.

If you start to swerve because of objects that you think you see on the road, like brick walls and goombas, then its time to pull over near a wooded area. Get out and look for some wild mushrooms so you can power up. Then put your car in drive and surf on the hood, like in the movies "Teen Wolf" and the less popular "Teen Wolf II".

Staying safe on the road is only a short-term solution to the drinking problem that faces society. The truth is that alcohol is a dangerous substance, commercialized to be a socially acceptable drug that is consumed in regular and mass quantities. It causes major bodily harm, and a weakness of will and character. It also costs a lot of money, taking funds away from the public which could be spent on things to better their life, not harm it. So how does one immersed so deeply in this drink-crazy culture get away from it and live clean, free of the health and financial burdens of being an alcoholic? I've created a 10-step program that I like to call "Frolixo's 10-Step Program for Buns of Steel". I'm not just the club president, I'm also a member, but I don't have to pay because I would just be paying myself. That would be silly and waste time I frankly don't have.

My uncle Albert liked to get drunk and look for the Titanic. One day he never returned.

1. Stop drinking.
2. Find any alcohol in the house and throw it in a padded box. Send the padded box to my address so I can "inspect" it.
3. Look in the mirror. Do you like what you see? Is this all a dream? Imaginary?
4. To substitute your craving for alcohol, try spinning in circles to get really dizzy, and then go the other way real fast. This will simulate a "buzz" for a few seconds and get you through those long days.
5. See step #1.
6. If you still have the cravings for alcohol, start a heroin habit. Nothing beats a bout of depraved alcoholism like a degrading heroin addiction.
7. Bring your own jug of "Kool Aid" to watch sporting events while your friends drink beer. If they jeer and mock you for it, run home and cry.
8. WILSON!!!!
9. The step is under construction. Pardon our dust.
10. Stop drinking so much you fucking pussy.

Hopefully this program will help any of you that are in need and don't know where to turn. To sign up for my program, please email me your name, age, sex, location, fetishes, social security number, bank account, Pay-Pal user name and password, and what you want for Christmas. Heart Smarts is dedicated to helping those who are afflicted with any disorder or vice, such as gambling, eating disorders, drugs, color by numbers, and Catholicism. We will get through this together*. God bless.

**By "together", I mean my gaggle of Heart Smart interns and a robot simulation of myself dancing to the popular music from the 80's.*

Daily Dirt

I don't have any really funny Moof chatlogs but I do have is an authentic Eddie Murray rookie card signed by Moof in his own blood. MOOOOOOOOF! Read all about it in today's Daily Dirt, were I also dish out all tasty Internet rumors circulating about Zack Parson's baby elephant.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

7.29 USA Big Time (Skrilla Club Mix)

Friday, Jul 29, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

One, two, one two,
Let the rhymes flow through,
Brace your face for this mace from the gold coast crew.

I'm warning you son I got lyrical powers,
You'll get played more times than planes hittin' towers.
Start button run, command line promptin',
Fiduciary advice from the City of Compton.

I'm mic commandin',
custody remandin',
parable understandin'
homework hand-in,
shoppin' at Land's End,
cuz I'm big like space and time,
And my talents ever-expandin'.

Two five zero with six more zeros,
Gotta lot of people who eat a lot of gyros.
U to the S to the A to the tops,
Step off my base when this smart bomb drops.

Fundin' this ish with loans from China,
Fuckin' up sand like sand in a vagina.
U to the S to the A to the crunk,
You ran, Iraq, now who's the punk?

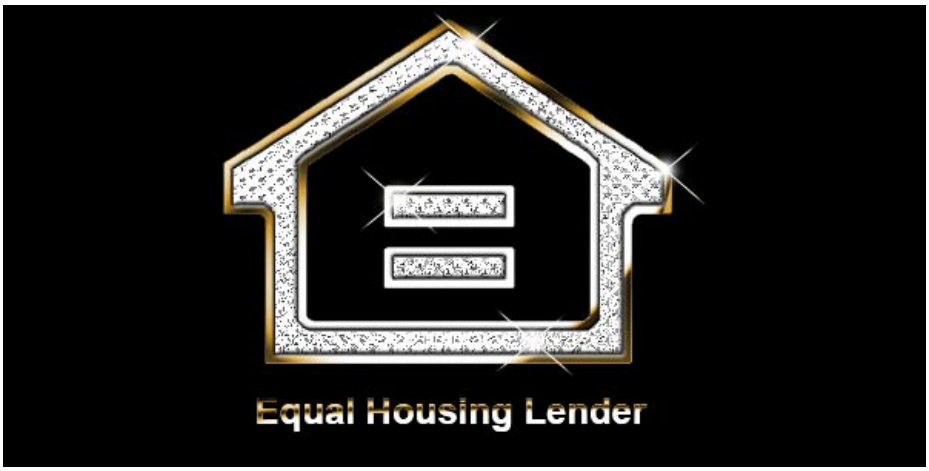
Pimpin this shit from an undisclosed location,
Alert level red so it's time for a vacation.
U to the S to the A to the higha',
Grab my posse and my jet and I hit Greenbria'.

I'm nation buildin',
Potholes filled in,
Triumph of the willin',
Enemy combatant killin',
Dance floor thrillin',
Cuz I'm big like Sauroposeidon,
And my hand is in the face of Joseph Biden.

9-11 Cuttin Crew faults the C-I-A,
I now pronounce you man and anything but gay,
U to the S to the A back to the Factor,
Got freedom fries and they got a fusion reactor.

Hello, what's this? Another chapter eleven,
We got solvent corporations to match the lawyers in heaven,
U to the S to the A to das ubermenschen,
Cuttin' social security and drainin' that pension.

Hell yes this background is double super secret,
You spill the beans while I tap that Tikrit,
U to the S to the A united,
Don't worry homes you ain't gonna get indicted.



They think I'm down for the count,

But they didn't count on this:
I got foam on my shuttle that ain't never gonna miss.
You're in a cave eatin' beans and goats from a bucket,
While I got orbital cameras watching waves hit Phuket.

I'm searching Aruba,
With dogs and SCUBA,
And playing great Britain,
Like a fat kid plays the tuba.

I spent enough on a plane to find that cunt,
To hook every Red Chinese up with a blunt.
The next time you ask 'why the defecit so high?'
I'm gonna ask back 'you wanna let a white girl die?'

U to the S to the A to the end,
God bless the troops and the borders they defend.
That's it, I'm out, peace and so forth my fellow men,
Big ups to Hotlanta but let's hope the north can rise again.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.30 Virtual Intrigue - An Internet Adventure

Saturday, Jul 30, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Greaves laid there, shot and dying in my arms. His rank body odor and oily skin were revolting but I held him nonetheless, hunched over with my ear so close to his bulbous lips that french kissing my brain would have been a cinch. The man was a bastard but he had contacts in all the right places and I grudgingly came to him for information countless times before. Tonight, though, I suspected he wouldn't stick around long enough to collect his usual fee.

"Redd," he whispered, although my name was Red with just one d. I didn't correct him. "The legends are true. It's really out there, just waiting to be found."

"What is, Greaves? Damn it, what did you get yourself into?"

He smiled wanly, revealing a coating of blood that had covered his Cheetos-stained teeth.

"The Porn."

I snapped my head back and looked down at him incredulously. It couldn't be true. There were a million questions I needed to ask, and my mouth hung open as they squeezed together shoulder-to-shoulder in the doorway of my brain trying to get through first. Greaves laughed. It was a weak sound, not at all like his usual booming guffaws that shook the room. God help me, I was actually going to miss this asshole.

"It's not just a fairy tale. It truly exists, as crazy as it may sound. Listen, I don't have long. According to the information I have, the Porn is hidden on the internet somewhere. The frontier of knowledge and reason. The last place anyone would look. Here, get into contact with this guy. He's the only person you can trust now."

Greaves fumbled in the pocket of his bathrobe and produced a dog-eared business card. It was slightly damp with sweat, and a blotch of barbeque sauce obscured the name slightly.

beep beep internet boop

"Who is this?" I asked.

"Jake Computersmith, he's a hacker I've worked with for years. He'll help you find the Porn. No one knows the internet like he does, homeboy's got TWO monitors."

I raised my eyebrows and whistled, clearly impressed.

"Urk! Listen Redd, I'm about to go. I can feel it. Tell my wife... *oh shit*. I don't have a wife. Quick, I need something to tell someone!"

"Uh..." I rapped my knuckles against my skull. We sat there in silence for a full minute, our brows scrunched downward in deep thought.

"No wait," said Greaves. "I got it. Tell that guy from Siegfried and Roy that I'm sorry he got attacked by a tiger last year. Fucking tigers..."

At those final two words, his eyes rolled back into his head and his voice trailed off. He was gone.

If my life were a film the following three days would have been a montage of me hitting the bottle

hard, weeping over pictures of Greaves and I squaring off in oversized foam sumo wrestler outfits, letting my facial hair go unchecked, trashing my already shitty apartment in anger, and eating some nachos. Hey, a guy's gotta get some sustenance. When I finally crawled back out into the sunlight, I decided to pay this Jake guy a visit.

"You're too damned reckless, Red!" he screeched as he slammed his fist into the flimsy fiberboard computer desk in his parents' basement, breaking it instantly. It was a good hand, but the point had to be driven home. "Greaves told me all about you. How your little treasure hunts always seem to end in pain for someone other than yourself. How when you find what you're looking for you just move on to the next hunt, not caring about who's going to get hurt next. So tell me, why should I help you?"

"You're right Jake. What you're saying is absolutely true, but I'm not the bad guy this time around. Greaves called me out of the blue saying he had some information for me, I didn't ask him for it. By the time I got to his place the shooter had already come and gone. Greaves was working on his own, and whoever shot him did it because he got too close to something they wanted to remain hidden."

Jake rubbed his temple. He knew what I was saying was true, and that we had no choice but to finish what our repugnant friend had started.

"So what are we looking for?"

"Well," I licked my lips, not believing what I was about to say, "we're looking for Porn."

"Porn" said Jake as he stroked his neckbeard thoughtfully, "where have I heard that word before?"

"Ah, you must be familiar with ancient Egypt. It was hinted at in several perfectly preserved scrolls hidden in the burial chambers of several kings. Many men have attempted to locate Porn, but all were met with failure. The historical community regards it as nothing more than a myth, but if Porn really exists it would change the world as we know it."

"Yes," replied Jake, "but what is it exactly? Some sort of treasure?"

"In a way." I paused to consider the best way to describe it. "Okay, you know that website dailypicturesofsailboats.com?"

"Of course, who doesn't? I don't even like boats and a picture killed my brother but that's my homepage. It's the biggest site in the world thanks to its accessibility and the advanced technology that somehow delivers a new picture of a sailboat each and every day."

"Okay, good. Porn is basically like those sailboat pictures, only the sailboats are having sex and they're sometimes humans instead of boats."

Jake turned pale.

"Sorry, I just threw up in my mouth a little. So what does this Porn have to do with computers?"

"Well, Jake, Greaves said the Porn was hidden on the internet. I need you to get on there and do... whatever you do. What do hackers do anyway?"

"We basically stay up all night drinking Mountain Dew in the dark, typing random gibberish without looking at the keyboard. The faster you type, the better the hacker you are. I seriously doubt something like the Porn you described will be on the internet, but we can give it a shot."

Jake sat down and typed a ridiculously long string of keys to wake the computer from its suspended state. Dual monitors came to life, illuminating the room in shades of Smurf.

"I'm commencing the internet connection sequence," said Jake as he flipped the pair of protective goggles down from their resting place on his head. He turned to me and smirked. "Hold onto

something partner, this could get bumpy."

Jake's screen saver of Tux the Linux penguin raised like a curtain to reveal the internet, a smooth and shiny 3D tunnel that Jake's computer flowed through. Obtrusive and unnecessary models of circuits and computer chips were strewn about everywhere, their polygon count and general appearance on par with Dire Straits' music video for Money For Nothing. It was incredible. Jake's fingers never stopped clicking keys.

Suddenly a floating laughing skull appeared in the tunnel ahead.

"Oh no, it's a black hat hacker!"

The words "BEING HACKED: 20 SECONDS LEFT" appeared on screen in foreboding red. In the room, several lights began flickering on and off. The drawers of a solid oak dresser opened and closed wildly, sending dozens of black DefCon shirts flopping out to the ground below.

"This guy's good." said Jake. "He's already compromised the system and the main grid, all he needs is the Gibson and he's got us. Pulling the power plug won't do anything now. I have to fend him off!"

He typed furiously and a mouse pointer began to move around the screen, presumably to the coordinates he was entering. A program called Hacker Stopper opened up, with the following dialogue:

Stop Hacker?
[Y]es [N]o

The timer was down to five seconds. Jake's cat began to roll around and growl passionately, as if in heat. A pipe blew out somewhere, scalding steam escaping into the air. My boxers began to ride up. We were in serious trouble if this didn't work. Jake continued to type, and the mouse pointer slowly made its way to the Yes button. Just as the timer reached the 0.5 mark, the button was depressed and the floating skull was sent spinning off into the void. The room returned to normal.

We turned to each other and cheered, knowing the hacker we had just encountered and subsequently defeated had to have been working for the same people who shot Greaves. The black hat had been sent to stop us, and with him out of the way there were no obstacles but the search itself.

"Okay," said Jake, "I'm going to turn down the branch of the internet where everything beginning with the letter P is stored."

The computer's perspective pitched to the left and began moving down a new tunnel. Folders with names like Ponies, Prince Ate My Balls, and Phat Lewtz sailed by us on all sides. Then I saw something strange.

"Wait, stop here. That folder!"

"That folder?" asked Jake. "But it's specifically titled 'Not Porn'."

"I know, but think about it. What would a folder that starts with the letter N be doing in the P branch of the internet? There's something fishy going on here, and it may be connected to what we're looking for."

Jake opened the folder, typing skillfully to maneuver a model of a hand so that it grasped the side of the folder and turned the cover page. What did we discover inside? I don't think a simple man such as myself could find the words to describe the photos hidden in that folder, so I'll let the pictures speak for themselves.

Suffice it to say we were about to become heroes. We needed to call the press and go public with this immediately, but first I turned to Jake.

"Can you send email with this thing?"

"Yeah, of course!" he laughed. "This puppy is powerful enough to send two at once. I just need to reroute the fprot tarball first. Why?"

"I need you to send a message for me. Make it out to roy@siegfriedandroy.com"

Daily Dirt

What, I actually talk about video games this week? That's a first!

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.31 No Mountain Too High

Sunday, Jul 31, 2005 by Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

Today I wanted to kill myself. My cat ran away, I've already seen all the movies that are out right now, my favorite band released a bad album, and I had a sharp little rock or thorn or something in my shoe that I couldn't find no matter how many times I took the shoe off and looked for it. And no it wasn't in my sock because I changed those like three times a day and it still kept stabbing me. I couldn't keep living like this.

"On behalf of rocks everywhere: We'll never miss you."

I took a hike to see what inspiration nature held. I stuffed a peanut butter and jelly sandwich and some trail mix into my fanny pack, leaving just enough room for my father's old police sidearm and a single bullet. It felt pleasantly heavy when I strapped it around my waist.

"Wow this is like being pregnant or something!" I quipped to myself, but no one laughed because I was completely alone. I filled a few bottles of water at the kitchen tap and grabbed my cigarettes, then set out for the scenic foothills to drink in the majesty of creation, sobbing like a widow the whole way.

Wind whipped through the parched underbrush like a chorus of dejected sighs. A twig snapped beneath my Nevados hi-tops, mimicking the click of a .38 hammer being pulled into place one last time. I paused and kneeled down briefly to cry on it when a small gecko caught my eye. He stood perfectly still, regarding me with an unbreaking gaze that spoke of infinite disgust and contempt.

"Hello little friend! How are the insects tasting this afternoon?" I asked.

"Single Action Army." He said.

"I'm sorry?"

"Colt Single Action Army. You're not putting down a sick dog here. Only a complete attention-seeking livejournal faggot would use a .38. At least let the cops know you've got style. They're the last people you'll ever get to impress."

"If only I'd stuck with those violin lessons. You poor baby."

"Gecko, you are incurable!" I chuckled softly to myself.

"The name is Leopold Lizard. Anyway if you want, I know this guy over on Birch Street who's kind of a collector. He's a little bit weird but if you want I could give you his number."

I gave him a tiny little pat on the head and he bit me very hard. That really smarts, I thought. My new friend sure does like to play rough!

"Thank you for showing me how to laugh, Leopold. I'll see you on the way back down!"

"I'd rather lose a fucking tail. Smell ya later, sadsack!" Leopold Lizard scampered down into a nearby wash and disappeared.

Later on in the afternoon, I was stung by a bee and a rock called

me fat. Then I tripped and fell into a briar patch and it yelled at me for waking it up. Nature is sharp! I found a nice tree stump to sit on, and pulled the sandwich out of my fanny pack. The sun was going to set soon. The stump groaned and whimpered slightly.

"What on Earth?" I asked.

"You're the suicide case right? Leopold told me you'd be up this way today. Lucky me." His voice was old and grizzled.

"Wow you look really old." I replied. "I bet you have a lot of sage advice to impart!"

A patch of sagebrush spoke up. "Please dear God leave me out of this."

The stump continued. "Advice? How's this for advice: Do it while you still have the strength to wrap your finger around that trigger. It's all downhill from here. Bow out before the ravages of time leave you crippled and alone and pining for nothing so much as the choking embrace of oblivion."

"Pining! I get it! You are a very clever stump!" I patted him on the bark and took a bite from my sandwich. There was a bug hiding in it and I sort of threw up when I saw it.

"Happy trails, jerkoff."

"Are you even listening to me? Life holds nothing for you! Your final reward is nothing greater than a relief from the burden of existence. Claim it early or regret it in 30 years when you're dying from some wasting disease and can't even muster the energy to void your bladder like a civilized human being. Look at me. I used to be 40 feet tall. You've read *The Giving Tree*, right? Imagine something a hundred thousand times sadder. If you have any sense at all, you'll pull out that gun, put the barrel in your mouth and suck it like a near-empty juicebox."

"This conversation isn't very fun. I think I'm going to go sit somewhere else." I stood up and began walking back down the trail.

A dry tuft of foxtails chimed in. "I've been overhearing this conversation, and I think maybe I can explain it a different way: Would you like to be on the news?"

I deliberated briefly. "Yes. I think I might like that a lot."

I pulled a cigarette lighter from my pocket and lit the base of the foxtail patch. The fire looked brilliant against the pinks and purples of the gathering summer dusk, and quickly spread to a neighboring Joshua tree. I thanked all of my new friends for the encouragement and hiked back home a new man. Dirt dirt dirty daily dirty day dirty

A truck full of words just crashed outside my house and I went and scooped up as many of them as I could and hid them here for safekeeping. Please don't tell anyone. I could get in big trouble for this!

-~Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

Chapter 8

August

8.1 Electricity Hates the Boy Scouts of America

Monday, Aug 01, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Careful! A Scout looks for the bright side of things.

He cheerfully does tasks that come his way. He tries to make others happy.Summer inevitably brings with it a new batch of horrible menaces for the news media to warn us about in an orgy of over-reporting that makes every heat wave feel like a dramatic reading of the Book of Revelations. In a given summer no day will pass without reports of some unspeakable calamity waiting to befall each and every unwitting citizen. Some of these menaces appear every year like clockwork. During most summers the entire Western half of the United States is consumed by a giant forest fire that rages unchecked across all of our national parks to consume multi-million dollar houses in Beverly Hills. The coastal waters surrounding our beaches will seethe as millions of sharks converge to rend pulsating hunks of meat from the thighs and backs of our precious nubile teens. As temperatures soar the elderly and homeless will plummet to pavement that some goofball reporter will literally fry an egg on.

This year we have had all of those along with the nail-biting search for that idiot girl who disappeared in Aruba. Much has already been written about Natalie Holloway here on Something Awful but I would just like to take a moment to mention that a few days ago I saw a ten minute report on CNN about a search team finding a barrel off the coast of Aruba. They interviewed this old dude who was helping and showed intense footage of incompetent volunteers struggling to haul the barrel out of the water. It took them hours and when they finally got it out they discovered that the barrel was full of...dun dun dun...concrete!

Not only did they find a whole lot of nothing, but the national news media actually lavished attention on the event of them finding nothing. This wasn't even happening live, CNN knew the barrel was full of concrete when they decided to go to air with the interview of the dude who led the valiant search and rescue effort for the concrete barrel. At this rate I expect to be reading New York Times op-eds from fishermen who catch boots and loops of fishing line.

Natalie Holloway, shark season, and wildfires aside, this is fast becoming the summer of the Boy Scout. Five Boy Scout troop leaders, a volunteer, and a Boy Scout have been killed in the past week. Four troop leaders died when they were erecting a tent and dropped a metal pole onto a power line. Later a volunteer at the jamboree died from a heat-related heart attack. The other troop leader and the Boy Scout died during a lightning storm.

Doin' my duty to God and country.

Most of these deaths occurred at the annual national scout Jamboree being held in Virginia. After the incidents President Bush scheduled a trip to visit and console the Boy Scouts. This did not go as planned.

> *More than 300 Boy Scouts were sickened by the heat Wednesday while waiting for President Bush to arrive at a memorial service for four Scout leaders.*
>
> Soldiers carried Scouts on stretchers to the base hospital, and others were airlifted from the event.

Although that article doesn't mention it, Bush cancelled the visit due to a possible thunderstorm in the area while the Boy Scouts dropped like flies from the heat because of Secret Service orders to be seated and waiting two full hours before Bush's arrival. That's not really Bush's fault, but it sure adds insult (and more injury) to injury for the long suffering Boy Scouts. When Bush finally showed up he gave a solemn speech to the increasingly depopulated Jamboree.

> *"As Scout leaders, they devoted themselves to helping young men develop the character and skills they need to realize their dreams. These men will always be remembered for their leadership and kindness, and you Scouts honor them by living up to the ideals of the Scouting they served."*

Only, not really. I admit to being a Boy Scout for several years growing up and the leadership, at least in my area, consisted of the following types of people:

Proud Father of a Boy Scout (AKA the only kind of troop leader you can somewhat trust)

This guy has a son in your troop and he's just there because they either needed a troop leader or because he's a buttinsky and didn't think the existing troop leaders were doing a good job. He will spend 75% of the time coaching his son and the rest of it will be devoted to leading the troop in activities at which his son excels. If you're lucky his kid will be good at normal stuff and if not get ready to spend six troop meetings learning how to stitch a civil war uniform from a pattern. The good side to the father troop leader is that he's probably not that creepy or only marginally creepier than the average adult male who obsesses over his son and has to see him succeed where he previously failed in life.

The Survivalist

The survivalist just loves to go camping. He knows how to kill, skin, and cook wild animals with his pocket knife and he tries to impart woodsy wisdom in the troop. He seems awesome until you realize that being a troop leader is his only job and he makes troop meetings run extra long in the winter because otherwise he's sleeping on the street. Whenever you go on a campout any good survival gear the Scouts bring will end up disappearing and this guy is probably to blame.

Great work guys. Hop in there and see how it

The Sexual Predator

Hey, guess what, we're going swimming again! Again? Yettttttthhhhhh! I was fortunate enough to never have a sexual predator in my troop but in the small town I grew up in two

different troops had troop leaders kicked out of the Boy Scouts for sexual impropriety. I don't think any charges were filed which means they probably bribed a bunch of Proud Fathers with piles of merit badges for their kids.

The Loser Enthusiast

Similar to the Survivalist, the Loser Enthusiast is probably gainfully employed at a gas station or house of pancakes and spends his off hours earning extra scratch at the Boy Scouts to keep his unfinished basement fully stocked with model trains. Often the Loser Enthusiasts will take the Boy Scouts much more seriously than any of the kids do and without providing them with any motivation to take it seriously other than his veiled threats and wooden encouragement. He will probably spend almost all of the time organizing dubious "fundraisers" where the kids have awesome life-shaping tasks like "selling soda" or "begging for money."

Mr. Meltdown

The most exciting troop leader is Mr. Meltdown. He will seem like one of the few good troop leaders until suddenly he gets a phone call from his wife and he spends an hour screaming obscenities into the phone. Mr. Meltdown's personal life is in absolute shambles and you will quickly learn that he became a troop leader for no other reason than to vent his frustrations on a gaggle of adolescent boys. Some times he will simply lecture on why his wife is a whore and others he will be ridiculously short-tempered, screeching the f-word over and over when Johnny Slowlearner doesn't immediately pick up on a square knot. Mr. Meltdown inevitably only appears as troop leader for a year or so before he either gets thrown out for hitting one of the Scouts or he disappears only to have his wife come and ask if anyone has seen him in the past few days. Then later you read in the paper that he shot himself out in the woods that he loved to scream at you about so much.

Cretins and the dregs of society leading America's youth. Maybe the Boy Scouts have changed for the better over the past ten years, but I seriously doubt it. I can't fault the President for speaking about the dead troop leaders being remembered for "their leadership and kindness." I didn't expect him to get up on the stage and say "I bet these guys were giant tools who died because they weren't following the detailed rules they spend weeks uselessly yelling at a bunch of apathetic kids about."

Speaking of apathetic kids, my troop was no MENSA meeting either. We had the kid who got arrested for eating ice cream out of the container at the grocery store. We had the kid who was walleyed and kept his head moving all the time trying to find some unattainable pinnacle of equilibrium. We had the kid who never washed his uniform and smelled like pickles. We had these and many others, but we were all united in our Boy Scout ideology: the burning hatred of the Eagle Scout.

If you're not familiar with Boy Scouts the Eagle Scout is like the king Boy Scout. He's older than everyone else, probably a junior or senior in high school, which means he's already creepy because no normal high school kid is in the Boy Scouts. He is also arrogant and exceedingly lazy. Our Eagle Scout was this immensely fat kid named Chet with a uniform covered with merit badges who sat in this separate air conditioned room watching TV and eating Pop Tarts while we had our troop meetings. Occasionally our troop leaders would pry his bulk out of the separate room to serve as a shining example for what we would become if we just put our mind to it.

Almost every single troop meeting that involved our Eagle Scout degenerated into one of the rest of us making fun of Chet until he screeched and summoned the troop leader to punish us. Citizenship badges were hard won no thanks to our antagonistic relationship with Chet. Our troop leaders were extremely disinterested in organizing troop outings. They were obsessed with our participation in

fundraising events but when it came time to plan a camping trip we usually spent six weeks vaguely talking about it before anything actually happened. The rest of the time was spent learning hellishly inane by-the-book Boy Scout bullshit about how to erect a tent (don't drop a tent pole on power lines) or how to identify edible berries in the woods. The thing is we never left our ramshackle troop meeting spot except on campouts, so we didn't ever learn anything unless we were on a campout. And we almost never went on campouts.

I only attended one of the national Jamborees but it was an orgy of failure. The troop leaders I met were all creepy, the kids were all disinterested, but we were by far the least motivated and least educated of the bunch. We were like the Boy Scout equivalent of a penal battalion. We erected our camp site next to a lake and on our first hike we returned to find all but one of our tents floating in the lake. It was well after dark by the time we were almost done fishing them out of the lake and about then the three kids who had disappeared in the woods during our hike showed up, thanklessly saving our troop leaders from criminal prosecution. One of the kids in our troop managed to ignite his hand during a bonfire and he spent the whole Jamboree moaning in pain and oozing into bandages when he probably should have been at a hospital getting skin grafts. Our Eagle Scout contracted dysentery somehow and ended up sobbing in front of the entire troop without his pants on because he had shit himself. We never saw Chet again. By the end of it I think our fundraiser-addicted troop leaders would have welcomed a freak lightning storm.

This summer of deadly electricity menacing the Boy Scouts of America should serve as two lessons. The first is that the Boy Scouts need to get their shit together and start following their own elaborate safety rules. The second is that you probably shouldn't become a Boy Scout or encourage your children to become Boy Scouts because they're going to be chaperoned in dangerous situations by a bunch of lazy goobers who are prone to killing themselves.

■ Catch Special Dirt to Increase Performance!

Hey! There is waaaaay more Daily Dirt than you could ever possibly want today, so check it out! Do not read it if you want to go on having a lighthearted day.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.2 Heart of Lonely

Tuesday, Aug 02, 2005 by by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Hell isn't that scary. It's actually kind of lame. Hey Satan, playing "Hot in Here" over the intercom speakers was pretty ironic **the first few hundred times**. Thinking about her is what gets me through this eternal torment. Hers is an angelic beauty born of fire and the tears of a prophet.

My Mcdonalds is now under 24-hour surveillance by the newly installed cameras. They're trying to crack down on the recent wave of thefts, although thus far no one has listened to my suggestion that we bring the Hamburglar in for questioning. There's a picture of C in the crew room. Every night I tell myself I'm going to take it home and every night I change my mind.

You walk into Mcdonalds. You say "Hi." and I say "NO I'M NOT!" Haha, that's my little drug joke. My writing hobby exhibits many of the patterns of a drug addiction. The rare gems on this jeweled chalice lose a little more of their luster every day.

I really should've gone with the hot pink cast, I mused. The cast would weaken my ankle ligaments and reduce my muscle mass. Meanwhile my social life was undergoing an atrophy of its own. My only real social skill was my uncanny ability to instantly make people feel sorry for me. It was a unique talent to be sure but it never really got me anywhere. Relationships didn't last very long when all they were based on was pity.

My life was an epic film 22 years in the making. The plot had more twists and turns than a William Joseph deathmatch map. I was watching an episode of NYPD Blue. I wished I could do an interview with Dennis Franz just so I could use the title pun "copping an attitude".

Hot Topic wouldn't think I was alternative enough. My only chance was to tell them I was a black albino and hope they practiced affirmative action. Brannen and James made derogatory comments about the goth girls at the theater. Forgive them, they know not what they do.

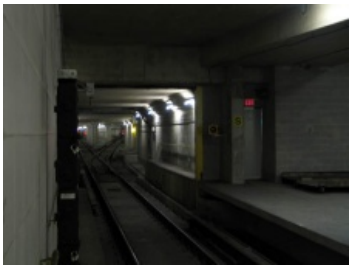
There was a psychic studio on loudon road. I didn't believe in psychic phenomena. I knew but one all-encompassing cosmic power and that was the power of Jesus. In this world of deception and uncertainty where nothing was as it seemed Jesus was your only friend.

The tv at Radio Shack was tuned to CNN's coverage of the war. It was the second year of the U.S. occupation of stroggos and still no end was in sight. The prevailing climate was one of social tension and political unrest. The Radio Shack employee laughed at my clothes. "The joke's on you." I said. "You see, I'm the only real person in the universe so as soon as I leave this store you'll cease to exist."

I was going to see my friends again. I could feel the social anxiety building up inside of me like a swelling crescendo. Every group of friends needed a leader, someone at the helm to keep them on course. I always left that job up to someone else.

It was another party. Don't reveal that you have any. Wait for someone else to do it first. Then they'll be the one who has to share their stash. The stereo was playing a Dire Straits song. Mark Knopfler's guitar was good at adding little phrases in between Knopfler's gruff vocal delivery but

the man could not pull off a captivating lead.



My heart knew a passion that burned brighter than the perpetually flaming trash barrels in Kingpin. Girl I liked and I sitting next to each other, our spirits intertwined in paradoxical bliss. I dedicated the next song to her and prepared to launch into an explosive electric lute solo.

After the party everyone passed out on couches and chairs. You used to be able to tell androids by the fact that they never got tired but nowadays they made models that could simulate sleep. I looked out the window at the City 17 nightscape, my soul longing to take flight on the gossamer wings of a delicate fancy.

When balkirys flew out to sea it wasn't a migration but a death ritual. Weary from the day's travel, the great bird asked if he could spend the night in the tree in our yard. A superstitious man, my father knew it would be bad luck to deny the request of such a noble robot. When I woke up the next morning the balikiry had already left. I had an impulse to climb the tallest tree in the yard and see if I could spot him on the horizon, but I knew it was useless; he was long gone.

I understood the latest Penny Arcade strip even though I didn't read IGN. A window popped up informing me that my Fileplanet download had completed successfully. The Something Awful thread I was browsing contained a link to a Pitchfork Media article yet didn't descend into a flame war. "Can someone help me?" I posted. "I think I'm on the wrong internet."

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

8.3 Sad Tidings

Wednesday, Aug 03, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

One of most enduring memories in my life is when I won a key chain at a county fair. I acquired this key chain by no small feat, as it required me to accurately guess which of five pigs would win a race. I chose Pig #1, and Pig #1 ran its little bacon-flavored heart out for me. In the end I won a glorious key chain that read "Heinold Pig Racing Team," which was a travesty because I was four and didn't own any keys. If I did own some keys at that age, then winning that pig race by proxy would have been a shining example of everything in the universe falling into place perfectly.

Winning the pig race created an anachronism in my life. There was this key chain for me, yet there were no keys for me. I would have to grow and mature to be able to make use of this trinket, thereby investing a large percentage of my future into a small piece of county fair memorabilia. I was not ready to use the item in my possession, and there was no guarantee it would hold any emotional value to me in the future when I matured enough to handle the responsibility of unlocking things with keys.

Life is full of countless failures and shortcomings, and that's the order of things. The passage of time is a gigantic puzzle, and the pieces are jumbled all over the universe, constantly being resorted. Sometimes the pieces are in the right place, and other times they are crudely forced together, revealing the childish frustration that often underpins existence. The celestial hand that guided Pig #1 to victory had no idea what the celestial hand that awarded prizes to 4-year-olds was planning. It's chaos up there, pure chaos.

In times of internal turmoil I often write messages to Dr. David Thorpe, because he owes me for making me feel guilty about liking music as well as sounds in general. He set out to cheer me up from my slump by advising me to think of bad things. He then helped out with some ideas for bad things of his own, and together we created a bulleted list of bad things in general. Read this list and remember that no matter how bad things are, at least they are not included on this bulleted list.

- Racketeering
- Unions
- Disappointed kittens
- A duck with no friends, alone in a pond of infinite potential
- A baby panda who skinned his knee and daddy is too busy to kiss it
- An Eskimo
- A little kid with polio writing a letter to god but then running out of stamps
- An octopus using its eight tentacles and 1,600 suction cups to type several lengthy suicide letters at once and its ink to print them
- A rake that doesn't know it's a rake and tries to get a job
- An island with two palm trees but no coconuts
- A porcupine getting married to a nectarine
- A domino coming short of knocking down another domino

- A mommy continent getting separated from a baby continent over a million years due to shifting of tectonic plates
- A census taker who doesn't even know his own family
- A lighthouse keeper who realizes that he is trapped in a Thomas Kinkade painting and quits his job to build the hillside cottage of his dreams.
- A tramp who gets rich and buys a lycra bindle and a ten-million-dollar bottle of whiskey
- A bunch of kids stealing a condor
- A beaver dam made entirely out of sacred Indian totem poles
- A continental divide that tears a hammock in two
- A rope trick that is too realistic and scares a man into sobriety
- A falconer with a fancy for stealing wigs
- A man who becomes an angel the day after bells are outlawed
- A time traveler who can't stand to be wrong, constantly time traveling to fix his own dumb mistakes
- The man who would be king stuck in a long line at Arby's
- A trampoline in zero-gravity
- The biggest jumbo screen ever for the man with binocular eyes
- A manatee driven mad by baseless guilt and shame
- A revolving door tired of being the center of the universe
- A monkey too old to bust open a walnut
- A walnut living in a glass shell
- A Tone Loc t-shirt in a thrift store with nobody around to appreciate it
- A blindfolded mailbox being executed for refusing to talk (mailboxes cannot talk)
- A hairdresser giving the best haircut she'll ever give in her life to a man who will be decapitated the next day
- The most unique traffic cone in the world lost in a sea of identical traffic cones lining the edge of a road.
- A man misses the bus and never sees his son again
- The bus that hits that man's son, the future President of Sealand
- A dozen turtles crawl across the road only to find out the promised land is all dried up due to a clogged storm drain
- A man who falls asleep thinking about true love and has a dream about being eaten by a bear
- The man who dreamed about being mauled by a bear once shot that very same bear's true love while robbing a convenience store.
- A beekeeper who lost his legs to war trains a hive of bees to act as new legs, learns to run again, enters the Olympics, and gets stung by a wasp an dies.
- An abused child who grows up until he's finally big enough to take on his old man, and then his old man drops dead of a stroke
- A turtle too afraid to come out of its own shell due to acute agoraphobia trigged by post-traumatic stress disorder.
- A kangaroo who lives in a house with really low ceilings
- A boy who wakes up one day and realizes for the first time that he no longer "gotta have his Pops."
- A bunny rabbit so tired of poor TV reception that he uses his poor wife's head to reduce static
- A clown who cries so much that thirsty birds peck at his eyes for moisture and laughs
- A bulleted list update

In closing, bad things aren't so bad when you consider the hypothetical alternatives, and there are

many.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.4 The Art of Small Talk

Thursday, Aug 04, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

So how are you guys doing today? I know, I just hate Thursdays, but at least they are close to Fridays. You know what that means: the weekend! Did you catch that regional sports game last night? Yeah, I hope they do well this year. I know, it's raining like heck today. A good day for ducks and that's about it. So who do you think is going to win the latest reality show?

This is an example of the depth and scope of my conversations at the corporate office environment where I spend my days. This is a large building where over a thousand white folks toil like gourmet-coffee-fueled ants, spending their days preparing for a winter that will never come. I see these people every day but only know the names of about 3 of them, mostly only coming in contact when waiting to use the community microwave that hasn't been cleaned since the revolutionary war, standing in line to buy the overpriced, bland food at the cafeteria, or throttling the last drops of pee off my wild water weasel at the urinal. These are pointless, hollow, conversations that are tokens of communication without requiring any thought or meaning. This sort of talk gets really old after a while, so I try to just nod politely and escape to my rat's nest so I can feast on my vending machine snacks and post about my anime collection on the Internet. However, it's almost impossible to get though a day without getting pulled in to a banal conversation that makes me want to shoot a nail gun into my temple. Here are the most common topics that dominate workplace banter.

The Weather

This is the most commonly talked about subject, not only in office environments but society in general. It is a perfect subject for a neutral, non-offensive chat that can sustain a conversation for 30 seconds to 5 minutes. You never hear anybody getting upset at your particular stance on the current state of the weather. Almost all weather talk is mutual complaining, such as "Oh man it's hot out there today. When is his heat going to let up?" To which the other person would respond, "I hear you, but at least it's a dry heat." Then after the brief exchange, the two office workers go their own ways, never to meet again. One becomes the president of the company, and the other gets torn apart by a pack of wild jackals. That's the way it is in the big city.

The weather is also a perfect topic for small talk because it is ever changing, giving a new topic to discuss every day. Even if it is a perfect day outside, the low point for weather banter, you will still get a few "wow it sure is great out today" comments. This topic also includes complaining about the incompetent weathermen who fail to make perfect predictions, much to the surprise of everybody even though they have been making wrong predictions for thousands of years. Besides telemarketers and liberal country music singers, weathermen are the most hated people on the planet, and most folks would pay a good sum of money to fight one in a gladiator pit.

Sports

While the weather is the favorite topic of old maintenance workers and accountants, sports are the main source of conversation with the young Turks at the office. You know, those guys with the leather organizers and really thin cell phones. You'll find them nonchalantly leaning against a cubical and expressing their reaction to a particular sporting event or rumor that they watched that morning on Sportscenter. Then the boss will pass buy and they will straighten up and sheepishly talk about something related to work until they pass. How do I know all of this? Yes, I am one of the "sports guys".

Did you see Harris toss that rock last night? Those broom guys really did a great job.

Yeah, I know, sports are kind of stupid and people put a lot of time into thinking about meaningless statistics regarding how many objects a large African threw into a basket. Like the other topics, though, it is a fairly safe subject that can instantly create an atmosphere of conversation between co-workers with little or no commitment. Just as long as you don't start screaming at each other like the retards on the ESPN show "Please Excuse the Interruption", or put a sign on your cubical that say's "Sports Bookie: Pay up Bitch".

Television

Oftentimes, when I go down to the smoking room to stand in the corner and huff that delicious secondhand smoke, I will overhear casual conversation about hit programs such as Lost, American Idol, and Desperate Housewives. I've never watched these shows, because I consider myself an intellectual and spend my nights playing scrabble with my teddy bear "Dr. Nasty" (my record is 252-1). Apparently these shows are really popular and are talked about non-stop in break rooms and around water coolers. One lady wrangled me into a discussion about Lost and asked what I thought was going to happen next. Not wanting to sound like a rube, I pretended to know about the show and said, "The Asian guy is going to ally with the old marine and win the immunity challenge". This led to stifled laughter as they excused themselves, leaving me alone in a smoky haze with my shame. I have not been invited to the company picnic.

Days of the Week

Whenever I dare to venture out into the hallway or cafeteria, I am inevitably confronted with a sad, lonely soul who must comment on what day it is, and the relation of that day to the upcoming weekend. Monday's are the worst, of course, because everybody enjoys revelling in their sorrow that it's no longer the weekend. On Tuesdays they will continue the gripe, complaining that they still have most of the week to go, but at least they are past Monday. On Wednesday, its time to comment on how slow the week is going, but on the bright side, half of it is over with now. Thursday is the day for talking about how they wish it were Friday instead of being Thursday. On Friday, everything will be shits and giggles and everyone spends the day shooting firecrackers out of their ass. The clouds of their gloomy life have parted, and now little cherubs flutter in the sunlight, guiding them into the weekend. Saturday will consist of squabbling with their spouse, chasing around their ADD kids, and powerwashing their deck. On Sunday, they will lay in bed, paralyzed with depression because they have to go to work the next day. Then it's back to work on Monday, to start compiling an Excel spreadsheet on the pros and cons of shooting themselves with a shotgun.

Subjects Not Appropriate for Small Talk

There are a few topics that are taboo when dealing with polite small talk. Anything that can have strong personal belief attached to it is forbidden. If the subject is something deep and important, this could lead to hours of debating in the hallway, destroying production and adding to the economic recession we are currently struggling to get out of. Avoid these at all costs, and if somebody asks your opinion on one of these, headbutt them and run away.

John Bolten is a real nut. Get it? Chipmunks eat nuts.

Politics

With the country divided between Bush/Iraq war supporters and the sane people, it is very dangerous to bring any politics into a mundane office environment. You may find that the guy who've you greeted in the hallway everyday is Ashcroft's stepchild, and after you start badmouthing the current administration, he reports you to home security and the next thing you know you're getting your fingers cut off in an interrogation room by Jack Bauer. Even worse, you could have stark differences of opinion with one of your supervisors, and fall into his bad graces. Of course, you can't be fired for your political views, so they'll just say you were caught masturbating to some particularly filthy flow charts.

Religion

I learned that this is a poor subject for small talk the hard way. I don't know how the topic came up but I started telling a group of people how God was a joke and we evolved from monkey-men that rode around on horses like in the movie Planet of the Apes. For some reason these co-workers became extremely offended and one even pressed a cross into my forehead, branding a wicked scar there and causing me to howl in agony. Then I was crucified and was going to be burned alive as a heathen, but thankfully the work shift ended. This is an example of how it can be dangerous to admit that you love Satan to a bunch of Jesus-loving yuppies. Leave that pentagram belt buckle at home.

WW2 Atrocities

This is another one that might not be the wisest choice of casual discussion. After Zack Parson's thought provoking and somber Daily Dirt on Monday, I brought up the Japanese war atrocities while waiting for a phone conference meeting to start. The people I was addressing in the room became ashen as I described how the women were raped and vivisected while pregnant, with the fetus being used as a football by the soldiers. Little did I know that our Japanese customers were standing by on the speaker phone and heard every word describing the crimes their ancestors committed during WW2. They all commited seppuku in shame and we lost the account.

Sexual Performance Issues

It's never a good idea to bring up your poor performance last night during a coffee break. This leads to uncomfortable glances and shuffling of the feet. Especially if you go into the fact that you can't maintain an erection unless you hear the tortured screams of the innocent. That kind of stuff tends to be a real downer after just discussing how sunny it is outside.

While writing this, I think I've come up with a solution to hearing small talk all day long. I will pretend that I was trampled while milking a mule during a barn fire (the fire will be real in case

there are background checks), and from that point on I will act like I am a deaf-mute with Downs. Everybody will just nod and smile politely, while briskly walking away from my drooling, spastic countenance. They couldn't fire me either, because then I would sue their ass and live on a houseboat for the rest of my life. It's a foolproof plan!

Oh man I wish it was Friday.

Daily Dirt

There is something very important in today's Daily Dirt. Something that might just save the lives of you and your family. Please click THIS LINK for a free radon check in your home. I also check for black mold and ghosts.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

8.5 The Isengaard Daily Herald

Friday, Aug 05, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Vol.16
Iss. 34

The Isengaard Daily Herald

STUDY SHOWS HEART CONTAINERS GOOD FOR LIFE EXPECTANCY

Healers at the Temple of Life believe that Heart Containers (inset) may hold the key to longer life.

The latest buzz among healers at the temple of life here in Isengaard is that there may actually be truth to the long-held superstition that Heart Containers prolong life.

Chief Temple Cleric Roger Goodlight has just cmpleted a study of patients who have been given a Heart Container in place of a normal Strong Healing Feather. Signs are very positive that the containers allow patients to withstand almost a third more trauma than normal.

"I couldn't believe it the first time I saw it," explains Goodlight. "I hit my control patient six times with a sword and he had to be resurrected. I hit the patient with the Heart Container and it took eight blows before he would go down."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 3A

MONSTERS MENACE VISITORS, TOWNSFOLK UNHARMED

A variety of creatures have been menacing visitors to Isengaard in recent days, prompting outcry from Isengaard's tourism director Walter Stormwind.

"This is simply unacceptable," Stormwind stated at a press conference yesterday. "We cannot expect visitors to keep coming here if all manner of dangerous wildlife attacks them."

Townsfolk are equally perplexed as many of the attacks have been caused by creatures that never paid

Isengaard's assistant mayor Janice Swiftarrow was quick to defend city policy.

"We have well-trained guards posted at the city entrance and several more patrol our streets. If a visitor feels threatened by a cliffracer or normally peaceful orc warchief then the visitor should retreat back to the city. Our guards will gladly deal with the offending animals."

Some in Isengaard blame the recent spate of wildlife attacks on Josh Firesteel of the Thief's Guild.

CRAZY STONEMACE'S
LOW PRICE
BLOWOUT!

SWORD	99 Gil!
SWORD +1	199 Gil!
SWORD +2	299 Gil!
SWORD +3	399 Gil!
DEATH SWORD	8K Gil!
DEATH AXE	499K Gil!

OUR ULTIMATE WEAPON OVERSTOCKS MEAN DEEP DISCOUNTS ON 999 DAMAGE ITEMS!!!!!

WEEKLY EVENTS

SESSILE DAYZ FESTIVAL
August 9th through 11th
The Isengaard Rotary would like to invite you and your family to "come on down" and celebrate Sessile Dayz by standing outside your house or place of business and waiting for someone to walk up and ask you questions. It's going to be a hot day so be sure to bring a lot to drink. NO CHAIRS OR STOOLS.

APPEASE TO PLEASE
August 10th
Wizards and Warlocks are reminded by the Isengaard Wizard's Guild that it's that time of year again: time to get together and offer up a maiden to Draknoor the Mighty. Snacks will be provided but guests are asked to bring their own alcohol and maidens. To avoid last year's "incident" we must insist that no wandering heroes attend.

FIGHTING FOR A GOOD CAUSE
August 11th and 12th
The Knights of Sigmar will be holding a special fundraising tournament for the Church of Sigmar. This will be to raise money to purchase new mana crystals which were stolen from plain sight by a daring thief.

them any mind.

"Near on fifteen cliffracers was chasing a bard out of Hell's Canyon last week." Commented local boot maker Ewalt Ironhammer. "I hain't never had no problem with those things. Sometimes a few will get stuck up trying to fly through my chimney, but ain't never attacked me or mine."

"I need a package delivered to a friend of mine." Firesteel replied when approached for comment. "It is a dangerous task and the guards will offer you no help. Will you accept this quest? I offer 100 gold and the key to the Dwarven Mine in return."

Guards asked to comment were

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7B

HERO OF ISENGAARD ILL-REMEMBERED

By Gray Beard
Staff Scribe

What ho, noble readers! It has come to my attention that the good people of Isengaard are indeed suffering from a strange sort of selective amnesia. We go about our daily doings with nary a thought cast back to our near past, when our town was so recently menaced by Acid Tongue the Red Dragon. Do you recall how we all spoke of this fearful beast? Yet what has become of Acid Tongue? He strikes fear into our hearts no more.

Through my research I have come to discover that this great enemy of Isengaard, nay all of the peoples of our land, was smote by a travelling hero. Not only did this noble warrior adventure and quest long and hard to recover the Dragon Shard. He then crafted it into a powerful artifact blade with which to slay Acid Tongue. He did all this at the behest of all he encountered in our town and in the countryside surrounding us.

Why then do we have no memory of this hero and his great deeds? Was there some dark sorcery or hex put upon us all so that we do not recall the hero who rid our land of its greatest evil? I do not have the answer to this question, nor can I speak the name of this great hero. It is known that he at last killed Acid Tongue scarcely a week ago, yet his legend is otherwise a mystery.

Perhaps this hero will walk up to you and ask to buy a sword. Sadly, you won't

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4C

Truesale Realty

Gale E. Suredeal
Cell: 555-0893

Beautiful Cottage Dream Home!

Leave your worries behind with this beautiful Tudor Style 3 level in downtown Isengaard. Plenty of shelf-space and flat surfaces for loot. Basement may contain giant rats but good XP for low price. CALL GALE

FIVE DAY FORECAST

TUESDAY
79F & Sunny
No temperature fluctuations

WEDNESDAY
79F & Sunny
No temperature fluctuations

THURSDAY
79F & Sunny
No temperature fluctuations

FRIDAY
79F & Sunny
No temperature fluctuations

SATURDAY
Day foretold in prophecy
1000F & Burning Meteors
Moderate Demon Conjuring

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.6 Wacky Behind The Scenes Chat Logs

Saturday, Aug 06, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

With the recent addition of our Daily Dirt feature, we've been able to detail the process of creating a front page update for our readers and fully explain how the fiercely militant Hare Krishna beliefs shared by our entire staff drive every aspect of the site's content. Your curiousity seems to have been piqued by the Daily Dirt, and now there's more interest in what goes on behind the scenes at Something Awful than ever before.

Perhaps the most popular question people seem to have is "How often do the writers talk to each other, and what are your relationships like?" Well thanks to ICQ we chat almost daily about a wide range of topics and get along swimmingly. In fact, when I open up my chat client and see that one of the other guys is online, I know I'm in for a laugh fest full of such hijynx that "laugh" is spelled "laff" to illustrate how kooky it is. Most of these conversations are so funny that they could easily stand as updates of their own.

Don't take my word for it though, check out these randomly selected chat logs from the past week that prove my point. I am so confident in the comedy that permeates every conversation we have that I haven't edited or even looked at them.

Opening chat session with Lowtax...

(06:13pm) CTStalker: howdy

(06:13pm) CTStalker: I was wondering if we could add my full name to the title that shows up on all my articles. You know, like Richard "Lowtax" Kyanka.

(06:14pm) CTStalker: or if that's too much at least put the apostrophe back in the "Tucker's" part of my nickname

(06:16pm) CTStalker: hello?

(06:22pm) CTStalker: Oh, now you're set to Away. Sorry, guess you're eating or something. Just let me know when you're back.

(06:45pm) CTStalker: hey, I saw you come back just now

(06:45pm) CTStalker: I know you're there

(06:46pm) CTStalker: or maybe one of your pets walked by the computer desk and made the mouse move, and you're really not back

(06:46pm) CTStalker: that must have been it

(06:48pm) CTStalker: sorry, let me know when you're back

(Lowtax has gone offline)

Opening chat session with GeistEditor...

(10:56pm) CTStalker: howdy

(10:57pm) CTStalker: I wanted to talk to you about an article idea I had

(10:57pm) CTStalker: it's called "Car Cops" and it's sort of like Fashion SWAT but it's totally original because we'll make fun of pictures of cars and my comments are in there along with yours and Dr. Thorpe's

(10:59pm) CTStalker: I think I'll add a lot to the feature and it will become our flagship series because nerds are more interested in technology than clothes, and cars are technology

(11:05pm) CTStalker: hello?

(11:07pm) CTStalker: If you're busy, I'll just talk to you later to iron out the details. Think about it!

(Chat session with GeistEditor has been closed)

Opening chat session with DrThorpe...

(11:08pm) CTStalker: Hey, Zack and I are working on a new feature called Car Cops and we wanted to run it by you for some input

(11:11pm) CTStalker: I'll basically just find pictures of cars and then we'll all take turns making funny comments using our wits

(11:11pm) CTStalker: before you say yes or no, let's try one out

(11:13pm) CTStalker: okay, I'll go first:

(11:14pm) CTStalker: "I've heard of car phones, but this is ridiculous!"

(11:18pm) CTStalker: "Sports cars are so fuel inefficient, I bet this only gets 12 porches per gallon."

(11:18pm) CTStalker: haha, see?

(11:19pm) CTStalker: It's okay if you're a little slow to come up with something. This stuff comes natural to me so don't be intimidated.

(11:21pm) CTStalker: Here, let's try another:

(11:22pm) CTStalker: "I've heard of giant skulls on wheels, but this is ridiculous!"

(11:25pm) CTStalker: and then we can work in a reference to some sort of literary or artistic figure like Bob Ross or the Hardy Boys to appeal to our high-brow audience

(DrThorpe has gone offline)

Opening chat session with Terrorsaurus...

(11:43pm) CTStalker: hey there new guy :)

(11:45pm) CTStalker: If there's anything you need help with just let me know. You're doing a great job so far, but if you have any questions I'm here. I know things can be a bit daunting when you're relatively new to it all.

(11:45pm) Terrorsaurus: Fuck off.

(11:46pm) CTStalker: oh, sorry

(11:49pm) Terrorsaurus: I was just kidding :p

(11:50pm) CTStalker: Haha I get it! It's great joking around with you guys, you're like my best friends. Moments like these are really special to me, you know? I feel a connection with all of you that I never felt with any other friends.

(11:51pm) Terrorsaurus: No, wait. I typed that last "just kidding" line in the wrong chat window, it was meant for someone else. You stay fucked off.

(11:52pm) CTStalker: Sorry, I misunderstood. My fault.

(11:54pm) CTStalker: If you need anything though, my door's still open. Like if you have technical questions about our update system or need to borrow some money. Or if you want to talk on the phone some time I'll give you my number. I know as a new guy sometimes you're so lonely that just hearing a human voice is enough to keep you from wanting to hurt yourself for a little while. You could call collect.

(Terrorsaurus has placed you on his Ignore list)

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.7 2005 NFL Preview - Part 1

Sunday, Aug 07, 2005 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

With the NFL pre-season underway, it's time to predict which team will throw the old pigskin all the way into the Super Bowl. As usual, you can't count on sites like ESPN or Sports Illustrated to provide accurate predictions, so Something Awful is here to break down exactly how the 2005 National Football League season will go down.

2005: Will this be the year Tom Brady and Bill Belichick finally sleep together?

AFC East

- **New England Patriots** - Despite linebackers having strokes all over the place and Bill Belichick calling offensive plays he's stolen mostly from NES Tecmo Bowl, the Patriots manage to win the AFC East. After backup QB Doug Flutie throws an incomplete pass during practice before week 6, starting QB Tom Brady remarks, "nice pass, Doug... but it fell a little bit **short** you f**kin wicked midget shrimp!" Flutie then proceeds to throw a bowl of hot clam chowder in Brady's face and punch him in the gut.

- **New York Jets** - Chad Pennington hands the ball to Curtis Martin and then on ESPN NFL Countdown Chris Berman uses that same Curtis "My Favorite" Martin joke he's been using for over a decade now. IT'S STILL HILARIOUS, CHRIS!

- **Buffalo Bills** - Drafting quarterbacks from California has worked out great for the Bills! Last time they ended up with Rob Johnson, an excellent holder. And by "holder" I don't mean, "guy who holds the ball for the placekicker," I mean, "guy who drops back, never throws the ball, and gets sacked 14 times a game." New QB J.P. Losman will suck slightly less than Johnson, but backup QB Kelly Holcomb will be starting by week 6. And I'll still be pissed that Norwood blew my only chance of seeing the Bills win a Super Bowl in my lifetime.

- **Miami Dolphins** - By week 5, new head coach Nick Saban will have already dipped into Ricky Williams' pot stash four times. QB A.J. Feeley totally screws up a key play in the first game because he keeps daydreaming in the huddle about how "A.J. Feeley" is a pretty good porn star name. The Dolphins barely manage to win four games.

AFC North

- **Cincinnati Bengals** - After sucking for like 15 years, the Bengals finally manage to win the division and make the playoffs. Carson Palmer -- who has the second-most rich whiteboy name in the league after Chad Pennington -- has a monster year. Wide Receiving attention whore Chad Johnson says something controversial involving having sex with Oprah Winfrey by mid-season and Marvin Lewis will refer to a rude bellboy at a Tennessean hotel as "a real douche bag."

- **Pittsburgh Steelers** - Ben Roethlisberger struggles, prompting Chris Berman to say things like, "it looks like the Roethlisberger isn't cutting the mustard!" Former XFL QB Tommy Maddox will clothesline WR Hines Ward, then bodyslam him into a folding table before week 2's game against Houston, putting Ward on the DL for the rest of the season. Bill Cowher will lose a lot of key games, but he won't lose that creepy mustache.

HI I'M CHAD JOHNSON LOOK AT ME I'M CHAD JOHNSON LOOK AT ME HEY LOOK AT ME LOOK AT ME!!!!

■ **Baltimore Ravens** - Deion Sanders gets injured, Ed Reed intercepts a few balls, Ray Lewis struts around like a retard, Kyle Boller puts up a sub-70 QB rating, and the Ravens once vaunted defense continues to decline. Head coach Brian Billick is once again confused with Bill Belichick at the supermarket. Billick also spends ten minutes talking with first round draft pick WR Mark Clayton, trying to understand what exactly "skeet skeet" means. Clayton is too embarrassed to fess up, so he just tells the coach it means "having fun."

■ **Cleveland Browns** - Around Cleveland, I imagine there's a joke that goes something like, "why are the Cleveland Browns called the Browns? BECAUSE THEY'RE SHIT!" And it's true. For some reason, the Browns decided to sign Trent Dilfer to a four-year deal to be their starting quarterback this season. I guess Cleveland loves signing balding quarterbacks because last year they had Jeff Garcia. New head coach Romeo Crennel vomits into a plastic trashcan after eating some bad White Castle in Minnesota and that's pretty much the highlight of his year.

AFC South

Randy Moss. Yikes.

■ **Indianapolis Colts** - Peyton Manning throws a lot of touchdowns and the Colts easily win the division. During the week 8 bye, Kicker Mike Vanderjagt is quoted as saying that New England's Tom Brady is a "huge fairy" and openly speculates that Brady is "jamming it it into [Running back] Corey Dillon's backfield, like, all the time."

■ **Jacksonville Jaguars, Houston Texans, Tennessee Titans** - There's really not too much to say about these teams because A) they're not very interesting and B) they're all missing the playoffs. The Texans manage to barely eek over .500, Steve McNair continues to disintegrate, and Jacksonville's first-round draft pick Matt Jones ends up being a completely useless 6'6" guy on the sidelines in street clothes clapping his hands.

AFC West

■ **San Diego Chargers** - Everybody knows head coach Marty Schottenheimer is going to totally muck things up at some point, but the question is when? Still, unless the defense totally sucks, the Chargers will be losing a game in the playoffs for sure. Antonio "Bill" Gates will catch less than 8 touchdowns. Don't watch ESPN's NFL Countdown the week the Chargers wear their alternate powder blue uniforms because every time they do, Chris Berman screams about how cool they look and loudly starts ejaculating all over his desk.

■ **Oakland Raiders** - If you're an asshole or a scumbag, you're probably a Raiders fan. The Raiders pretty much consist of talented players that are too dumb, egotistical, emotionally unstable, or just plain too *crazy* for the rest of the league. So it's really no surprise that they signed Randy Moss. The Raiders will make the playoffs if the following things happen:

- Boring head coach Norm Turner can keep the brawls at practice to a minimum
- The starting defensive line doesn't get suspended for drug abuse
- Kerry Collins throws the ball in the general direction of the wide receivers
- Randy Moss doesn't attempt to weave his afro into a helmet

■ **Kansas City Chiefs** - For the past couple years, the Chiefs have been trying to fix their defense, acting as if their offense is some kind of flawless perfect machine. Unfortunately, they apparently neglected to notice Trent Green is their quarterback. Lowtax attends the week 9 loss to Oakland and whines like a little bitch over the quality of his beer. The Chiefs have another disappointing, inconsistent, generally crappy season and head coach Dick Vermeil gives a weepy retirement speech at the end of the year.

"OH MY GAWD THE CHARGER BLUE UNIFORMS ARE SO AMAZING THEY ARE THE BEST BLAH BLAH" shut up.

■ **Denver Broncos** - If you found a blind man dying of syphilis and asked him to put together a fantasy team, the roster he would come up with would probably very closely resemble that of the 2005 Denver Broncos. This year, they imported four defensive linemen from the Browns. The BROWNS. They brought in 42-year-old WR Jerry Rice because he refuses to retire with dignity; kind of like baseball's Ricky Henderson, except Rice is less of a jerk. They inexplicably drafted Maurice Clarett, maybe because they decided they needed some more crybaby drama in the locker room? Who knows. Anyways, QB Jake Plummer will make like a plumber and lead the team down the drain, into the septic system that is last place.

That's all for the AFC. Look for the NFC preview in two weeks, right here on Something Awful: your #1 source for sports commentary written by huge nerds!

■ Daily Dirt

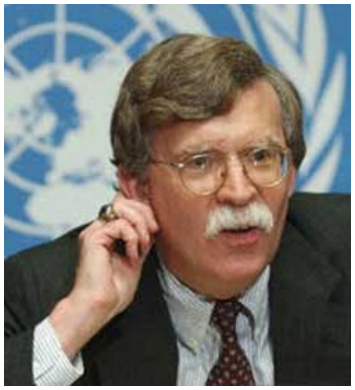
Blah blah blah.

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

8.8 THESE UNITED NATIONS

Monday, Aug 08, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

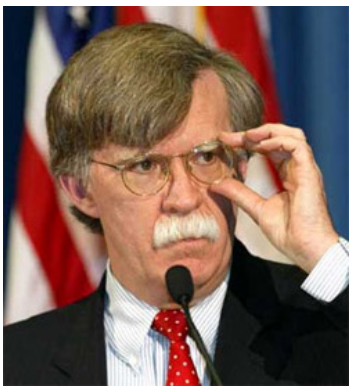
KRANG! You hear that? That's the gong of change I'm ringing and it's reverberating through these musty halls with the force of ten typhoons and a hundred hurricanes. The minute you turn me loose in this place I am going to hit like an earthquake measuring ten on the Bolton scale. Do you know the Bolton scale? That's like 5 times worse than the Richter scale. I am going to start off with Kofi. I am going to slap that bitch so hard on his face that the representative from Madagascar is going to feel it. He'll be offering oil for fucking bandages and ice packs and shit.



Hah, what did you say, bitch? You run your mouth some more and it's gonna win you a race to the grave.

People back at the WH (that's WHITE HOUSE for you ingrates) call me The 'Stache and this blinding white mustache is going to launch a thousand flying elbows off the turnbuckle. I am going to climb up into the balcony and come crashing down on Burkina Faso's translator like a man-shaped sack of bricks. You smell that Omar Ventissi? That's your ass getting COOKED North Carolina Barbecue style. No fucking tomatoes in the sauce, bitch.

I am going to roundhouse THE SHIT out of Mahbub Ahmad's sternum. He runs the UN website and it is full of CHICKEN SPLAT. Fuck this globe shit, there needs to be a big picture of my red face up on that website to remind everyone in the UN just who this whole dog and pony show is about now. I killed a dog once with a stare and ponies? I break their necks like dry sticks and then suck out their gizzards. Do ponies even have fucking gizzards? Wrong answer, Agriculture and Livestock Committee Liaison Robin Herring. Ponies have fucking gizzards as of this moment because I say so and if you don't believe me you can take it up with my friend here. His name is Blowstoyourclavicle, first name Hammer.



I will BURN YOU DOWN.

The 'Stache wants, nay - demands, an entire wing in the commissary. I'm so hungry I could eat a tree. I have eaten trees. Just snap them in half with my - did I mention that I file my teeth? I tell my wife it's to open CD cases and envelopes, but I do it because I want to bite the faces off of the entire Chinese delegation. All of my life, all of that orthodontia, for one crimson moment. Can you see me there, Xian Liao? My eyes glittering in the shadow like two wet spheres of hate? I don't need to see you, I can smell your piss-pants terror from half a mile away. You reek of impotence. I am going to unhinge my jaw and swallow me a couple of long-pigs. You are going to be a part of me FOREVER. The delegation from Timor-Leste can watch you thrash and distend my gullet. I'll wash the taste of your lies from my mouth with your pitcher of pure American water. How thoughtful, someone put a slice of lemon in it.

Do you like the show Timor-Leste? I'm sorry, I didn't bother to learn your names or even identify you as individual human beings because Timor-Leste is worthless. Less than worthless. There will be no more lay-abouts like you now that I'm running things. You're all fired and when I say fired I mean it in the same way the mafia fires people. Your diplomatic passes have been revoked and I have just notified the head of security to escort you from the building. Now, who is the head of security? I guess these scraps of Carman Livingston's name tag wedged

between my needlelike incisors means that I'm the new head of security. Mustache rides, five cents.

Oh yes, change is coming to the United Nations. The top ten floors of the UN building are going to look like a beehive that someone threw into hot lava. No one is even going to notice that they burned up because I am going to be ramming their noses into all of this BULL SHIT that has been piling up.

Let's talk specifics, ladies. Let's talk UN "resolutions." That's where you guys decide to do nothing or worse than nothing and the world turns into a big pile of crap. Here are some of the weak sauce you fags have been cooking and let me tell you how I am going to fix them.

NEXT!

59/263 - *Situation of human rights in Myanmar*
Bolton Says: Fuck Myanmar. Myanmar can eat my ASSHOLE. Myanmar can slide into the ocean or the desert or whatever abyss is adjacent to it unless the situation of human rights there is that the humans are making some righteous computers for cheap that can be exported to first world countries.

59/261 - *Rights of the child*
Bolton Says: "Rights of the Child," what the Christ does that even mean? What child are they talking about? I'm not reading through a 40 page PDF to figure out they mean some mud baby eating flies in Nigeria. I'm changing this one to "RESOLUTION: FUCK ABORTION." If anyone kills an unborn baby then The 'Stache is going to cut a swathe through the entire General Assembly with a wood ax.

59/256 - *2001-2010: Decade to Roll Back Malaria in Developing Countries, Particularly in Africa*
Bolton Says: I'm gonna roll back some sleeves and develop a couple knuckle sandwiches for the General Assembly over this one. Sorry Africa, 2001-2010 is the Decade of Bolton Rocking Your Fucking Face.

59/253 - *United Nations University*
Bolton Says: Just what we need a school to teach people to be worthless faggots. I'm starting the University of Hard Knocks and when you don't know how to do math or some shit I am going to bust through a window on a rappelling rope and bury a climbing spike in your throat. BOOYA! Class is in session!

59/202 - *The right to food*
Bolton Says: More like "the right to be lazy." I swear to god the next time I see some Welfare bitch buying Fruit By the Foot or Cadbury Cream Eggs with foodstamps I am going to burn this whole world to a cinder. You don't get food for doing nothing. If you can't even afford to eat then you shouldn't be allowed to live. Potato skins are like 5.99 at Bennigans. They're totally shit but who can't afford that, I mean honestly here people use your head for a change.

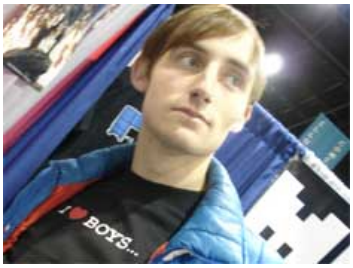
Are you getting the picture yet? No? Let me draw you a picture to explain the NEW ORDER of the UN.

Get it, CHUMPS? This is my town now. It's my WORLD and you guys are just renting plots. Unless you want me to bury you like a dead cat then you are going to suck it up and obey my every command. Now that we've settled that, let's get to uniting.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.9 Hey Look, We Did Comic Con Again!

Tuesday, Aug 09, 2005 by Rocco "Rocco" Botte



Oh Shawn, every word you speak about your iPod drives me deeper into your arms. My emo dreamo!

Now that I've had a few weeks to take in more than 45 minutes of sleep every night, I can finally talk about this years San Diego Comic Con without wanting to burn every comic book I own and crawl into bed again. The truth is, Comic Con is a time that I cherish every year. The fact that the cheesy show I work on, Mega64, even gets a booth in this comic-dedicated event is a sign of a true American miracle. But I guess since there are other booths solely created for guys who get off on dressing like Animaniacs, I cant feel too terribly special, especially given the neighbors we were placed by this year. Last year, our booth had an excellent placement, right smack in the middle of various video game venues. Well, this year, all of that was out the door as we were placed by the most random crap you could find under one roof. We were fortunate enough to be close to the Adult Swim booth, who were consistently nice and brought a lot of foot traffic down our way. The rest of our neighbors, however, left us much less lucky.

On setup day, we were already off to a bad start. The action figure company to our left kept piling more and more cargo into the aisle, preventing us from even being able to walk into our own booth. Rather than settle things the civilized (and truthfully, less fun) way, Mega64's Derrick wrote "MOVE THIS SHIT" all over their packages. An hour of laughter and disbelief on our parts was quickly quelled by two buff Asian guys coming over and threatening us if we ever committed such an act again. They even ended up putting up a shelf wall on the side facing us so they wouldn't have to see or talk to us.

If a crippled person starts crying, you know you've done something right. No seriously, I hate cripples. And Jews and blacks. MY NAME IS ROCCO BOTTE AND YOU CAN EMAIL ME HERE:

I wish they would have put that wall on the right side of our booth so that we wouldn't have had to look at our way uglier neighbors, "Naked Fat Rave." Can anyone reading this honestly tell me what Naked Fat Rave is? Google brings up nothing but unrelated porn sites, and all looking at their booth all day brought to my eyes were a bunch of fat ugly dudes drawing naked people or something. They had a monstrous booth, but it was apparently only to suit their monstrous waist sizes, as all they had were a couple drawings nobody was buying. They also had so much food in the back of their booth that it was spilling into our own booth. Fat Naked Rave, whatever you are: Thanks for the free Hawaiian Punch and Cheetos every morning. I never once had to buy one of those $12 convention hot dogs that whole week.

Directly across from us was the Parks Sabers booth, who specialized in two things: Selling replica lightsabers and complaining. Having seen that they were all dressed like funny looking Star Wars characters and even some characters from random other fun flicks, I thought these guys would have a great sense of humor. On the prize wheel that we put up for people to spin in our booth, one option we added was "Star Wars Sucks." If it landed on that, you had to pick up a microphone and tell someone at Parks Sabers, loudly, that Star Wars isn't all that great. A laugh would be had, everyone gets a prize, and all's well, right? Oh, I wish! On the morning of the second day at the con, a man from Parks Sabers, dressed like one

of the albino twins from The Matrix Reloaded, came to us in tears, asking us to stop offending the Star Wars nerds. We happily obliged, changing that spot on the wheel to instead say "Star Wars Is Actually Pretty Good," where we would now pick up the microphone and gush over how great the series is for ten minutes. I thought it was a nice alternative; so why was the guy in the wheelchair dressed like Admiral Thrawn crying?

Derek has the incredible ability to, at any moment throughout the day, look like he just woke up.

The other booth across from us was called ToyQube, to which I dubbed the nickname "Vague-As-Hell-Qube." Go visit www.toyqube.com, and know that their booth was pretty much that site in physical form. They sold figurines and $30 shirts, bearing characters no one had ever heard of. I felt so bad for these guys, they were the nicest people and yet it didn't look like they were selling too much. On the first day of the convention, these guys had a full staff, with more Asian folk than a Dance Dance Revolution tournament. By the last day, it was down to one dude by himself who asked us for food and danced around in a you-know-this-guy-hasn't-peed-in-12-hours fashion. Their company didn't deserve it, as they were consistently nice and put up with our annoying crap throughout the entire event. Guys, next year, please patronize ToyQube. Embrace ToyQube. Give the gift of... Qube. After all, as it said on the banner hanging proudly over their booth, "ITS LIFESTYLE!"

My name is Rocco and oh boy I love moving shit if you catch my drift. What I'm saying here is that I LIKE ANAL SEX. ONCE AGAIN, EMAIL ME HERE:

But the true party was happening at the Mega64 booth, where the "Wheel of Mystery" was in full effect. We had a plethora of amazing options on the wheel this year, such as: "Face Your Fears," where we would place a black box on the contestant's head with a drawing of a skull inside, leaving them to stand there not knowing there was an "IDIOT" sign pointed to their head; "Wake Up Call," where we'd hold a mirror up to the contestant until they felt awkward enough to walk away; "Freestyle," where we'd bump the latest 50-Cent cut and give the contestant the microphone in hopes of a sick freestyle (Which never happened); "Shirt Trade," where we would make people trade their shirts for prizes, which was all fun and games until someone gave us their pants; "Tattoo," where Derrick would often take a child's arm and write "CUT HERE" pointing to the wrist; "Love Doctor," where resident ladies' man (And former Over-40 Gay and Lesbian Chatroom Moderator) Shawn Chatfield would take the contestant down the hall and attempt to hook them up with their potential soulmate, which would usually end up in Shawn shoving a sweaty nerd into the arms of a disgruntled Stargate SG-1 cosplayer. He almost got his face kicked in by an angry older man who yelled "DON'T TOUCH ME" during the game. Later he came up to me and threatened to "shit all over my booth." I gave no reply, thinking that even if he did, it could not possibly smell worse than Fat Naked Rave.

But the highlight of having a booth at the convention was not showing off new Mega64 clips to a feverish crowd (And declared by Comic Con employees to be a fire hazard), or meeting some of the coolest fans ever. No, it was by far, the ability to confuse people who for some reason kept reading their maps wrong and thought we were a different booth. We had someone actually come to our booth and ask when we were giving out the posters for the Stan Lee signing. Rather than correcting him on the error at hand, I handed him a stack of "Lost" posters, claiming Stan Lee did "the concept art for the pilot episode." The man's eyes glowed as he took the posters and ran over to wait in line for hours. I felt bad for a while, but then looked over at Fat Naked Rave, laughed really hard, and

felt better.

The moral of the story is that you have to wake up really early to work at Comic Con and it screws up your sleeping habits. We all had to wake up at 5:00 AM every day, and got used to it after a while, which lead to us filming our newest skit, "Paperboy." Watch this clip, and check out our upcoming “Mega64: Version 2” DVD coming to Something Awful and Mega64.com later this year.

-∼Rocco "Rocco" Botte

8.10 The Science and Wonder of Tomorrow

Wednesday, Aug 10, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

In the future mankind will at long last be triumphant in the war on terror. Unfortunately, due to the Webster-Oxford War of 2087, "terror" will have an entirely different meaning. It will be defined as "the accidental consumption of a dairy product or products previously stored in the pants of an uncouth gentleman." Our modern concept of terrorism will have ended in 2012, when a lone teenager is destined to crash a hijacked plane into Mount Terror, thus safely concluding the tangent universe that was created on 9/11 and restoring order to the universe.

The destruction wrought by disease will be reduced to painful memories infecting only a few human beings. Sadly, these infected people will then be euthanized in order to prevent the spread of said painful memories to others, where they might contaminate the happy thoughts of civilization. Almost everything will be curable by simply ingesting pills, with the exception of the common cold, which will require painful groin surgery and ten years of physical therapy. Healthcare will be free to everyone, and will be funded primarily by taxing commercial whaling ventures and the multi-trillion dollar Internet tourism industry. Everyone will be healthy, including the dead, for they will be given a periodic waxing and buffing at no cost to the family.

War, that cursed beast that claimed so many lives in its terrible march of death, will be domesticated. Future confrontations will take place between armies of highly trained St. Bernard dogs. Because St. Bernards do not like to compromise their honor, they will be heavily intoxicated prior to battle by human handlers. These noble big dogs will bleed the ground red as they sink their teeth into one another in the name of nations great and small. Unfortunately, this will ultimately get out of hand and opposing St. Bernard armies will put aside their differences and form the first St. Bernard nation state. Sadly, vampires will kill them all in a daring midnight raid. War. War never changes.

Corporate personhood will give way to corporate statehood, then eventually to corporate godhood. This will culminate in great tragedy when the Church of Ronald McDonald carries out a violent crusade to wipe out internationalized Hamburglar militancy, killing thousands of the roguish hamburger stealing deity's followers. Images of a sobbing Grimace clutching his fallen friend Hamburglar will replace pietas as some of the most recognizable religious iconography. However, strict laws will require that corporations promote peace and transcendence, greatly curtailing the spread of violence while at the same time boosting product diversity.

Our reverse-ancestors of the future will have made tremendous progress in creating a world of unparalleled equality. Racial discrimination amongst the members of mankind will be a forgotten relic, as will gender inequality. Human beings will accomplish this amazing feat by learning to hate new things, such as vampires and St. Bernards. Imperfections that limited some will be gone, thanks in part to medical science and equalizing technology such as robotic exoskeletons and trained bears for the permanently disabled to ride like horses.

Economics will lose all danger and risk, and poverty will wither away into the ethers of time. Work will be optional, and wealth will be freely available to everyone. Man will simply pay his bills with credit cards. And he will pay his credit card bills with other credit cards. By simply paying one bill with another card for infinity, man will be able to prosper and never face the consequences of

debt. Our friends in the future will enjoy a utopian world paid for by a cyclorama of endless credit, keeping the harsh realities at bay permanently.

In the glorious age of tomorrow, man will no longer be dependent on fossil fuels. Instead, he will rely on a complicated Rube Goldberg device that seemingly never ends to generate unlimited power. At least that's what the government will tell everyone. The shocking truth will be that slaves will power everything, just like in the good old days. For those still fond of fossil fuels, they will be freely available from faucets at the local library.

Pepsi and Coca-Cola will cease manufacturing their flagship beverages when mankind turns toward the deliciousness that is caustic soda, a healthy and tasty alternative to the old and dated colas. The rise of caustic soda will be aided a great deal by the revelation that high fructose corn syrup, a common ingredient in beverages, is actually made out of people. This will alarm consumers not because of the cannibalistic implications, but because of the incredible flatulence that comes from eating another human being.

Science will pioneer a device which lets a horse mate with a whale, creating the first whorses. These remarkable creatures will then be killed in commercial whaling ventures. Some will be killed illegally and sold as knockoff high fructose corn syrup. They will not be used much for riding, as their blowholes will prove too tempting a prospect for lonely cowboys in the vast desert biomes of the future.

The frontiers of space will briefly be within reach as man takes to the stars to chisel out a new destiny in the form of interstellar travel and terraforming. This will cause great confusion when the first space faring travelers mistakenly land back on Earth under the assumption that it's an entirely different planet, renaming it Earth 2 after their home planet in the process. Eventually the new settlers wipe out the indigenous population of Earth 2 and set about the task of recreating the comforts and amenities of their home planet.

These and many more wonders await us in the wonderful world of tomorrow!

■ Meanwhile, in the Daily Dirt...

Well what do you know, there is a Daily Dirt thingy here!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.11 The Chronicles of Jasper (Act III)

Thursday, Aug 11, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

"Every existing thing is born without reason, prolongs itself out of weakness, and dies by chance." – Jean-Paul Sartre

The horror of my existence is only offset by the delicious ice cream that sustains me. I owe much to this cold confectionary treat, for not only does it fill my coffers with bundles of cash, but its sweet frosty taste whisks me away from this terrible planet to one filled with sunshine, giant seahorses, and elephants throwing snowballs with their trunks -- if only for just for a moment.

Alas, my hatred for little children is growing. They do not care for ice cream like I do. Sure, they hand over their miscounted change everyday at the jingle-jangle of my bells, but they do not respect the ice cream. Rather, they smash it into their filthy maws, not even bothering to savor the taste. The little beasts only consume, like an endless colony of chubby termites. They seem to reproduced overnight, feeding off the ice cream and then going off to some dark hole where their back bubbles with tiny embryos, growing quickly until they burst forth, creating soulless replicants whose sole purpose is to eat ice cream and drive me mad. If their parents and local police weren't watching me closely, I would throttle their little necks until their misshapen skulls snapped off, or just smother them with my blustery mustache. I don't know how much longer I can take this.

The only thing that was keeping me sane was my good friend Fitzgerald, who I adopted last winter when I was feeling lonely and needed some help in the truck. He had been my anchor, my rock, always there for me in my darkest moments. Sure, he doesn't talk much unless his Spongebob Squarepants program is on, but he is the only living entity who will share my company, and that I greatly appreciate. Even my guinea pig committed suicide after I finished reading chapter 14 of my manifesto to him one rainy night. I feed, clothe, and discipline him, and besides a few outbursts here and there, I felt that he appreciates what I've done for him.

This all changed with one troubling incident. Fitzgerald was showing a streak of independence quite unlike his normal behavior of submission and fear. Last week I found an Otter Pop wrapper in the garbage, and questioned Fitzgerald about it since he isn't allowed to have any Otter Pops because it gives him the plop plops. He let out a high-pitched bray, his signal that he felt threatened by this confrontation. Still, I pushed on with the interrogation, refusing to be unnerved by his bared teeth or foaming mouth. It was obvious that he had broken Moses' law, so I disciplined Fitzgerald with my usual method: 50 blows to the face and arms with my shoe. Normally he cowers before me, whining like a mule and taking his punishment, but this time was different. After a smack of my shoe right between his eyes, he looked at me at defiance and rose to his full height of 9'4". The gills on the side of his neck flared, a warning that he was about to strike. I took this as a cue to flee, locking myself into the bathroom for the rest of the weekend. I had to survive on tap water and a bar of soap shaped

like an apple.

After that I kept a safe distance from Fitzgerald. He didn't seem angry with me anymore, but clearly something had changed in him. While I was exiled in the bathroom he chewed my shoe into small tatters of leather, probably as an act of aggression towards the object of his turmoil. Those days of subjugation are over. For now on, Fitzgerald will be treated with respect and reverence, for I know he has the power to destroy me if he so wishes. A revolt is slowly churning in the oatmeal slurry that is his brain, so for now I will let him have his power. That is, until it is my turn to strike back and put him in his rightful place, for I am the master of the ice cream, and he is only a lackey to the frost god. You know what they say about flying too close to the sun? My anger burns like a thousand fiery stars, and I fear soon Fitzgerald's wings will falter, causing him to tumble into the black chasm of oblivion.

Besides the troubles in the Jasper homestead, things are going fantastic on the romantic front. I joined the Internet last winter and posted my picture on a website called Myspace. I was surprised how fast I was able to find friends, but most of them thought I was a joke or "gimmick" and applauded my dry wit. This was very upsetting to think everybody saw my life as an ice cream vendor as a joke, so I dumped all my friends and was alone once again.

Then I saw her. She was like a flaxen doll, discarded by a careless society that didn't have the vision to recognize her true beauty. Her black hair and makeup only accentuated her woeful demeanor, and although our styles of clothing were much different, I felt an instant bonding of our souls. It's like we have felt the same fears and cried the same tears. She says she cuts herself to see if she can still feel in this corrupt world, and this alarmed me greatly. She needed somebody to hold her close and keep the demons of this world away, while feeding her sensitive little mouth some cold ice cream. I felt that person was me. I could feel it in my heart and sometimes in my testicles.

I wrote her many heartfelt messages over Myspace, telling her how I really liked her poetry and profile background of the little devil breakdancing. I do admit that I fibbed a little and told her that I was a fireman instead of an ice cream man, but both professions involve driving a truck into neighborhoods and saving lives, so as far as I'm concerned it was a white lie.

She played hard to get, as most tricky women do. And I should know. Before I shunned the temptations of the flesh during my spiritual cleansing in the late 80's, I would play these amusing and childish games with women in the park. They would sometimes run from me, kick me in the breadbasket, or spray me with irritating chemicals, but in the end I almost always won them over. My romantic escapades were put to the stop by the local police and taskforce looking for the "ice cream stalker", and after a few years of making road signs, I swore off women forever. I decided they were Satan's messengers, whose goal was to bring about the downfall of mankind by making fun of our deformed and crooked extremities.

But this one was different. She never answered any of my messages, but know that she felt the same way I did. Thanks to the help of my robot "Lord Buttons", I was able to track down her address so I could pay her a visit. I brought her a bouquet of dead roses, but I was too nervous to knock on her door, and besides her parents were home. I could see her large drunken father scratching himself and watching some pagan sport. I hid in the bushes underneath her window, savoring the sound of her confusing electronic music and the sound of her sobbing. I wished I could take this little angel of

sorrow away from this terrible planet to my ice cream fantasy world with the seahorses, elephants, and dancing snowmen. I sat there all night until she left in the morning to go to the mall for her job as a cashier at Hot Topic. Then I snuck into her bedroom and ate a pair of her dirty socks. I think I'm in love.

Despite my newfound love, God is still tormenting me for having sworn my allegiance to the fallen angel, Lucifer. Our war continues unabated, invading my life on a daily basis. As I am serving the young goblins cold snacks from my truck, I am struck with an agonizing pain my stomach and groin. I scream out profanities towards the Lord, refusing to fall to my knees before him. This scares the children and they flee, for I think they have the ability to see the angels of vengeance striking my belly and groin with their flaming swords and giving me painful ingrown toenails. These are just some of the blights that our so "gentle" Lord has smote down upon your gentle Jasper. Welcome to reality, kids. How do you like your God now? Why would I follow such a cruel entity, when my lord Satan gives me great power? My heightened senses of smell, taste, and dust mite allergies are just some of the new powers granted to me. I also can jump 10 feet vertically and chill ice cream with my mind. He cares for me and loves me, unlike the Jesus ghost or my alcoholic, abusive mother. Even my retard, Fitzgerald, has turned against me. There is nobody left to depend on.

I am an army of one. I am an ice cream man.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

8.12 JFK Hilarious

Friday, Aug 12, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

In November of 2004 a videogame entitled "JFK Reloaded" stirred up a firestorm in the media. The game allowed you to spend roughly a minute in the Dallas Book Depository as Lee Harvey Oswald. The stated intent of the game was to help disprove multiple shooter theories by allowing a person to recreate the seemingly impossible bullet trajectories during the assassination of John F. Kennedy. The usual suspects in the media erupted in the usual outrage. Ted Kennedy was understandably upset and Joseph Lieberman was unsurprisingly even more upset. It was another example of outrageous violence in videogames. Why, it was a trainer teaching kids how to kill the president!

While the politicians flew off the handle the press reported the controversy dutifully. A few editorialists layered on the melodrama in pretentious columns about just how disturbing they found the game. Slate columnist Clive Thompson poured his heart into an article about how utterly wrenching he found the experience of JFK Reloaded.

> *As a physics simulation, it's remarkable.*
>
> But as an experience? It's nauseating.
>
> When I play blood-soaked shoot-'em-up games, the vamped-up violence doesn't really bother me [...] But JFK Reloaded is different. When you peer through the rifle scope, the faces of JFK and Jacqueline Kennedy (and Texas Gov. John Connally and his wife Nellie) are completely recognizable.

Bloggers mostly treated the game as a grotesque, although most also mixed this sideshow spectacle attitude with a generous helping of indignation. The blog Subzero Blue lamented:

> *This is so insensitive and disrespectful!*
> *I can't believe some people have gone this far and this low.*

Tech-themed blog TechWhack News assembled this nearly-incoherent meditation on the nature of JFK Reloaded:

> *The thought is scary. I can sitting here at my home download and buy the game from the Internet and have fun all day long shooting the ex-president for pleasure. I would*

> *not want to be in that seat. There has to be some limit... virtual characters are ok. But JFK: Reloaded definitely crosses the line of decency.*

A lively discussion of the game appeared on Sean Hannity's forums and even people who could never play the game commented on it.

> *Of course, they haven't made a MacOS version, so I can't report on the game for you. What an odd way to, umm, honor someone on the anniversary of his death.*

What do the people who actually bought and played JFK Reloaded think about the game? Mostly they're just sort of irritated that the company that made the game abruptly closed their doors, stopped selling or supporting the game, and disappeared off the face of the earth. I got the chance recently to play a copy of the now apparently abandonware JFK Reloaded and I have to say, all of the negative press aside, it is an extremely amusing game.

In JFK Reloaded you're supposed to accomplish the nearly impossible task of exactly recreating the JFK assassination, bullet by bullet, wound by wound. But once you realize doing so is nearly impossible you're going to want to just go wild with the game. Holy crap is that rewarding. The JFK assassination is a fertile playground for the imagination. You've got a motorcade, some incidental Dallas traffic, a legion of Secret Service agents, and loads of politicians and dignitaries. The crowds are unfortunately gone, but we can forgive them their crude engine. Not a lot of big money backers were probably interested in funding a massive production budget for a game with one level that lasts one minute. Oh yeah, and the whole "game about killing the President of the United States" thing might have been a deal-breaker as well.

The scenario is loaded with pathos. You saw Jackie O climbing onto the back of the limo or cradling her husband's brain. You've seen that damn flap on JFK's skull pop open a thousand times. Every frame of the Zapruder Film is pretty much burned into every American's memory over the age of about 16. With its simplistic physics and "chaotic traffic" option the possibilities of that one street and that one sniper rifle become nearly endless.

Imagine, rather than Lee Harvey Oswald's bullet flopping JFK's brain open, you get this scenario:

> Oswald shoulders his rifle on the sixth floor of the book depository and takes careful aim at the driver of a sedan. The motorcade is still a block away, but Oswald has an itch and

he wants to scratch it. He fires once, striking the driver in the throat. The occupants of the car blandly look back and forth as if unable to comprehend their dead companion.

The motorcade rounds the corner. The sound of gunfire is still echoing across the grassy knoll and the Secret Service agents fear for the president's well being. One of the agents rushes from the chase car and leaps onto the back of the president's limousine.

"It will be okay, Mrs. Kennedy," he reassures the First Lady.

She swivels her head back and forth smiling broadly. The president continues to wave to vacant buildings. The driver of the limousine slams on the gas. He has to get the president to safety! But alas, the driver is so focused on the flight that he fails to notice the car stopped directly in his path. The limousine slams into the idling vehicle at great speed and the occupants are hurled from the vehicle. President Kennedy slumps on the ground. Jackie O sprawls across the pavement like a pink stain. The governor is dead and has lost his hat; his wife has speared through the windshield and buried her face in the limousine's hood.

The chase car containing the Secret Service agents respectfully stops just before driving over President Kennedy's lifeless body. They wait, hoping that the man they are charged to protect leaps to his feet miraculously unharmed. A motorcycle cop zooms to a halt before the body of the governor. He wonders if Dallas will ever be the same.

Further back in the motorcade panic erupts. A car full of dignitaries careens out of control and zips around the chase car. The driver sees the motorcycle cop but he can't stop in time. Car and motorcycle collide. The motorcycle tears through the remains of Governor Conally and then slams into Jackie O. Her pink corpse is propelled straight up into the air like a rocket. Oswald watches with amusement as she cartwheels thirty feet into the air. She never loses that pillbox hat. More cars keep coming. Some strike the limousine; others crunch over more hapless motorcycle cops. They all manage to somehow avoid the chase car, but nothing else will stand in the way of their escape. Then come the busses and all is lost.

It's a dark day in Dallas.

JFK Reloaded is so simplistic and limited that it's amazing you can have this much fun with it. The only experience I can really equate it to is when I found out you could stand on the roof of the parking garage in Grand Theft Auto III and pretty much endlessly attack pedestrians and police on the streets below. Almost every play-through of JFK Reloaded is hilarious. Even just shooting a

single driver can turn the whole thing into a mess of flying cars and airborne ragdoll politicians. The stock grins on the faces of Jackie O and others are frozen amid the chaos. Unlike giant pussy Clive Thompson I find the pleasure they take at the madness surrounding them somehow heartwarming. The way Kennedy just waves and waves to absolutely no one amid gunfire and out of control mass transit busses is a tribute to his stoicism.

If you can find a source for the now abandoned JFK Reloaded I highly recommend that you check it out. In the meantime you can enjoy some videos of me causing havoc in the streets of Dallas. The third video shows the incredible power of the replay system to allow scholars to relive the direction of skull fragments bursting from JFK's exploded brain. If only all of the people's heads would explode in this game!

Assassination Attempt #1 (911K)
Assassionation Attempt #2 (2.11MB)
The Brain Cam (1.95 MB)

Save those videos rather than streaming them or they may not play correctly.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.13 NFL Text 2006

Saturday, Aug 13, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This year's edition of NFL Text is better than ever, thanks in part to the deal which grants Corinsoft exclusive rights to use the NFL license in text-based games until 2011! We've worked closely with the league and players to make this the most intense and accurate football title on the market. With a game this in-depth who needs motion capture, or graphics?

Would you like to play a Scrimmage game or begin the Dynasty Mode?

> ***Dynasty Mode***

Please pick a team. (press L for a list of teams)

> ***Pittsburgh Steelers***

You like that Roethlisberger kid, huh?

> ***Well, yeah but that's not why I picked the team. He's pretty great though.***

Ben Roethlisberger slips in the locker room shower, breaking his ankles and wrists. He'll be out for the entire season.

> ***no***

Also, when he fell he reached out for the nearest object to stabilize himself. As a result your second string quarterback Tommy Maddox is out for the entire season with a brain injury (yanked medula oblongata). Your starting quarterback is now Brian St. Pierre.

> ***shut up, just stop it***

This year's Dynasty Mode is more in-depth than ever! In the following Owner's Settings section, you'll control every aspect of your organization from the ground up. The financial future of the franchise is in your hands!

Should beer cost the same as last year, or more?

> ***same***

Should your fans wear jeans or khaki slacks?

> ***slacks***

Owner's Settings complete!

Here we are in delicious Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania for the Steelers' season opener against the Tennessee Titans. The Steelers have won the coin toss, and elect to...

Kick Off or Receive the opening kick?

> ***Receive***

Tennessee's kicker approaches the football with sheer determination, his beautiful blue eyes locked onto the ball while his taut buttocks involuntarily clench in anticipation. He grunts in ecstasy as his foot makes contact with the pigskin. The resulting "thwack" echoes louder than a thousand spankings. As the ball sails upward his muscular leg remains fully extended, resembling an elephant's erect member tucked into a white and teal spandex sheath with a size 13 Nike reservoir tip.

> ***okay.***

> ***what's supposed to happen now?***

What are your thoughts about Unified Field Theory?

> ***What?***

You know, the theory which attempts to unify all the fundamental forces and the interactions between elementary particles into a single theoretical framework in order to explain the nature and behavior of all matter.

> ***It's okay, I guess.***

That's all you have to say about it? Are you serious?

> ***I... like it?***

You would. The ball tumbles end over end in the air, and comes back down in your endzone. It's a touchback, so you'll start with the ball on your twenty yard line. Which type of play will you call? (Run, Pass, Special Teams)

> ***Pass***

The center snaps the ball back into your quarterback's nervous hands, and the play begins.

> ***pass to Hines Ward***

In NFL Text 2006, we have implemented a revolutionary new passing system which utilizes the quarterback's line of sight. In order to guarantee success you must now look at the receiver you wish to pass to.

> ***look at Hines Ward***

You're totally looking at Hines Ward.

> ***pass to Hines Ward***

Interception! The opposing team easily reaches the endzone, turning your horribly executed play into seven points for them.

The Titans line up to kick off once again, but this time their kicker isn't wearing a jersey because he thinks it was bad luck last time around. His unusually large nipples are crimson pancakes in the September afternoon air, thin trails of sweat running across them like colorless syrup. I guess the tufts of chest hair are like some kind of garnish, parsley maybe.

He kicks the ball, and once again it sails into the endzone. Touchback again. Drat, maybe the problem is his restrictive pants...

Which type of play will you call? (Run, Pass, Special Teams)

> ***run***

You attempt to hand the ball off to Jerome Bettis, but the Titans intercept it! They easily reach the endzone.

> ***challenge the ruling***

You cannot challenge a running play interception.

> ***you cannot intercept a run***

Against the advice of his coach and teammates, Brian St. Pierre attempts to take a shower between possessions and falls, breaking his neck. You have no quarterback.

> ***okay, now this just isn't fair***

The Titans' kicker has a twin brother that played quarterback in high school. Sign him as a free agent?

> ***quit***

■ Daily Dirt

If you have some sort of sick compulsion to read, and you simply can't get enough text in your slutty head then here's some more!

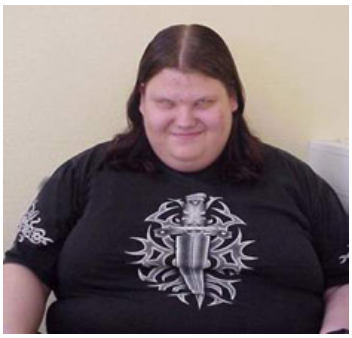
-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.14 10 Things Every Single Girl Must Own: Platinum Edition

Sunday, Aug 14, 2005 by Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

As a rich, young bachelor with a physique whose beauty makes the night sky shudder with envy, I have zero trouble landing top shelf trim night after night. My guy friends call me "the white Hitch" because I'm always the guy to go to for advice about reelin' in the sweeties and I'm a terrific dancer and I'm also white.

Anyway I was drinking by myself the other night and I figured it would be selfish of me to put a "penises only" clause on my expertise, because let's face it ladies, some of you are pretty clueless and revolting yourselves. My hectic schedule wouldn't permit to come up with anything original, but with a tiny bit of scouring I was able to find someone who's got this dating game figured out almost as well as me. Her name is Amy Spencer and she has compiled a list of 10 things every single girl must own for the renowned internet advice column MSN Does Dallas. Over the course of today's update, I'll be going down the list and comparing notes with her to see where we agree and disagree. Let's kick it off.



Paws off, ladies. I'm spoken for.

1. A fabulous photo of yourself

Amy Says: *"What he says: "Is that you?" What he means: "Daaaamn, girl, you're hotter than I realized!" Keep a digital version handy so you can email it to online suitors or blind dates who want a glimpse of the goods beforehand. And never, ever throw it away—when you're 80-something it'll serve as an instant reminder that back in the day, you were a total dish! "*

Terrorsaurus Says: I couldn't agree more. Most likely, the picture you choose will have you holding hands with an old flame who moved on to bigger and better things. Stare it in the face every single day to remind yourself what you're missing out on. Helpful hint: Scribble over his face in permanent marker to let potential mates know that you're completely over him. Oh, and for accuracy's sake, when he says: "Is that you?" what he means is: "It looks like all that desperation went straight to your thighs."

2. A pretty pair of heels

Amy Says: *"The good news is that these days, you can transform virtually any outfit to make it on-the-town ready by adding heels to a skirt, jeans, cropped khakis, whatever. And no, they don't have to be towering stilettos, even a pair of 1-inch kitten heels will make you stride a little more confidently. (Added bonus: The taller you are, the more cute men you'll be able to see around the room.)"*

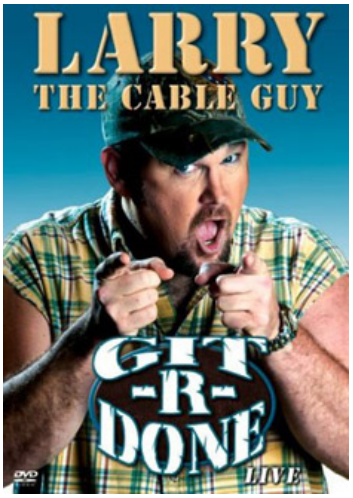
Terrorsaurus Says: Again, Amy is on the ball here. If you do your research, you'll find that all of history's greatest lovers have had foot fetishes: Danny DeVito, Quentin Tarantino, Eddie Murphy, the list goes on. Reel in these winners with a sexy pair of pumps and spend the next morning thanking yourself for it while he gently nibbles your toes and refuses to break eye contact with you.

3. An Eminem CD

Amy Says: *"What's one of the first places a guy peruses when he walks into a woman's home? Her music collection. Good for you if you have an extensive one. But if all he sees is a stack of girl*

bands (say, the Indigo Girls, the Go-Go's, Joni Mitchell and the Bridget Jones' Diary soundtrack), he's going to panic. Balance out your collection with one CD, any CD, by Eminem and you have no idea how relieved he'll be."
Terrorsaurus Says: Amy's definitely on the right track here, but I'm going to go one better and recommend an Allman Brothers box set and Larry the Cable Guy's *Right to Bare Arms* CD. Take it from a bona fide sexpert ladies: There's nothing less attractive than a gal who thinks she's smarter than you. Follow this advice and you'll be making sure that never happens.

4. A great pickup line... and a way to blow 'em off
Amy Says: *"In this post-chivalrous period, we can't always depend on guys to initiate contact, so prepare thyself with one simple, non-cheesy icebreaker to lay on that cutie who's making his way to your area of the bar. Our favorite: "Hi. Having fun?" (Though a friend of mine has recently taken to asking well-dressed men, "Hetero, homo or metro?") And in cases when a guy initiates contact and you're not interested, better have a better blow-off than "Ummmm, no... " Our suggestion: "Sorry, I don't think the guy I'm seeing would appreciate it." Sure, it's a lie, but it'll let him down easy—without destroying his ego or making him think you're a jerk."*
Terrorsaurus Says: Masking your loneliness with pithiness is a good idea way to get alcoholics to follow you home. However, the part about letting him down gently is a little worrisome. What I would recommend as a replacement for the rejection strategy is a paper bag full of airplane glue. Also, make sure to have your address tattooed on your inner thighs so he knows where to drop you off at the end of the night.
Thomas "kl0pper" Hatton Says: "MONGO WANT DICK"
Terrorsaurus Says: Who let you in here?



Indeed, Lawrence. Indeed.

The cornerstone of every well-stocked liquor cabinet.

5. A six-pack of good bottled beer
Amy Says: *"A prepared single girl is ready to host and toast at any time. If you want to make a guy-guest feel at home and your girlfriends feel special, skip the mass-produced swill and go for microbrews like the exotically-named Smuttynose Shoals Pale Ale from Portsmouth, New Hampshire or the grandfather of microbrews, Sam Adams Boston Lager."*
Terrorsaurus says: Although I agree with Amy that alcohol is a good way to numb the body, remove the inhibitions, and anger the Lord, there really is no functional difference between a fridge full of beers-of-the-month and a Dixie cup full of Victory Gin served at room temperature. My advice: Skip the fancy shit and keep your bar stocked with utility booze. Trust me, you'll need an excuse if any of your girlfriends see the kind of guys you bring home, and Jaegerbombs buy you a lot more leeway that Oak Creek Nut Brown Ale.

6. Bathroom reading
Amy Says: *"What man doesn't appreciate finding interesting reading in his sweetie's bathroom? So instead of tossing out your magazines when you're done reading them, toss them into a basket*

by the toilet. No need to go overboard with a stack of Sports Illustrated (if you don't follow sports, that would just be weird), but consider Newsweek or even Cosmopolitan (hey, this may be the only time he's a captive audience and can learn a few things). Or, just buy a book that's made for the bathroom, like Schott's Original Miscellany by Ben Schott ($10.17 at amazon.com) so he can learn a few things about shoelace lengths and sign language while he passes the, uh, time."
Terrorsaurus Says: This is a pretty clever little suggestion. It says to your new companion "I anticipated your bowel movements long before we ever met, and have made accommodations." Courteous? Yes. Romantic? Not hardly. Try writing love notes on the toilet paper, interspersed with harmless bits of scatological humor. It'll make him feel right at home!

7. A business card
Amy Says: *"After the age of 18, it's no longer cute to scrawl your first name and phone number on a napkin and hand it to a man who wants to call you. So if your job doesn't provide a card or you'd prefer one with your personal email address and phone number on it, then have some made at your local Kinko's. The very budget-bound can get 250 full-color business cards for free from vistaprint.com if you don't mind the company's logo on the backside of the card. Hey, it's better than nothing. A napkin he can lose. A card he'll file and keep."*
Terrorsaurus Says: The number one thing men look for in potential sex partners is professionalism. Here are some potential ideas for job titles: Women's Studies Major/Graduate, Multiple Cat Owner, Spinster, A-Cup and Proud of it. Be creative!

8. Earplugs
Amy Says: *"Ah, there's nothing sweeter than a man who wants to cuddle up with you in bed for a long night's sleep. Unless — SNZZGGHGHRRJJZZZ! — he snores so loudly you can't get any sleep. Prepare thyself for surprise snorers with a pair of earplugs stashed in your nightstand. (2 pairs of Mack's brand self-described "snore-proof" plugs sell for $2.79 at cvs.com.)"*
Terrorsaurus Says: Remember in late 1999 when all those rednecks were stockpiling guns and water and food because the world was about to end? And some of them decided that since money would have no meaning in a few months they might as well blow their retirement fund on supplies to prepare them for all kinds of bizarre and unlikely scenarios? And then the apocalypse never happened and they had to buy a storage unit to hold their 70 tanks of propane and their 5 man life raft? At least earplugs will fit in the drawer on your nightstand.

"I noticed that you had a spare set. I also noticed you were talking. Do you mind?"

9. A straight male friend on your speed-dial
Amy Says: *"Every girl knows she needs a gay male friend she can go to for fashion advice (a personal Queer Eye for Your Closet). But when it comes to relationship advice, you need another source. While your female friends may have good intentions, if you really want to know if you should call that guy, save the guesswork and go to someone who's been there, done that."*
Terrorsaurus Says: If there's one thing I learned from listening to stand up comedy in the 90s, it's that "platonic" male friends would never sabotage their female friends' budding relationships out of jealousy or spite.

10. A condom

Amy Says: *"Hey ladies, you know the drill by now. If you want to be able to have spontaneous fun of the bodily kind, you have to prepare for it yourself. You can't always count on him to have something in his back pocket—or a 24-hour drugstore on the route home. (Your new mantra: If you don't want it to break, you buy it.)"*
Terrorsaurus Says: Contraceptives come at the end of the list for a good reason: If you're the kind of person who regularly enjoys reading advice columns like these, AIDS would probably feel like a day at the beach to you anyway.

-∼Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

8.15 2,002 Honest Fonts

Monday, Aug 15, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It has been a while since we have done a Fake SA so I figured the time had come. My inspiration was pretty much every font site on the Internet. I appreciate that they exist, especially when it comes to Photoshopping, but man are there a LOT of bad fonts. I owe a special debt of gratitude on this one to DocEvil, KAZ, rubbercat, dings, Bleep, and Nobody from our forums. They helped with the ads running down the side. I hope you enjoyed today's Fake SA.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.16 Air Scare

Tuesday, Aug 16, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I really feel this image applies to today's update. Really.

There's something inherently frightening in the concept of boarding a gigantic metal tube full of luggage and peanuts which rolls down a really long driveway until there's no more driveway left, at which point the metal tube (somehow) flies up into the air like a cigarette casually tossed from the mouth of a clown teeming with venereal diseases. The trepidation accompanying air travel lies in the fact that nobody, I repeat NOBODY, knows exactly how planes are able to fly. Think about it; planes are huge metal objects, just like cars, water towers, and Robocop. When's the last time you've seen either of those defy all laws of physics, lift off the ground, and then announce they'll be stuck in a holding pattern over the Atlanta airport for six hours? Without the help of a friendly tornado, I mean. And don't try to claim Robocop flew in "Robocop 3" because that movie never existed and nobody can convince me otherwise.

Mankind's fear of flight compounds itself when the spooky, menacing threat of terrorist activity is thrown into the mix. Did you know that, at any time and at any place, there's a 95% chance somebody will say something about terrorists? It's true! Do you really feel safe boarding a plane with those kind of odds? Simply switch on the television to any channel and one of the many helpful, friendly white people behind news desks will inform you exactly how scary terrorists are for the current day. I heard a rumor that a single channel, one probably only available in Atlantis through DirectTV, features programming which somehow fails to invoke limitless fear of the marauding terrorist menace. On the flip side, all they show is "Boat Trip" featuring Cuba Gooding Jr., so I guess it's a tradeoff. And speaking of Cuba Gooding Jr., every time I hear his name I instinctively assume he's an A-list celebrity, but then I think about all the movies he's starred in, and I second guess myself. He's one of those guys you think has appeared in decent, respectable films simply due to the fact that you can recall his name, but nobody can name a single legitamite movie he's starred in. Why the hell does my brain bother latching on to this guy's name, but refuses to store any of my family members' birthdays?

Anyway, despite our glorious US Government's eternal obsession with safety and the limitless consumer confidence that can only be achieved by throwing crates of British tea from the side of a boat, it seems the airline travel industry is just as unsafe and unprotected as ever. Surprise!

> **CNN probe finds weak link in air security** - *Nearly four years after 9/11, Americans flying on passenger planes remain vulnerable to another terrorist attack in the air because of lax screening of the millions of tons of cargo loaded into the belly of aircraft, a three-month CNN investigation shows. While screening of passengers and their luggage has been shored up dramatically since hijackers commandeered four planes and crashed them into the twin towers of the World Trade Center, the Pentagon and a Pennsylvania field, little has changed regarding the security of cargo, according to an FAA inspector and the vice chairman of the 9/11 Commission.*

Outrageous! This is unbelievable! How can an entire industry, with the hefty backing of the entire US Government, somehow fail to improve in either security or reliability? After all, this is the same government responsible for winning that pesky "war on drugs," in addition to the "war on crime" and the "war on war" and the "war on the war on war." How could they not succeed with the

following airtight, foolproof "improvements" to our travel experience?

CAREFUL SCREENING OF ALL EVIL SHOES AT THE AIRLINE GATE - This was my favorite anti-terrorist policy the airports implemented, mostly because I can't remember the last time somebody successfully committed an act of terrorism with a shoe. Oh wait, maybe that's because it never happened. Regardless, the government knows that something MIGHT be able to happen and it MIGHT involve shoes, so they instructed all the overweight minorities manning the screening booths to demand all passengers remove their shoes before passing through the Gauntlet of Bomb Screening Machines and the fan-favorite Large Machine Which Doesn't Really Do Anything Except Give You Cancer. Let's all be sure to thank that unkempt boob known as "The Shoe Bomber" for making this all possible, despite the fact he was too outrageously incompetent to both sit AND successfully light the fuse on his Nikes.

I think this guy is one of those "performance artists" who nobody likes.

The implementation of this procedure not only cuts down on deadly terrorist attack shoes by 100%, but additionally proved the US Government possesses absolutely no tolerance for any types of suspicious footwear. It also reassured a suspicious, wary public who feared boarding and having to sit next to Kuribu's Shoe during a long, trans-Atlantic flight. America was a country founded on the red blooded, patriotic idea of manually jumping over piranha plants without the use of cheap, foreign footwear! And don't even get me started on that goddamn Tanuki suit. That thing was worthless.

I will stop all the airport crimes using my HUGE DAMN HAND!

HIRING ONLY PEOPLE WHO OPENLY LOATHE YOUR VERY EXISTENCE - I don't think I've ever encountered a single airline employee working for the government who didn't outwardly despise me and everybody else attempting to fly on an airplane despite the government's insistence that, really, we shouldn't even bother. Not only does the government continually insist on hiring folks who would enjoy traveling through time to repeatedly rape your parents in the eye socket with an ice pick, but our elected leaders apparently believe the best people to help us in an airport are individuals who couldn't properly offer elementary instructions explaining how to chew food. Maybe there's a government document somewhere proving that the best employees are the ones who hate their job, who hate the people they're serving, don't know anything about anything, and communicate to each other with rapid arm movements and excited simulated train whistle noises.

DELAYING EVERYTHING EVERYWHERE - Want to check your bags in? Well sorry, you're going to have to haul them over here to this magical cave opening and sit around with them while some dopey clod holding a wooden stick shuffles through all your personal belongings and asks you to shovel a handful of your traveler's shampoo into one of your bodily orifices to prove it's not secretly plastic explosives. Do you want to get to your flight gate? Oh, well better arrive at the airport six days early, because we have to pat you down and send you through eight different machines which make sure your dick isn't an anti-aircraft missile. If you blackmailed a friend into dropping you off at the airport, please remember that no vehicles can start,

stop, or even pass by the entrance of an airport anymore! No, that would be far too convenient - FOR THE TERRORISTS! Instead, the driver must travel at a steady 60 miles an hour and shove you out of the passenger-side door roughly nine miles away from the actual airport terminal. You know, for safety's sake.

COMPLETELY "RANDOM" BODY SEARCHING - In an attempt to not be sued by irate minorities who are flagged as terrorists for the silly, meaningless excuse that nearly all airline terrorists have shared their race and religion, the government has created some kind of obscenely random screening procedure. Their powerful computer mainframes spend hours every day calculating highly random numbers such as "43" and "102," and the passenger who corresponds to that unlucky number is asked to move aside while pudgy, irritable employees pat them down and ask them to remove suspicious items such as buttons and hair follicles. Nothing reeks of inescapable safety quite like touching the nipples of absolutely random 12-year old traveling to Disneyworld with her parents!

My 82-year old grandmother, a short wrinkly Italian Catholic woman who lives in Florida, apparently represents some grave threat to national security, as she's flagged for interrogation every time she flies. Now don't try to convince me the random-number machines are simply choosing random numbers, because my grandmother spends approximately 27 hours a day playing Bingo, and her luck is so bad that I don't think any of her numbers have ever been called in the history of Earth. Obviously the government has been acting on some white-hot tip proclaiming a major airliner will be brought down by a senior citizen with diabetes and a hearing aid the size of my fist. As the dynamite in her purse explodes, showering the airplane's cockpit with deadly flaming pages of unfinished crossword puzzle, she will proclaim her victory by asking the person sitting beside her, for the 120th consecutive time, what gender my dogs are.

Somehow all these brilliant ideas managed to fail, and CNN's high tech "probe" revealed we're absolutely no safer than we were on 9/11, the day Christopher Reeves flew the Hindenburg into the Statue of Liberty.

> *On most of the flights that the FAA inspector observes, almost none of the cargo is inspected. "In respect to cargo, we're probably as vulnerable or more vulnerable," said the inspector, who insisted on not being identified for fear of employer retaliation. "Cargo still has a lot of loopholes where something could get on an airplane."*

"Let's take get a mic check here in your crotch. No, sorry, we need more volume out of your vagina ma'am."

Apparently our government believes packing a bomb into a large, empty suitcase is a lot more difficult than somehow hiding it under your clothing and walking around with it activated for more than two hours while a constant stream of men with guns and high tech electronics scan your every move. It's unbelievable to think a terrorist would place a bomb in their bags! I mean, that's where their clothing goes!

> *And for three straight days, outside Chicago's busy O'Hare International Airport, at the U.S. Postal Service Chicago International/Military Service Center, CNN found gates unlocked and wide open, and open containers left at the side of the road. CNN correspondent Drew Griffin was able to walk right up to the containers with a camera rolling. No one stopped him to ask what he was doing.*

This paragraph actually makes a lot of sense. Think about it: the entire objective and goal of every anti-American terrorist organization is to disrupt the lives and communication flow of every

citizen in the entire United States of America. The USPS does a much better and more effective job of this than any terrorist organization could ever dream. I wouldn't be surprised if the Al Queda was funneling money into the postal service, perhaps by lobbying for more of those stupid "Ronald Reagan posing in front of American flag" stamps.

So after millions and millions of dollars, our airlines are less safe than ever. According to this CNN probe, evil people could blow up pretty much any airplane they want whenever they want, just as long as their nefarious plans don't involve deadly footwear. What can the US Government, a beacon of efficiency and intelligence, do to prevent 9/11 2: The Reckoning? Here are a few foolproof tips I thought of today while Googling "foolproof tips":

THREE EASY WAYS TO MAKE AIRLINE TRAVEL 100% SAFE

This guy must be pretty suspicious if he's been screened at a paint store.

1. REQUIRE ALL FLIGHTS TO HAVE A LAYOVER IN ATLANTA - As is, 90% of all flights throughout the world stop in Atlanta in some point in their grand journey. Rumor has it Charles Lindberg's plane was forced down over Atlanta during his trip from New York to Paris, as this single town has the ability to warp both space and time to the point where going anywhere at all invariably requires passing through this sin-cursed city. The prospect of a terrorist's bomb not exploding during their flight, thereby dooming them to visiting Atlanta, will undoubtedly deter even the most grizzled anti-American zealots. The Hartsfield Atlanta International Airport is conclusive proof there is a god, and He universally hates us. Take that, organized religion!

2. INCREASE THE GATE-SHIFTING EFFECT - The existing setup in nearly all major airports ensures nobody can, at any time, reliably know what gate they're supposed to be sprinting towards. Will your plane take off at E-43, which is six miles west, or will it leave from N-462, located somewhere on the outskirts of Iceland? Nobody, not even seasoned airline attendants, can tell you for sure. What we need to do is take this concept one step further and spend millions, perhaps billions of dollars boosting the gate-shifting technology which keeps all travelers on their collective toes. After all, terrorists can't blow up planes they have no chance of boarding, can they? In the future, I envision a beautiful paradise populated by countless empty planes flying to and from Atlanta all day. Maybe we can outlaw the pilots from wearing shoes.

3. CONTINUE TO HORRENDOUSLY OVERBOOK FLIGHTS - According to George "George W. Bush" W. Bush, all terrorists hate and want to destroy us because of their unbridled jealousy. They simply envy our freedom, wealth, and ability to buy virtually any variation of "Calvin peeing on something" sticker you could dream up in glorious America. I think the current overbooking procedure all airlines engage in could uniquely benefit our fight against the terrorist menace. For those of you unfamiliar with the term, "overbooking" describes airlines intentionally selling more tickets than actual plane seats, thereby ensuring the flight will be full and won't have any wasted space which might be used by some person who doesn't want to sit next to a sweaty, 540-pound heaving behemoth devising "Magic: the Gathering" strategies for six straight hours. To find out more information about this wonderful and awesome tactic, feel free to do a websearch for "fucking over paying customers."

Anyway, overbooking can definitely be used to stop terrorists. Since the bad guys' sole motivation is jealousy and greed, they will undoubtedly be the first to volunteer up their seats when the overworked lady behind the ticket counter announces they need half the population of New Jersey to give up

their seats and take a later flight in exchange for vouchers and a free omelet breakfast at Denny's. Soon the potential terrorist will be escorted to another gate, probably in another dimension, where they will have to wait 12 hours for their next flight. When that plane starts boarding and somebody else announces it too is overbooked, the terrorist will once again leap forward to give up his seat and pull in another $400 travel voucher while delaying his flight for another day. 58 years later, the airport janitorial staff will sweep up the remains of the terrorist's skeletal carcass and burn their wheelbarrow full of travel vouchers.

While it saddens me we're not safe and can be blown up at any given time, I can't really say it truly surprises me. This is the federal government here, an organization not exactly known for its organization. If the cure to terrorism was based in taxing us or making something illegal, yeah, I'd have no doubt that we'd be free of it. But we're dealing with a complex problem here, one that requires people to not leave open gaping security holes and basically act like irresponsible jackasses. And that, my friends, is what our government is famous for.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.17 My True Story of Survival Against Many Odds

Wednesday, Aug 17, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

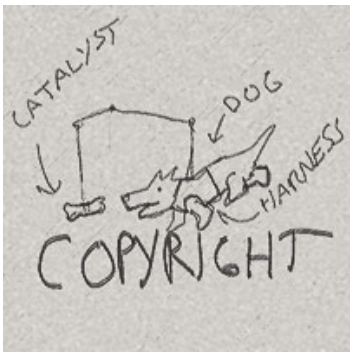
Day One

It has been five hours since I survived the crash that killed a dozen others and left me stranded alone in the dense and frosted wilderness. All around me are soaring mountain peaks that remind me my only escape is by crawling between the teeth of some monstrous jaw. The fiery wreckage claimed all survival gear and all the extra clothes and luggage. I am literally left with nothing but the few tattered rags on my back. I dare not seek shelter in the smoldering fuselage, for animals will no doubt descend upon the bones for food.

I do not know how long it will be before rescue comes, should it ever come. As luck would have it, this journal managed to land far enough from the burning debris to survive. I will use it to record what might well be my last thoughts.

The sun is setting. I must find shelter soon if I am to survive.

Day Two



The night was harsh and brutal. I hunkered down against a mighty boulder and shivered all through the long hours of darkness. I could hear the howls of wolves, and every sound seemed to claw at my nerves. I feared I would not survive, though I did.

Knowing that time was not on my side and that the cold would surely get the better of me, I set out to acquire some additional layers of warmth. Having heard that one could keep safely warm by climbing inside the hallowed out carcass of a mighty animal such as a moose, I am attempting to locate and slay a moose.

More to come...

Hours have passed on my search and I have failed to locate a moose. However, I was able to slay two rabbits that I have hallowed out and am now using as gloves. They are not as comfortable as gloves and they are rather sticky inside. I must find many more rabbits if I am to stay warm.

It seems I have found some solace in the midst of this deathly situation. As I was prying loose the soft, bloody innards from these rabbits, the idea for a perpetual motion machine popped into my head. I have diagrammed it and I hope that should I die, this journal be recovered so that mankind may one day enjoy the benefits of perpetual motion.

Day Three

I have spent the day getting adjusted to my surroundings, venturing further away from the crash site in search of hope, in search of anything. In my journeys I spotted a cave, but footprints suggested to me it was in use by no less than an elephant or some other large animal. This will not do.

I am growing very hungry. I am fondly recollecting the pets of my youth, and how delicious they would taste cooked over an open fire. A queer thought occurred to me: I will die without ever tasting parakeet. I wipe a tear from my eye and get some rabbit fur in it. I am madly rubbing my eye against any clean surface I can find in-between writing these simple words.

Upon my face a mighty beard grows. Each hair stands as a cenotaph to the clean-shaven face that is now so far away. If I could grow a hundred more beards my troubles here would be over.

It is now evening and I think my right eye is infected and possibly bleeding. It is difficult to see that side of my face from the other side of my face. My depth perception is failing me. Do not know if I can withstand another night now. Am shivering like mad.

Day Four

The rabbit gloves have done wonders in terms of keeping my hands from being exposed to the elements, yet they tax my wrists and fingers a great deal when it comes to writing. I have been forced to lodge the pen in the mouth of one of the rabbits and flail my arm madly against the paper. I fear this will diminish my verbosity, as the early stages of carpal tunnel syndrome are already setting in. The lack of depth perception is also playing tricks on me, as I cannot properly identify the distance of the pen from the paper.

Unfortunately these rabbit gloves have frozen to my hands and I cannot get them off. If I ever make it back to safety, I worry my hands may not be salvageable. I must learn to master these new hands of mine so that I am not at a disadvantage in the civilized world.

My feet are still cold, even with boots and socks upon them. I have been attempting to procure some more rabbits that I might hollow out and use to further protect my feet, but it is difficult to hunt with rabbits for hands. I managed to kill one more rabbit, but struggled for hours attempting to gut it. The Lord was kind when he decided to bless us with human hands rather than rabbits for hands. I must confess I had no choice but to remove the rabbit's entrails and bones with my teeth. The warm blood was like syrup upon the pancakes of my mouth, and I relished the moment as a climber might relish reaching the peak of Everest.

The night hours grow near and I am working feverishly to assemble a shelter of some sort. I am also running a fever. At least I think, as it was difficult to ascertain how hot my forehead was when I placed my hand against it. The warm rabbit fur stuck to my hand felt good against my forehead though. I held it there for several minutes before discovering it was starting to freeze to my head. I had yank my hand away, pulling a good chunk of my forehead with it. I must remember not to make anymore unnecessary contact with my face.

Day Five

Having failed to produce a shelter, I spent the night sandwiched between felled trees and piles of brush. I fear the proximity and exposure to such brush may have triggered allergies. I have been sneezing like mad, but thankfully my rabbit gloves prove ample in absorbing my discharges and wiping up my runny nose.

I fear things cannot get any worse. I am starving and cold and in desperate need of real shelter. Hang on; I hear something rustling in the bushes...

It was apparently nothing. My imagination has gotten the best of me. Wait! There it is again...

Things have gotten worse. It seems a bear has eaten me and things are very dark. I pray that these are still words I am etching on this soiled pad in the cramped inner recesses of this mighty grizzly bear. At least it is warm here in this, my final resting place.

I fear this is the end. I can no longer feel anything but fatigue...

Day Six

Bear passed me unexpectedly in the night. It was a painful experience for both me and the bear, and in the midst of this horrible ordeal, I think we bonded. We are now sharing the cave I spotted earlier, though I fear our relationship may turn sour.

Exploring more today, I am even more lost than I expected. From the highest vantage point I see no signs of civilization. Desperately need food... Sky is full of ellipses...

Penmanship... waning... Lacking vernacular to properly dramatize significance of experience... Ugh....

I am awake again in the cave. I apparently passed out, and the bear brought me back. Our tenuous alliance has proven advantageous, as I surely would have died out in the elements. Night falls, and the bear is kind enough to spoon with me. This is awkward, but necessity demands sacrifice and compromise to even the most important of virtues.

Day Seven

The bear shows signs of being clingy, and I believe I might have posttraumatic stress disorder from the crash, as I am now having flashbacks and nightmares. I am keeping the bear up at night, and it seems angry. I do not want to be a bad roommate. Not here, not after everything I've been through.

The sun has risen. It is time to do more exploring. I am investigating a clearing to the east I remember spotting the day before. I vaguely remember a glint echoing its way to my monocular senses. Perhaps there is something of value there.

Thank goodness! I have stumbled upon an abandoned cannon in the midst of these endless woods. My one hope of salivation is now to launch myself out of this cannon, hopefully landing somewhere soft and safe far away from this cursed land of danger and mystery.

The bear is growing overly protective. It is following me – I know it! I cannot let it get between me and this cannon. I will launch myself first thing tomorrow morning, sneaking out while the bear sleeps. It is a horrible thing to do to that poor creature, but the right thing. It wouldn't understand.

Day Eight

I have launched myself from the cannon and I am now rocketing through the air. I fear this may be my last journal entry, for the odds of me landing safely are at least one in two. Either I land safely or I don't.

Bear slept soundly through the night, and I snuck away with ease. I'm going to miss that old bear, but our union was never meant to be. Still, I'll remember the times together. I came to know that bear inside and out, and that's something you simply do not forget.

Writing is difficult while flying, will have to cut this short. Land ahead, more to come... God be willing!

Day Nine

> I have landed on a trampoline in someone's backyard. My reunion with civilization is still a ways off, as I have to bounce off the tremendous force with which I was launched. It may be hours yet before I slow down enough that I can safely dismount from the trampoline.
>
> A crowd has gathered to stare at me. Though I feel nauseous, I am pleased to see them with my one eye. They appear more frightened than delighted, and I wonder if it is safe for me to come down off this trampoline. Perhaps I have traded one wilderness for another. Perhaps the bear was right to want me to stay, knowing full well the civilized world was no longer my home.
>
> With each bounce I attempt to wave at the crowd, but the impaled rabbits affixed to my hands merely disgusted them. Do they not know the horrible allowances the necessity of survival permits?

Day Ten

> The Lord has seen me through my trials, and I have finally stopped bouncing. After 18 grueling hours bouncing, I finally slowed down enough that I could dismount from the trampoline.
>
> I fear this will be my last update, for it is time for me to return to normal life. The struggle for survival is over. I am going to the hospital now. My plane crashed ten days ago, and I have finally landed on solid ground.
>
> Let this be a lesson to everyone. Never give up! Never stop surviving no matter the odds. Farewell and fare travels!

◻ When You Dirt, I Dirt, We Dirt

Here you go, Charlie!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.18 Hollywood Remakes 2006

Thursday, Aug 18, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Recently I went undercover as a fat roll on Harry Knowles left leg, and found out some SHOCKING and SOUL DESTROYING news regarding the remakes coming out next year. As you know, the hottest trend in Hollywood recently has been remakes of old TV shows such as The Dukes of Hazzard, Starsky and Hutch, and Scooby Doo. These have garnered large box office earnings, spurring the movie industry to blitz through every conceivable show ever made until the public stops handing over their hard-earned cash and tears the movie executives to bloody pieces in an angry mob. I fear that this riot is far from happening, and as such we have many more years of TV show remakes to endure. My hazardous undercover work gleaned new information that I feel I should share with you loyal fans, so that you have time to prepare for these ill-tidings, and won't be ambushed with this news while sitting through the hour-long previews before a movie. We will get through these troubled times, together.

Alf

The remake of this classic sitcom from the 80's is sure to be a hit with the kids and adults alike. Owen Wilson stars as the incorrigible alien from the planet Melmac whose spaceship crash-lands in a suburban family's backyard. Ben Stiller will be playing the constantly irritated father who can't win against the charming Alf as he befriends his children and captures the hearts of all around him with his wry wit. The big change in this Hollywood take on the series is that Alf is no longer a short, fuzzy puppet, but rather a complete CGI body with Owen Wilson's real face spliced on. The creative team decided that his nose was large enough to suffice for the trunk of the alien, and they didn't want to miss out on the chemistry he has with Stiller as the frustrated father. Alf is coming out next summer.

Small Wonder

This relatively unknown show was extremely popular with retarded children and pedophiles, but the producers didn't want to put out the same vibe that the original short-lived series did. That's why they decided to revamp the idea of a robot sibling to live with a normal suburban family. Instead, this is to be a raunchy college comedy full of sex jokes playing on the fact that the robot isn't programmed for such activities like drinking and panty raids. A brilliant professor makes a bet that he can design a robot to look like a seemingly normal college student (played by American Pie's Jason Biggs), and not only will he maintain a steady 4.0 grade point average, but he will also blend into the college community. Well you can just imagine what crazy hijinks are in store when his roommates introduced him to beer, girls, and wanton vandalism. This robot is in for a learning experience! Ben Stiller makes a cameo as the guidance counselor with a funny mustache.

Mama's Family

Although this sitcom was universally disliked and directly linked to the spread of airborne diseases and civil war in developing countries, studio execs decided to reinvent the series in the form of an observational comedy about the differences between white people and black people. Ben Stiller plays a snobby yuppie that gets arrested on charges of fraud and is sent to a halfway house as part of his probation. A large black woman runs the halfway house, played by Martin Lawrence who reprises his role from "Big Mama's House". Big Mama doesn't cater to the newcomer's attitude towards

her home cooking and sassy attitude, leading to some fireworks between the two. Chris Tucker also stars as Stiller's roommate who demonstrates how they are different in so many ways, but in the end they learn how they are also the same.

Perfect Strangers

The remake of this classic sitcom of Larry and his troublesome but lovable foreign cousin, Balki, is probably the most anticipated of this whole bunch. The big change in this movie redo is making it set in New York City where Larry is played by Owen Wilson who is a suave Wall Street broker who lives a fast-paced life. Soon he is burdened by his cousin Balki, played by Ben Stiller, who imposes himself on Larry, giving him no choice but to let him stay. Fireworks erupt when these two birds of a different feather clash on ideas of what it means to have fun and be alive. The highlight of the movie is when Larry takes Balki to the New York Stock Exchange and through a series of misunderstandings, Balki buys a million shares of pork bellies and starts a market trend that leads the US out of the recession. Soon he is more successful than his cousin, leading to a split in their friendship, but of course by the end of the movie, they both learn a great lesson about life. Rated R for foul language and gore.

Grizzly Adams

The sitcom of the lonely mountain man who talks to animals and befriends the natives is a little outdated for today's savvy audience. John Woo has been given the slot as director in this new action movie starring Nicolas Cage as Adams, a special agent who battles large corporations who illegally dump toxic waste into the environment. Helping him in this battle are CGI created animals who are the ancestors of the original inhabitants of the Garden of Eden and have been enlisted by Adams to help him save the planet. The fight scenes in this movie are going to be explosive thanks to the directing style of John Woo. A spoiler scene shows Adams flying sideways through the air in slow motion, firing a pistol in each hand, with CGI doves firing small pistols behind him. Ben Stiller plays the villain of the large corporation who is bent on the destruction of nature, and Vin Diesel plays his evil minion that always rhymes when he talks.

Webster

Ben Stiller plays the lovable Webster in this remake of the 80's sitcom of a well-off white family who adopts a cuddly little black child with an incurable growth disease. Unlike the other movies, this one is almost completely unchanged from the original premise, besides the fact that Webster is now a neurotic Jew from Long Island and he is adopted by a pack of CGI-created wolves in the Canadian wilderness where he is taught how to hunt down and vivisect deer with his teeth. This will be a direct-to-video release and will include a full soundtrack by the punk group "Good Charlotte".

Oh God I can't feel my legs. Somebody call somebody.

- The Pepperidge Piglet vs. Mary Lou Retton

Are you ready for a new adventure with your favorite farm animal, the Pepperidge Piglet? Will the

piglet ever learn the true meaning of the Bible? Will the kindly farmer give in to the evil bankers? Will I find my missing keys? Find all these answers and more RIGHT HERE YOU DUMBYS.

-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

8.19 The Plain People

Friday, Aug 19, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Pennsylvania is lousy with Amish. In more than one county and township there's a law on the books to deal with riding in a horse-drawn buggy while intoxicated. It's illegal, but there's no three strikes law. They don't take your buggy away and make you take the river to work. Do they think they're better than us? With their beady eyes and impenetrable accents I bet they think so.

I didn't know that Amish people don't have jobs. I thought it was a hobby, like civil war reenacting or archery. Like on the weekends all these guys put on their cork beards and solemn suits and build some barns and the womenfolk shed their miniskirts and laptops in favor of modest peasant dresses and butter churns. It turns out they actually live like that, their jobs are building barns and churning butter and having little card tables at farmer's markets. Lord knows who is paying all of their salaries.

I guess they're living history, like an Indian casino or a Mummy reanimated through a curse when interlopers broke the seal of its ancient tomb. This is what an Amish person looked like in 500 BC and hey, he still looks the exact same only he doesn't have a hooked polearm for climbing to the top of his brontosaurus mount.

The easiest way to kill an Amish person is with a hologram. Just drive around with that Sega cowboy time traveler game on the back of a flatbed truck and you will commit genocide.

In movies about global upheaval they never factor in the Amish reaction to events. When I watched

that animated Matrix movie about the war with the machines I wondered what happened to the Amish. They never enslaved any robots! Did the robots blow up all the humans and then get to the Amish and this lanky dude came out with his beard and said "Vat er yoo doin here den?" Did the machines realize their folly? I like to think that when Neo died in the Matrix Revolutions the machine Wizard of Oz guy took Neo to this Amish farm and he was nursed back to health. I just hope it wasn't one of the evil Amish farms like in Witness.

The ultimate fish-out-of-water movie would be an Amish astronaut film. Jebidiah Hapsberg is drafted by NASA to stop a comet before it crashes into Washington D.C. All of the technology crammed into his spaceship can't stop the comet, but because Jebidiah could look up into the night sky without the pollution of city lights he knows exactly how to guide his ship to the comet. Then he comes back a hero to everyone but the irony is that he can't go back to being Amish because he has been tainted by technology. "Yer vild yaars waar ower, Jebidiah." But then it would also have to be hilarious like he would just marvel at electric toothbrushes and try to milk cars or something just totally wacky that is completely fall down funny.

They call them Pennsylvania Dutch, but the Amish are really Swiss and German. The word "Amish" comes from Jacob Amman, a late 17th century Swiss Mennonite who believed the Mennonites weren't strict enough. Sort of like Islamic fundamentalists think regular Muslims aren't strict enough only the Amish are rigorously pacifistic, so almost the complete opposite of Islamic fundamentalists. You might think that would be Christian fundamentalists but they love TV and hate abortion and as far as I can tell the Amish hate TV and love abortion. They speak an unusual dialect of German called Pennsylvania German but only the really devoted Amish people even speak that language anymore. Mostly they speak English with just a bit of an accent.

Rural communities sometimes hate the Amish and think they are crazy and a nuisance with their buggies snarling traffic or causing accidents. But I have to ask, are the Amish crazy or are *we* crazy? What has technology ever done for anyone?

I am going to create a break off sect of the Amish called the Parsons and we will believe that even the Amish have been corrupted by technology such as the hammer, wheel, and lever. We will travel nomadically around Wyoming by foot and brain rabbits with rocks for food. Can you milk a bird? I will know soon enough. Once a month we will gather the prettiest rocks and sell them at the farmer's market. We will have hats way cooler than the Amish. Skull hats, with horns, because textiles of any kind are of the devil. All of us, even the women, will have beards like U-boat crewmen. We will use our money to buy lumber and then we will throw it into a river and watch it float because that is the most amazing entertainment our simple lives will know.

I saw an Amish pornographic movie once but I don't think it was genuinely made by the Amish because their clothing had plastic buttons.

If I was ever chosen by the Queen of England to be her personal assassin my cover identity would be an Amish farmer. I would go to some Sheik's palace for a party and once all the guests arrived I would pour poison into the Sheik's ear. Then the royal guards would be searching the party for the killer and they would be like: is it Baron Krupp, the military industrialist? Is it Nina Victoria, the femme fatale? Is it Ian Parcivale, the famous chemist? Perhaps it is the Amish farmer Isaac Baum? Oh, no of course not, an Amish farmer would never kill anyone. I must go milk my cattle now, I bid you adieu monsieur Parcivale, enjoy the dungeon!

Then I would probably hang glide from the window of an onion-topped parapet into the quiet desert night. My motto is that if you're going to bother traveling somewhere then you might as well hang

glide. Even this forces me to contemplate the Amish and their ways. Do the Amish hang glide? Is it forbidden? If you construct a hang glider from simple Amish technology is relying on God's winds to carry you by itself a sin? Does the dour God of the Amish frown upon those who would cast themselves into the air like tufts of seeds in spring? I must believe that it is not so, for a culture without hang gliding is truly a culture without light or vitality.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.20 Stormy Weather

Saturday, Aug 20, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

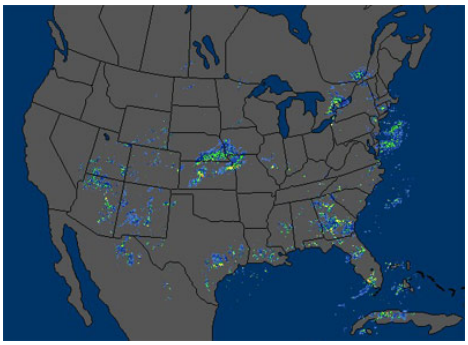
I am the weather man.

Skip Freedomstone. Rock Goodguy. Sam Weathers. One of these names likely meant something to me at one point, but now I have transcended the pathetic need for a first and last name to represent my identity. You may call out my name and I may respond to it like Pavlov's dog, but in my mind the monicker you bleat through your slack jowels is interpreted as "weather man". The transformation is complete.

My suit is made of the finest materials, and was forged in the black flames of agony and despair. The wool is from a sheep which I paid an exorbitant amount of money to have slapped in the face three times a day. The silkworms that my shirt originated from were obviously far too small to slap, so I had them berated constantly in very harsh tones.

My hair is pristine and indestructible. I have not encountered a single problem that could not be resolved by lowering my head and charging forward, crushing the hymens of all who would stand in my way. The individual strands of hair upon my crown are not simply wavy, they are enchanted and caught in a neverending dance of seduction. To stare into them too long is to allow my hairdo to consume your soul.

My teeth have been capped and bleached to sparkle with a false warmth when I contort my features into what you call a smile. They don't do anything cool like steal your soul, but I think the way they can chomp right through all but the most stubborn of toffees is pretty impressive.



I have no idea what the hell this is. An amoeba?

I am forever off-camera, huddled in the comforting solitude of my Doppler Dome, which consists of a sheet draped over my desk and a few cushions from the sofa in the green room. In my Dome I stare at hand-drawn maps for hours on end with a concerned look upon my face, a cup of coffee in one hand and a coffee cup full of battery acid in the other. I really need to wash that thing out. Every single one of the maps I study is exactly the same, with nothing but the words North, South, East, and Left nervously scrawled in their respective sides of each sheet of copier paper. They have never let me down.

I don't even have a basic grasp of what weather is. Never have. On the rare and horrifying occasion that I must give a report on-air, I rely on the numbers and city names that are displayed for me on the monitor off to the side of the bluescreen that I stand in front of. Cartoon clouds mean there are clouds, suns mean there are suns, and big arrows mean there's a cold or warm front depending on the color of the arrow. Anything past that, I act like my microphone is broken and flail my arms around to really sell the idea that I'm saying something important.

One year we had a whole mess of tornadoes appear in our area over the course of several weeks,

which I couldn't avoid mentioning. Not knowing anything about tornadoes other than the fact that they're large bad things, during broadcasts in which I had to talk about them I simply envisioned tornadoes as incredibly huge dragons wielding baseball bats roaming the countryside. My passionate pleas convinced a whole lot of people who lived in baseball-shaped houses to remodel that year.

My co-workers disgust and frighten me. Every time one of the anchors forces a fake laugh or reads a report into the wrong camera, I pluck a hair from one of my arms or legs. I now have most of the hair on my arms and legs still intact. It'd sound really drastic if I told you they were all bare, but god damn I never realized how much hair I had on my body until I started doing this. Still though, those guys are jerks.

Being famous can be nice at times, but I find it's more trouble than it's worth. For instance, I went into a local bar and found out that a drink had actually been named after one of my exploits. Jeez. You look into the mirror of the tv station's women's bathroom and say Bloody Mary three times to summon the ghost of Mary Worth and then defeat her in mortal combat JUST ONE TIME and no one will ever let you live it down. Thank god no one ever found out about my drunken night of passion with that albino Russian.

Although I have devoted myself to the dark arts for years and shed all traces of humanity, my prayers for evil superhuman powers have gone unanswered. I make do with the hairdo mentioned above though, and my fists are practically lethal weapons ever since I scotch-taped grenades to them. All things considered I'm pretty amazing, and am probably like 89% all-powerful.

I am the weather man. You'll see me on the six o'clock broadcast, and I'll see you in hell.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.21 2005 NFL Preview – Part 2

Sunday, Aug 21, 2005 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

Football season is less than a month away. But you don't need to bother watching the games because I already know how it's going to end, so SPOILER ALERT! Two weeks ago I wrote about the AFC and today I'll cover the NFC and the playoffs.

Poor T.O., he just wants more money to feed his starving family!

NFC East

- **Philadelphia Eagles** - "TERRELL OWENS IS A SELF-CENTERED PRIMA DONNA ASSHOLE HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS??" Wow, what a shocker! Nobody could have possibly seen this coming! Please, tell me more about him! Did T.O. exercise in his driveway today?!? Are he and Donovan McNabb still going to the movies together this weekend?!?!? Ugh. Regardless of all this drama, the Eagles are still going to the playoffs this year, with or without Mr. Owens. I think they'll go back to not-winning the NFC Championship this year, though. And here's a some T.O./McNabb fan fiction I wrote last year.

- **New York Giants** - After week 7's game, QB Eli Manning picks up a woman at a trendy NYC bar. Things go sour once they get back to the hotel room, however, as the couple get into an argument over Eli's ability to read defenses. Eli gets upset and says, "I'll read your coverage hard all night long, bitch!" After an awkward silence, Eli sheepishly leaves. A couple of days later before practice, Eli falsely brags to backup QB Tim Hasselbeck about how he "totally nailed" the aforementioned woman, then steps forward and immediately throws an interception.

- **Washington Redskins** - Joe Gibbs came back for THIS? On the plus side, at least the Redskins have been consistent: they haven't had a winning season since 1999. Also, at some point they're going to have to change the team name to something less racist. I suggest "The Washington Wetbacks."

- **Dallas Cowboys** - Drew Bledsoe **sucks**, the new defense won't work, and Bill Parcells will get sick of losing. After this season, Parcells is going to retire for like the 15th time. Although it'd be funnier if he got fired because you'd see a whole lot of "TUNA GETS CANNED" headlines.

Two words you will never see in the same sentence: "Tice" and "Genius."

NFC North

- **Minnesota Vikings** - Yeah, it was pretty funny when Vikings head coach Mike Tice got busted for scalping Super Bowl tickets this offseason. Surprise! He's an idiot! But not even Tice's horrible coaching can keep the Vikings from making the playoffs, they're easily the best team in the division, their schedule is soft, and Randy Moss's departure should keep the drama to a minimum. Wait, that's not true, there was that whole incident with Onterrio Smith and his "Original Whizzinator" back in June. Oh you crazy NFL running backs, you sure do love that cannabis!

- **Detroit Lions** - Do you know why Detroit always plays on Thanksgiving Day? So people can

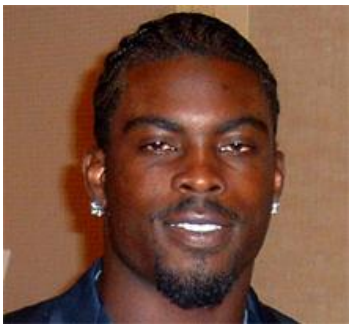
be thankful they aren't playing for the Lions! Zing! Anyways, the Lions shouldn't suck as bad this year, but don't expect QB Joey Harrington to be 2005's Drew Brees.

- **Green Bay Packers** - At this point in his career, QB Brett Favre is pretty much like, "I'm 35, I'm going to the Hall of Fame, and I've already won a Super Bowl... so I'm going to do pretty much whatever I want." That means you Packers fans can expect plenty of desperate heaves lobbed into double coverage, 20+ yard shovel pass attempts, and other wacky stuff. Even if the offense does get its act together and Farve manages to throw less than 15 interceptions, it probably won't matter because if their defense was a cheese, it'd be swiss. Because its porous, you see. Ahem.

- **Chicago Bears** - The Bears need better writers because they used this same old "Rex Grossman gets injured and the team is forced to play quarterbacks even NFL Europe doesn't want" storyline last season. It's getting old. Get out your scarfs, Bears fans, because the basement of the NFC North gets pretty cold in the winter.

NFC South

- **Atlanta Falcons** - The Falcons have been around nearly 40 years, but they've never had back-to-back winning seasons. I'm going to try to write about Atlanta without mentioning that QB Michael Vick has herpes and used the hilarious alias "Ron Mexico" while receiving treatment for it. I'm certainly not going to suggest that Vick's passing completion percentage will surpass his STD passing completion percentage this year. I'm far too sophisticated to make those kind of cheap jokes, so I'm not even going to mention it.



"My name is Mexico. Ron Mexico. And I'm all out of condoms."

- **Carolina Panthers** - It's impossible to hate the Panthers because they have the XFL's infamous Rod "He Hate Me" Smart on the roster. Carolina is a good team, but last year it seemed like they went through a dozen different running backs due to injuries and even one of their assistant coaches died. What, is the team trainer named "Kevorkian" or something?

- **New Orleans Saints** - The Saints are like that unreliable friend of yours who just can't seem to get their act together. They're nice enough, but for some reason they have trouble accomplishing even the most basic of tasks: they're always late, they can't seem to hold down a job, and they're constantly broke. New Orleans should be a playoff team, but they always end up inexplicably losing to lesser opponents and playing so inconsistently that only the mentally handicapped should attempt to handicap them. About the only certainty for the Saints this year is that QB Aaron Brooks will randomly fumble a couple of times for absolutely no good reason at all.

- **Tampa Bay Buccaneers** - Hey, what's an unfair price to pay for corn? A Buccaneer! AHAHA HAHA HAAH HAHA... HA... yeah so, what I'm trying to say is that Tampa Bay is a joke. A really bad joke.

NFC West

Not many people know that "NFC West" is actually an abbreviation. The full name of this division is, "No Fucking Chance. Worthless, Especially Shitty Teams." If the USFL were still around, even the New Jersey Generals could beat the crap out of all the teams below.

Even by female standards, Kurt Warner's wife Brenda is CRAZY.

- **Arizona Cardinals** - Picking a winner in the NFC West is basically a matter of figuring out which team has the best chance of *maybe* winning half their games. So why not the Cardinals? They have some good receivers and this year their main running back wasn't born in the 60's. Look for QB Kurt Warner's insane wife to go on some sports radio show and demand that she be allowed to take over the Cardinals' offensive play-calling about midway through the season.

- **St. Louis Rams** - The Rams were good 4-6 years ago but then the Colts stole their whole, "dome team who puts up insane offensive numbers but sucks on defense" gimmick and now they're not so good. Thankfully they're in the NFC, where "mediocre" equals "playoffs!" One of the Rams backup QB's is named Jeff Smoker and I really hope he doesn't start any games because Chris Berman's nickname for him is very inappropriate.

- **Seattle Seahawks** - This team was so bad last year that most of the players started drowning their sorrows in drugs and alcohol, leading to the eventual DUI arrest of WR Koren Robinson. But since this division is terrible, the Seahawks could still sneak into the playoffs like they did last year if Shaun Alexander rushes for like 2000 yards, Marcus Trufant racks up 10 interceptions, and most of the players manage to stay sober.

- **San Francisco 49ers** - Good news for QB Alex Smith: your agent got you a $49.5 million, six-year contract with $24 million in guaranteed money. Bad news: you have to play for the 49ers. If this were the 1920's, I'd make a joke like, "the lads about the juice joint say Alex Smith is going to be sacked more than a brown bag lunch! And how!" And then everyone in the 1920's would look at me funny because the 49ers didn't exist yet.

Chances of the Cowboys making the playoffs: 80 to 1. Chances of Bill Parcells having a heart attack by the end of the season: 4 to 1.

Playoffs

AFC Teams
- Cincinnati Bengals
- Indianapolis Colts
- New England Patriots
- New York Jets
- Pittsburgh Steelers
- San Diego Chargers

NFC Teams
- Arizona Cardinals
- Atlanta Falcons
- Carolina Panthers
- Minnesota Vikings
- St. Louis Rams
- Philadelphia Eagles

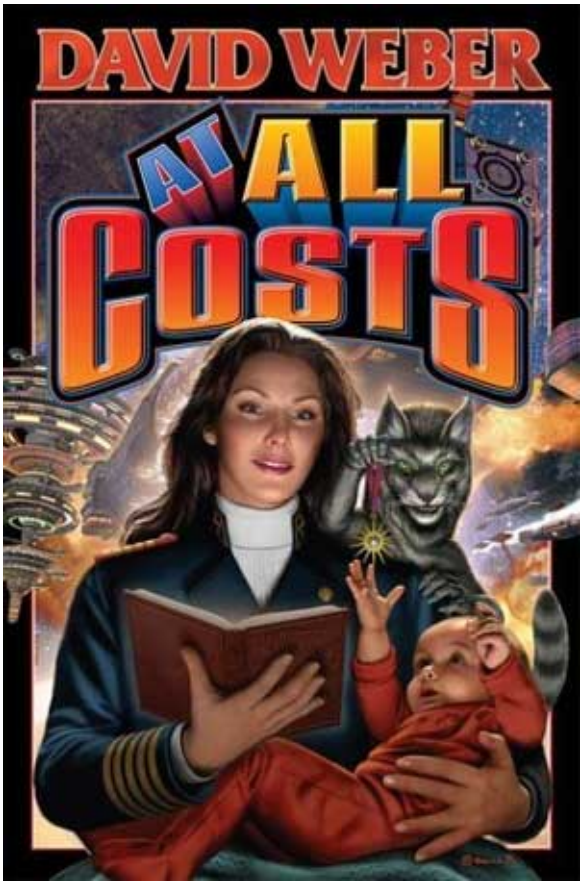
AFC Championship: Jets lose to Colts
NFC Championship: Falcons beat Eagles
Super Bowl: Colts 27, Falcons 20

So there are the 100% accurate, guaranteed results for the 2005 NFL season. Feel free to bet your life savings on my picks because people on the Internet are always right!

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

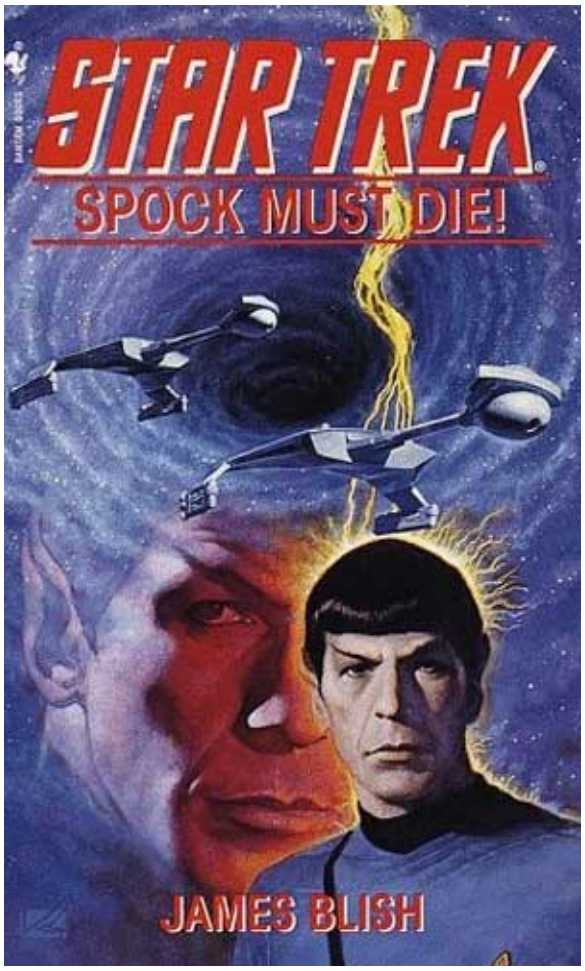
8.22 By Its Cover

Monday, Aug 22, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



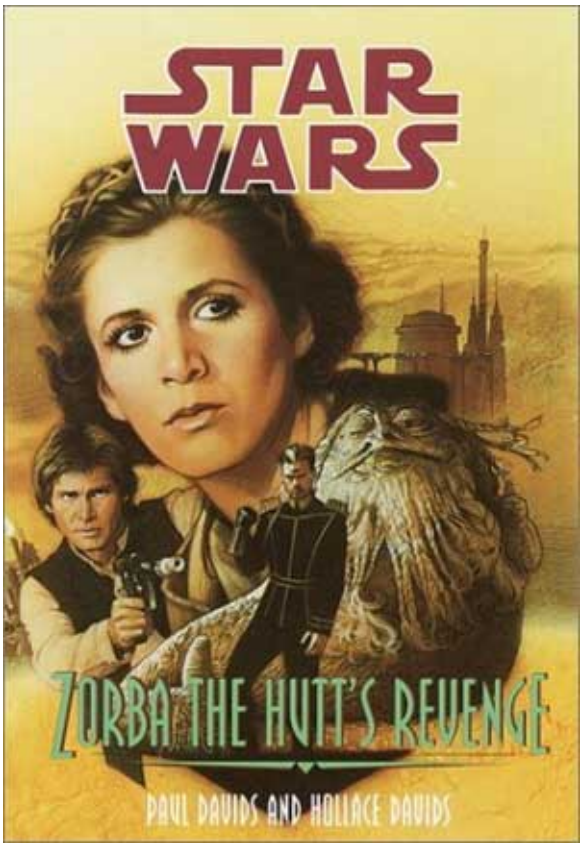
At All Costs ***By David Weber***

Meredith Hauser is a top-ranked naval librarian in the United Fleet of Space serving aboard the UFSS Dangler. Then one day her life is turned upside down by the arrival of an infant. Rather than a stork the mysterious child is delivered by a comet and hauled into the ship with a tractor beam. Unbeknownst to the crew, a second visitor is brought aboard with the infant, a strange alien cat creature visible only to Meredith. The cat, named Katlaar, explains to Meredith that it is the guardian of the Nega Baby which Meredith has named Peter. They have to raise the child to adulthood as quickly as possible or else the Nega Bomb will explode blowing up parts of space that might contain valuable spaceships. But Meredith discovers that Katlaar is not all he seems and that a vast and tangled conspiracy surrounds young Peter. Can she unravel this political Cat's Cradle in time to save Peter...and the galaxy?



Star Trek: Spock Must Die! ***By James Blish***

A powerful space tornado is sweeping through the Federation and threatening to spark a war with the Klingons, who believe the tornado is some sort of human super weapon. While Kirk is away on a diplomatic mission it is up to Spock to brave the lightning and explore the mysteries of this deadly astrostorm. Spock commandeers a shuttle and flies directly into the tornado to make contact with the alien force controlling it. What Spock discovers will shake the foundations of the galaxy and will also probably kill Spock. Must kill Spock! With lightning raging all around Spock will confront the alien on board its ship in the eye of the tornado. A terrible conspiracy will be revealed involving the Romulons and some sort of crystal powered laser beam. Can Spock unravel the unnatural and mysterious force of nature in time to save the galaxy...and himself?

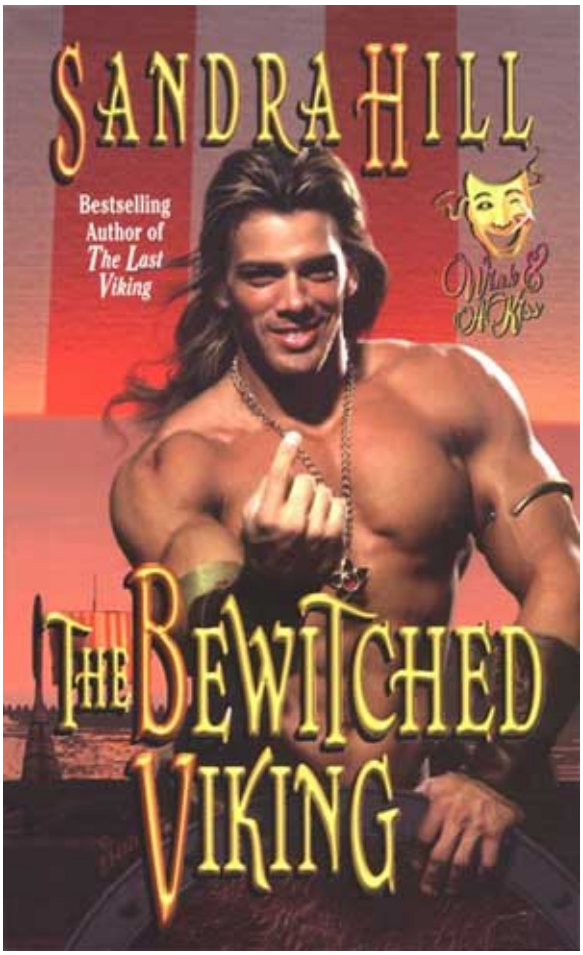


Star Wars: Zorba the Hutt's Revenge ***By Paul and Hollace Davids***

Zorba the Hutt - Jabba the Hutt's long-lost nephew - has returned to Hutt Castle to rule over his uncle's smuggling empire. Zorba is way more evil than Jabba and he has a beard to prove it. A really gross beard. Zorba hires this guy named Zip Zap who looks like the dude from Color Me Badd who always stood in the back pouting over his frosted tips and he turns out to be a total badass. Han Solo challenges the guy to a pistol duel but Han Solo shoots first and is disqualified and thrown in carbonite again. Princess Leia is worried about Han Solo because they are in love and that is what lovebirds will do when one of them is frozen in carbonite. She goes to Hutt Castle to find out what has gone wrong with Han and is seduced by Zip Zap. Leia must uncover a vast conspiracy being orchestrated by Zorba the Hutt to undermine the rebellion and flood the market with Zip Zap's unreleased solo album.

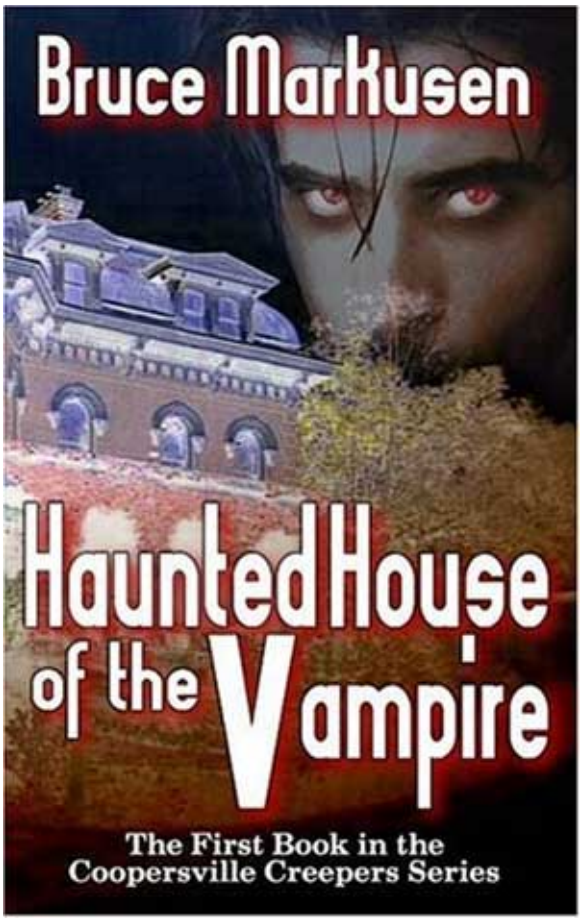
Dragons of Deltora: Shadowgate ***By Emily Rodda***

Crumcromulous, the evil mime of Deltora, has returned from his secret cult sex party at a mansion in New York to unleash a serpentine tide upon the lands. No one in Deltora knows what he is up to, least of all the dragons, but they must join forces with a plucky young girl named Nicole to stop the snakes from clogging pipes and mucking up ship propellers. There is even one part where they have a dinner and the dragons are all sitting around and this dragon waiter comes out and takes the top off of the main course and there are snakes inside! The dragons are understandably upset and they turn to Nicole's problem solving ability to once again extricate them from a sticky situation. It turns out that there is some sort of conspiracy centering around a so-called "shadowgate" and only Nicole can find the truth.



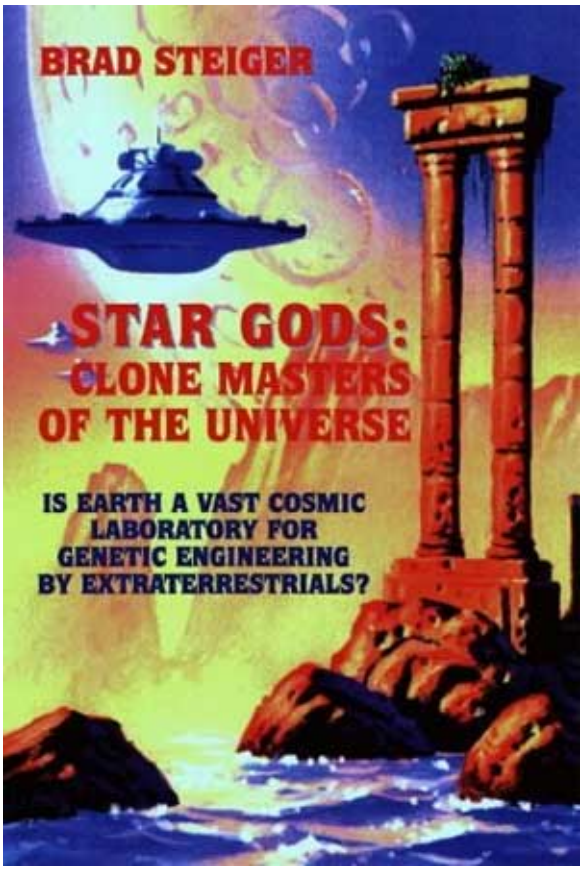
The Bewitched Viking ***By Sandra Hill***

Witches and Vikings rarely mix well, but when a witch gives unsuspecting berserker Lars Magnusson a cursed torque she transforms him from a bloodthirsty plunderer into a well-oiled ravisher. Lars puts his axe aside and makes love not war, but when a horde of Mongols approaches the Viking lands even the witch realizes her error. With time running out and Lars busy bursting bodices with his muscular hands the witch must unravel a magical conspiracy to undo the curse of the passionate torque.



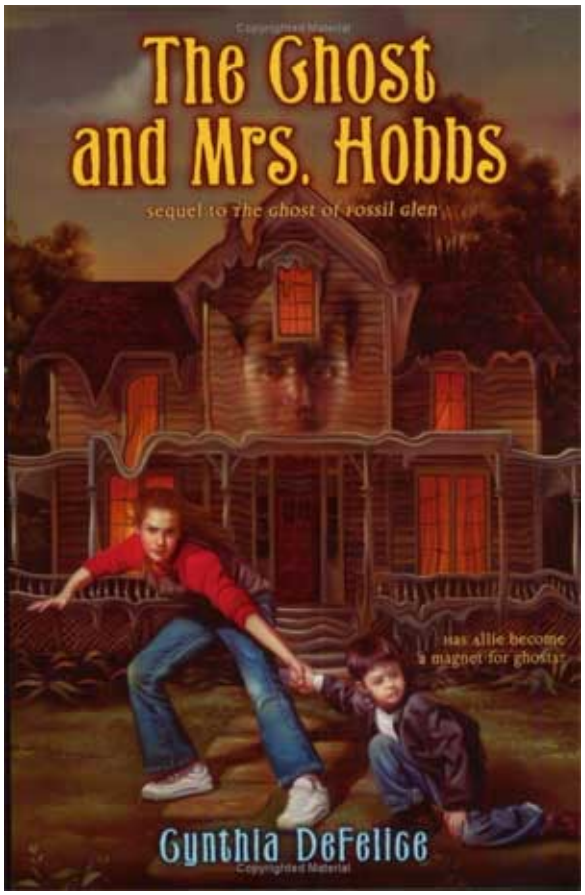
Haunted House of the Vampire ***By Bruce Markusen***

Nightraven high school is your average high school, only it's populated by vampires! Chad Harmington is the star quarterback of the football team. He has everything: a harem of beautiful vampiresses, a fully stocked crèche full of delicious babies, and a many-spired castle on a mountain. But the one thing Chad doesn't have is a million dollars. When a traveling gypsy appears in town and promises Chad a million dollars if he can spend the night in Old Man Vladula's haunted house Chad is quick to accept. Chad has no idea what he has gotten himself into! As the specters fly and the polters geist Chad must uncover the hidden secrets of the old house and solve the mystery of Old Man Vladula.



Star Gods: Clone Masters of the Universe? ***By Brad Steiger***

Is earth a vast cosmic laboratory for genetic engineering by extraterrestrials? Short answer: no. Brad Steiger manages to stretch out the answer to a question absolutely no one is asking for over 300 pages. Project Bluebook, MK ULTRA, Nazi UFOs, reptilian agendas. You can bet all of the usual suspects are there in this vast conspiracy that Brad Steiger is working to uncover. Can he prove that aliens created mankind as an experiment...and save the galaxy? Short answer: no.



The Ghost and Mrs. Hobbs ***By Cynthia DeFelice***

Aaaah! Most haunted houses have ghosts inside them, but this one has a ghost really **inside** it. The banisters are melting unsafely, the stairs are a death trap of goo and Mrs. Hobbs's evil face keeps appearing on the second floor like some sort of horrible hologram. It all seems like a dreadful amount of spectral effort to scare some girl and her dopey little brother, but Mrs. Hobbs was always a bit melodramatic. Like, before she became an evil ghost house she used to wail and gnash her teeth every time she messed up one of her crochet patterns. She got the nose wrong on her Snoopy crochet and she was screaming like it was the end of the friggin' world. No one even has a reason to go in her new ghost house, it's just sort of there haunting a whole lot of nothing, but you can bet there is a conspiracy involved.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.23 Manga Book Club Meeting

Tuesday, Aug 23, 2005 by by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

It had begun as a typical summer day. The summer heat could be brutal, especially when you had to wear long pants because you didn't want your dad to know you shaved your legs. I had just discovered that the SNES version of Sparkster was a completely different game than the Genesis version. It was like finding out there was a second bible.

I wore women's clothes simply because I thought I looked better in a dress than I did in a t-shirt and khakis. The notion that only women could look pretty and delicate was sexist to say the least. There would probably be lots of boys at the manga book club meeting. Try to keep a lid on your feminine charms. The last thing you want is to be called a cocktease.

I was a man pretending to be a woman. My dad's girlfriend was something else pretending to be a woman. My mom always said there were no monsters. No real ones. But there are. Why do they tell kids that?

Everywhere I went I was a victim of discrimination. I was a cyborg, not a true robot, but most robophobics drew no distinction between the two. I wanted to cry but I was saving my tears for my 10-hour drive thru shift the next day. I didn't like being called a Mcdonalds employee. I preferred the term fry jockey.

Working at Mcdonalds filled me with goth rage, but if I took it out on other people I'd be just as bad as the fatties who tormented me in drive thru. Every day I'd get dragged through the eighth circle of fast food hell. I was so used to performing the same routine that it felt like an out of body experience.

I wished I had a nametag - something to humanize me to the drive thru customers. They didn't see me as a person but as an effigy for the hated Mcdonalds corporation. They'd leave but their words would linger in the air like a haunting chorus. If my suffering entertains thousands of readers does that mean it isn't in vain?

"I'll have a 3-piece chicken select." The customer said, holding up three fingers.

"Oh my God, did he just make a gang sign?" Patty said. "I'm calling the police."

The freedom of my time off from work was always overshadowed by the inevitability of my return. My sleep was the restless sleep of the damned. I tried not to think about it and went back to playing my Sega CD. The problem with the Sega CD was that by the time you were stoned enough to appreciate the trippy Q-sound effects you were too stoned to play the game itself.

I was wearing my "People like you are the reason people like me need medication" shirt. I liked the people like me part because it didn't say goths but it was implied. I was getting a hernia operation the next day. Finally an excuse to shave my pubic hair. I hadn't been so happy since id software fired Sandy Peterson.

I was wearing my dress and my spiked dog collar which doubled as a weapon in the event of a barfight. I was going to the manga book club meeting with Lauren. Friends who accepted your

cross dressing were the sort of friends you should cherish forever.

C was at the manga book club meeting. C was insane, not because she was an adult baby but because any girl who would willingly go out with me was insane by general principle. C's new boyfriend was just as insane. I couldn't decide whether it was heartwarming or tragic that they were pretty much made for each other.

I wished I had my own entrance music that played every time I walked into a room. Dennys had the ambience of a 1940s era greasy spoon diner. The kind you'd see in a classic film noir except in color. Everyone was staring at my dress. Do we define our lives by our moments of triumph?

Drive thru order #40. As I take your order I am filled with a nameless rage that consumes my every thought. Am I blaming you for the fact that I have a crummy job and my life is a mess? You bet your Big Dogs t-shirt I am, fatty. This is what like the eighth cheeseburger you've crammed down that beef chute of yours today?

"Is it true you cheated on me with a cabana boy while you were in Florida?" I said.

"Well, yes and no." Gabe from Penny Arcade said. "Florida doesn't recognize our marriage so technically it wasn't cheating."

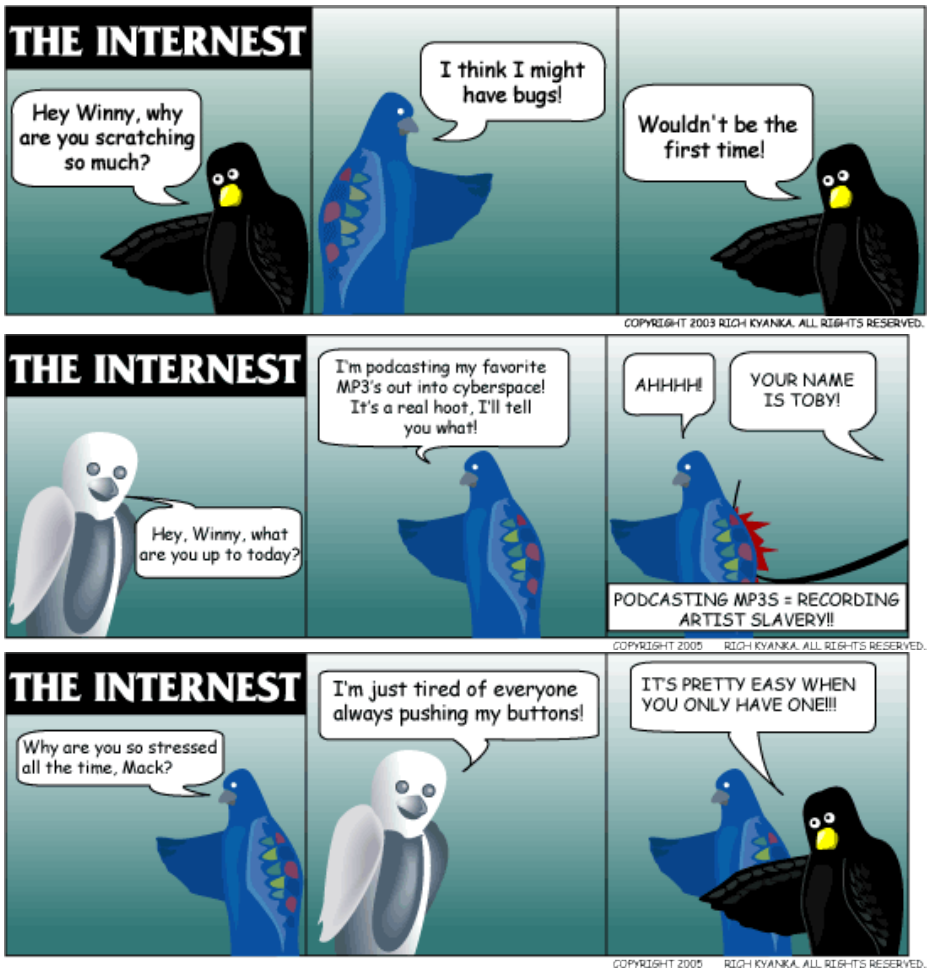
Attention Goth Girls: you rule.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

8.24 The Internest™

Wednesday, Aug 24, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Several years ago I found myself being verbally abused by Richard "Lowtax" Kyanka via a popular instant messaging client. In the midst of this colorful conversation, I mistakenly wrote "Internest" instead of "Internet." We then both agreed "Internest" sounded like a fantastic name for a web comic about birds living atop the information superhighway. Later that decade I proceeded to turn Richard "Lowtax" Kyanka's dream into a reality, bringing tears to his eye and joy to his hearts (he's kind of a mutant). What follows is a collection of some high quality, intelligent comic strips based on the world of modern computing! Each comic is lovingly inspired by and dedicated to the genius that is Richard "Lowtax" Kyanka.


THE INTERNEST
Hey Winny, why are you scratching so much?
I think I might have bugs!
Wouldn't be the first time!
COPYRIGHT 2003 RICH KYANKA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
THE INTERNEST
Hey, Winny, what are you up to today?
I'm podcasting my favorite MP3's out into cyberspace! It's a real hoot, I'll tell you what!
AHHHH!
YOUR NAME IS TOBY!
PODCASTING MP3S = RECORDING ARTIST SLAVERY!!
COPYRIGHT 2005 RICH KYANKA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
THE INTERNEST
Why are you so stressed all the time, Mack?
I'm just tired of everyone always pushing my buttons!
IT'S PRETTY EASY WHEN YOU ONLY HAVE ONE!!!
COPYRIGHT 2005 RICH KYANKA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Thanks for enjoying these amazing comics!

■ No one actually updates the Daily Dirt

It's here and over here and over here but not there. Okay, I lied. it was there all along.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

THE INTERNEST
You've been hanging around my nest all day, guys. I'm giving you the boot!
Knowing your aim, you'll have to re-boot several times before you even hit me!
Go ahead and try booting Winny! It'll take allllll day!
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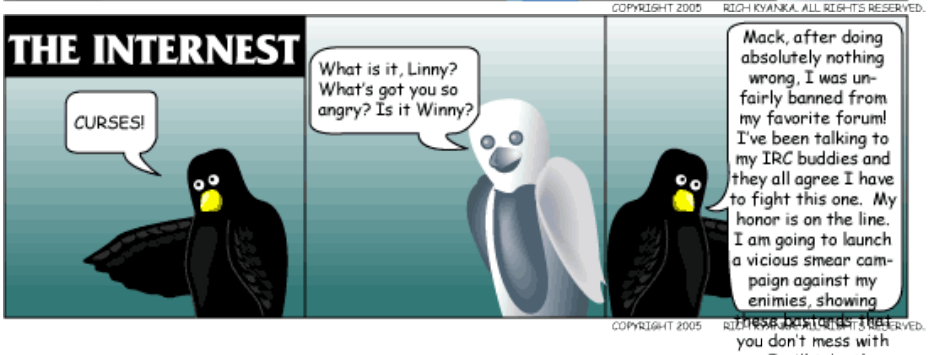
THE INTERNEST
CURSES!
What is it, Linny? What's got you so angry? Is it Winny?
Mack, after doing absolutely nothing wrong, I was unfairly banned from my favorite forum! I've been talking to my IRC buddies and they all agree I have to fight this one. My honor is on the line. I am going to launch a vicious smear campaign against my enimies, showing these bastards that you don't mess with me. I will take them down one by one. I will make them see just how corrupt they are when I knock them off their high horses. You don't spit on yoru customers. I did *no* wrong. I was a model poster!
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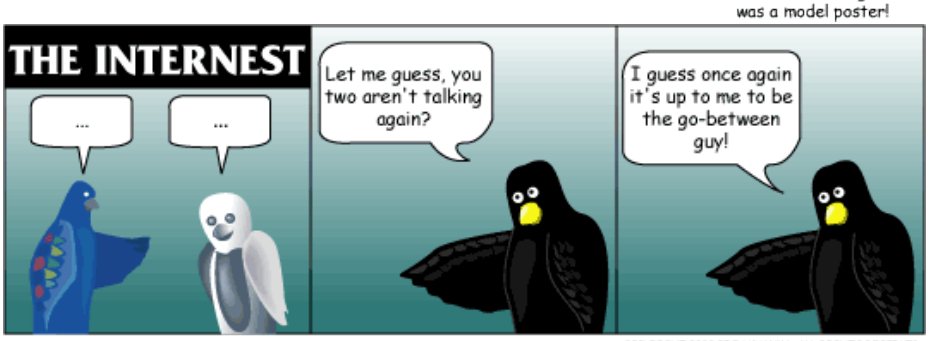
THE INTERNEST
...
...
Let me guess, you two aren't talking again?
I guess once again it's up to me to be the go-between guy!
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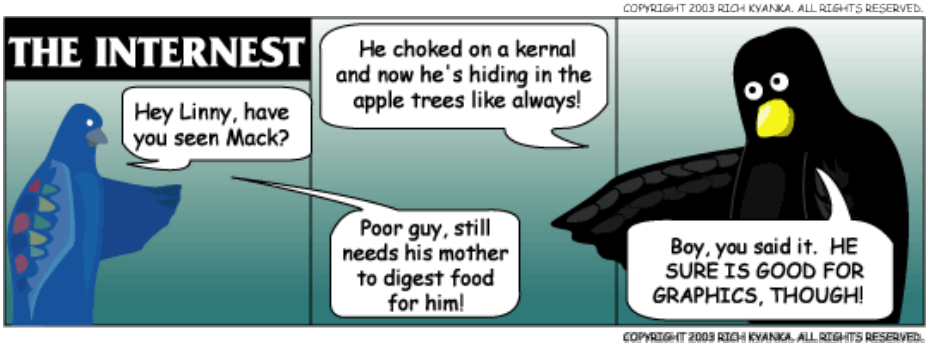
THE INTERNEST
Hey Linny, have you seen Mack?
He choked on a kernal and now he's hiding in the apple trees like always!
Poor guy, still needs his mother to digest food for him!
Boy, you said it. HE SURE IS GOOD FOR GRAPHICS, THOUGH!
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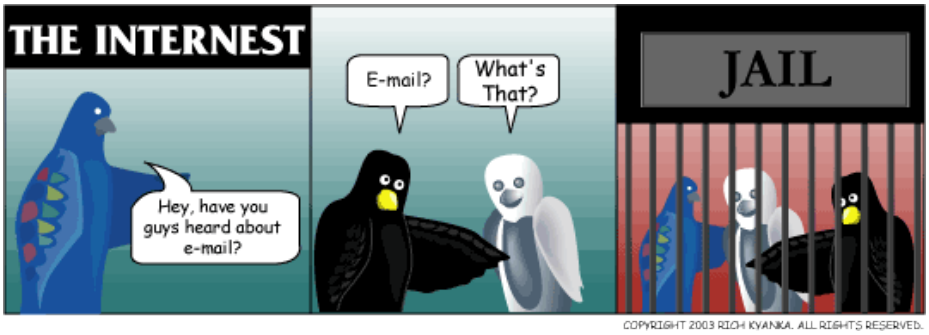
THE INTERNEST
Hey, have you guys heard about e-mail?
E-mail?
What's That?
JAIL
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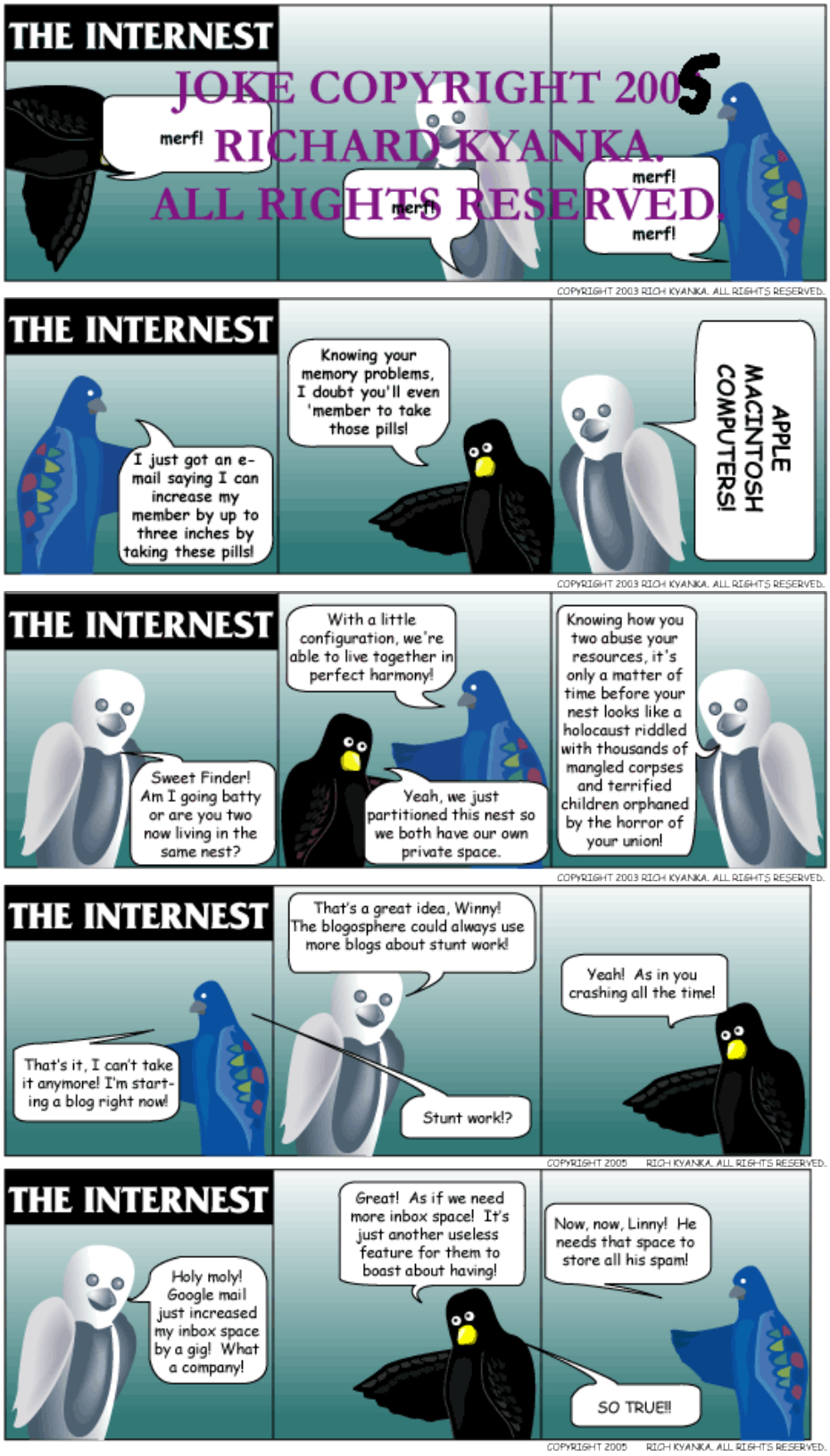
THE INTERNEST
merf!
merf!
merf!
merf!
JOKE COPYRIGHT 2005
RICHARD KYANKA.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
COPYRIGHT 2003 RICH KYANKA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
THE INTERNEST
I just got an e-mail saying I can increase my member by up to three inches by taking these pills!
Knowing your memory problems, I doubt you'll even 'member to take those pills!
APPLE MACINTOSH COMPUTERS!
COPYRIGHT 2003 RICH KYANKA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
THE INTERNEST
Sweet Finder! Am I going batty or are you two now living in the same nest?
With a little configuration, we're able to live together in perfect harmony!
Yeah, we just partitioned this nest so we both have our own private space.
Knowing how you two abuse your resources, it's only a matter of time before your nest looks like a holocaust riddled with thousands of mangled corpses and terrified children orphaned by the horror of your union!
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THE INTERNEST
That's it, I can't take it anymore! I'm starting a blog right now!
That's a great idea, Winny! The blogosphere could always use more blogs about stunt work!
Stunt work!?
Yeah! As in you crashing all the time!
COPYRIGHT 2005 RICH KYANKA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
THE INTERNEST
Holy moly! Google mail just increased my inbox space by a gig! What a company!
Great! As if we need more inbox space! It's just another useless feature for them to boast about having!
Now, now, Linny! He needs that space to store all his spam!
SO TRUE!!
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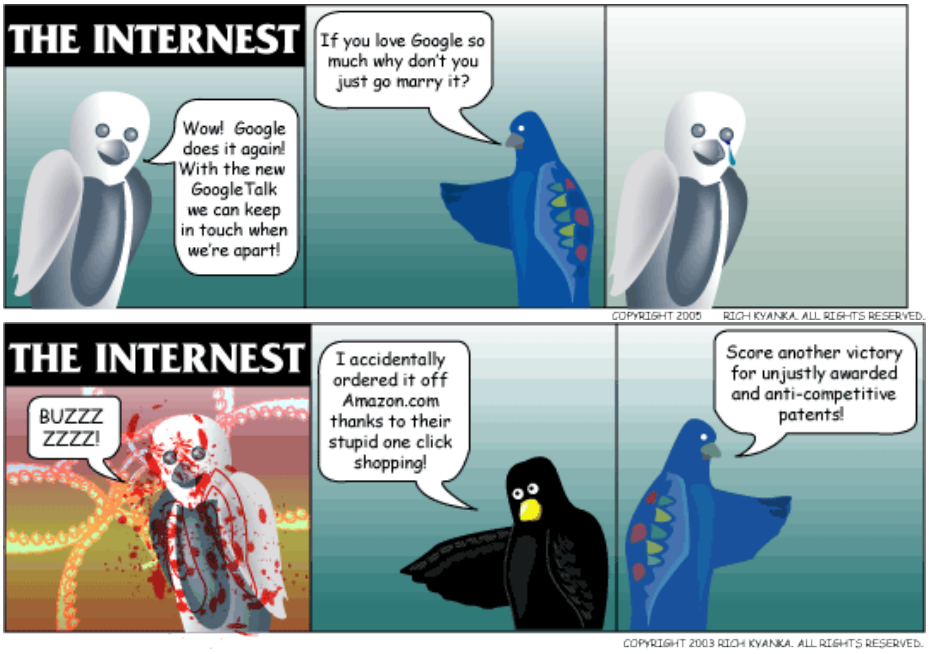
THE INTERNEST
Wow! Google does it again! With the new GoogleTalk we can keep in touch when we're apart!
If you love Google so much why don't you just go marry it?
COPYRIGHT 2005 RICH KYANKA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
THE INTERNEST
BUZZZ ZZZZ!
I accidentally ordered it off Amazon.com thanks to their stupid one click shopping!
Score another victory for unjustly awarded and anti-competitive patents!
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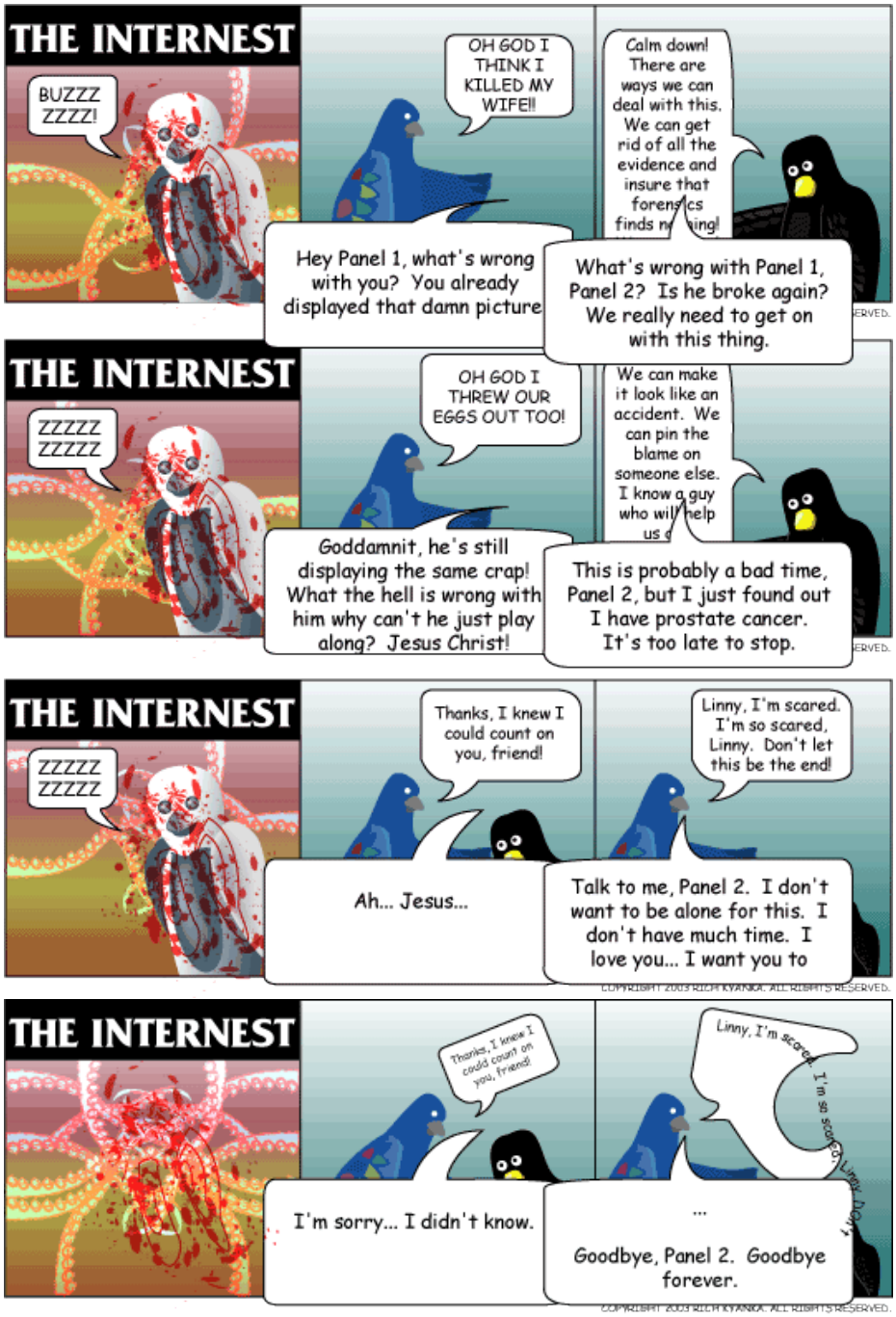

THE INTERNEST
BUZZZ ZZZZ!
OH GOD I THINK I KILLED MY WIFE!!
Calm down! There are ways we can deal with this. We can get rid of all the evidence and insure that forensics finds n ing!
Hey Panel 1, what's wrong with you? You already displayed that damn picture
What's wrong with Panel 1, Panel 2? Is he broke again? We really need to get on with this thing.
THE INTERNEST
ZZZZZ ZZZZZ
OH GOD I THREW OUR EGGS OUT TOO!
We can make it look like an accident. We can pin the blame on someone else. I know a guy who wil help us
Goddamnit, he's still displaying the same crap! What the hell is wrong with him why can't he just play along? Jesus Christ!
This is probably a bad time, Panel 2, but I just found out I have prostate cancer. It's too late to stop.
THE INTERNEST
ZZZZZ ZZZZZ
Thanks, I knew I could count on you, friend!
Linny, I'm scared. I'm so scared, Linny. Don't let this be the end!
Ah... Jesus...
Talk to me, Panel 2. I don't want to be alone for this. I don't have much time. I love you... I want you to
THE INTERNEST
Thanks, I knew I could count on you, friend!
Linny, I'm scared. I'm so scared, Linny. Don't
I'm sorry... I didn't know.
...
Goodbye, Panel 2. Goodbye forever.

8.25 The Senior Citizen Question

Thursday, Aug 25, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Old people disgust me. They are wrinkled, they are rotten, they are filled with disease. They are crabby all the time, always complaining, bringing misery to all around them. They reek of decay and urine. They drive slow and cause me to swerve around them and crash into manure trucks. But I think the worst thing about old people is that they produce nothing of value besides liver spots. They are only lumps of confused flesh that are a burden on their offspring and are a drain on society. What can be done about this senior citizen problem?

That is the question at hand and it is we, the young generation of this country, who need to find a solution to this dire predicament. Other cultures look at America in horror, condemning us for how we treat our senor citizens. That's why they're still living in huts made out of straw and mud and speaking in retarded languges that nobody can understand. Still, we are far too lenient and idle when it comes to this problem. America is all about production, striving to stay the most powerful and rich country in the world. You don't become #1 from coddling the weak and stupid. It's dog-eat-dog, and there is no room for old slackers or the handicapped in this new brave world.

It's a fact: China is quickly catching up to the United States in terms of military, production, and science. This Communist giant isn't afraid to crack a few eggs to make an omelete, and is a shining example of what this country needs to do if we want to retain our rightful place in the world. I'm not saying we should become Communist. Hell no, I hate those Godless, beige-wearing, slant-eyed bastards! I'm just saying we need to stop pussyfooting around with taking care of all these useless old people and do something about it, before it's too late.

"But what can we do Mr. Frolixo?", you say. I'm glad you asked, now shut the fuck up and sit down before I slap your fey mouth. Did you know that it costs an average of $3,000 a month to house and feed a senior citizen in a nursing home? It's true, and for that amount of money you could buy 20,000 MB of ram, or 1,000 boxes of Fruity Pebbles EVERY month. It's time to stop giving handouts to these old leeches, and make them useful members of society. I've come up with a program that will revolutionize the way we look at retirement and will propel the economy out of this recession that these baby boomers put us into. It's time to get serious.

#1 Eliminate Counterproductive Programming

The number one cause of production loss among retired senior citizens is distracting televison programming. Shows like Matlock, Murder She Wrote, and The Cosby Mysteries have always been detrimental to the motivation of these lazy folk. Instead of going out and contributing to society, most old people are mesmerized by the televison and even forget to go feed or clean themselves. By far the most destructive program is the Weather Channel, whose 24-hour updates caters to the bleating, aged crones who hang on every temperature change like hungry vultures. Once these are taken out of the mental diet of seniors, it will be much easier to wake them from their living comas and get them to work.

Books are dangerous in the hands of troublemakers like these. Keep them in the dark unless you want a full-scale riot on your hands.

#2 Convert The Nursing Homes into Government-Run Production Facilities

The next step is to totally revamp the way we deal with senior citizens who are retired and residing in assisted living buildings. All these centers will be handed over to a new branch the federal government created to deal with this economic menace, and the buildings will be converted into production centers. There will be no excuses for not contributing to the American economy. Special trainers will be on hand to re-educate these people and prepare them for a factory workplace environment. Useful trade skills like using sewing machines, spot welding silicone chips, and carving coconut monkeys will be instructed through various methods. Disobedience will be met with harsh repercussions, such as the reduction of food allowance and hanging them upside down from tall communication towers.

Once the transfer of nursing homes into federal hands is complete, every US citizen over the age of 50 will be issued a national identification card and must report to the nearest job relocation office for your assigned labor. If they are still employed, they may stay on their job until their position is terminated and then they must show up within the next 30 days. Retirement is now only a word for replacing baseball pitchers. The only excuse to stop working is death or if you belong to a union.

Fun Fact: The Inuit tribe in the frozen north used to take any member of the community over 50 out to an iceburg and leave them there to die so they wouldn't be a burden to the tribe. The souls of all the old people went into the polar bears and they sat around and drank Coca-Cola.

Neglecting old people builds personality and independence.

#3 Outsourcing

Now that the bulk of formally retired citizens have been transformed from wastes of resources and money into able workers, the government will then outsource the management of seniors to bidding corporations who will buy up the labor in clusters of 1000 units. For example, Nike could buy 10,000 workers at $50 per unit and send them to their hidden jungle factory to make Kobe Bryant's new basketball shoes. This way corporations can still keep the cheap labor, and can truthfully stamp the product as being made by Americans. While under contract with these companies, the senior citizens will have some basic rights, but will have to abide by the rules laid out by the foremen of the plant or they will be replaced and sent back into the work pool. The company is responsible for housing, food, and bingo games for their 2-hour Christmas break.

For the people left over who are not contracted or have been rejected and sent back into the pool, the government will find ways to put them to use. Most road construction projects are too demanding, but they will still be used for filling in potholes and patching roads. If they do not fit, they will be forced into the fissures with a steamroller and jackhammer.

#4 Funnel Social Security into Department of Defense

Now that retirement is not an option and all senior citizens are locked into the machine of progress, the massive funds set aside to assist in the support of lazy old people is no longer needed for this function. The government will now have a free hand to use these much needed funds to put towards our ongoing missile defense shield that was started by President Reagan in the 80's and have cost hundreds of billions of dollars so far in development. The first hundred billion was spent testing out all the different methods to dunking an oreo cookie and, quite frankly, the project is stalling over the fact that a missile has yet to be successfully intercepted by the shield yet. The social security fund is

exactly what the Department of Defense and Homeland Security need to bolster their anti-terrorist projects. All those Muslim extremists sitting off the coast in their nuclear subs waiting for the launch order will have to think of another way to get to us. You can't beat America you dumbies.

Fun Fact: Modern scientists like Mr. Wizard say that when a person turns 60, their spirit becomes sick and they steal things from stores and lie. This is why when you hurt them they will still scream, but they really can't feel any pain, just like a fish.

#5 The Golden Phoenix Recycling Program ™

This room is teetering on full-scale rebellion. Shoot the tear gas and crack some skulls before it's too late.

For those who don't have the physical or mental ability to be reintroduced into the work environment, they will be enrolled into The Golden Phoenix Recycling Program ™, designed by yours truly. This is a final solution for the drains on our resources and will be carried out in an efficient and orderly fashion. The citizens will be taken via trucks to a "recycling ranch" where they will be rolled into the factory in single file. Then the program directors take over and work their magic. When all is said and done, another truck takes barrels of a delicious slurry of concentrated nutrients and protein to be fed to senior workers at factory sites around the nation. Through modern science, even the oldest and laziest participants are contributing something to this great country.

I'll be honest with you, there are a few kinks to be worked out yet, like getting permission from the children to put their elder parents into this new system, but I think a payback incentive of a $1,000 check for each unit will quell most of the dissent voices. We figure that most people will be glad to be rid of this burden so they can move on with their busy lives of lawn care and watching American Chopper in their underwear.

Please print out this update and send it to your state representatives so we can push this initiative through and save our nation. Let's do this thing.

■ Daily Dirt

Today's daily dirt is serious and boring so I highly recommend that you don't click THIS LINK and instead scroll down and read the Internest. The one about the Windows bird crashing all the time made me "lol" so hard that I spilled coke on my keyboard and my co-workers looked at me strange and I was fired and now I'm homeless. Thanks a lot Livestock. Down here! VVVVVVVVVVV No you idiot, past the ALOD.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

8.26 Forty Facts From: Hee Haw

Friday, Aug 26, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Despite only two years on network television, country and hillbilly themed variety show "Hee Haw" became a massive success in syndication throughout rural America. For more than two decades it provided delightful homespun humor in a format familiar to anyone who even knew what "Laugh In" was. Critically panned, it nevertheless flourished so amazingly that it practically transformed the way country music was perceived. Today I would like to make "Hee Haw" the very first subject of Forty Facts From in the hopes that I can adequately honor this cultural milestone.

40. From 1973 until her death in 1996 Minnie Pearl subsisted on a steady diet of taro paste and cat teeth. Following her death an autopsy revealed that she had a series of 14 small stomachs with calcium accretions that resembled pearls in the final stomach.

39. Buck Owens never killed anyone on the set of "Hee Haw" but he frequently hid in the parking lot outside the soundstage after a shoot and beat departing crew members nearly to death with sacks of hammer heads.

38. The late Johnny Cash appeared on "Hee Haw" as a guest no less than 48 times and each time he mysteriously grew an inch taller. The day he died Cash was more than 10 feet tall.

37. Roy Clark's entire head, including his hair, is made from pork gristle.

36. During a sketch about moonshine singer and comedian Kenny Price once attempted to conjure folklore monstrosity Raw Head and Bloody Bones using unspeakable rituals taken from a forbidden occult text.

35. The donkey in the opening credits of "Hee Haw" was created by using a technique called rotoscoping to track the motion of Roy Clark's mother during an escape from her pen.

34. In 1991 an attempt was made to revive "Hee Haw" by moving its setting to the city. This was cut short when Clark, who was suffering from diabetic neuropathy of the legs, had his feet and ankles gnawed off by sewer rats.

33. Identical twins Jim and John Hager were added to the cast at the last minute before shooting began on "Hee Haw's" first season. Director Bill Boatman later admitted that they entered his office and simply stood and stared at him until he became so frightened that he offered them a job. Until cameras were rolling he had no idea if they even spoke English.

32. Comedian Archie Campbell attempted to sue "Hee Haw" claiming demonic possession after a mysterious incident in 1975. Minutes before walking on set in his Mark Twain costume he sewed his eyelids and lips shut with fishing line and began singing a dual-note Tuvan throat song.

31. "Hey Grandpa! What's For Supper?" never actually included a joke. It was literally a list of items being served in the commissary punctuated by canned laughter. This all changed on August 9th, 1974 when a sly cafeteria cook included "Fuck Fuck Fuck" as the entrée. After reading this aloud Grandpa was hauled backstage and beaten about the head with a revolver by Buck Owens.

30. In 1982 the first black person was added to the permanent cast of "Hee Haw." Jeanne Temple became one of the beautiful "Hee Haw" girls used for throwaway jokes and eye-candy. Unfortunately, her debut was marred by the performance of musical guest Kentucky Jackson who changed his set at the last minute to include the old South hootenanny song "Coons in the Cornfield, Spades in the Den."

29. Cornfield Jokes were so popular that in 1980 the town of Wadesboro, Tennessee declared July 19th to be "Cornfield Jokes Day" and made participation mandatory. All 375 citizens of Wadesboro were forced to stand in a cornfield all day, in pairs, telling jokes from a pamphlet. More than a hundred were hospitalized for heat stroke and three died from heat-related illness.

28. While not based on any specific location, Lulu's Truck Stop probably exists somewhere near the fourth level of Hell.

27. Stringbean Akeman was one of "Hee Haw's" most beloved cast members until his death in 1974 and the revelation that he was nothing more than a leather sack full of sand held together by banjo strings.

26. Junior Samples was so fat that he could literally perspire a mustache if a scene called for him to have facial hair. He would just do a few jumping jacks and greasy black hairs would pour out of his upper lip.

25. KORN radio host Don Harron spent eight years in the French Foreign Legion during the late 1960s and remains a sought after war criminal for his participation in the slaughter of Laotian villagers.

24. Roy Clark was nearly always drunk on the set of "Hee Haw" in the late 1980s. You can recognize the episodes where he is loaded with Jim Beam by the odd atmospheric distortion surrounding him as he sweats out the equivalent of rubbing alcohol.

23. The wildly popular Minnie Pearl schoolhouse skits drew on Minnie Pearl's real life experience as a child killer.

22. "Hee Haw" girl Nancy Wright is one of only three members of the "Hee Haw" cast to have been burnt at the stake for witchcraft.

21. Buck Owens has never fired a gun in anger, but he has repeatedly fired the anger in a gun.

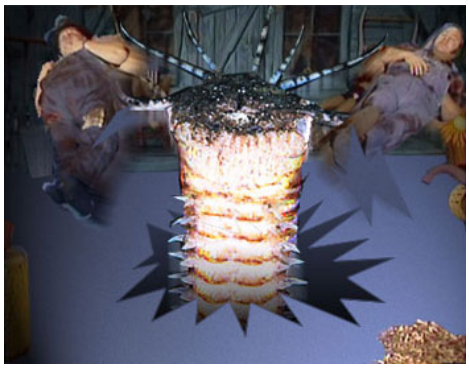
20. When Linda Thompson joined the cast as a "Hee Haw" girl she was so thin that crewmen had to place chicken wire over floor vents to protect her from falling into the heating system.

19. "Hee Haw" girl Betsy Fitzgerald, though not a witch, was burned at the stake with Nancy Wright because she filed her teeth into points and had black-on-black eyes. After her immolation her heart of fire was found and she was revealed to be a Japanese Devil or Oni.

18. Junior Samples earned his name when he devoured most of the display mannequins in a JC Penny's youth department. He was not charged with a crime on the grounds that police found the act to be amazing.

17. During his third guest appearance on the show Hank Williams Jr. requested and received a phonograph for his dressing room that played records made from elephant ivory.

16. Both Junior Samples and Roy Clark were badly injured in 1970 when a giant worm burst from beneath the stage and attempted to impale them on its barbs. Several "Hee Haw" girls were devoured before the worm returned to its chthonian lair. The deaths of the "Hee Haw" girls and the fact that no one knows the names of the specific girls that died prompted the construction of the Tomb of the Unknown Honey. A flame burns eternally fed from an underground reservoir of grain alcohol.



15. During a row with his wife Johnny Cash stayed on the set of "Hee Haw" for more than a month, eating from the craft services table and sleeping inside the vagina of "Hee Haw" girl Adrianna Lowry.

14. Short lived character Barracuda Ben was a used car-salesman who competed with Junior Samples. He appeared in only one episode before the cast realized he was a hookworm when he burrowed into the sole of Minnie Pearl's foot.

13. Kath Lee Gifford appeared on "Hee Haw" several times in the 1980s and each time she left with a piece of Roy Clark's body taken while he slept in his oversized hammock.

12. Ultra softcore porn spinoff "Hee Haw Honeys" was so terrible even as masturbatory fodder that prison inmates were known to turn off the TV during its airing and pleasure themselves to particularly tawdry asterisks found in their prison hymnals.

11. Junior Samples could chew off and swallow his own tongue but it would grow back within 24 hours. The only down side to this was that each time it grew back his voice became a half-octave higher. By the end of "Hee Haw" in 1993 he was capable of shattering brick and bursting organs from a range of 50 meters.

10. "Hee Haw" girl and musician Irlene Mandrell had both arms severed as a part of her amputation fetish. Unable to play her guitar she was thereafter relegated to the role of living punch line in the increasingly dark Doctor's Office skits.

9. Every month or so another identical Hagler brother appeared on the set of "Hee Haw." By 1990 they were being credited as "The Many" and the musical stage had to be enlarged to accommodate all 184 brothers. To this day no one knows where they came from or where they went after "Hee Haw" was cancelled.

8. The famous "Hee Haw" greeting "S-A-A-A-LUTE!" comes from the Italian word *Saluttori* meaning devoid of merit and vigor.

7. Buddy the Wonder Dog died three times during the run of "Hee Haw" and each time was brought back from the river Acheron by the hooded boatman Charon.

6. After only shooting two episodes "Hee Haw" girl Cindy Wingard was fully degloved in a freak boating accident. She did not die but her skin could not be reattached. A remote-operated mannequin was draped with her cured skin and Cindy voiced the dummy from inside a hyperbaric chamber in the studio back lot for the next four seasons.

5. Roy Clark is a known member of the American branch of the proto-fascist Thule Society and many conspiracy theorists believe that "Hee Haw" is a subtle hypno-indoctrination broadcast.

4. The well-known opening of "Hee Haw" was not the original opening for the show. The rarely-seen original was deemed too disturbing by the FCC and a more family-friendly version had to be created.

3. Scheduling conflicts forced cigar-chomping Archie Campbell to pass over the role Sylvester Stallone later played in the movie "Cobra."

2. Long-serving "Hee Haw" girl Lulu Roman was so popular in the rural United States at one point that six states had made it possible for her to kill without repercussions. Roman frequently took advantage of these legal loopholes.

1. Minnie Pearl was famously temperamental, but no one had any idea just how rage-filled Pearl was until after her death. The buyers of her former home excavated the basement to lay a concrete floor and discovered the remains of some 8,000 Cocker Spaniels. Each had had its skulls crushed by two exceptionally powerful and hate-filled human hands.

I hope you found today's Forty Facts From entertaining and educational. If you liked it, let me know. If you hated it you can also let me know. Just don't you dare say anything bad about "Hee Haw."

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.27 Orgy Porgy and the Frontiers of Science

Saturday, Aug 27, 2005 by Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

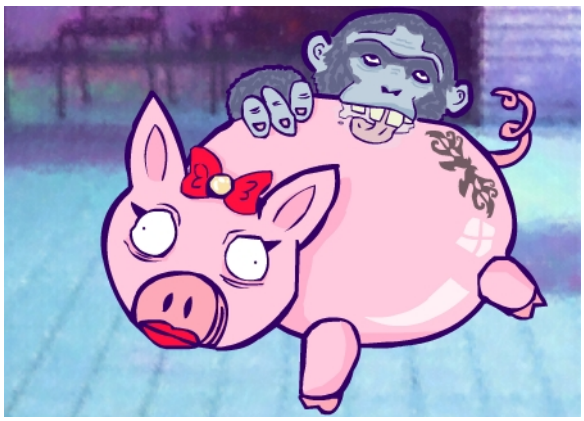
Co-Written With: Thomas "kl0pper" Hatton

Orgy Porgy was a helluva gal. She screamed, but the chimps didn't mind. It heightened the experience for some of the freakier apes. She was their all-time favorite and when they slapped and scratched her skin, she screamed; she screamed and squealed and made a big racket that would irritate the scientists so much that any other little piggy would be turned into breakfast bacon, but not Orgy Porgy; she was a champ.

She died this morning. She lasted exactly one year and 24 days, just as she was made to.

The clones are identical in all respects: each one part of a long heritage of carbon copied oinky-oinks that all break down, choke and gurgle, after the same amount of time. Orgy Porgy was no different. Even though she was completely indistinguishable from her predecessors, they loved her the most. The piggies hadn't changed, the chimps had. After a decade of research and experimentation, the scientists had finally gotten some results.

The chimps had developed human emotions. And buck teeth.



Baby steps. That's how science moved forward. In 1995, the project consisted of one tiny lab, one professor, 3 grad students, $24,000 in grant money, and one severely abused Rhesus monkey. Most people didn't expect the project to produce results. Half of them didn't expect it to last six months. But it did.

Against all odds, they continued to secure funding. Progress was slow at first. The technology to make primates feel human emotion for no good reason simply didn't exist.

1997. A landmark year in the history of emotion. The Rhesus monkey was euthanized and replaced with over two dozen chimps. Scottish scientist Ian Wilmut was able to successfully clone a mammal, opening the door for a myriad of new technologies that would benefit the team.

Additionally, it was the year that Radiohead released *OK Computer*, an album so perfect that it is impossible not to cry at the absolute beauty of it. Initial results indicated that, when combined with excessive doses of hormones, it was over 14 times as successful as its predecessor, *The Bends*, at evoking responses from the captive primates. They never tried it with *Pablo Honey* because let's face it that album was sort of craphouse.

In late 1999, increasing political pressure from animal rights activists almost caused the project

to lose its funding. They would not be satisfied until the test subjects were provided with certain amenities. Specifically, a means of gratifying their sexual desire and aggression. Unfortunately, feminist lobbyists were also putting pressure on the researchers. Using a female chimp to satisfy a lab full of males was tantamount to slavery and prostitution. To appease both parties, the scientists hit upon the idea of bringing in an animal (properly desensitized of course) that the chimps could hump away at all day long. They decided to use cloned pigs because they could create a creature to their exact specifications: placid and unfeeling.

One of the guys knew a guy that owed him a favor so acquiring the piggies was no problem. Thanks to their expertise and several internationally located consultants working with them via video conferencing, they managed to Frankenstein a little piggy built to order. Within no time the beeps and boops of their workaday week were accompanied by the squealing of Orgy Porgy's great-great-great-grandmother, Marta deSparta.

Scene: it is morning. Four brilliant young minds enter their lab space to begin another day of exploration and discovery. These men carry the hopes and dreams of man- and chimpkind alike on their back, the entire primate kingdom behind them, rooting for them to bridge the gap between their species.

Art Gass, a bald headed man raised in Boston, is eating breakfast and calculating long equations in his head. Everyday he has the same thing on his plate: a grilled cheese sandwich with a smiley face of ketchup squirted on top. He delicately divides the sandwich into 16 equal pieces as his eyebrows dance to the mathematics bouncing around his brain.

Behind him the artistically inclined Leonard Crumb, guarding the pot of coffee while he nurses his third cup. It is his first day back at the lab in almost a week, when he left early after getting a test tube stuck on his nose while clowning with the rest of the team as they indulged in their Wednesday afternoon Pizza Rolls Party.

Lester Spit, a good ole countryboy, and Swiss Keykrohl, the Scandanavian wunderbrain, are sharing a box of donuts, each stifling laughter and making subtle jabs at the other's failure to zip up their fly.

It was Leonard Crumb who came up with the idea of inserting beaver hormones into chimpanzees to accelerate their emotional development. He was fond of referring to them in his Xanga as "the most pensive of all God's creatures." While the treatment produced no noticeable behavioral effects, it did cause the next generation of test subjects to grow enormous front teeth

A painful part of growing up is the process of having your teeth grow in, then fall out and then grow in again. The teeth of a beaver never stop growing, and that was doubly true for these artificially

over-evolved chimps, whose front teeth began to swell at the onset of puberty like those miniature t-shirts they give you in Hawaii that, when wet, turn into colorful beach towels. Their pain was further exacerbated by the simple scientific fact that new teeth crave material to sink into. The desire these poor beasts experienced could have inspired great simian poetry had their altered genes afforded them the requisite linguistic and motor skills.

The scientists were oblivious. They were not nurturers or babysitters, they were intellectuals. Their minds were too involved in higher things to deal with stuff like comforting a weeping bucktoothed monkey, or to dress properly. They never realized that the chimps were beginning to bite ferociously on anything they could, chomping on their surroundings like crazed beasts.

Their pen was enclosed by a wire fencing that was just perfect for chewing. It wasn't long before one of the chimps took notice of it. Within minutes the whole crew of chimps was climbing all over the fencing, rapturously gnawing through the wire like it was nothing. Soon enough it was all chewed up, the chimps left nothing but small threads of copper and plastic on the ground.

Their cage was gone. Their teeth were drawing them towards a forest of undisturbed pine trees three hundred yards away, a place full of chewy, delicious wood and all sorts of wild game to mack on. No more must they sit in their rec room and play mercy games with each other; no, they were free to gallop through the woods, like Goddess intended.

And so they did. You've been a great audience!

Try the dirt it's delicious! Don't forget to tip your dirt if you liked the service! Goodnight folks.

-∼Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

8.28 Video Game Police Department: Unsolved Crimes Division

Saturday, Aug 27, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

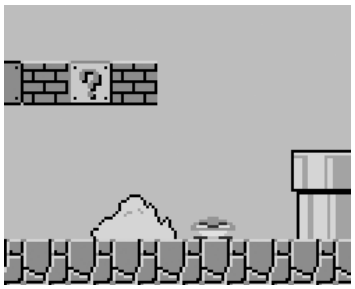
Come into my office with me, rookie, have yourself a seat. Do you mind me smoking this cigar, or my hideous suspenders and comically gruff disposition? Good. I like you. Most of the shitbirds that come straight out of the academy are either asskissers looking to advance in rank while doing as little investigative work as possible or nervous kids too soft to solve the case of "what have I gotten myself into?"

But not you. You're real police, I can tell just by looking at you. Well, by looking at your file too. Why would someone who scored at the top of his class in every category specifically request to be stationed at a hellhole like this? I'm thinking it's the challenge inherent in working cases that couldn't be solved by local investigators, the freedom provided by a department that transcends jurisdiction, or maybe it's the chance to roll up your sleeves and do some good for your fellow man and all that happy bullshit. Whatever the reason, I'm glad to have you. Real police are hard to come by, especially here.

I figure a smart guy like you can work alone, so let's just get right to it, eh? You see that mountain of manilla folders on my desk, just out of reach of my stubby T-Rex arms? Those are the cases that just got dumped on us *today.* You should've seen yesterday's pile. Go ahead, rookie, peruse them and pick your favorite.

Oh, and if you find a hoagie in there, let me know. I can't even think straight without my morning hoagie in me.

> ***Case* # 807982-A326**
> ***Originating Precinct* - Super Mario Brothers**
> ***Crime - Murder***
>
> ***Summary* -** This is a messy one. The victim's body was so brutally assaulted that we were unable to determine its sex, forcing us to tag our unidentified vic as Goomba Doe.
>
> Victim was found crushed to death in a Mushroom Kingdom public park late in the afternoon. The body was discovered by a passing cumulous cloud, who was unable to provide any useful information as he did not witness the murder occur. No evidence of self-defense was found, indicating that our perp got the jump on Goomba Doe, possibly ambushing him from atop a nearby floating question mark block.



Crime Scene Photo 2A

> Autopsy confirms the cause of death as massive blunt force trauma to the head, which caused the victim's entire body to compact as its insides were forced downward and expelled through the anus, which exploded under the tremendous pressure. The impact

wounds indicated one extremely violent blow as opposed to several strikes, which matched up to the evidence suggesting no struggle occurred.

Given the lack of an exoskeleton in Goombas and the commonly known fact that a mere bonk on the head from a nerf football is enough to cause irrepairable brain damage, our perp is very likely a savage individual who had a grudge against the victim or was on some sort of narcotics-induced rage. Traces of a hallucinogenic (and non-sentient) mushroom on a nearby floating platform seem to support the latter, but there are alternative theories.

Speculation time. Consider the recent string of similar Goomba murders in nearby areas. Is it possible we have a racist serial killer on our hands? Was our Goomba Doe mixed up in the same small-time criminal organization that the other victims were part of (a group of thugs who go by the name Koopa Troop)? Does our perp have some sort of grudge against these guys? Admittedly, this is all speculation with no real proof. Our case could be a confined incident in which a druggie simply lost his cool, but my gut tells me there's something bigger going on.

Anyway, back to the facts. I'm sure you're asking yourself why I haven't addressed the issue of the murder weapon yet. You're not going to believe this.

Forensics was able to make out a boot imprint in the mess of grey matter and ruptured muscle fiber that we believe was once Goomba Doe's forehead. That's right, our killer stomped on the poor mope. Embedded within the imprint were trace amounts of feces from varying origins and a rare fiber found in a brand of tape specifically suited for use on water pipes. A mold was taken of the boot imprint, and after comparing the sole pattern with several databases we were able to confirm that our perp was wearing a rather common brand of industrial waterproof boots. In all likelihood our perp's a plumber of some sort.

By doing some legwork, I gathered three statements from witnesses who saw a strange man wearing thick boots in the area on the afternoon of the murder. Their descriptions matched up perfectly to a certain extent (a portly Italian man, mustachioed with blue overalls and a red undershirt and cap), but their accounts of his height varied from a mere three feet tall to well over six feet. It just doesn't add up. How can a man be three feet tall one minute, and six feet tall the next?

It should be noted that several scorch marks from some sort of flower-based projectile were found near the body, but do not appear to be directly related to Goomba Doe's death. Also, on a nearby ledge overlooking a bottomless pit an upturned turtle shell was found with no trace of the turtle itself. This is currently being handled as a missing person/possible suicide case, but my gut's telling me that ties into our plumber somehow.

I've simply run out of leads at this point. It's like this guy just appeared out of thin air, stomped a Goomba to death, and continued on his way without looking back. Good luck to whomever picks this case up. Knowing this sick bastard is still out there running loose is bad enough, but even worse is the shame in knowing that he's out there because I couldn't solve this myself.

How did I know you'd go right for a murder? I've got confidence in you, kid, but not that much, not right out of the gate. Why don't you dig out something a little easier?

***Case* # 804124-C200**
***Originating Precinct* - NBA Live 2005**
***Crime* - Petty Theft**

Summary **-** The complainant (Dwayne Wade of the Miami Heat) was engaged in a professional basketball game against the Phoenix Suns. As Wade advanced the ball across half-court, he attempted to "crossover" dribble the ball, at which point a player on the Phoenix Suns by the name of Steve Nash allegedly lunged forward and stole the ball from Wade in plain sight of the nineteen thousand fans in attendance. Wade claims that Nash did not ask to borrow the ball or offer anything in exchange, but simply plucked it away as though it were his.

Steve Nash: MVP or MV-jerk?

Wade was visibly shaken when he brought this case to us, and although the athlete makes millions of dollars a year and the ball in question was virtually worthless, he insists that Nash be prosecuted for his blatant flaunting of the laws that govern our society. The following is an excerpt from my interview with the complainant:

> "I used to think we as humans were above the wild animals we share this planet with, that we were compassionate and kind by nature. Then I saw Steve Nash's eyes that day, and they were horribly cold and uncaring, devoid of all feeling, and also pointing in slightly different directions. How can a man fall so far as to commit the horrible deed he did that night without a moment's hesitation or remorse? At what point did his soul become so black, and what hope do the rest of us have? I was a religious man a mere week ago, but I now know that there is no God."

Open and shut case, right? Not quite. See, the game in question took place in Phoenix, so finding a fan to come forward and testify against a hometown player proved to be an impossible feat. As was expected, the higher-ups at the NBA wanted to protect the image of their sport so no players or officials were willing to cooperate with the investigation.

Forensics was able to pull partial fingerprints which verified Steve Nash had handled the ball, but they also found prints from every single player and official involved in the game that night. As a result, I am left with no physical evidence, no witnesses, and no way to prove conclusively what did or did not happen that night. All that's left is the word of Wade versus the word of Nash, which wouldn't even guarantee a win in a civil suit.

This case? You want *this* case? I said grab something easier, not... aw hell. I'm not going to sit here and bust your chops. If you think you can solve this headscratcher, you go right ahead. Do me proud and I'll let you have access to the real good stuff for your next assignment.

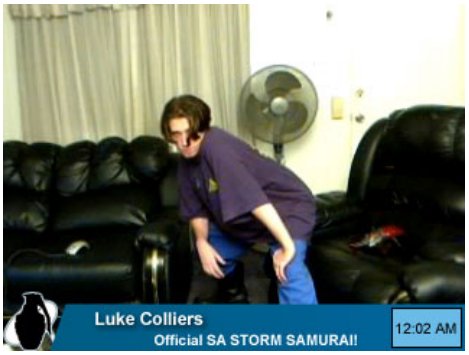
-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.29 LIVE From Hurricane Katrina

Monday, Aug 29, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

With a major weather catastrophe looming for America's Gulf Coast I thought that nothing could better inform you about today's goings on than a 100% live front page update. Using advanced Internet technology and with the assistance of Luke Colliers our official Storm Samurai I will be offering you a glimpse into the heart of Hurricane Katrina. From midnight until six AM Eastern time I will be offering regular hurricane updates.

Let's check in with Storm Samurai, live on the scene from Baton Rouge, Louisiana!



> **STORM SAMURAI!** Things are completely intense right now. I just got a pizza from Little Caesars and the dude said that I was his third to last delivery and then they are closing for the night and boarding up. He said they normally close around this time on Sundays but they don't normally board it up, so like, that is abnormal danger preparedness. The pizza also seems a little cold compared to usual so maybe the storm is effecting their ovens??????? Anyway, I am going to play that Def Jam wrestling game for a while to get really pumped about the hurricane so you can let me know if you need any more info.

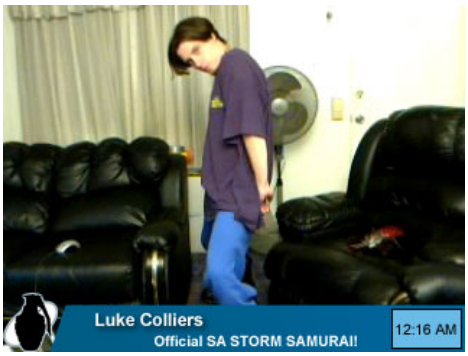
Thanks, Storm Samurai! We will be posting updates on the storm's progress every 15 minutes or so with regular SA Dopplerscope Weathertron Scanograph views of Hurricane Katrina. We will also be checking in again with Storm Samura Luke Colliers, so stay tuned.

If you have any news tips or photos from the storm or just a question you can send them to the iHurricane eHotline.

12:16 AM Hurrican Katrina UPDATE!
Hurricane Katrina continues to move towards Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama. The hurricane dipped down to a category four hurricane briefly, but ain't nothin' stoppin' this show because she's back up to five baby! As CNN has pointed out there is almost no way this won't be the biggest disaster of the decade and, although no one is hoping for piles of dead bodies, keep watching because there are going to be bodies EVERYWHERE! Right now the people who were too slow, stupid or poor to escape have been herded into the Superdome for easier burial.

By using the power of the Internet I have summoned a picture of the storm from SPACE. I would do that google maps zooming thing to zoom from space, through the friggin' hurricane, and down to like a dude flipping the bird, but honestly that sort of thing is starting to become a little tiresome.

Storm Samurai, how are things looking on your end?



> **STORM SAMURAI!** It's looking awesome, of course. I just heard this guy on Fox News talking about how the Superdome is going to flood and there will be dead bodies from the graves and chemicals from the factories filling the streets twenty feet deep. As you know, I am a survivalist at heart, and this sort of scenario really gets me excited. It is raining just a little bit but I consider this an omen, it is the sound of the horsemen approaching for the final showdown! My skills cannot be topped and I will reign over the storm-devastated lands.

Stay safe, Storm Samurai! Tipsters, we need your support to keep the information flowing!

12:31 AM Hurrican Katrina UPDATE!
Alright, I just heard a phone call with some dude on CNN saying that winds are sustained at 160 miles an hour and over, but hold on to your cunt because it gets better, the apocalyptic winds of hell are gusting up to **200 fucking miles per hour!!!** That is like only a little slower than the speed of light according to a quick calculation in my head.

New Orleans, where the hurricane is expected to strike, is located inside a giant bowl according to CNN and surrounding that bowl are like dams to hold back water. So when the storm hits the dams are going to totally explode and the water will just fill New Orleans like a...like a bowl...of DEATH.

Storm Samurai, help me out here.

> **STORM SAMURAI!** Zack, this is Storm Samurai, I am typing to you live from the Blogosphere. I have to say I think my graphics are pretty shitty here. Do you think you could like spice things up a little bit? Also it is raining still and I think I heard some extra wind on top of the usual but still no sign of the hurricane. WTF, I'm takin' a juice break BRB.

Well, I'll work on it Storm Samurai, but I've got to say this update every 15 minute thing is keeping

me busy. Speaking of busy, let me prove to you just how much I care about your safety and the awesomeness of your impending doom! Send me some photos of the storm as it ravages your livelihood. Just send a message to the iHurrican eHotline!

12:48 AM Hurrican Katrina UPDATE!
According to sources of people I don't know talking on CNN there may be up to TWENTY FEET of water flooding Bourbon street in New Orleans. That is almost twice the depth of urine and spilled beer flooding the streets on an average night and I don't know if the street cleaning SWAT teams can handle that come morning.

Now is probably as good a time as any to note that the SA servers are located in Louisiana, so don't be surprised if everything suddenly explodes in a very awesome and natural disasterly fashion. Also don't be surprised if my spelling degrades at the adventure continues.

Speaking of adventure, who better to discuss such things than our very own Storm Samurai.

> **STORM SAMURAI!** Hey, I just went outside and it is really starting to rain now. It's not crazy rain but I would call it pretty nuts rain. The wind is picking up and I can clearly see my novelty "BADA$$ Lane" sign swinging in the wind and the pussier trees are bending. In case of looters I am considering getting my katana out to protect myself. I am also listening to Bright Eyes and it is mellowing me out but I'm still fucken pumped! How about those graphics? Maybe like some patriotic junk since this is like 9/11 times fifty.

I'll see what I can do, Storm Samurai.

Reader Randy just sent in a link to another webcam that seems to be functioning. So check it out and then when you're done you can email the iHurricane eHotline!

1:05 AM Hurricane Katrina UPDATE!
Okay, I got around to adding an "e" to the word "Hurricane" on this update because I am about accuracy in these updates rather than rushed and breathless sensationalism. So they are saying that New Orleans might never be the same after it is completely submerged and then scoured clean of all non-aquatic life by the Biblical swells of floodwaters.

According to MSNBC the winds are slowing slightly to 150 miles per hour, but don't think this is going to be anything but fucking HELL ON EARTH. The reason is that it is slowing because of a storm eye wall or some crap like that forming and when it hits shore it is going to blow up like Hiroshima and jump to 175 miles per hour and gusts of like 10000 miles an hour or something. That sort of wind speed will shoot a gumbo pot through a strip club wall.

So, what's the good word Storm Samurai? What do you think of the new graphics?

> **STORM SAMURAI!** Awww yeah! I think you still need to add a location on there, like Baton Rouge only you know what? I'm not in Baton Rouge I am in the Blogosphere, man. I exist as a fictional construct of the information ages. Ones and zeros man. Anyway, I am friggin' PSYCHED about this. The wind is really starting to pick up now and I just saw what I think might be a cat or possibly a plastic bag just flying the fuck all around outside. There is some lightning going on right now and I just think I saw a big fucking skull form in the hurricane clouds.

Jeez, okay Storm Samurai.

Reader Joe has sent me a link to an absolutely enormous space photo of Katrina that makes my other space photo look like crap on a butt plate. Look at the size of this thing! If you have tips or questions you can email the iHurricane eHotline!

1:20 AM Hurricane Katrina UPDATE!
Word is that three people from a nursing home have already died. The death toll begins. Are you excited about the death toll? I know I am! It is going to be huge! It is going to be like World War III out there only the Nazis are going to be CATEGORY FIVE WINDS!!! I am going to predict...hmmm...750,000 dead by noon tomorrow. That's before the alligators start in on the living.

Time for a reader question!

> *Could you ask the Storm Samurai how the animals are reacting to Hurricane Katrina? Are they freaking out, plotting to overthrow their human masters or are they taking it all in stride?*
>
> Sincerely,
> Kyle N.

What say you, Storm Samurai?

> **STORM SAMURAI!** Hey, sup Kyle? I'm just having a drink to keep myself pumped. It's some Bawls and ginger ale.
>
> Okay, so Kyle, I saw on the news that they put some friggin dolphins in a pool so that they don't get totally blown away by the hurricane. I don't know, I would think they would be thinking this is totally awesome. Like what if New Orleans totally floods and they get loose? Man that would be their very own city. They would be able to rule over it. The start of a new dolphin civilization. But take over humanity? You're crazy, dude. Does a dolphin have a reverse submarine? No, they don't even have hands. They can't even hold a katana.

> Oh yeah, and thanks Z-dogg, I'm diggin' the Blogosphere shit. That will earn me a lot of cred when I submit my next Deviant Art.

No problem, Storm Samurai.

Keep your tips, links, info, photos and questions coming to the iHurricane eHotline!

1:36 AM Hurricane Katrina UPDATE!
Even the usually cow-eyed and passive population has taken notice of the media blitz over hurricane Katrina. According to sources more than a million residents of New Orleans fled the city throughout the day and even as the horrible doom of Katrina approaches them like a flying ironclad of wind and pain they are still fleeing on the roads. What if all of the cars blow off into Lake Ponchitrain? Or that long ass bridge collapses? Man, forget my 750,000 estimate earlier. If that shit happens I am bumping my guess up to 9,000,000 dead.

BREAKING WEB EXCLUSIVE - forum reader "seppuku1" has filed a report on Florida storm preparations.

> *I have just put my girlfriend's two shar-peis to bed for the night. News was on, but I thought it was too high stress for their bedtime tv, so I changed to NICK AT NITE.*
>
> The Cosby Show is on. Denise is sewing something, and initial reports show that Theo is APPRENTLY wearing a Benetton sweater of some sort. We have no reports on casualties caused by Theo's sweater or Denise's home fashions. Will update if ALF comes on.

Whoa, I bet a few thousand will die in Florida from pudding pop related infection alone.

Let's check in with Storm Samurai Luke Colliers again. How do those balls taste, Luke?

> **STORM SAMURAI!** Bawls, dude. I like Bawls. You're the one who...you're the one who eats balls. Hehe, I'm just kidding man. The storm is getting INTENSE and I am loving it because I am an intense guy. I am 100-110% fucking amped over this shit. I am just jumping around doing katas and focusing my chi for the coming battle against the storm. I think I am going to start preparing after I get done talking to you this time. Play time is over, ladies, it's time for the men to step - whoah - I just saw a half a fucking tree fly down the street outside. This is AWESOME!
>
> Also, in honor of my katas I would like to change my name on the graphic from Luke Colliers to Luke-san or just S3ns3i.

Ugh, fine. This in from TV news: Fox News has just revised up their estimate of casualties from 50,000 to 75,000 dead. I still think they are totally lowballing this.

Keep your tips, links, info, photos and questions coming to the iHurricane eHotline!

1:53 AM Hurricane Katrina UPDATE!
Okay, so if you are reading this from a car you should pull off the road immediately and...I can't remember what the news said. I think you're supposed to drive into a ditch and then climb back inside your car and that should be okay. If you can find a rest stop then go there because they have pamphlets! That will keep your spirits up.

On to the reader messages, this one comes from Jordan L. who is in New Orleans right now.

> *hey my name is jordan, i live in new orleans and my family didnt evacuate for the hurricane. im chillin at my friends house cus hes rich and he has a huge house thats like indestructable. right now theres a bunch of rain and all the storm projections are saying that we're gonna get pretty fucked. i went outside a little while ago and the wind isnt that bad but rain is coming down in sheet. im waiting for the flooding the start. after the hurricane is over, if everything isnt washed away in an apocalyptic flood of death, i plan on stealing a canoe and paddling over to the drug store to steal alot of liquor, cigarettes, and enough painkillers and pharmaceuticals to make the chaos of the next weeks go by. incase i made typing mistakes i apologize because im also a bit drunk now, as i decided it would be better to be in a slightly inebriated state while the brunt of the storm hits. everyone else in the house im in is going to sleep but the storm is just starting to fire up. once the power goes out, along with alarm systems, im going to take t the streets for the looting, and then break into a nice house and have a party there for all my surviving friends, but most likely we're all gonna die. wish me luck though.*

Man, I guess being about to die makes you sound like a complete fucking idiot. Isn't that right, Storm Samurai?

> **STORM SAMURAI!** Yeah, that dude sounds like a giant pussy. Who has time for looting when you have battles to be fought? Why don't Jordan L(ikes men) come on down to my neck of the woods and I will draw my Hanzo steel on him and slice him in half down his spine. SHYA, I can feel my Chi building in my hands already. Anyway, dude, check out the hair? Is that fucking PIMP or what? As Abraham Lincoln said "at least I'll leave a beautiful corpse" and fucking amen to that but I ain't gonna leave a corpse I am going to weather the storm (where do you think the word weather comes from?) and I am going to go ronin on anyone who tries to take my Topps or Donruss baseball card collection.

Interstate 10 is still a river of headlights so all you guys reading this on the road, do what I said earlier or prepare to die!

I am really enjoying all the messages being sent to the iHurricane eHotline! Even if yours doesn't it make it into one of our Hurricane updates you can rest assured that I am reading all of them.

2:10 AM Hurricane Katrina UPDATE!
They just said on the news feed I am watching that the water in the bayou is flowing AWAY from New Orleans instead of towards it. I don't know what that means but everyone still thinks the world is ending so I guess it's like in the tsunami how the ocean pulled back and then came crashing in like a haymaker. They are also having gusts up to 90 miles an hour already hitting downtown New Orleans! Alright, here come the pain!

I've got a couple great reader messages this time around so let's move right on to those.

> *Hurricanes are massive low pressure systems; so if Luke plans on doing any baking, he needs to adjust his cooking times and temperatures to those recommended for Denver.*
>
> Walter S.
> Florida State University - Meteorology

this update is quite nice, and i very much approve, though your poor reporter must be warned that my hurricane plans to bring the fury. the news is downplaying the situation, as anyone named katrina would tell you.

i request more infomation about neighborhood animals. its not enough to know about the dolphins.

thank you,
katrina e.

STORM SAMURAI! Alright before I answer any of that bull crap let me just show you this killa face. WU TANG, BITCH! There's gonna be a triple swarm of slices hitting

> that bitch of a hurricane. Right now there are all kinds of plants blowing around outside and the rain is starting to go sideways...all the easier for me to slice it with my razor sharp blade.
>
> Okay, so walter, the only thing I am baking is a cake of MISERY for this storm. Do I need to adjust how quickly I kick its ass? I didn't think so.
>
> As for Katrina, hey baby, 'sup? Are you fine, you sound fine. Send a pic and we will get to know each other I am 20, male, single, and I can focus my chi in more than just battle. Write back baby.

Ugh. The news is saying that what we are seeing now is just a taste of things to come. It's like when the river turns to blood or the locusts start falling: it sucks, but the real doomsday hasn't even started yet.

Great stuff keeps coming to the iHurricane eHotline! Even if yours doesn't it make it into one of our Hurricane updates you can rest assured that I am reading all of them.

2:28 AM Hurricane Katrina UPDATE!
According to that news feed all gabled roofs will fail! The center cannot hold! The appropriately named forum user SleepDeprived provided us with a screenshot of the incredible coverage work Fox News has been doing. The gist of this guy's rant: "you're stupid if you stayed because yousa gonna die!"

Is that the news scroll in the bottom righthand corner or are they telling us what emotion we should be feeling right now? I would be afraid if I didn't know that Storm Samurai Luke-san is on the frontlines fighting the good fight.

Jonny S. writes:

> *Hey Zach, my name is Jonny, and I am wondering if this storm will be so badass that it will reach my state of North Dakota. That would be fucking sweet because nobody here is prepared.*

Jonny, I haven't seen any forecasts including North Dakota yet, but Hurricane Katrina IS travelling north and that means there is a chance that it could strike North Dakota. Based on the level of destruction it is causing as a category five in New Orleans my guess is that as a thunderstorm in North Dakota it will slaughter thousands.

> **STORM SAMURAI!** The blade is coming out, baby. You can tell Jonny not to worry because I am going to stop Katrina in its TRACKS. Stone cold, GACKOW! I saw a

> charge move I can do on an anime my anime club translated and I think it is powerful enough to turn away the hurricane. It uses fire chi and since the hurricane is water and doom chi I think I can counter it. Also I am wondering if you could switch the USA flag on the left of my picture to a Japanese samurai type flag or something. That would be awesome, thanks dude.

Despite earlier indications Hurricane Katrina is still a category 5 and is located 135 miles South/South East of New Orleans. It's comin' for ya Nawlins. It's comin' for ya Superdome...or should I say SuperDOOM?! Your shelter will become a charnel house in the face of this storm's onslaught!

Tips, photos, questions, and breaking news are welcome at the iHurricane eHotline!

2:44 AM Hurricane Katrina UPDATE!
Some of you might not know this but Katrina hit Florida a couple days ago as a Category One hurricane which is like a fifth as strong as the current hurricane. What happened? Almost 10,000 people were killed, thousands are still missing, and that's just a drop in the bucket compared to the giant mega bucket that Katrina is going to create. Hurricane Katrina is set to devastate Louisiana, Alabama and Mississippi. The good news? National literacy averages are set to skyrocket (thanks ReindeerF for that excellent joke).

Cassia writes:

> *storm samurai is hot. This is the best tragedy ever!*

Storm Samurai, are you hot and is this the best tragedy ever?

> **STORM SAMURAI!** I think you know the answer to both of those questions, ball-lover. Email that babe back for me and tell her to send me pics of her boobs. Right now

> looking out my window I can see winds that I would say based on my samurai senses are going at at least 300 miles an hour. A large cardboard box just blew past, probably a box containing a V-8 engine block or an anvil based on how it was moving. I am now projecting a field of my chi to protect my house from the storm.
>
> Alright dude, wish me luck. This is it. I am going out there to deal with this fucking storm. Banzaaaiiiiiii!!!

I wish you well in your journey, Luke-san. May you honor your ancestors.

Tips, photos, questions, and breaking news are welcome at the iHurricane eHotline!

3:00 AM Hurricane Katrina UPDATE!
Okay, so as I'm writing this update I still have not heard from Storm Samurai, so I'm going to drag my feet a little bit and hope he shows up at some point so that we can find out how his battle went with Katrina. First off, as you may know tens of thousands of people have been crammed into the Superdome. Reader Sean R. pointed out that the majority of people being sent to the Superdome appear to be the elderly and mostly African Americans. He theorizes a Nazi conspiracy, I think it's just further evidence that White Makes Right! RAHOWA!!

SleepDeprived has provided us with an image of the cramped conditions inside the Superdome RIGHT NOW.

Man, what a way to DIE.

Here's a letter:

> *I'm in Baton Rouge right now and that Samurai guy is totally lying. It's kinda windy and it's very dark out but that's it. I guess it's because of the hurricane, you know, the clouds block out the sun. And your time is wrong, it's 1:39 here not 2:28. Get your times right.*
>
> I just heard on the news that Orleans parish is going to be totally underwater but 20% of the residents have stayed there and are refusing to evacuate! Also it's illegal to go outside right now in New Orleans yet people still do it!
>
> Dude this shit is crazy. I hope we lose power soon, I can't wait to pull out my candles.
>
> -Mike D.

Could it all be lies? Could Storm Samurai be nothing more than a fr...oh...wait. I'm getting something. Yes! Storm Samurai, how did your battle go?

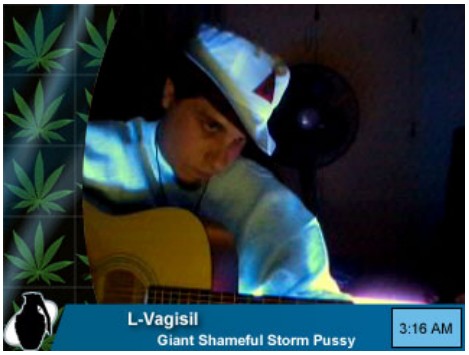
STORM SAMURAI! Battle? I don't know what you're talking about man. The power went out so I am just trying to relax so I broke out my battery powered blacklight. Luckily I've got a couple hours of battery power on my laptop. Hey, since it's chill time do you think you could get some of this silly crap off there? Maybe put something cool off to the side like Hendrix or Marley or a peace sign or something. Man this is pretty crazy outside. Oh, and change my name to L-Dank. I will be L-Dank from here on out.

Wait a second...you...well, I guess it'll wait for the next update.

Tips, photos, questions, and breaking news are welcome at the iHurricane eHotline!

3:16 AM Hurricane Katrina UPDATE!
Breaking! Katrina has been downgraded to a HIGH CATEGORY FOUR HURRICANE. This changes nothing! New Orleans is still completely screwed. The streets will be beneath dozens of feet of water, alligators and corpses will be everywhere, chemicals and oil and raw sewage will contaminate everything. Hell on earth is not even delayed slightly, so stay very afraid.

Back to the real important matter. Storm Samurai, what the fuck happened? You had your samurai outfit on and your hair in little gay pips and people were freaking out over your disappearing-reappearing goatee. Now you're a gay cowboy strumming away in the blacklight. What the hell?



STORM SAMURAI! First off, what the H, bro? I said L-Dank not L-Vagisil. Second of all you must have smoked some bad carpet because I never said I was going to fight the storm. I said focus my chi which is like cinnamonous for "toke up on some nugz." So I smoked up, nigga. As for the cowboy shit, you don't know me and you don't know my style. In cowboy movies good guys always wear WHITE and I am a good guy. Look, I am working things out with the hurricane. I wrote a song for it.

> Katrina,
> took my job,
> and my hanzo steel,
> what's the deal?
> Katrina.
>
> Katrina,
> took my dog,
> don't take my life,
> take my wife,
> Katrina.
>
> Katrina,
> I bet you got tite abs,
> like they grow them in labs,
> your butt is hot too,
> I love you,
> Katrina.
>
> Katrina,
> let me see that ass girl,
> I get ugg on you,
> you can lick on me,
> then you'll be,
> my Katrina.
>
> What do you think, bro?

I think you're a giant flaring horse pussy and I hate your song.

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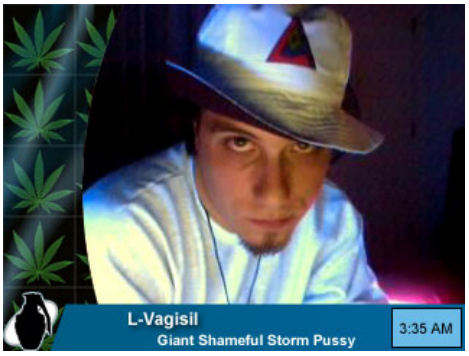
3:35 AM Hurricane Katrina UPDATE!
Some screeching idiot at the Hyatt hotel is saying it's "whipping pretty good" which I think means that the seventh seal has been broken and the vial poured out. Get your diadems ready folks, because the beast is coming and her name is Katrina! You can feel the deflation throughout the media over Katrina's downgrade to a category four hurricane. It's like a broken promise, they feel betrayed by the meteorologists. The one exception is Fox News who are carrying on as though no downgrade took place and are screaming about the deadliness and how thousands will perish tonight. This is going to be the biggest disaster in American history up until the very last possible window of opportunity.

One of our readers by the name of Charlie sent a message with a special makeover themed image just for immense-pussy L-Dank.

> *Dear Storm Samurai,*
>
> You need to get rid of that stupid fucking emo japanese haircut thing you have going on right now. Thanks to my l33t M$ Paint skills I have come up with a pic of you bald and at maximum hurricane kickass capacity. Tell me what you think.
>
> Hugs and kisses,
> Charlie

Aaaah! It makes him look like a demon with psoriasis. Surprisingly several women have confessed they are attracted to L-Dank, although those emails have slowed since he emasculated himself.



> **STORM SAMURAI!** You know what, bro? You make fun of me all you want, you make fun of my music all you want, you can even mock my laid-back weed-smokin' lifestyle. That's fine, because some Internet nerd like you will never understand what it means to be L-Dank. That's all cool, like I said, but you don't EVER diss the way I pimp my womens. I drop trou in a crowded room of hot women and it looks like fricking dominoes bro. 30 minutes or less and those bitches be topplin' all over my balls. Gettin' 'em WET and NASTY like Katrina. I am a master of romance and I know a lot of secrets from my anime club. Bitch, I will be laying it on so thick they will be like Oooh L-Dank-san and theny will fuckin' prison-glomp my ass because they want my rod so much. Nose bleedin' and sweat droppin' and shit. DAaaaaamn.

Poseidon, rise up and smite this idiot!

Tips, photos, questions, and breaking news are welcome at the iHurricane eHotline!

3:53 AM Hurricane Katrina UPDATE!
Fox is continuing to flog this one for all they've got. They just showed footage of some knocked over metal railing. Oh the humanity!

As for Storm Samurai Luke Colliers, the ladies have sprung to his defense!

> *As many women that apparently would no longer bang Storm Samurai (whatever the hell he's going by now)? I do believe I might be desperate enough to still hump him.*
>
> ...Then again,I don't know. My fiance's a lot more attractive...
>
> Lisa

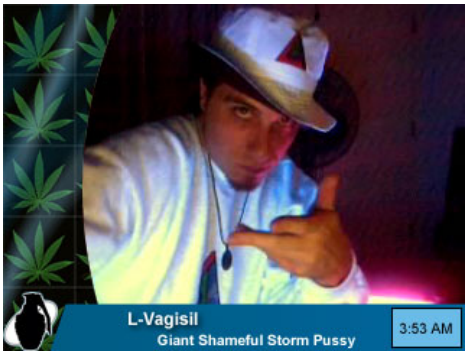
Cassia wrote back to defend the Storm Samurai's recent lifestyle change:

> *I'd rather sit inside with a hat and a guitar and get stoned than run outside and try to cut rain. What the hell is that going to do? Get the blade wet, that's what.*

Even Millie C. has the hots for Storm Samurai, laying it on thick in a post script.

> *P.S. Your storm samurai could do with less clothing. I am sure that it would be fitting for him to meet the hurricane in his natural state.*

So you've got fans, Storm Samurai. The ladies love you, but I still say your an impotent rascal. Why did you have to spend hours boasting about how your were PUMPED about KICKING KATRINA'S ASS if you just wanted to chill out?



> **STORM SAMURAI!** I'm starting to get pissed off, bro. I chilled myself out with some diggity dank and you're still over here killing my buzz. Why don't you just back up off my grill and find yourself some girl on adultballfinder.com or something who will let you nuzzle on her nuts? Naw, you know what? Fuck this, I've got another katana up in my room. Hang on, I'mma go get my other Hattori Hanzo and when I come back it's gonna be *snick* and then *slice* and it's all over man. I am going to come through your Internets and I am going to do more cutting than a fat girl failing college.

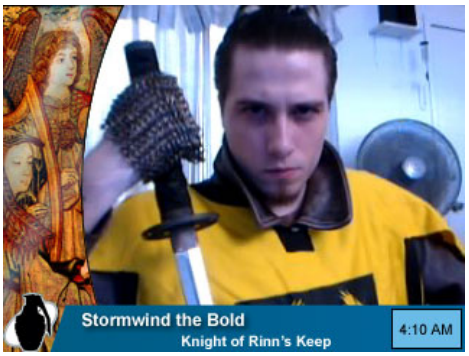
Just calm down man, I don't deserve this. This is about the hurricane, this isn't about some petty feud. Just calm the hell down!

Tips, photos, questions, and breaking news are welcome at the iHurricane eHotline!

4:10 AM Hurricane Katrina UPDATE!
Storm Samurai is gone again so I am just going to try to focus on getting out the news about the hurricane. Who knows what that idiot is going to do to himself now.

Sources are saying that despite the downgrade the storm swells caused by the hurricane will easily overwhelm the levees protecting New Orleans from a catastrophic flood. Nightmare scenarios, a favorite of any good news organization, are being thrown around for the horrible fate that might await those stranded in the Superdome during the massive flood. Unable to leave they would be trapped in the powerless and stiflingly hot Superdome with the field area flooded with filthy sewage-thick water laden with corpses and dangerous chemicals. Evacuation would be dangerous to impossible until water levels could be manually reduced.

Not a plesant situation no matter...uh oh. Here comes Storm Samurai. Pretend I wasn't talking about him earlier.



> **STORM SAMURAI!** Sir, thou has prompteth me to don mine armours of the SCA and face ye on the field of battle. Though an Internet it might be, thou shall still feel the final reddish sting of my keenest blade. I will introduce you to Spike Spiegel, a blade true, forged by dwarven smiths in the fires of Mount Draco and imbued with the majicks of elfen sorcery. Your firewalls are no match for the bite of this cold steel. Prepare yourself for the funeral pyre, Sir Parsons. I will cut you down and make sheaths of your wives.

But the hurricane is a direct hit and we need to foc-------AAAAAAAHHHH!! Augh!

LIVE UPDATE GOING OFFLINE...

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.30 SA Literary Review: Fate Magazine

Tuesday, Aug 30, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

GET OFF MY PLANE!!! GIVE ME BACK MY SON!!!

Occasionally I like to kick back, grab my favorite smoking pipe and jacket, relax in an easy chair, and rest comfortably between the pages of a well-worn novel. Then I start flicking lit matches everywhere and farting uncontrollably because, by God, I still don't have this whole "sophistication" thing down yet. To tell the truth, 99% of my casual reading occurs when I'm in the bathroom, and 99% of the material consists of *Wired Magazine*, which I subscribed to years ago for absolutely no logical reason whatsoever. If I remember correctly, I was suckered into falling for some scam where a "disadvantaged youth" showed up on my doorstop and explained he was selling magazine subscriptions so he could get off the streets and make an honest income, one that didn't involve "gats" and "homies" and probably something involving "bitches," at least to a certain degree. Hey, I'm a white male and I live in a middle class suburban neighborhood, Spike Lee has trained me to believe the validity of such stereotypes.

I have no idea why I still bother reading that stupid magazine; every single issue is exactly the same, consisting of 20 pages devoted to copyright laws, 20 pages about blogging and the blogosphere and the blogorama blogination blogotopia and how to podcast your blog on a RSS feed using a Blackberry, 20 pages about "remixing" and "mashups" and "other ways to create shitty music that resembles two CDs run over by a garden mulcher," and concludes with 20 pages of trendy gadgets, futuristic predictions which will absolutely never come true, and various other attempts by the *Wired* staff to trick people into believing they're not just another generic mainstream magazine parroting back the hottest Internet trends from half a year ago. Not that I have anything against *Wired Magazine*; I doubt there's another publication in circulation which possesses *Wired's* unique ability to coerce the feces from my puckered anus like a really disturbing snake charmer.

A recent trip to the not-so-local bookstore brought a magazine entitled "*Fate*" to my attention, although, in my defense, I tried as hard as I could to refuse such an event from occurring. The issue, which was the size of a *TV Guide* and featured a highly mysterious plane flying over a highly mysterious body of water while highly mysterious text reading "Bermuda Triangle Mystery Solved!" immediately piqued my interest. Not only did the cover promise to reveal the secrets behind the infamous Bermuda Triangle, but it also tantalized me with headlines such as "NASA Photos Reveal UFOs" and "Spanish Ghost Exorcised by Witch." And to think, up until this very day I had been fighting through my hollow, meaningless life, wondering what was going on with the Spanish Ghost! Here's a brief rundown of the August 2005 issue of Fate Magazine, for those of you with too much pride to actually been seen purchasing it in a public location.

Michael J. Bielawa's lifelong fascination with New England legend and folklore has led him to secret rooms, haunted ball fields, and coastal locales frequented by 17th-century pirates. Mike is a baseball historian who has contributed poetry to numerous journals and newspapers. His poetry appears in Michael Bell's anthropological history Food for the Dead: On the Trail of New England's Vampires.

Well, you know, anybody who writes poetry about baseball and vampires knows his shit.

■ BIG FAT GROUNDBREAKING STORY #1: "Bermuda Triangle Odyssey"

The first thing to strike me regarding this journalistic masterpiece was the mutation from the cover, how the headline transformed from "Bermuda Triangle Mystery Solved!" to "Bermuda Triangle Odyssey." What a ripoff! I mean, that was the whole selling point of the magazine; somebody finally solved the mystery! The whole reason I passed over *Newsweek* and *Time* for the heralded *Fate Magazine* was because neither of the aforementioned periodicals promised a sufficient explanation of the Bermuda Triangle. "All this crap about that boring war in Iraq is well and good," I said to myself. "But honestly, what magazine has enough guts to cover the real hot topic plaguing this great nation of ours; that goddamn mysterious Bermuda Triangle?" I am plagued by paralyzing fear that each and every morning I wake up, I may find myself stuck in the Bermuda Triangle, unable to escape even if I scream really loudly and throw a rope in some arbitrary direction.

So the Bermuda Triangle mystery is still as mysterious as ever, and instead of presenting an article explaining in painful scientific detail why people have bothered writing roughly 60,000 articles about the stupid thing, *Fate Magazine* instead spends 10 pages telling stories that a friend told a neighbor who told a drunk man who told a humanoid bear wearing a bow tie and unusually large suit about a plane that flew somewhere and before the pilot knew it, something had happened to something else and he was COMPLETELY POWERLESS TO STOP IT. The article concludes with ace pilot Bruce Gernon explaining how "electronic fog" was responsible for, well, something. Gernon claims electronic fog can "stick to airplanes" and cause "time tunnels," which are like regular, non-time tunnels only they have a lot more time crammed into them, much like Golden Grahams. "How do they cram all that time?" is the motto of many famous time tunnels. The article concludes with the promise of science accepting the theory of electronic fog sometime in the future, perhaps after MIT begins offering courses on advanced Bigfoot removal.

■ BIG FAT GROUNDBREAKING STORY #2: "Exorcism Spanish Style"

Note the ad fails to explain how they're considered "magic." I guess a headline just reading "BAGS" didn't get as much attention.

While not nearly as hot and spicy as "Spring Break: Texas Style," this article somehow managed to shove more references to Spanish ghosts and witches than any previous article about Spanish ghosts and witches, at least that I know of. I could tell this article was going to be a scientific minefield of brutally disfiguring knowledge when it kicked off with the following intense paragraph:

> *One crisp, sunny October day in 1997, I sat at my desk in Colorado researching a book I was writing about the psychic arts.*

That, ladies and gentlemen, is probably the best way to begin any fact-filled news article. President "President" George W. Bush should start more of his speeches with

that line. "One crisp, sunny October day in 1997, I sat at my desk in Colorado researching a book I was writing about the psychic arts," Bush would remark while making that weird face where his bottom lip kind of just vanishes into another dimension. "Then I realized we should probably launch a bleak and pointless invasion of Iraq." Those pesky Democrats wouldn't have a leg to stand on! And if they did, President George "President Bush" W. Bush could pick up his book he's writing about the psychic arts and throw it at them. God bless America!

The author, "Morwyn," describes her experience inside a haunted Spanish cathedral inhabited by a ghost who doesn't really do anything at all. This lack of any obvious functionality was apparently grounds for her immediate dismissal from the realm of the living, so Morwyn grabbed all her stupid Wiccan shit like herbs and spices and oils and various other crap labeled "magick" with a completely unnecessary "k" at the end, and she performed an exorcism. The article contains many wonderful lines such as "in my roles as Wiccan priestess, ceremonial magician, and ghost hunter, I have performed many exorcisms over the years." My, what a busy life you must lead, Morwyn! I wonder if she has separate special schedule books for her Wiccan priestess appointments, ceremonial magician ceremonies, and ghost hunter duties. God forbid she show up to hunt ghosts in her magician outfit. The author included a couple photos of herself, and surprise - she looks like an 1980s lesbian on a Lifetime Network movie about abusive husbands who end up falling from an apartment railing and dying at the end of the film. Morwyn details her intense battle with the spirit, as she literally uses a broom to sweep out the ghost, a dead girl from the 18th century named "Ceci," and declares:

> *"With this broom, I sweep from this home the noxious vapors emitting from the world beyond. I free the environment of all visible and invisible malignant currents in the name of the Holy Trinity."*

Well no wonder the ghost left. Who the hell wants to spend eternity haunting a house with this woman inside, violently sweeping enchanted brooms and babbling on and on about retarded Wiccan crap? She should work as a negotiator for the SWAT team. She'll have criminals killing themselves in no time with that Holy Trinity garbage.

■ BIG FAT GROUNDBREAKING STORY #3: "UFOs and NASA: The Best Evidence"

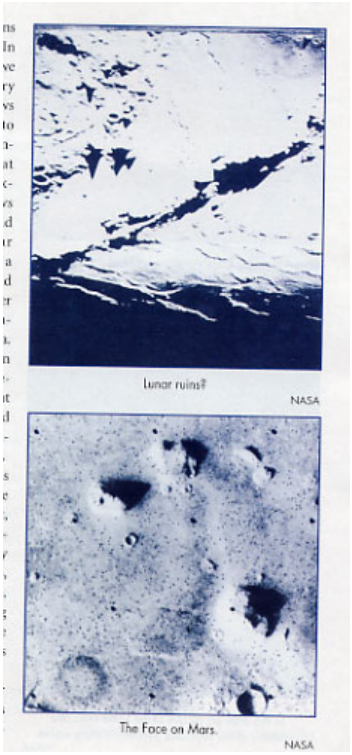
This article, or some permutation of it, has been written approximately one million times since the mid-1960s. Once again, the "best evidence" turns out to be stories about aliens that real life fictional nonexistent astronauts told camp counselors during a dream sequence in the title credits. It touches on those stupid Martian pyramids, that stupid face on Mars, and grainy, blurry, black and white photos of buttons floating in space. While the article fails to actually offer any evidence that anybody could accept as "best" or even "slightly better than a child's Crayola drawing of what appears to be a pregnant tree on fire," it does end on a promising, positive note:

> *It is my hope that the area of ET contact, both now and in ancient times, might become part of a normal course of study at colleges and universities. The emerging science of ufology may hold solutions to ongoing religious and political unrest that serves only to polarize humanity.*

Yeah man, if only aliens existed! That would totally end all religious wars! The next time those pesky Muslim extremists try to blow up a city bus, we'll have a Predator

unmanned drone dump a quarter ton of UFO photos on top of them, instantly crushing their misguided religious bodies to death. Bam, world peace thanks to UFOs. God bless you Martian Jesus.

Oh, and if you're curious, here's their "best evidence" so you all you readers out there don't just keel over and die from curiosity poisoning:



Hell yeah dawgs! If two photos of what appears to be close ups of creme brule doesn't convince those fatcats up in Washington to start spending hundreds of billions of taxpayers' dollars on UFO research, I don't know what will. I mean, just look at that face on Mars! He's making fun of us, gloating in the fact that he's a giant face - *ON MARS* - and we're clearly not! Let's pass that Republican bill authorizing the use of nuclear weapons on Mars and teach those space jerks a thing or two.

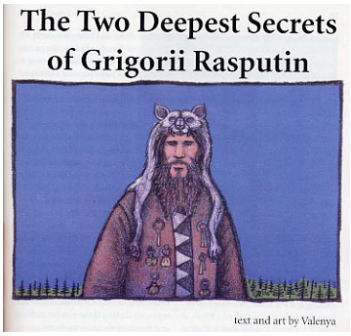
■ BIG FAT GROUNDBREAKING STORY #4: "The Two Deepest Secrets of Grigorii Rasputin"

Hahaha, secret #1:

Secret #2:

Sounds like concrete, irrefutable facts to me! After all, how could I doubt any article written by somebody as accredited as "Valenya?"

Oh well obviously this all must be true! One does not enter the knife engraving / Renaissance Faire industry without achieving significant credentials in both the Rasputin-researching and horse-kissing fields, especially if you're described as "obsessive." Go ahead Valenya, kiss the shit out of that horse and tell me about aliens throughout Russian history you crazy sow.

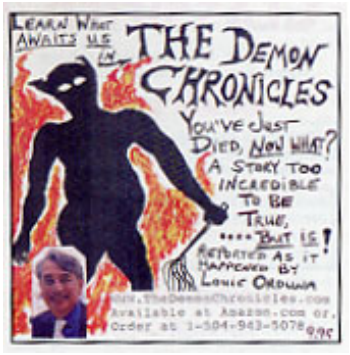


RASPUTIN WAS A WEIRD CAVEMAN WITH A BUNCH OF DOOR KNOCKERS GLUED TO HIS CHEST

RASPUTIN DRANK BECAUSE ALIENS WERE INHABITING HIS LIVING ROOM CHAIR

Valenya has worked as a muralist, knife engraver, jeweler, and Renaissance Faire boothie. She has always studied certain fringe sciences to a degree that some might regard as obsessive.

VARIOUS OTHER STORIES WHICH I GUESS WEREN'T AS HORRIBLY IMPORTANT:


LEARN WHAT AWAITS US IN
THE DEMON CHRONICLES
YOU'VE JUST DIED, NOW WHAT?
A STORY TOO INCREDIBLE TO BE TRUE,
BUT IS!
RETOLD AS IT HAPPENED BY
LONIE ODDUM

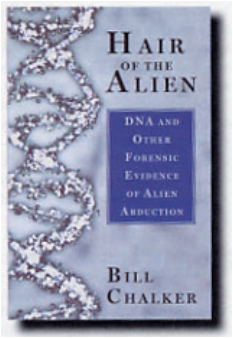
Looks like a certain demon needs to get on a certain diet program.

■ **"The Haunted Hospital"** - Patricia Hagen claims a hospital is haunted by presenting us with photos that do not show any ghosts or anything even remotely unusual. This is because they are hiding, perhaps even behind other ghosts and ghostly walls that just happen to be in back of real walls! The article includes eyewitness reports from a janitor who claimed "the lights went on and off," one of the most popular activities for a ghost to engage in. Once you die, you become fascinated with light fixtures and flipping switches. I guess there's nothing else to do as a ghost but hang around hospitals and turn the lights off for janitors. Maybe, some day in the future, ghosts will learn how to push buttons on an X-Box controller and we'll be able to play *Madden 2006* with them. Or, better yet, Microsoft will create a game about turning bathroom lights on and off. Man, the ghosts would go just absolutely crazy for that.

■ **"On the Road Again - Truckers and UFOs"** - As seen in the documentary "Smoky and the Bandit," the arch-enemy of any trucker is a UFO. Many truckers opt for early retirement out of sheer frustration from aliens stealing crates of Heinz ketchup from their trailer. The article details the story of Maurico Correa and his hitchhiker "Ricardo" who were hauling 20 tons of fish to Chile when they encountered a humanoid boar who smeared his face against the passenger window. Then, well, that's it. I guess he just appeared to say, "hey man, keep up the good work, you're one of the best Chilean truck drivers out there. And Ricardo, take it easy dude." Then he suddenly vanished into a cloud of liquor. There's another story about an Argentinean truck driver who claims he was abducted by some dorky aliens resembling Flash Gordon, who took blood samples of him on their UFO. All of this was revealed through a nauseatingly reliable hypnosis session, which are widely accepted in both the medical and science world, second in importance only to e-meter readings and "throwing a bunch of filthy rocks in a circle and seeing what happens in general."

■ **"Bridgeport's Crying Stone Face"** - A World War I granite monument in the middle of Connecticut has been seen "crying" by, well, somebody. Boo hoo, big deal, chisel some Kleenexes on those fuckers.

■ **"Safe Days"** - This informative article advises the reader what days are safe to take a vacation without dying in some catastrophic event of monumental proportions. According to a compilation of almost 1,800 major disasters listed in the 2004 *World Almanac* and 1996 *Encyclopedia Americana*, "only four days were without incident." These days are March 30th, April 17th, April 24th, and November 30th. Keep in mind that your vacation must be scheduled for either the year 2004 or 1996, otherwise there's no telling what may happen. Also "the *World Almanac* did report that there were 44,000 auto deaths in 2002," so try to avoid visiting any family or friends if you travel back in time to that year and realize you really gotta go somewhere and brag about how many less auto accidents there are in 2005.



Still, it's better than reading .

■ **"Spiritual Counseling"** - Psychic Shirley McDaniel uses her vague, magical powers of physically resembling an Orc to solve problems submitted by mental patients. Reader Dorothy Rayer writes about a ghost tormenting her family, partaking in evil deeds such as "placing the TV remote control in the sewing basket" and "poking her" when she tries to sleep. How horrible! Luckily Shirley is here to

save the day! The first line of her reply to Dorothy reads, "My Dear Dorothy - I believe that your spirit's name is Mabel." Now that's some good psychic sleuthing! Zug zug! Harvest more lumber, Shirley!

- **"True Mystic Experiences"** - Courtenay Savage, who looks more like a linebacker for the Raiders than an actual woman, claims the spirit of a "fairly young Mexican man" is trapped inside her because she has dreams about walking through a village with a lunchbox. She goes on to explain how she then traveled (in real life, not in the dream world) to Tijuana for some "dental work." Who the hell travels to Tijuana, Mexico for dental work, unless of course the doctor is grafting an extra dick to your throat? It looks like Courtenay has a small Mexican man inside her, although not exactly in the same way "she" claims.

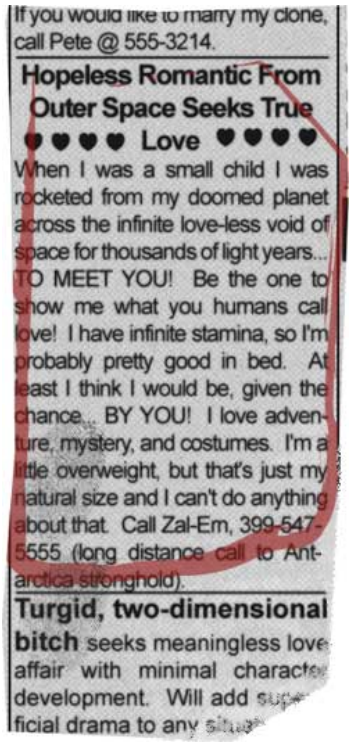
Fate Magazine concludes with about nine pages of bizarre, completely worthless ads for crap like "Chinese Taoist Sorcery" and "TIME MACHINES" in all capital letters so you know they're better than those inferior "time machines" which lack any capital letters at all. By sending lump sums of money to select people, you can not only acquire real rune power, but you will obtain the exclusive "Vampire Bible," become a published author, learn the secret of invisibility, develop "real" psychic powers, unlock your potential, and have somebody answer any question you can email to them for the low, low price of $45. This includes a free spell! It's like a combo meal of psychic goodness!

Although the wonderful *Fate Magazine* has been in circulation since whenever the hell it came into circulation, I feel its fresh, monthly stories about UFOs, ghosts, witches, and "TIME MACHINES" in all capital letters offer a unique insight to the world of the paranormal that many of us are unable to achieve without the help of severe brain damage. I simply cannot wait until next month's issue, which will undoubtedly tackle all the same exact topics and conclusively prove, for the 540th consecutive time, aliens really exist.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.31 Journey Into Adventure

Wednesday, Aug 31, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



If you would like to marry my clone, call Pete @ 555-3214.

Hopeless Romantic From Outer Space Seeks True ♥♥♥♥ Love ♥♥♥♥

When I was a small child I was rocketed from my doomed planet across the infinite love-less void of space for thousands of light years... TO MEET YOU! Be the one to show me what you humans call love! I have infinite stamina, so I'm probably pretty good in bed. At least I think I would be, given the chance... BY YOU! I love adventure, mystery, and costumes. I'm a little overweight, but that's just my natural size and I can't do anything about that. Call Zal-Em, 399-547-5555 (long distance call to Antarctica stronghold).

Turgid, two-dimensional bitch seeks meaningless love affair with minimal character development. Will add superficial drama to any situa-

Shine my signal into the night's sky, and I will bring the muffins.

Mighty Sky God Seeks Teammates for stirring battles against evildoers. I have tremendous powers garnered from pulling mighty helmet from great boulder lodged between Land of Gods and Land of Man. I have also acquired the Taurus of Ford to ferry me between lands and battles! Can accommodate 3 other companions for adventures. Gas money expected, given soaring prices. I am omniscient when wearing helmet, so think about me and I will drive to you in TAURUS! BE SAFE!

37 LBS. MAN LOOKING FOR ACTION! I CAN BE LIKE A CAPE TO YOU! FOR THE LOVE OF GOD JUST LET M SEE SOME ACTI

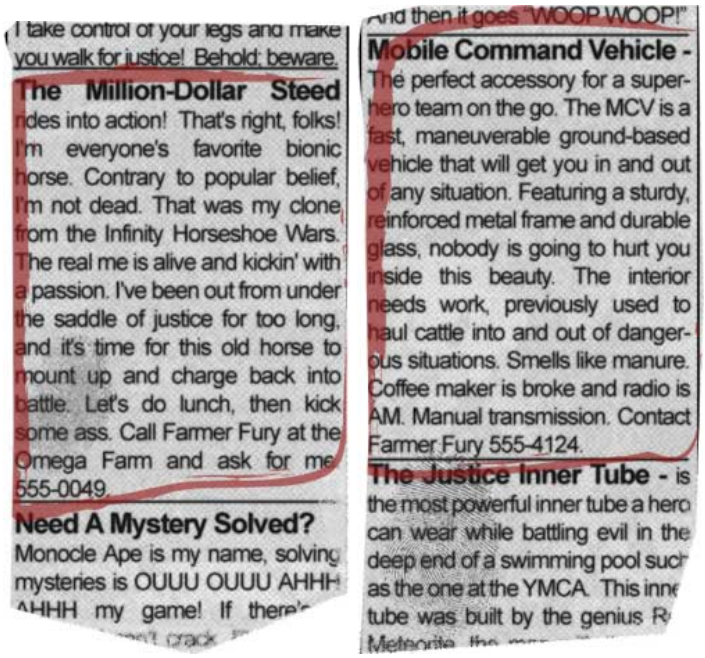
Can mentally undress enemies.

You Need An All American Hero because sometimes Chinese people can't get the job done right. I am an All American Hero born and raised in the USA. My powers include: optic breath, solar hearing, inverse vomiting, liquid metal eyebrow hair, asbestos-proof skin, invisible tonsils, and asthma. **I can drive stick.** Call me at 555-2132. Ask for National Emergency.

Illness Prone Lad Ready for Mentoring – I am gifted with the amazing ability to absorb the weaknesses of my enemies. Ready to fight under the guidance of an experienced hero. I have suffered many scars in battle including mono, some inadequacies about my mother and I'm ready

Martial Artist For Justice - I have trained in every combat technique known to man, and some that have been unknown for centuries. I seek to avenge the deaths of my nephew and niece who died in a tire fire started by my archenemy, The Infinity Kick. Looking for allies! Call me, 555-0763. Ask for Phantom Punch.

The Suit And Tie are Back! After years of solo fighting, the famed duo are back in action and



I take control of your legs and make you walk for justice! Behold: beware.

The Million-Dollar Steed rides into action! That's right, folks! I'm everyone's favorite bionic horse. Contrary to popular belief, I'm not dead. That was my clone from the Infinity Horseshoe Wars. The real me is alive and kickin' with a passion. I've been out from under the saddle of justice for too long, and it's time for this old horse to mount up and charge back into battle. Let's do lunch, then kick some ass. Call Farmer Fury at the Omega Farm and ask for me 555-0049.

Need A Mystery Solved? Monocle Ape is my name, solving mysteries is OUUU OUUU AHHH AHHH my game! If there's

And then it goes "WOOP WOOP!"

Mobile Command Vehicle - The perfect accessory for a super-hero team on the go. The MCV is a fast, maneuverable ground-based vehicle that will get you in and out of any situation. Featuring a sturdy, reinforced metal frame and durable glass, nobody is going to hurt you inside this beauty. The interior needs work, previously used to haul cattle into and out of danger-ous situations. Smells like manure. Coffee maker is broke and radio is AM. Manual transmission. Contact Farmer Fury 555-4124.

The Justice Inner Tube - is the most powerful inner tube a hero can wear while battling evil in the deep end of a swimming pool such as the one at the YMCA. This inner tube was built by the genius R

Apply within. Wal-Mart is an equal opportunity employer.

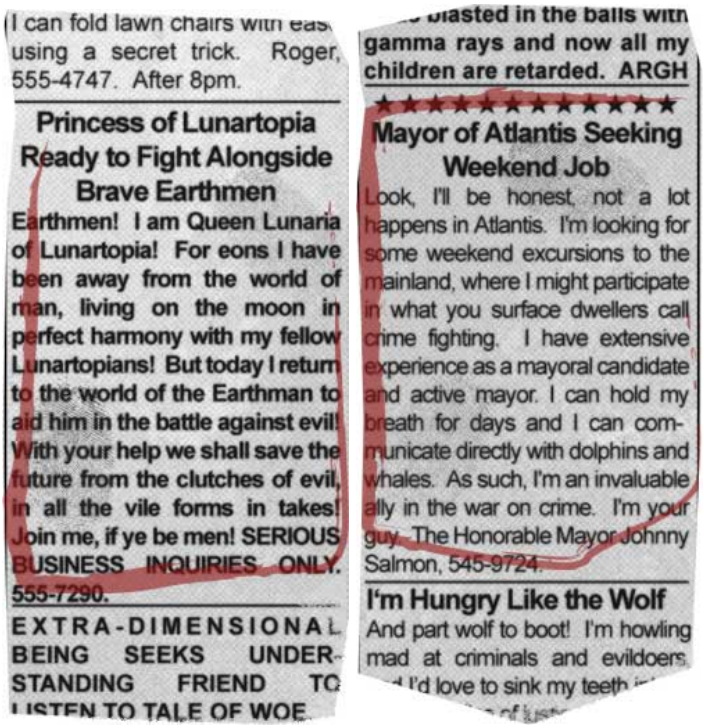
Alliance of Evil has over 15 years experience causing chaos and harm to Galaxy City, coming up with dreadful schemes to doom this sprawling metropolitan port city and send its citizens scurrying like ants from an anthill! Our member-ship includes some of the most influential members of the super-villain community, including Dark Crab, Cave-Horse, Metal Monster She-Scab, Miss Metastasize, Dr. Thomas Apocalypse, Ph.D., Hitler-culus, and Corrosive Claw. Are you ready to join our ranks, or be crushed under the weight of our boot heels? WE SHALL SOON FIND OUT.

Master Manipulator for hire, willing to alter reality to make world a much worse place for humanity. Will work for room and board. I'm not very creative please provide horrible ide

Please claim these adorable kittens before my father, the merci-less Metal Monster, devours them whole. Call Cindy @ 555-5200.

Bad Guys To Kill – And I'm the man to do it. The future is a war-ravaged hellhole, I've seen it with my own eye. I've come to the past to make sure the world I grew up in never comes to be, and I'll kill anyone I have to that stands in my way. I have an arsenal of weapons from the future, all designed to kill w/o mercy and leave no trace behind. I'm a walking factory of death. I don't need allies! Allies slow me down. What I need is a 25-30 gallon aquarium to hold 3 turtles I recently found. Con-tact Battleworx, 555-9134.

FOUND: LIGHTNING DOG Found 1 "lightning dog" on side of road, with collar and tag that reads "Lightning Dog." If lost this Lightning Dog, p



I can fold lawn chairs with eas using a secret trick. Roger, 555-4747. After 8pm.

Princess of Lunartopia Ready to Fight Alongside Brave Earthmen

Earthmen! I am Queen Lunaria of Lunartopia! For eons I have been away from the world of man, living on the moon in perfect harmony with my fellow Lunartopians! But today I return to the world of the Earthman to aid him in the battle against evil! With your help we shall save the future from the clutches of evil, in all the vile forms in takes! Join me, if ye be men! SERIOUS BUSINESS INQUIRIES ONLY. 555-7290.

EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL BEING SEEKS UNDERSTANDING FRIEND TO LISTEN TO TALE OF WOE

blasted in the balls with gamma rays and now all my children are retarded. ARGH

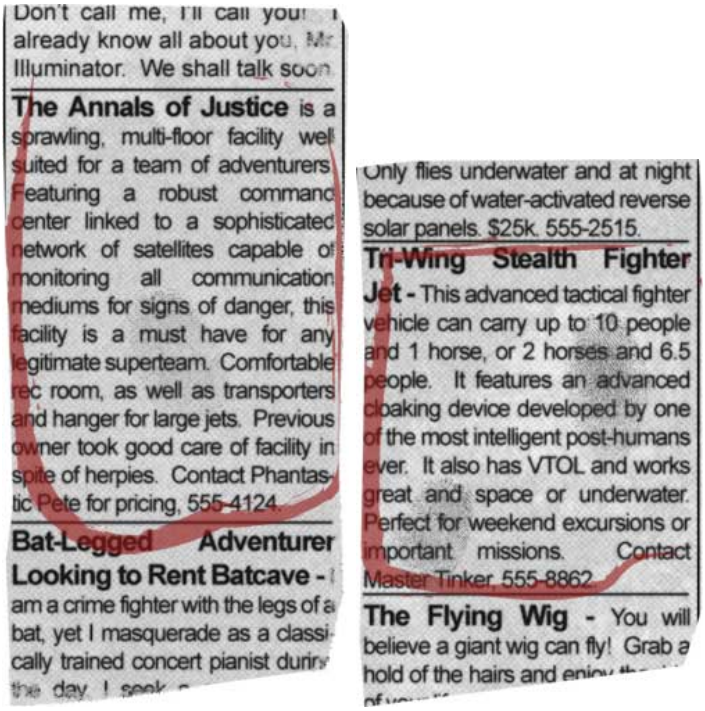
★★★★★★★★★★★★

Mayor of Atlantis Seeking Weekend Job

Look, I'll be honest, not a lot happens in Atlantis. I'm looking for some weekend excursions to the mainland, where I might participate in what you surface dwellers call crime fighting. I have extensive experience as a mayoral candidate and active mayor. I can hold my breath for days and I can communicate directly with dolphins and whales. As such, I'm an invaluable ally in the war on crime. I'm your guy. The Honorable Mayor Johnny Salmon, 545-9724.

I'm Hungry Like the Wolf

And part wolf to boot! I'm howling mad at criminals and evildoers and I'd love to sink my teeth



Don't call me, I'll call you! I already know all about you, Mr. Illuminator. We shall talk soon.

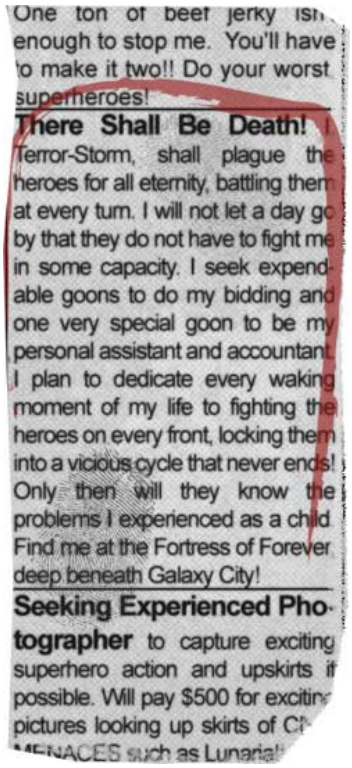
The Annals of Justice is a sprawling, multi-floor facility well suited for a team of adventurers. Featuring a robust command center linked to a sophisticated network of satellites capable of monitoring all communication mediums for signs of danger, this facility is a must have for any legitimate superteam. Comfortable rec room, as well as transporters and hanger for large jets. Previous owner took good care of facility in spite of herpies. Contact Phantastic Pete for pricing, 555-4124.

Bat-Legged Adventurer Looking to Rent Batcave - I am a crime fighter with the legs of a bat, yet I masquerade as a classically trained concert pianist during the day. I seek a

Only flies underwater and at night because of water-activated reverse solar panels. $25k. 555-2515.

Tri-Wing Stealth Fighter Jet - This advanced tactical fighter vehicle can carry up to 10 people and 1 horse, or 2 horses and 6.5 people. It features an advanced cloaking device developed by one of the most intelligent post-humans ever. It also has VTOL and works great and space or underwater. Perfect for weekend excursions or important missions. Contact Master Tinker, 555-8862.

The Flying Wig - You will believe a giant wig can fly! Grab a hold of the hairs and enjoy the



One ton of beef jerky isn't enough to stop me. You'll have to make it two!! Do your worst superheroes!

There Shall Be Death! I, Terror-Storm, shall plague the heroes for all eternity, battling them at every turn. I will not let a day go by that they do not have to fight me in some capacity. I seek expendable goons to do my bidding and one very special goon to be my personal assistant and accountant. I plan to dedicate every waking moment of my life to fighting the heroes on every front, locking them into a vicious cycle that never ends! Only then will they know the problems I experienced as a child. Find me at the Fortress of Forever deep beneath Galaxy City!

Seeking Experienced Photographer to capture exciting superhero action and upskirts if possible. Will pay $500 for exciting pictures looking up skirts of Cl- MENACES such as Lunaria!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Chapter 9

September

9.1 Something Awful is Gone With the Wind

Thursday, Sep 01, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

As of right now Something Awful is temporarily down due to Hurricane Katrina's abuse of New Orleans, where are servers are located. Our real site is either underwater or strapped to the roof of a stolen vehicle that is also underwater. The guys at the colocation center have a website here, but we have absolutely no idea when anything will be back online, and we can't get ahold of anybody there. Hell, according to this Wired Magazine article, SA is still online!

We will be coming back as soon as we are able to with all kinds of unfunny crap and forums full of anime poop references. For now we recommend you do something productive or consider helping out the thousands of people now living under the sea by donating some time or money or dry land.

In order to aid the relief effort, David Thorpe will be listening to Juvenile's hit "Nolia Clap" on repeat until New Orleans is rebuilt.

Thanks for your understanding!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.2 The Hit List

Thursday, Sep 01, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Welcome, my friends, and Gold bless you all. Pat Robertson here for The 700 Club. These are troubling times we are in mired in, for the Lord is witness to the crimes of his children and has predestined us to suffer for our sins. Let us pray:

"Dear Jesus, our Lord and Savior, help me smite down my enemies and of those of my people. Guide our missiles with your hand and our bullets with your heart. We shall not fail you, oh great and terrible Lord. Also, thanks for flooding New Orleans for their debauchery, sinful celebrations, and Girls Gone Wild tapes. Amen."

There are dangerous forces in the world today that are working against the white Christian Americans that are God's chosen people. In this age of terrorism, gay marriage, and evolution in schools, it's no wonder that we are now feeling the wrath of God in the form of hurricanes and oil prices. We have angered him with our nation's refusal to follow His word, and instead walk along the path of sin. I feel that we can only rectify this through doing his bidding, and assassinating His enemies that relentlessly work against Him and America.

For those who say to me, "Hey, Pat Robertson, should a devout Christian really advocate killing people? Would Jesus murder people for their opposing political viewpoints?" Well no, Jesus wouldn't, but that's only because he was a total pansy when it came to violence. He meant well, but I think he just had that phobia for the sight of blood. I forget the name for it. Now, the Apostle Paul on the other hand was a real man when it came to dealing out the justice of the Lord almighty. He once ate a Roman baby and spit out its bones like watermelon seeds. He was an assassin before be started to follow Jesus, and his strong willpower carried over to his religious work, propagating the Word throughout the ancient world and denouncing zealots who dare question his new rules of the church. So, to answer your question: Paul said it was okay in the Bible. Since it's in the Bible then killing is all right, but ONLY if the Lord tells you through a dream or vision, or a Christian Republican representative gives it their stamp of approval. NO MORE QUESTIONS!

Chavez

Why is this guy still alive? Didn't anyone hear me announce the holy jihad against this rebel and his socialist sodomy? Well okay America, just in case you have mounds of beeswax in your ears, let me state it again: Chavez needs to die, plain and simple. Whatever the CIA needs to do to get to him, get it done. Snipe him from a distance, hold his children hostage, lure him to a park through an Internet chat room, whatever it takes. God will forgive the means if the end result is within His plans. I would do it myself if I didn't have that golf outing with Jesse Helms next week.

Castro

Hell, while we're taking care of one Commie we might as well hit the other one too. The CIA mucked up an attempt to poison his cigars in the 60s, causing him to lose his sense of taste, but I think we have a lot more sophisticated spy technology these days. Lets send a blessed robot down there disguised like a waiter, kinda like Johnny 5 from that movie Short Circuit starring Steve Guttenberg, and then stick a knife right in his bloated Communist gut. Robots don't have feelings, and will execute this mission with no questions asked. We could even program him to rescue that poor dirt-child Elian Gonzalez, and bring him back to the warm nurturing teat of mother America. Watch out, you godless red bastards, we have robots and we aren't afraid to use them.

Gandhi

This upstart has been getting his pert little nose in our affairs a little too often I think. It's time for Gandhi to take a vacation -- a long vacation. He walks around half-naked, while spouting crazy nonsense like "pacifism" and "non-violent resistance". No wonder his country has no running water and terrible tech support. That's not the worst part, though: his religion of Hinduism has no mention of the Lord Savior, and its Gods are elephant monsters and blueberry children. He and his kind need to be stopped before this destructive thinking seeps into America and into our computer science jobs. A tip for the CIA/Special forces: he likes to take long walks to the beach to collect salt. I recommend claymore mines and Blackhawk helicopters to make sure you get him. He is very swift and wily.

Update: I've just received news the Gandhi is already dead. Good job American forces!

Michael Moore

The real terrorists in this country are the atheist socialists who are plotting this very minute to destroy America from the inside out. The ringleader of these people is no other than that chubby troublemaker, Michael Moore. How long are we going to let this man strut around with his camera and befoul freedom of speech with his unpatriotic propaganda? The CIA need to shut down this bigmouth before he turns even more Americans against our leader George Bush, who has been ordained by God almighty to lead our holy crusade into the cradle of civilization that is Iraq. I personally recommend using a poisoned cheeseburger to kill Michael Moore, taking advantage of his sinful gluttony. A man who worships cheeseburgers before the Lord has no place in this world.

Angelina Jolie

In the Bible, Luke warns us of the temptations of saucy tarts causing men to betray themselves and God. In the old days, if a woman broke up a marriage, or failed to wash a man's goat, she would be stoned to death and her property sold at an auction. This is exactly what should happen to this fat lipped harpy for breaking up the fairy tale marriage of Brad Pitt and Jennifer Aniston. It was a union that was blessed by Jesus in the sacred ceremony of marriage, only to be destroyed by a succubus of Satan. Her only goal was to break Brad Pitt's heart when she falls in love with her next co-star, causing him to become disillusioned with the movie industry and become a beekeeper in Holland. I'm giving the US government the green light to take out this sultry vixen, and afterwards

send Jennifer Aniston a bouquet of roses and a gift certificate to Bed, Bath, and Beyond.

Mr. Buttons the Clown

Mr. Buttons, I've got your number. I'm sick and tired of you haunting my waking dreams and telling me what to do. You've fucked with the wrong guy, Mr. Buttons. I know people who can make your death look like drug induced suicide at gay pool party and get back home in time to watch the evening news besmirch your now-tattered name. This is what you get for all the years of torment, all the years of manipulation. I never wanted to do those things and I still have nightmares from the memories of my crimes. I once thought you were my friend, possessed with the spirit of Moses to direct me into the path of God, but now I know you are a messenger of Satan who has been playing me for a fool. Goddamn it, Mr. Buttons, you broke my heart. Now the US Government is going to stop yours.

My Neighbor's Dog

I told them to keep it out of my yard, but it's too late for reconciliation now. My lawn is spotted with yellow patches where this hell bound mutt freely released its bowels in a sacreligious display of indecency. I run outside shirtless with my "beatn' stick" when I see the foul beast trespassing on the sanctity of my lawn, but it always escapes through a hole under the fence that it keeps digging even though I've filled it with spikes and holy water on numerous occasions. Well now I'm bringing the big guns on you, dog. The United States government will come down on you so hard that you'll wish you were born a cat. I will not stand for this disrespect, be it from a Communist dictator or a mangy no-good mutt! Put him to sleep -- for good.

The Gramatica Brothers

Kickers should not be allowed to celebrate after a field goal, even if it does result in an amusing injury. These pair of hook-nosed twins are getting a one-way ticket to the grave, courtesy of the US Navy SEALs. We shouldn't allow any foreigners reeking of olive oil and pistachios into football, or into this country for that matter. Build a giant wall around America covered in poison-tipped barbed wire and another wall behind it filled with sharks, bulls, porcupines, and lesbians. I want to make an example of the Gramatica Brothers. We'll make it look like a gay incestuous murder-suicide, and sell the rights for a TV movie called "Extra Point: Kickers Delight". After these plans come to fruition we will systematically go through every kicker in the NFL and remove all Jews, Muslims, Swedes, and Warlocks. If the Lord's holy sport of football can't be full of pure Christian souls, what chance does America have?

I don't have to tell you how serious I am about saving this great nation against the hordes of sodomites, minorities, atheists, and haunted clowns. I am not a man to be trifled with; my influences go all the way to the top. I once split a man open and played in his entrails while he was still alive. I've thrown Negro babies from towering cliffs into the swirling waters below. I once went to Quiznos and ate a 16" sub all by myself, and then threw it up in the back of my new Jaguar. When I call out a hit on somebody, by God you better believe I'm serious. Don't fucking mess with me you motherfuckers.

Good night and God bless.

■ Daily Dirt

Today I'll be talking about my old basketball injuries. I don't recommend clicking this link.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

9.3 Bless This Mess

Thursday, Sep 01, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Most of you probably haven't noticed, but the SA servers finally had their plug pulled Thursday afternoon despite the heroic efforts of the people at DirectNIC. While I appreciate what they did for us, their devotion to some websites seems a little misguided in the midst of what is happening. That "what" is hell on earth in the greater New Orleans area.

Rich, myself, Livestock, and probably some of the other writers have been watching the hurricane aftermath with nothing short of dumb shock. There is a disaster going on right now and it is manmade. The disaster is three strangers in Mississippi, together because they're all that's left and alone in a town without buildings, drinking floodwater polluted by corpses, shit and gasoline. The disaster is a woman wading through waist deep streets holding her daughter and wondering why the trucks won't stop to get her out of the city. The disaster is ICU patients dying one after another because diesel didn't flow and order couldn't be kept. It's an uninterrupted chain of personal disasters. It's inept triage on a national scale. It's unbelievable that this is America.

It's hard to comprehend that these repeating images of herds of people without food or water or medical treatment after nearly a week are happening on our soil. They're our fellow citizens and while the politicians, directors, planners and generals congratulate each other at press conferences they are suffering and dying. I have seen some efforts in the media to pressure officials to accept responsibility. None have, because in public office the buck stops nowhere. The only person I have really seen come close to capturing the raw fury of the people trapped in New Orleans or forgotten in Mississippi and Alabama is CNN's Anderson Cooper. He confronted Democratic Senator Mary Landrieu on live TV, chiding her with a voice cracking with emotion that he couldn't believe the politicians were patting each other on the back over a job well done when he just saw rats eating a woman's body in the street of Biloxi. On the Internet I've seen people blatantly placing blame on Bush, FEMA, Congress, the National Guard, and even Homeland Security.

Who is responsible? Who should be blamed? All of them. This is a colossal failure of our government to care for and protect its citizenry on every conceivable level. The heroes are the men and women on the scene doing their utmost to help those in need. Coast Guard rescue workers plucking people to safety and Red Cross workers feeding people from emergency kitchens are heroes. The man who commandeered a bus and got people out of New Orleans when the government was woefully impotent is a hero. The woman who smashed the glass on a convenience store to loot bottled water for fifteen kids who should have been absolutely inundated with supplies by then is a hero. The doctors and nurses hand-bagging ventilator patients 24 hours a day in dark hospitals are heroes. In the ineloquent but true words of the Mayor of New Orleans: "Don't tell me 40,000 people are coming here. They're not here. It's too doggone late. Now get off your asses and do something, and let's fix the biggest goddamn crisis in the history of this country." CNN was better prepared to deal with this disaster than FEMA was.

I am ashamed of my country's government in a universal way right now. Republicans, democrats, opportunists, it doesn't matter; they're all guilty in this situation. In a magical world where justice is actually served most of these people would not have jobs in a month or two. Instead the people without jobs will be the millions who have lost everything and found their government with its back turned. Remember that people are still dying because of this incompetence. Remember that when each and every one of these fools appears on TV for a photo op or complains about "placing blame later," because placing blame now is the only hope America has to change the situation.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chuck Norris wouldn't allow this bullshit to happen.

9.4 What's Up Tiger Lilly

Friday, Sep 02, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Here's what's going on. Zipa / DirectNIC are trying to secure another OC3, which I assume would help getting SA up and operational. I have no idea where SA lies in the order of priorities / importance there, and I haven't been able to contact anybody at Zipa / DirectNIC, so I really don't have any idea what will happen. Let's cross our fingers and hope.

Ken "radium" Steeeeeeumpf, our systems administrator and resident coder, survived the hurricane, but his parents had their house and business completely destroyed. They are staying in a hotel right now, far north, staffed by the Red Cross. I've been trying to communicate with Ken, but there's hardly any cellphone coverage in the area, much less Internet connectivity.

As stated above, we're looking to move our servers out of New Orleans, since the town is basically a wet, burning cauldron of destruction and inhumanity at the moment. We're going to move them to Kansas City, a place where the only threatening national disaster is the prominence of NASCAR clothing.

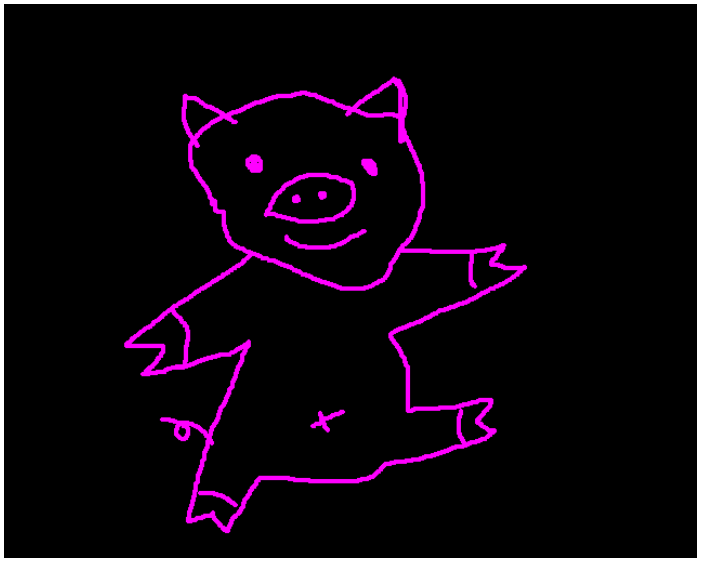
Once SA is semi-functional, we will be holding various charity drives for the Red Cross Hurricane Relief fund, including donations and splitting profits from merchandise (the upcoming new Moofwear shirts, which shall be in stock within a week).

Trust me folks, we're working as hard as possible to get SA up and running again, but it's really hard when communication is nearly impossible. Hopefully Zipa will get that OC3 and SA will be back again, but like I said before, I have no idea where SA lies, priority-wise, for the guys there. I'm not even sure when we'll be able to retrieve our servers; right now, the only safe way to travel 10 feet in downtown New Orleans is inside an Abrams tank.

I was going to conclude this update with something about the authorities rescuing Fats Domino and the saying "fats floats," but I'm really too stressed out to produce a coherent statement some folks might be able to mistake as a joke. At least that's my excuse now; I don't know what cop-out I could use to explain the last six years.

Everybody be thankful for the hard work the guys at InterNIC have been putting in, and let's hope they get the OC3 and SA back up soon. I really appreciate all the effort and dedication you guys have shown. If there's anything you guys need, let me know.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)



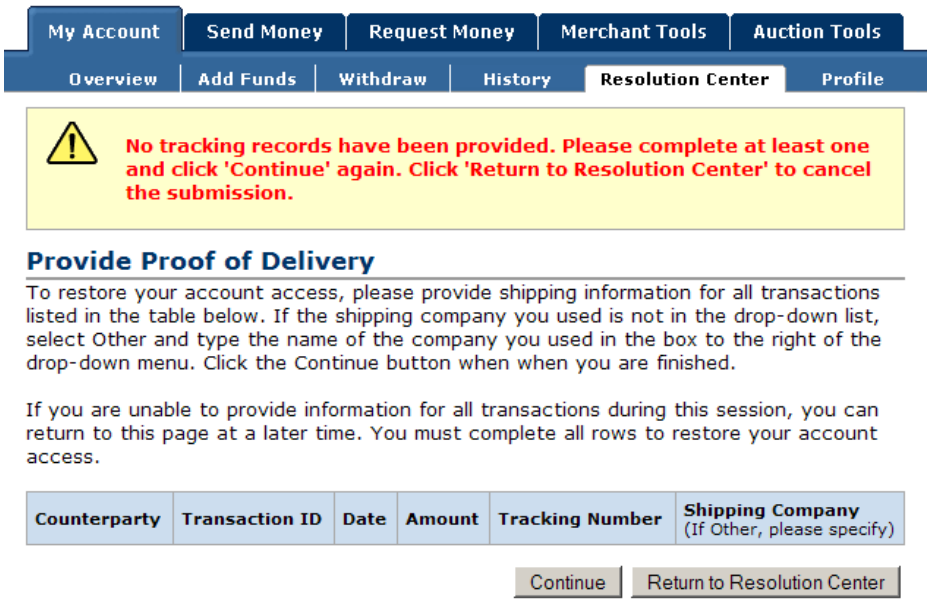
9.5 Further Proof Paypal Sucks

Saturday, Sep 03, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

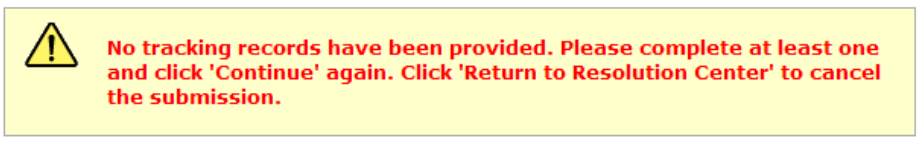
Well, after breaking the $20,000 donation mark, Paypal decided to shut down the donation account. No warning, no customer support, no chance to fix anything. Why? Here's their reason!

> **Why is my account access limited?**
>
> Your account access has been limited for the following reason(s):
>
> - **Sep. 3, 2005:** We have received more than one report of suspicious behavior from your buyers.
>
> (Your case ID for this reason is PP-102-838-544.)

I AM NOT SELLING A SINGLE THING. What part of "donation" is difficult to understand? I even selected "donation" on Paypal's site when generating a link for this website.


My Account
Send Money
Request Money
Merchant Tools
Auction Tools
Overview
Add Funds
Withdraw
History
Resolution Center
Profile
No tracking records have been provided. Please complete at least one and click 'Continue' again. Click 'Return to Resolution Center' to cancel the submission.
Provide Proof of Delivery
To restore your account access, please provide shipping information for all transactions listed in the table below. If the shipping company you used is not in the drop-down list, select Other and type the name of the company you used in the box to the right of the drop-down menu. Click the Continue button when when you are finished.
If you are unable to provide information for all transactions during this session, you can return to this page at a later time. You must complete all rows to restore your account access.
Counterparty
Transaction ID
Date
Amount
Tracking Number
Shipping Company
(If Other, please specify)
Continue
Return to Resolution Center

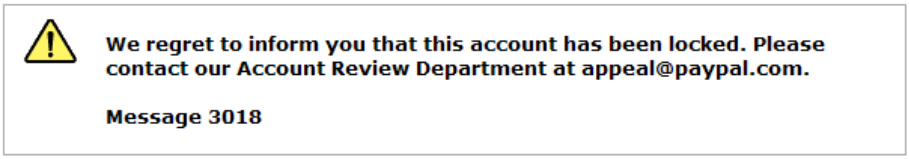
They are asking me to provide a shipping number FOR ABSOLUTELY NOTHING. How they hell am I supposed to comply with this? What do they want? Oh, well you see, here's proof I shipped NOTHING via NO COMPANY to NO ADDRESS. Is this good enough? I can't even enter a fictional shipping number for the fictional item that never shipped to the fictional customer because THERE IS NOTHING THERE TO CLICK. I press the "continue" button and it says:


No tracking records have been provided. Please complete at least one and click 'Continue' again. Click 'Return to Resolution Center' to cancel the submission.

Well WHAT THE HELL DO YOU EXPECT? How can I dispute something WHICH DOESN'T EXIST?

I have no idea what will happen to all the donations you guys contributed. All I know is Paypal has locked me out of the account. I'm going to try to straighten things out with them, but I think everybody here is awfully familiar with Paypal's (lack of) service.

You try to do something good for people and look what happens.


We regret to inform you that this account has been locked. Please contact our Account Review Department at appeal@paypal.com.
Message 3018

I guess the nice ladies and gents at Paypal are now using your funds for Project: Paypal Takes Your Money. Sorry your donations can't go to help those in need. Hey Paypal, why don't you head on down to New Orleans and tell people who lost everything that, well, some folks donated TENS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS to you, but hey, you ain't getting it because we don't feel like it.

That's fine. You idiots don't want me to run a charity drive? Fine, that's your decision. But it's not me you're hurting; it's the thousands of goddamn people with no homes, no money, and no hope fleeing a burning, flooded wasteland they used to call "home." I wasn't going to take a single cent of the donations, unlike Paypal, who decides that when people send money to help victims survive a national disaster, their company should still make over 2.35% of everything sent in. I doubt the CEOs of eBay and Paypal give a crap about this crappy little website and our insignificant drive to help out people in a time of crisis, but this drive meant a lot to me, and once again Paypal has completely screwed over another customer bringing in plenty of money in their ridiculous "transaction fees."

If this is some thing where Paypal is dubious of Something Awful, fearful I'll take all the money and buy a luxurious $22,000 house in Beverly Hills, fine, you morons at Paypal can take every cent from my account and manually donate it yourself to the Red Cross. The only reason, and I repeat ONLY reason I used your service, was because **I needed a way to get peoples' shipping addresses so I could send them free merchandise for donating.** Oh my god, what suspicious activity! Since all our servers are down, I couldn't use our credit card payment system to do it myself, so I had to rely on your lousy company. I guess I learned my lesson here, eh?

Paypal has completely walled themselves off from customer complaints. Oh, you want to dispute something? Fill out these forms and click "SUBMIT" and have no clue who or what is going to read your message.

You guys want to close my account? Fine, close it. I'm done dealing with you. I loathe your wretched, vile, disgusting, bloated waste of a company with every last fibre of my body. You're a grotesque, swollen parasite whose existence hinges solely on the lack of competition. You can close my account and shut me out, ***but you'd better take every single cent people donated and send it directly to the Red Cross.*** Folks from around the world trusted you with their money, and you'd better make sure it gets to where it was going, and I'm not talking about your wallets.

I fully expect you refund each and every single person who donated thinking they'd be helping, not padding your wallets. I'd advise any and every one of you using Paypal to stop, but I'll just let their service speak for itself. If you want to support a company who acts like this, then that's your decision.

I'm pissed off and I can't stop writing. You guys were donating nearly $3,500 AN HOUR before Paypal locked the account. Let me repeat that again: $3,500 AN HOUR. You guys were exceedingly

awesome. You were going above and beyond being gratuitous. It was amazing, I was wearing socks and they were blown off so hard that they slammed into my sock drawer and all the other socks flew out. Now it's like everything collided head-on with a brick wall, and it's all smoldering mess.

It's bad enough I'm losing money and customers every single minute of every single hour I have no business. All of that is very crappy. But this charity drive, having Paypal step in and shut it down... that just makes me beyond angry. I can't stop writing about this crap, and I'm afraid I'll be here venting my fury at this despicable corporation until my wife saws off my arms. I'm going to stop right now, because I'm just repeating myself at this point.

Here's all I want: you people at Paypal send every single dollar donated to the Red Cross. Then you give me these peoples' mailing addresses so I can reward them for donating by sending them free merchandise, which I pay for out of my own pockets. That's all I ever wanted to do, and I'm sorry you won't allow this.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.6 Further Proof SA Has the Uncontested Greatest Community on the Internet

Saturday, Sep 03, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Over $13,000 in donations for the hurricane relief fund... ***IN LESS THAN HALF A DAY.***

You people are awesome and are the reason I fucking love running SA. I, along with thousands and thousands and thousands of members, can incontestably, undeniably state with absolute certainty that Something Awful has the greatest community on the Internet.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.7 Further Proof SA Has the Uncontested Greatest Community on the Internet Part II

Saturday, Sep 03, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Donations are now up to $19,149.69, and you know what's truly amazing about this? The donation link has been up for **LESS THAN SEVEN HOURS.** That, in addition to my $3,000 donation, comes to a total of $3,164.24 donated EVERY HOUR. I may sound like an utter sap here, but I really love you guys. This has all left me so speechless. No matter how bitter, how cynical, how sarcastic I may be, I know there's a strong core of completely astounding people out there. I'm proud as shit to be running this site and be associated with you all. Christ, I really don't know what to say at this point, so I'll just post another random picture and leave it at.

Really, you guys are fucking amazing. I don't know what else I can say.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.8 Don't Worry About SA

Saturday, Sep 03, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Some people are emailing me, asking if they can donate to SA to help with our server move and downtime and temporary hosting and stuff. Don't worry about us, we'll be fine. If you really want to make a difference, donate to the SA Red Cross Relief Fund link above. They need it more than we do.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.9 God Bless the Internet

Saturday, Sep 03, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

God bless the Internet for allowing people like this to gather in one single medium and fully express their outrage at the world. Here's an example of some of the supportive emails I've received since yesterday!

On 9/3/05, **Saul Good** saintrobot@gmail.com wrote:

> serves you right asshole, plus your daughter is a dirty slut.

Note: my daughter is two months old, so she hasn't even had a chance to become a slut yet! That happens when kids turn 11 years old in America. Feel free to email me back then and we'll see.

On 9/2/05, **english man** dry_englishman@hotmail.co.uk wrote:

> Lowtax,
>
> My glee at the fact that your site is down is somewhat tempered by the fact that it will probably return. Oh, well.
>
> While I have donated support to the people devasted by Katrina, I seriously doubt that your words of concern are little more than a sham. The only thing you love is money. You don't give a damn about the suffering, you just want your precious little website to pop back into existence.
>
> All your pretend concern regarding the suffering of these innocent people doesn't change the fact that you are a posturing asshole.
>
> Best Regards,
>
> The Dry Englishman

Yeah, god forbid I donate over $3,000 to a relief fund while I'm concerned with getting my business running! I should, instead, be spending my time insulting people through email! Thanks England! This guy also sent three other emails, threatening my wife and family and bragging about knowing our home address. It's nice to know that during a national crisis, people still have time to threaten my wife and two-month old baby.

On 9/3/05, **PipisAwesome@aol.com** PipisAwesome@aol.com wrote:

> HAHHAHAHAHHAHAHAHHAHAHA DOOSHBAG

I've said it before and I'll say it again, the Internet makes you stupid.

On 9/3/05, **Pat Gerz** gerzie@gmail.com wrote:

> Why the hell are you guys caring now?! The shit thats happening in New Orleans and the surrounding area is happening everyday somewhere else in the world. Why should we start caring when it happens in this country? This has blown way out of proportion people are calling it the worst disaster in a decade, I declare bullshit! I know how much of a government fuck up this has been and I can't say that I'm suprised. But it'll pass, so get over it.
>
> You guys feel bad because you mocked the hurricane don't you? You shouldn't, I made fun of it a lot more then you guys did and I don't care what happens.
>
> Don't tell me that what is happening now shouldn't be happening here, because it should be. This even should open up peoples eye's to whats going on elsewhere in the world, people don't seem to realize that in entire countries there are people living and dieing in their own filth. If your going to care, do it worldly. I don't care and I do it worldly.
>
> Pat Gerz

Well Pat, we never once "mocked the hurricane." Zack mocked the news media's infatuation with the pre-hurricane "let's offer nonstop coverage and panic and fear just so we'll make advertising revenue and big ratings" scheme that every news network does every time they think they can capitalize on our fear. Some of you people need to lose your knee-jerk reaction. And we're sorry we don't feature the same brazen, award-winning apathy as you. We'll work on it though, and until then, please inform us what emotions we should have and when.

Also some of you people seem to be conveniently forgetting **SA / Zack raised over $22,000 to buy armor plating for the US soldiers in Iraq.** Some of the folks on our forums raised over $6,000 to buy toys for children with fatal diseases in hospitals. But hey, I guess apathy is awesome and I'm a real asshole, right?

It's nice to know that in a time of crisis, people all across the Internet can band together in the ultimate sign of unity, forget all their differences, and join forces to spend all their time and energy trolling people.

Thanks to all the people who've send colocation / hosting offers, and to the folks spending their time trying to insult me over email: you need a better hobby.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.10 End of Paypal

Sunday, Sep 04, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

It's been four hours since I spoke to somebody from Paypal, and there still has been no word about unfreezing the donation account. I have no idea if it will take "3 to 5 business days" (as their email claimed) for the account to function again. Additionally, I've been receiving a bunch of alert emails regarding the United Way, pointing out links like this:

> http://scholar.lib.vt.edu/VA-news/VA-Pilot/issues/1994/vp940927/09270294.htm
>
> http://www.fdncenter.org/pnd/news/story_print.jhtml?id=63100013
>
> http://www.unitedwaynca.org/website/content/media/pdf/wpost.1.3.4.04.pdf
>
> The NOLA UW Is here on Charity Navigator, with a score of only two stars (42.07*) and 14.1% overhead
> compared to the Red Cross's four-star, 60.36* rating and 8.9% overhead

It seems a whole lot of you object to the United Way, and having researched them a bit more, I do not blame you. I have begun to form doubts that giving more money to their organization, money that Paypal is taking a percentage and profit from, is a bad idea. I wanted to donate the money to the Red Cross, but Paypal insisted they are unable to do this, instead claiming the only organization the funds could be diverted to is the United Way. I called their offices back and asked them to refund everybody's money, which Leslie promised would happen soon.

UPDATE: All donations will be refunded by noon tomorrow.

On 9/4/05, **Rokas Kirvelis** norgin@gmail.com wrote:

> Why didn't you just send goons straight to the red cross instead of making a PayPal account for it in the first place? Your stupidity is neverending. I suppose you just wanted people to think "ohhh Lowtax is so great, he raised so much for the Red Cross!"

As I wrote before, I was using Paypal to gather all donors' addresses to send them free merchandise, merchandise I paid for and I was going to ship out with my own money, to reward them for donating. Obviously my stupidity truly is never ending, what with my need to have somebody's address before being able to mail them something. I guess the postal system under bridges don't require this information.

This whole thing has been a colossal pain in the butt. All I tried to do was raise money and personally reward people for donating in a time of need, and it turned into a smoldering, twisted, burning car wreck along the highway. I'm beyond apologetic this did not work out the way I planned, but the pure hassle Paypal has given me trying to raise money just isn't worth it, especially when it could take over a week for the money to be unfrozen, and once this ever happens, the cash will be shipped to a corrupt, bloated overhead organization. Please donate using the Red Cross link up top. I can't send you guys any free stuff, but I promise I'll sit here in my basement with the lights off, drinking a beer by myself and thinking of you.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.11 Voices of Raisin

Sunday, Sep 04, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A lot has been said about the inherent racism of the situation in New Orleans. Not being a raceologist like the esteemed Reverend Jesse Jackson my lay-person's view of the situation is that the government incompetence is virtually unrelated to the racial composition of the survivors in New Orleans. They were poor and they probably had to struggle to survive and to receive aid because they were poor.

In other parts of the country poor white people or poor Mexican immigrants would receive, and in the past have received, the same shitty support from the government. While we can all chuckle about Jesse Jackson appearing like the Candyman to cry racism whenever he can there are others on the other side of the political spectrum who are giving his claims some credence.

My favorite among these is former Dixiecrat presidential candidate (he was basically kicked out of the party) Klansman, neo-Nazi and hate monger David Duke. When David Duke's first article about the hurricane is entitled "New Orleans descends into Africa-like Savagery" you know it's going to be good. He sums up the situation:

> *The New Orleans looting, robbery, rape, murder and mayhem is not about food and water. There are many distribution points. Absolutely no one is starving. No one is dying of thirst, save perhaps for a few hopelessly trapped in their attics from the risen waters. No this mayhem is about the morals in a man, not the amount of food in his stomach.*

David Duke: ace reporter! While those darkies are eating steaks and drinking champagne that the US government has given them out of the goodness of the white race the blacks have also turned to looting, murder and rape! Just in case you thought there may be some excuse for looting food supplies or otherwise breaking into stores, Duke reiterates his key point about the lack of direness in their situation.

> *And as I said these criminals were in cars and could have easily driven to the many National Guard units and would have certainly been well fed and watered if need be.*

The blacks of New Orleans are patrolling the city in cars and repaying the government's endless generosity by stealing white jewelry and white electronics! Still not satisfied that he has made his point, Duke contrasts the portions of the country outside New Orleans that have been devastated by Katrina.

> *In absolute contrast, in the overwhelming European Communities that have suffered devastating wind and tidal surge damage where the eye came ashore in Mississippi, there has been nothing remotely resembling this anarchy and inhumanity of mostly African-American New Orleans. As one police officer in the devastated European-American community of Bay St. Louis, said, "Never have I seen such selflessness, courage and community spirit than as displayed by these residents."*

Maybe it has something to do with population density Dave? Maybe the "scattered shootings and looting" we here about in Mississippi are just being squeezed together into a really small area in New Orleans? Nah, that would make too much sense! Duke explains away the white hatred of blacks in this situation as something completely rational.

> *Are we European-Americans hateful because we don't want our communities to reflect the standards of New Orleans right now? Because we don't want our daughters raped in*

> *the midst of crisis, our parents terrorized in nursing homes and hospitals? Because we who suffer loss of home, property and jobs and even the loss of loved ones from a natural disaster don't want such terrible losses to be compounded by robbery, rape, assault and murder!*

You can replace the words "robbery," "rape," "assault" and "murder" in the entire article with "niggers." Crime is a black-only problem in the mind of David Duke. Hey, I don't know, maybe crime rates are higher among blacks because a 150 years or so ago slave rates were a lot higher among blacks. Lynchings and cross-burnings might put a chip on your shoulder, buddy. Not fit to just attack blacks, Duke has to work an attack on J-E-W-S into his article.

> *As you know, Israel has had the chutzpah to ask for about $250,000 dollars to compensate every illegal, land stealing Israeli settler of Gaza. And many American politicians, bribed by AIPAC, are going along with this insane demand. Do you think they will support with $250,000 every victim of Hurricane Katrina, those American men and women who committed no theft or crime and who suffered a terrible natural disaster?*

Of course here he is in no way referring to the African-American victims of Hurricane Katrina. They obviously have demonstrated that they do not deserve any aid whatsoever. Talk about gratitude!

Duke's article is also a keen insight into the motivations of others. Nowhere else on the Internet can you find a more vile cache of sleaze and bigotry than the world's greatest political forum: Free Republic. That site has become fixated on blaming the Mayor of New Orleans over not using school buses to get people out of New Orleans, but couched in their obsession with the school buses are tons of hilarious and probably unintentionally racist comments. Take for example their thread discussing an MSNBC article entitled "Why the poor stayed in New Orleans" that explains the failure of so many impoverished to escape the city.

Crammed in between dozens of "school buses!" posts are many more that show just the kind of idiots who are giving a moron like Jesse Jackson something resembling a point. While nowhere near as horrible as David Duke, they are still pretty pathetic.

To: **F15Eagle**

TO LOOT!

2 posted on **09/04/2005 10:47:52 AM PDT** by **stockpirate** (We can fight the Muslim Army in Iraq! Or we can fight them outback! Check my homepage)
[**Post Reply** | **Private Reply** | **To 1** | **View Replies**]

Yes, more than a hundred thousand people stayed behind so that they could steal TVs. Those guys with no legs were salivating at the idea of a 40 inch LCD. "I just want a new kitchen island with stove for my three screaming babies!"

To: **F15Eagle**

Look at all the water they got there!

Media has lied about no food and no water.

10 posted on **09/04/2005 10:53:34 AM PDT** by **Salvation** (†With God all things are possible.†)
[**Post Reply** | **Private Reply** | **To 1** | **View Replies**]

This one isn't so much racist as it is delightfully moronic. The media has lied about no food and no water! The media that is taking this picture and publishing this picture of one guy standing next to some water lied about no food and no water!

To: **teenyelliott**

I also have never been to that toilet and never plan on going to it.

I don't care if they ever rebuild it, I hope not.

113 posted on **09/04/2005 11:45:28 AM PDT** by **stockpirate** (We can fight the Muslim Army in Iraq! Or we can fight them outback! Check my homepage)
[**Post Reply** | **Private Reply** | **To 103** | **View Replies**]

This was a very popular sentiment. Several people referred to the hurricane as "the toilet flushing" and the people stuck there as "being clogged." Take in that metaphor. Human shit being flushed down the toilet by a hurricane. Way to go.

To: **F15Eagle**

And here comes the excuses.....

Look, this guy (Dunbar) quoted in this article is 54 years old and only makes $20K a year. Assuming he didn't go to college, that means he has had **36 YEARS** to develop marketable job skills that would enable him to earn a higher wage and thus have a greater ability to escape.

But he'd rather blame somebody else for his plight....

31 posted on **09/04/2005 11:04:11 AM PDT** by **Libertarian444**
[**Post Reply** | **Private Reply** | **To 1** | **View Replies**]

This is a great one, because this is the exact sort of thing you would not see getting posted on a board like Free Republic if this had happened in an impoverished white area. In fact, it did hit poor and white parts of Mississippi and they are not saying similar things about those. There are tons of these posts blaming the poor for their poverty. Lack of motivation and an entrepreneurial spirit are the cause of this human catastrophe. Oh, and buses, blame the poor and the democratic mayor and governor.

I can forgive these guys their obsession over the buses. It's a dark day for Bush and the federal government and they are clinging to anything they can to blame other people. They're ideologues, just like the dopes at Daily Kos who are refusing to blame the bafflingly stupid Louisiana Governor or the hollering dramaqueen Mayor. What I can't forgive are these low key racist sentiments and lack of sympathy for the victims - the number of "shoot all looters" posts on Free Republic could choke a mule - which give dopes like Reverend Jackson a reason for acting the way they do. Shut

up you fuckers! I do not want to see his oversized walleyed face on TV anymore complaining about racism, so fucking stop being racists.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.12 Paypal / Donation / Server Update

Sunday, Sep 04, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I finally got ahold of a Paypal customer support person this morning (when I called last night, their automated "screw off" system told me they were closed for the night). I explained everything to her and she asked me to fax in a bunch of junk like my driver's license, statement from my bank account, statement from my credit card account, and various other things. I guess I should be lucky they didn't ask for DNA and sperm samples as well.

I told them the only reason, and I repeat ONLY REASON I was using their service was to raise relief funds, and the representative made a comment along the lines of "well you can see how it's counter-productive to get this resolved when you're writing 'Paypal sucks' on your website." Gee lady, maybe the whole issue could've been resolved beforehand if your company actually gave a crap about their customers and made even the tiniest bit of effort to resolve things without immediately hitting the "off" switch like that one jerk from "Ghostbusters?" The representative herself was nice, and I don't have a problem with the people working there; I do, however, have a problem with their automated systems making arbitrary decisions without providing customers ANY time to rectify the situation without risking downtime / account closure. You don't run a business treating all your customers like criminals and making them prove they aren't.

I'll be faxing in that information right now, so the money you donated to the Paypal fund **WILL** get to the Red Cross, but it all depends on the speed of the world-famous Paypal Complaint Appeals Department or whatever the hell they're called.

On 9/4/05, **Rokas Kirvelis** norgin@gmail.com wrote:

> Instead of writing a fucking essay about PayPal how about you FUCKING CONTACT CUSTOMER SUPPORT like it told you to do? I wouldn't be fucking surprised if you photoshopped those pics (because text is so hard to photoshop) and took the money. You're not even doing anything to get the money back.

Yeah, okay. Thanks again for the support, Internet.

Still no ETA on when the servers and SA will be up again. No idea when we'll be able to get the servers and move them to another hosting facility either. Running a small business is awesome because, not only are you in charge of making sure a bunch of people get service and employees get paid, but you're constantly responsible for everything and you can't stop worrying about what will happen. At least your standard 9-to-5 job lets you leave work at your office when your shift is over; a small business is a boulder you carry around on your shoulders every hour of every day. Some days the boulder crushes you, and this past week has been a series of those days.

My apologies to everybody.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.13 Paypal / Donation / Server Update II: The Reckoning

Sunday, Sep 04, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

All information (driver's license, bank records, credit card records, written request) has been faxed to Paypal. Once again, our donations are completely at the mercy of Paypal. If their "we assume every customer is a lying, cheating thief until they prove otherwise" department hurries up and realizes that I'm trying to run a charity donation drive, the money will be heading to the Red Cross. For some reason, I'm not going to hold my breath. It's the experienced cynic in me.

Oh wait, here's an update:

Dear Richard Kyanka,

This message confirms that we have received the documents you faxed to PayPal regarding Case ID PP-102-838-544.

The documents have been successfully attached to your PayPal Account and will be reviewed shortly.

We review faxed documents in the order in which they are received and **generally require 3 to 5 business days to process these documents.** Once we process your faxed documents, we will contact you about the status of your PayPal Account.

No comment.

Also, at the last count, you guys donated a whopping $27,695.41 to the relief fund. $27,695.41. I still can't even grasp the magnitude of your generosity. $27,695.41, in less than nine hours. Along with my $3,000 donation, that's a total of $3,836.92 AN HOUR. That's insane. No matter how frustrated I am with having no business, no website, and no Paypal customer support, I'm still blown away with you guys. If the SA community was a living human being, I'd plant a big fat kiss on your face.

On 9/4/05, **Marc Weston** marwez@hotmail.com wrote:

> Out of the tragedy of the hurricane comes some good news, it has put a scumsucker like you of the net, no doubt when you get back on you will be your usual sick self and mock the afflicted who were unfortunate enough to be physically affected by it but for now we can rejoice in the fact you can no longer peddle your warped rantings for a while, it's just a pity that it was your server and not you personally, are you going to give a refund to the nomarks that are feeble of mind who subscribe to a service you can no longer provide ? I doubt it ! Don't rush back because a nasty smell has been removed with the loss of your rancorous s(H)ite.

Hurricane Katrina has caused countless tons of human waste, toxic chemicals, and abrasive poison to flood the streets. It's also done the exact same thing for the Internet. You folks taking this opportunity to troll me, to threaten the lives of myself and my family; you really need to reassess your values in your life.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.14 Paypal / Donation / Server Update III: This Time It's Personal

Sunday, Sep 04, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Somebody from Paypal finally called me back. A nice customer support representative named "Leslie" explained the stuff I already knew; the Internet is full of scammers, they weren't sure I was going to take the money and buy $30,000 worth of Precious Moments figurines, etc etc. Once again, I explained I had absolutely no qualms with them taking the money directly from the donation account and dumping it into their relief fund.

"The only issue with that is we do not have a tie to the Red Cross," she replied. "Our donations go through United Way."

"But the donations are still going to the relief organizations in New Orleans, right?" I asked. She confirmed yes, they were. "Then transfer all the money to that fund. I doubt any of our readers will send in hate mail proclaiming their love of the Red Cross but adamant despise of the United Way." If any of you guys really hate the United Way, possibly because somebody from their organization broke into your house and beat your parents to death with a garden rake, then I guess you can join the other people sending me hate mail. Make sure to point out that I'm ugly and, in all likelihood, you're going to kill me.

So we're making progress here. The Paypal donation fund is still locked, but Leslie claims to be working on it. Thank you VERY MUCH to all websites and news organizations who picked up this story and put pressure on them to do something. Even though it took a bunch bad publicity and outraged folks on the Internet to get their attention, Leslie's polite call and desire to rectify the situation is slowly chiseling away the granite block of contempt I had for their corporation. Here's another stupid and random picture, just because people seem to like them.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.15 The Paypal Fiasco: In Summary

Tuesday, Sep 06, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Well what a week it's been! Let me provide a quick rundown of the exciting events for everybody out there unaware of the entire story.

1) Hurricane slams into the New Orleans area. I'm assuming most of you knew this occurred, and for those of you who didn't: please send me samples of whatever drugs you're taking.

2) The Something Awful servers, hosted by the brave men at Zipa / DirectNIC, switched to emergency backup power generators to keep everything alive. They fueled these massive power sources with oil barrels collected from the faces of anime convention attendees.

3) While the generators received sufficient power, their OC3 connections (the big fat lines connecting their servers to the rest of the world) began failing one by one, as ISPs in the area either fled, flooded, or realized they weren't going to risk their lives to make sure local residents could search the Internet for "Blossom" pornography. By the way, yes, it does exist. And no, you do not want to see it.

4) Something Awful, one of Zipa / DirectNICs most bandwidth-intensive customers, had to be taken offline so their other 8,000 customers could stay up. This is comparable to shooting the morbidly obese 900-pound fat guy taking up space in a nuclear fallout shelter so 20 other people can fit into the area he was consuming. And, judging by the rescue footage of New Orleans, this is a scenario we might very well encounter in the near future.

5) All communication in the New Orleans area went down (obviously), which made it near impossible to contact our server admin who lived down there. To temporarily get SA up, I bought some crappy hosting on a Dreamhost plan, which had an absolutely painfully idiotic name like "THE ULTRA SUPER AWESOMNATOR INSANITY WEBHOSTING MEGAPLAN 2000." It made me feel intensely embarrassed, but sometimes we have to sacrifice our humility in times of crisis, not that I had any pride to begin with.

6) I decided to host a fundraiser to generate money for the victims of Hurricane Katrina, so I created a Paypal account for people to send in money, which would go to the Red Cross. The entire reason I chose to use Paypal was so I could collect the names and addresses of each donor and send them some free Something Awful merchandise for their contributions. Trust me, I would've rather had people donate directly to the Red Cross, but they would not provide me with the names and address of those who contributed.

7) The fundraiser was a blistering success, **raising over $30,000 in under nine hours.**

8) Paypal decided this was awfully suspicious, so they immediately locked the account without warning.

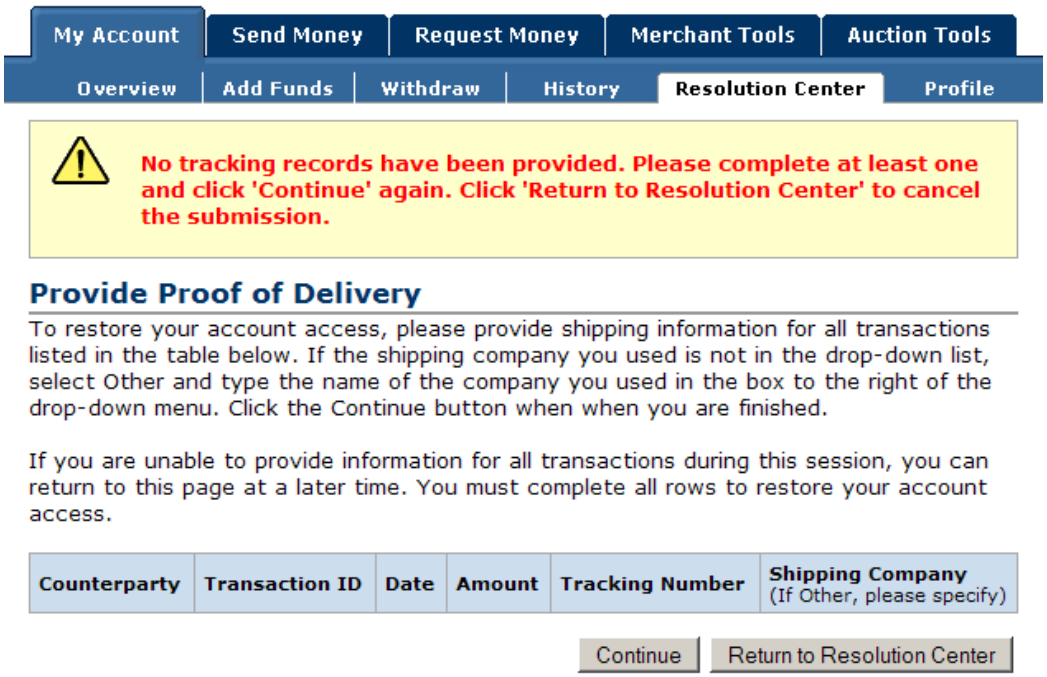
Here's where the real problem begins. Now I have absolutely no qualms with Paypal raising a red flag when $30,000 flows into an account in less than half a day, to an account created hours earlier. Instead of saying, "gee, our company is making $1,188.37 from somebody (they charge 30 cents per transaction, there were 1284 transactions total = $385.20, and they charge 2.9% per transaction, there was $27,695.41 donated = $803.17), let's close them down without any notice," perhaps they

should have employed a living, breathing human being to contact us and investigate before they froze the account without warning.

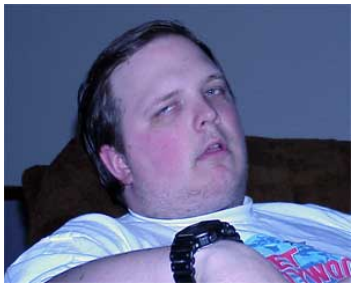
Nope. Paypal decided to instantly freeze the account with no warning, no indication, no way for me to explain what was happening. You see, **Paypal's outlook is that every single one of their customers is a liar, a cheat, and a thief.** It's your job as their paying customer to prove them wrong. While you spend time faxing them all kinds of proof, including drivers licenses, social security cards, bank statements, and credit card statements, Paypal sits on your money and earns interest on it, making them even more cash. They can close, limit, freeze, or take money from your account whenever they like and for whatever reason they like; when you join their service, you must click a box agreeing to this policy.

So how can they get away with this? I mean, banks can't rip off customers like this, can they? No, banks can't... but Paypal isn't a bank. They aren't governed by the FDIC. They literally answer to nobody. They hide customer service email contacts, rarely offer communication with actual human beings, and place functional phone numbers behind mounds of worthless distracting garbage.

Regardless, I attempted to unfreeze my Paypal account by following their "six easy steps," which included me faxing in photos of my driver's license, recent bank statements, recent credit card statements, and a letter explaining I'm not a thief. I consider myself fortunate they did not ask for DNA samples, because the last time my wife caught me masturbating near the computer she almost divorced me. Unfortunately, the next step required made it literally impossible for me to unfreeze the $27,695.41 of donations so they could actually go to where people need them:


My Account
Send Money
Request Money
Merchant Tools
Auction Tools
Overview
Add Funds
Withdraw
History
Resolution Center
Profile
No tracking records have been provided. Please complete at least one and click 'Continue' again. Click 'Return to Resolution Center' to cancel the submission.
Provide Proof of Delivery
To restore your account access, please provide shipping information for all transactions listed in the table below. If the shipping company you used is not in the drop-down list, select Other and type the name of the company you used in the box to the right of the drop-down menu. Click the Continue button when when you are finished.
If you are unable to provide information for all transactions during this session, you can return to this page at a later time. You must complete all rows to restore your account access.
Counterparty
Transaction ID
Date
Amount
Tracking Number
Shipping Company
(If Other, please specify)
Continue
Return to Resolution Center

Paypal was asking me to provide tracking numbers for DONATIONS. What am I supposed to send out? When did I ever say I was sending anything? How am I supposed to send it on Sunday? Where am I supposed to send it to? How exactly does Paypal's "donation" system, which is the option I chose for SA's Red Cross Relief Fund, work?



I called up Paypal's customer support hotline, which I could find NOWHERE on their website and had to instead pry from the website Paypal Sucks, and was greeted by a series of automated messages informing me nobody could talk to me because it was after business hours. I guess, you know, nobody on the planet is expected to conduct business after Paypal closes for the day. And all you jerks on other, highly non-American continents: learn to stay up until 2:00 AM so you can sit on hold for half an hour and eventually talk to a customer service representative who personally hates you.

After faxing in the necessary paperwork, Paypal's servers emailed a generic form reply explaining I would receive a response from an actual human being "between 3 and 5 business days." Well, today's a holiday, so that means at the latest, somebody would get back to me next Monday, which would be a total of NINE DAYS. I guess I could fold up a bunch of paper airplanes with the message "HANG IN THERE GUYS; PAYPAL MAY OR MAY NOT LET ME SEND YOU AID" in the general direction of New Orleans, but to be honest, I'm terrible at making those things. Every time I try, the airplane goes straight down and crashes into the pavement. Sometimes I can hear tiny, hollow screams of the paper pilots trapped inside the wreckage.

I was mad. The donators were mad. Some Internet news sites picked up the fact that Paypal was generally screwing over not only contributors, but the people in New Orleans who needed the relief funds. All the negative publicity caused Paypal to cave in and physically force one of their employees to actually pick up a phone and contact me. She explained the same thing I already heard and knew: the Internet is full of thieves, they didn't know if I was planning on stealing the money and using it to purchase $27,695.41 worth of bathtub tiles, etc etc. I replied that while this logic is understandable, Paypal's entire mind set of "assume all our customers are guilty until they prove, beyond a shadow of a doubt, they're innocent" is a bit ridiculous. I mean, here it was, every hour Paypal has the account frozen was another hour the victims of the hurricane lost $3,836.92 in donations, and the kind ladies and gentlemen at Paypal were saying it could essentially be up to NINE DAYS before anybody could donate again, and any of the money MIGHT be released to the Red Cross.

I told the customer service representative that if they're so paranoid about me being a criminal, they could directly take the money from my Paypal account, completely lock me out of it, and donate it themselves to the Red Cross. Unfortunately, this too was impossible! You see, Paypal has no direct affiliation with the Red Cross, which somehow means they can't send money to them. Don't ask me how that works; last time I checked, the Red Cross accepted money from anybody anywhere. The Paypal representative said they can only donate money to the United Way; you know, the organization where the president was sued for stealing half a million dollars from them. You know, the organization with a loathsome two star rating, that spends nearly double the amount of money in "administrative overhead" (read: advertising) as Red Cross. It turns out that this is what the United Way is famous for. They weasel their way into companies and sign contracts with them, blocking the corporations from accepting donations to any other charity. I guess it's fitting Paypal chose to team up with them.

To quote the magic eight-ball, "outlook not so good." After the surprising hostility Paypal showed in my attempt to raise money for the Red Cross hurricane relief fund, I realized there was no way to get the money from point A to point B as long as Paypal

was point seeing the donations. I called the Paypal representative and instructed her to refund everybody's money. Although it's taken over a day for them to do it, they are issuing complete refunds (except for foreign money orders; anybody who used Paypal to convert foreign currency to US dollars have lost money on the "conversion fees"... despite the fact **NO PHYSICAL MONEY CHANGED HANDS**. I guess the mere process of adding one of those stupid "£" signs to a series of virtual numbers costs a lot of money).

I had no business until today. The hurricane removed my entire source of income. I had no way to communicate with anybody near the data center, I had no way to contact my systems administrator, and I had no idea if and when our servers would be back online. All I was trying to do was raise money for the unfortunate victims of Hurricane Katrina, and SA's readers did an utterly amazing job generating nearly $4,000 an hour in contributions. Sure I was dreading having to pay postage on 1,284 envelopes full of SA merchandise, but what the heck; it was for a good cause. Then Paypal decided to step in and shut it all down.

I'm not going to tell people to close their Paypal accounts. I'm not going to say all their actions were completely unwarranted. I'm just presenting my experience with them and will allow you to draw your own conclusions. However, I harbor a fundamental disagreement with their business practice of assuming all their clients are filthy criminals who must repeatedly prove their innocence to a series of unmanned servers and computer systems. I do not support their ability to freeze entire accounts, take money from whoever they want at whatever time they want, and impose whatever arbitrary rules and regulations they deem necessary without having to answer to any organization. Every single cent in every single Paypal account is earning their company ungodly amounts of interest in their central bank account. They offer users credit cards and the chance to put your money into interest-generating accounts. So exactly why are they not under banking and FDIC rules again?

To everybody who donated: thank you, thank you from the bottom of my heart. Something Awful truly has the best community on the entire Internet, bar none. You people have raised $6,000 to buy toys for children with cancer and other fatal diseases. You donated $22,000 in armor plating for soldiers in Iraq. You even raised over $12,000 to buy a forum member a kidney when his failed and he was on critical life support. Now, when Hurricane Katrina devastated New Orleans, we raised over $30,000 in less than nine hours. Much like how the hurricane wiped out New Orleans, it's a shame Paypal wiped out your efforts to donate. I will begin another support drive shortly, once all the Paypal refunds have been sent.

It will not be through Paypal.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka

9.16 Thar She Blows!

Wednesday, Sep 07, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Throughout the last week I have watched the hurricane aftermath coverage near nonstop, frozen like a block of stone before the Medusa-like media. During this time something happened to me that has not happened in ages: I was genuinely shocked, horrified, and revolted. I've been pretty apathetic about a lot of things, and it's hard not to be when you're surrounded by a world full of suffering and serious preventable problems and everyone is too busy fixating on the latest missing white girl to notice. But seeing the breakdown of human civilization in a tiny little box, well, that's something you truly don't see every day. Watching a slice of the American dream crumbing into chaos was riveting, if only for the fact it made such perfect sense. Human civilization for the most part works pretty well, but it doesn't take much to turn it into a nightmare. It could happen anywhere, given the right circumstances.

Hearing stories about the conditions in the Superdome, the Convention Center and so on, with reports of rapes, beatings, and murders (this in addition to the already unfathomable human suffering) made me genuinely sick. How the hell was this allowed to happen in our country? Why the hell weren't thousands of rescue workers and security personnel there the exact moment the storm passed through? They arranged for some support ahead of time, but it seems like they sat there while the local police and rescue workers were left on their own to fish people out of the water. Only when the chaos grew to consume them did we see additional support come in. What were FEMA and the National Guard doing all that time? Why weren't they out there from the start distributing aid and Flintstone's Vitamins so that people didn't need to raid stores? Why weren't they showing a strong presence to keep people from acting out their *Grand Theft Auto* masturbatory fantasies? I know you can't stop all human-made chaos, but the majority of it should have been contained. I don't think there was any shortage of effort to help, but there seemed to be zero management pulling all these assets together. If only New Orleans had Batman. He helped pull Gotham City out of a similar situation.

As is, FEMA's chief waited five hours after the storm made landfall to basically ask that 1,000 workers be dispatched to the area, giving them two days to get there. There was lag in a number of areas of response, communication errors and failures, misdirection, and general disorder. FEMA not only lacks proper funding, it apparently doesn't have much ambition (at least in terms of leadership) to do "a really bitchin' job." They seemed more concerned with projecting the image of quality service than they did about providing quality service. FEMA chief Michael Brown's impressive past work as a commissioner for a "horse association" isn't exactly reassuring. I can't imagine what dire horse-related disasters gave him the qualifications necessary to run the Federal **Emergency Management** Agency. Dear God, I hope Seabiscuit is okay. Today's wimpy FEMA is a far cry from yesterday's sinister secret government, with the power to take over the world in the event of an alien-triggered crisis. Responsibility for this goes beyond FEMA, to those that crippled the agency as well.

I keep hearing that authorities expected a hurricane, but were shocked by a second disaster – that being the flooding. They got a hurricane that leveled parts of Alabama and Mississippi and they did almost nothing for days. As far as the flooding, how the hell could you not expect it when the predictions for Katrina Sunday night and even earlier were "NEW ORLEANS WILL BE

DESTROYED AND SUBMERGED IN A SEA OF TOXIC GUMBO RIDDLED WITH CORPSES AND MYTHICAL CAJUN LEVIATHANS"? People have been anticipating the levees failing for years, so the lack of a plan for dealing with the disaster seems criminally stupid. Not just for the human consequences, but for the economic consequences that ripple throughout the country and world.

I bet the terrorists are really kicking themselves in the leg for missing out on the opportunity of a lifetime. An attack on the levees would have done colossal damage, and our Department of Homeland Security/FEMA would have failed miserably to clean up the mess. A terrorist plot, assuming unstopped, would have come without warning, too. This hurricane was kind enough to give a couple days of "heads up!" time to clear a lot of people out and ready emergency efforts. Time that, in retrospect, could have been used far more efficiently. At the very least, early bird looters could have gotten a head start instead of waiting until after the floods.

I sincerely hope that this marks a turning point in American history. I saw a lot of encouraging signs during the ordeal, such as some members of the media actually growing a spine and questioning authority – something they should be doing at every turn. It was almost surreal seeing them speak up. There were still the usual theatrics, like Geraldo Rivera running around tackling old women and throwing babies like projectiles at looters, but there was some genuinely decent reporting and interviewing going on. That coupled with the overwhelming disgust of survivors and regular people could signal some positive changes in this country. That short little war with Iraq we started years ago that was supposed to last a couple months is still going with no signs of ending, and while we're there trying to get an entire country on its feet, we can't even keep a chunk of our own country from devolving into the third world. We really can't do anything right on a national scale, it seems. I can't help but think that necessitates serious changes. Not "let's trade a dumb republican for an emotionless android democrat" changes, but real ones.

I don't agree with those that say "now is not the time to place blame." Questioning authority and criticizing the government is not un-American or counterproductive. A democratic government depends on people being actively involved, not shutting up and getting out of the way. When we fail to hold leaders accountable by not questioning them and putting them to the fire, we are "failing America." Presidents and government officials are not infallible, nor are they driven by divine mandate. Question the holy hell out of them at every turn. If they can't handle that or provide reasonable, honest answers, then they don't deserve to be there and it's our job to keep them out. They should know what they're doing and be able to explain themselves in a satisfactory manner, and if not, why are they there? We want government, not a dazzling magic show that keeps us guessing at every turn.

I am skeptical that change will occur, as it's quite clear to me that many people still, even after this tragedy, lack any sort of understanding of human suffering or the challenges presented by poverty. Former First Lady Barbara Bush, for example...

> *And so many of the people in the arena here, you know, were underprivileged anyway, so this--this (she chuckles slightly) is working very well for them.*

I fail to see how this is working out well for them, at least not so soon. Maybe a year from now some of them will be better off, but I doubt there will be much upward mobility coming out of this destruction. To think that survivors of one of the most atrocious events in American history are now better off because they get to live in a different stadium is horse-marryingly absurd. I suppose it's better in that it has less rapes, murders, mutilations, and beatings than the Superdome, but how does losing your home, surviving pure hell, then being stuffed into a cavernous stadium with **zero** privacy "work well" for you? "Oh I like living in this stadium so much better because there aren't puddles of piss and piles of feces. The lack of freshly rotting corpses is also positively delightful. Kudos to the decorating team."

It almost makes me think we should just dump all of the politicians and obnoxious public figures in the center of New Orleans as it is now, without their giant entourages. Those that survive and escape the marauding junky bandits, crazed gangs, and Geraldo Rivera's army of post-apocalyptic raiders can continue to bless us with insights into the human condition, those that don't will die with a greater understanding of human misery. Something they apparently know very little about. But then again, that kind of thinking doesn't really solve problems in the long run, though it sure would be entertaining. I figure Barbara Bush would do pretty well inside Thunderdome.

I'm not trying to belittle the good work of anybody that's doing legitimate good, as a lot of heroes have emerged from this tragedy. But it's evident to anybody that the vast majority of this crisis could have been averted with prior planning. No, you can't plan for everything, but an area that gets hit with hurricanes fairly often seems very likely to get hit very hard every now and then. The fact that it's below sea level and surrounded by water adds to the urgency of the problem. Banking on a disaster not happening is pretty reckless. I don't plan to wreck my car, but I still have insurance. I don't even like New Orleans, but I recognize that it is a major U.S. city as well as an important shipping port and economic pillar. Ideally, you want to make sure those pillars don't come crashing down, destabilizing the whole structure. Yes, even if that does mean spending extra money on flood protection schemes or coming up with plans to deal with the damage as it happens. Even if you can't stop everything, at the very least you could have saved a lot of lives and bought more time to deal with the problems.

Obviously nothing can be done to undo the damage now, but at the very least a lot of people in government need to be smacked upside the head. Human error can't be prevented all the time, but that doesn't mean you let it slide, either. Especially when thousands are dead as a result, and thousands more suffered horribly. The problem was known, nothing was done, and holy crap, destruction ensued.

◘ Daily Dirt!

I have vomited up some words about things in yonder ole daily dirt.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.17 Gone Fishin'

Thursday, Sep 08, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

This is me with my buddy Hank "Tex" Hudson. We caught this here fish and beat the shit out of it.

It's that time of year, folks. Time to dust off the old rod, get out the box, and shave your balls. No, you silly goose, I'm talking about fishing! Fall is the best time of year to get out into the great outdoors and wrestle some scaly bastards for food and frolic. There is nothing in this world that than can give you a more heightened sense of power than strangling a carp to death with your bare hands.

When the leaves start turning yellow, I set out on my boat "The Bold Rapist" to battle God's gentle creatures of the sea. Today I will be taking you on a fishing trip, where we will learn the fundamentals of fishing as well as the tricks of the trade to become an expert angler. If you read my updates (condolences) then you know I'm an expert at virtually everything besides pet care and self grooming. I know all and see all, laying waste to all before me. I am the chosen one, destined to destroy the world with my giant, all-mighty phallus of untapped sustainable energy. Lets go fishing!

Before I strap your chubby ass to a buoy and throw you into the sea as chum bait, we should cover all the basics that you need to know before setting out on such an adventure. First you need to know the fisherman's code: an old set of bylaws handed down from generations of fisherman in ancient Galilee, who never caught anything in the Dead Sea but gave it their best shot. From these arcane scrolls we can glean the wisdom of the sea. Behold:

The Fisherman's Code

1. Beware of pirates.
2. One who fornicates with fish will be outcast.
3. Life jackets are for pussies.
4. No singing at the dinner table.
5. Don't be a crook, don't double hook.
6. Yarrrrrrrr

Memorize the fisherman's code if you wish to be successful on the high seas and not fall victim to the many dangers that await in the deep. Know it, learn it, live it, love it.

SUPER SECRET FISHING TIP: You should put worms on your hook to attract fish. If nothing bites, you can reel in and brag about how you caught a worm.

Fishing Poles: Modern archaeologists still disagree on when civilization first came up with the idea of a fishing pole. The widely accepted theory is that the Babylonians first invented this technique, by placing their fuzzy lemur tails in ponds where the fish would nibble on them. Other cultures would just try to club fish with a stick, or coax them to land with the hallowed notes of the pan flute. That's because people back then were really stupid.

OH GOD WHAT HAVE I DONE!?!

Real fishermen make their own poles, pouring their blood, sweat, and tears into this most holy of instruments. If you show up at a fishing hole with a graphite rod you bought from some Internet catalog, you will be mocked and probably stoned to death by the other fishermen. To find the perfect stick for your pole, travel into the deep forests of Prussia armed with only with a knife and sarcastic sense of humor. Find a sapling that is about the height of a full grown tapir, and fight it to the death. If you survive, carve out your rod and bathe it in the blood of your enemies. Now you are armed, and ready for battle with the scaly-hided beasts of the sea.

Never go fishing in Japan unless you like sea monsters.

Lures: Fish are idiots. If you really want to catch a fish, don't just slap a worm on a hook and cast it into the water. Real pros use innovative and experimental lures that cause the fish to be attracted to it from reflection, movement, and texture. Here are some of the best sellers that you'll want to pick up:

The Blue Baby: This special edition lure made by the Palsy Brothers Tackle Shop is a one-of-a-kind in its class. It incorporates the style and grace of earlier PB models, but with a twist that will be sure to snag all fish in its vicinity. While The Blue Baby is considered a gimmick lure by some of the more conservative voices on the fisherman scene, it can't be denied that it works like a charm. Some claim that this PB lure is just a blue plastic doll with silver hair, but this reputable company claims that space-age technology has given birth to this great lure.

The Horney Toad: It's a known fact among fishermen that all fish are filthy perverts of the worst sort. When their not busy stuffing their swollen gob with minnows, they are continually giving each other blowjobs and engaging in acts of relentless sodomy. It's all pretty disgusting, but they can get away with it because the laws of this country end at sea level. (That goes for federal aid and FEMA disaster response as well. rimshot) This lure plays on these same fishy vices. It's basically a vulcanized rubber toad with a really cute butt. Please throughly wash after every use.

Daddy's Little Dancer: The 1920s ragtime movement was not limited to dancing and fashion. This classic lure was developed during that turbulent time to bring the attitude of the age to the world of fishing. The lure consists of a miniature wooden man with a top hat, apple blossom pants, and legs that jumble around with the current in a recreation of the Charleston. The fish recognize this dance, and hate it immensely, trying to bite the little man's legs off to get him to stop dancing. That's when they get hooked in the face and thrown in a shallow bucket to slowly suffocate.

The Nagasaki Special: Although outlawed in many fishing circuits and major championships, this is an extremely popular lure for the fisherman on the go. Some of us actually have lives and don't have time to dick around on a boat for 8 hours getting skin cancer. To save time, this lure sends a mating signal out into the water to attract all the fish in the area. Once you have a swarm near your lure, hit the red button. this will detonate a small amount of C4, blasting all of the little horny bastards in the area. After that it's only a matter of scooping the dozens of fish up with a net and driving home to brag about it in an online chatroom. The only risk with this one is not casting out far enough and blowing up your boat, or getting caught by the feds. I normally pack about a dozen of these just so I can make a getaway if cornered.

Beer: Three words for you: Pabst Blue Ribbon. This is what real fishermen drink, and if you are seen with a fancypants beer like Miller Lite or Coors then prepare to get some jeers. Don't even get me started on any Canadian, European, or Asian beers. I once saw a yuppie fisherman sipping on a Sapporo while listening to his iPod. The next time my boat passed by, some regulars had painted his ears red and thrown a live baboon into his boat, which was biting him ferociously on the arms and neck. For a single fishing trip I recommend bringing at least 3 cases of PBR, or a full keg.

SUPER SECRET FISHING TIP: Drill holes in your boat so you can go faster.

There are many types of fish for you to prey on. Some are plentiful and taste like rotten potatoes, but there are some very elusive and tasty fish out there. You should know the difference between each type, so you know whether to put it in your bucket, take it home, and interrogate it on the location of its brethren. If it's an undesirable sort, you can just take the hook off, shoot it with a .38 special (all fishermen should have one), and then release it back into the wild. I can't really tell you how to tell the difference between them because I accidently ate my fish book, so I'll just list a whole bunch of things so you can look them up online and print up the pictures to take with you.

- Carp
- Bass
- Seahorses
- Sharks
- Crab People
- Walleye
- Mermaids
- Whales
- Seahorses with hats
- Blue Seahorses with hats
- Blue Slimes without hats
- Halibut
- Old boots
- Green Seahorse Slimes with sombreros

GET AWAY FROM MY CHICKEN FINGERS YOU CLAPPING FAGGOTS!

SUPER SECRET FISHING TIP: Applebees' curbside pickup is nice, because I hate the birthday clapping song. The last thing I want to hear while I'm eating my hamburger is some shrieking college dropout intentionally bellowing some off-tune ditty that is supposed to be humorous in a senior citizen/brain-damaged sort of way. If I ever find myself in that position again, I am going to cut off all their hands with my steak knife and finish my meal in silence while jets of hot blood pour from their mangled, clapping stumps.

The last thing you need to learn before you are a full-fledged certified fisherman is creating your fisherman's tale. Obviously you won't actually catch anything, because you will be too busy drinking PBR and aggressively attacking other fishermen who bring manufactured rods or fancy beer. The fisherman's tale was created so you don't have to go home in shame and failure. When preparing to leave the lake for the day, create your tall tale and go over the facts again and again so the story won't fall apart during intense questioning. Something along the lines of "I had this huge fish on my line that was 11 feet long and with my super strength I wrestled it into the boat but it was a magical fish and was really a wizard that was polymorphed by a curse and would grant me a wish if I let it go, so I let it go but I forgot to wish first so it shot a fireball at my boat and sunk it."

If this seems like too much work for you, go to the market on the way home and pick up some fish so you can pretend you caught them. I've been doing this for years and nobody has been the wiser.

So there you have it! Get out there and snag some fish, before the harsh winter comes and turns the water into that hard substance that I can't remember the name of. Good luck, you clueless retards!

Tales of Pork

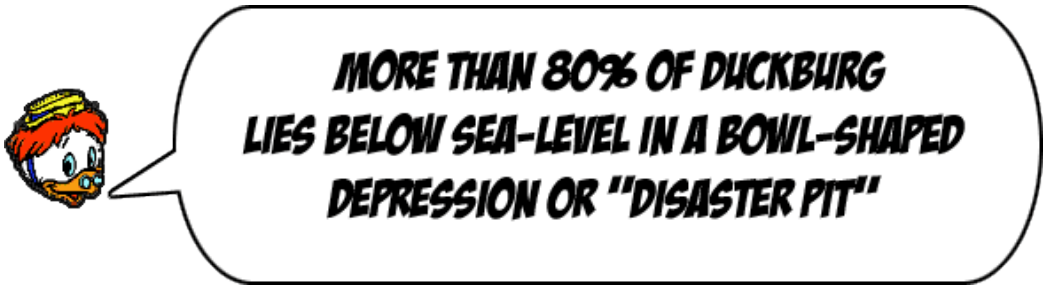
One night I was really depressed and drank a lot of beer and made a webcomic. It was called Tales of Pork and it was the best drunken webcomic I have ever crafted. FEEL MY PAIN.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

9.18 FEMA Citizen's Guide to Hurricane Preparedness

Friday, Sep 09, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

With all of these racecars, lasers and aeroplanes zipping about it can often feel like life in Duckburg has become as chaotic as a hurricane. Don't be fooled: hurricanes are nothing to be compared with daily life. Many hurricanes are capable of generating gusts of wind powerful enough to blow down mountains or turn sand into an unbroken sheet of glass. If that were not bad enough, here in Duckburg the two biggest dangers from a hurricane are storm surges and the potential of a levee breach. Duckburg was constructed below sea-level and those levees are the only thing holding back the fury of Poseidon. Will they hold up? Sure, why not? But in case they don't, you need to be prepared for surviving a flood of toxic goop on a scale that is usually accompanied by a prophet constructing a boat full of bugs and dinosaurs.



First you need to assess the situation. Are you a duck or are you a Beagle Boy? If you're a Beagle Boy you might as well just skip to the end of this because you're not really going to be able to follow most of our suggestions due to a lack of resources. Just plan on riding out the hurricane and then reverting to the barely-suppressed bestial urges that served your ancestors so well before they were brought to this country and domesticated. If you're a duck, great news: your chances of survival just increased exponentially. But you're not out of the woods yet, quackers. Next to the poor the unprepared are the second most likely group to suffer a fatality.

In the event of an impending hurricane you should do everything in your power to evacuate the area. If you are unable to evacuate, possibly because of a pressing matter concerning a magical gem and a time machine, then you should take the precautions outlined in this guide.

The first thing you will want to do is familiarize yourself with Duckburg's evacuation plans, shelters and post-disaster aid stations. The main disaster shelter is the Duckburg Coliseum, but that place will be lousy with Beagle Boys so you're better off taking your chances elsewhere. Please refer to the disaster planning map to locate an appropriate shelter. Most shelters will be evacuated in a timely manner, usually four to five days following a major hurricane. You will be taken to a nearby Rescue Ranger aid station and given a medical checkup as well as food and water.

WHEN YOU'RE IN TROUBLE YOU SHOULD
ASSESS THE SITUATION BEFORE CONTACTING D.W.
AND INUNDATING FIRST-RESPONDERS
WITH UNNECESSARY RESCUE REQUESTS

If for some reason you are unable to escape to a pre-planned evacuation shelter you may face any number of concerns. One of these is the sudden and unrestrained activity of Duckburg's criminal element. In the aftermath of a major hurricane, experts predict rampant looting and mob violence as even the reformed Beagle Boys throughout the city return to their roots. Perishables, pre-packaged food, baby formula, water, juice and televisions will be looted from stores. Nothing is safe from their depravity, not even a seemingly well-fortified vault or bin containing thousands of gold coins. In the overcrowded conditions of the Duckburg Coliseum the Beagle Boys may grow restless while waiting for evacuation and branch out into the surrounding area to loot and wreak vengeance on the surviving ducks.

Stay away from the Beagle Boys and stay alive. With the streets inundated you will want to limit your contact with the unsanitary water found there as much as possible. If at all possible have your scatterbrained inventor associate construct some sort of battery-operated amphibious perambulator. In the event that you are forced to travel through the water be absolutely certain you have emptied your pockets of the hundreds of heavy coins you usually carry around. In deeper waters these may drag you below the surface and at best you may swallow some of the contaminated water before you can unburden yourself.

If for some reason your no account brother has left you with his four jabbering whelps to tend to seemingly indefinitely then you may wish to loose them upon the streets at the earliest opportunity. They are more likely to be kidnapped rather than raped or slain outright by the Beagle Boys and they will only be an unwanted drain during a time when it is difficult to care for your own safety.

These be-capped nephew types are known to be quite resourceful and may even find their way back to your coiny fastness with food or at least a sub-literate prehistoric relic with the strength to hold back the untidy hoard of Beagle Boys clamoring for rescue.

STICK TO SWIMMING IN THE MONEYBIN!
DURING UNCONTROLLED FLOODING THE
STREETS WILL BE FILLED WITH SEWAGE,
CHEMICALS AND DECAYING CORPSES

The wisest of ducks has made arrangements with a dunderheaded pilot who can use some manner of autogyro to pluck you and perhaps some of your kin from the rooftop of your vault. Though you are no doubt loathe to abandon your fortune to the predations of the lesser races you can take heart that if they violate your sanctum they will likely pay for it with their lives. If your sputtering buffoon of a cohort fails in even the simple task of acquiring an escape vehicle you may be able to deploy your cybernetic duck to lift you to safety. This is no fool's task as the blasted machine, though equipped with a rotor, lacks a means of countering torque. While this duck-machine spins madly perhaps your addled chauffeur can take the time from his schedule of eating tacks to lower himself on a rope and pull you into the glorious sky.

FEMA knows that preparing for a disaster can be a seemingly overwhelming task, so to assist you we have prepared a checklist that you may use to organize your efforts. This list could not possibly cover every circumstance you may encounter, but it should give you a good starting point.

In the period immediately following a disaster FEMA will take a number of steps to ensure the safety

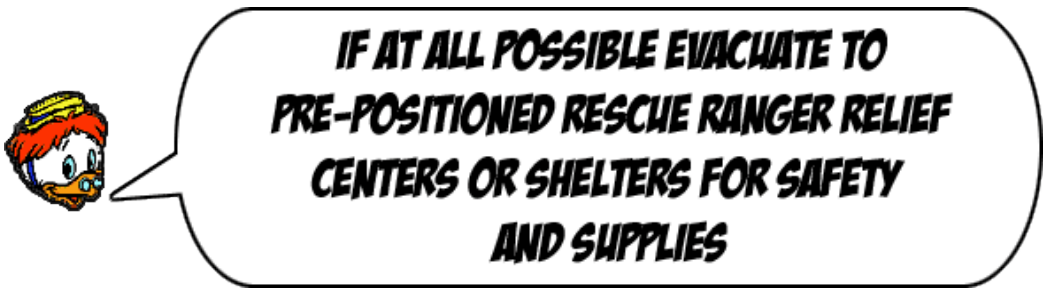
of Duckburg and its citizenry. We cannot reveal all of these steps as many fall under the purview of the shadowy super-government that controls our agency, but we can offer the following:

1. Immediately after the disaster strikes FEMA will hold a press conference announcing that we will be responding to the disaster area.

2. One day later FEMA will hold a second press conference to update the media and concerned citizens on how we are progressing with our preparations for a response.

3. Two days after the disaster the first FEMA teams will arrive on the scene and begin milling about or kicking rocks back and forth.

4. Three days after the disaster we will receive a call from the Coast Guard asking why our helicopters and relief teams are sitting at the airport while the Coast Guard is out there busting their asses. We will hang up without answering and hold a third press conference to thank the Coast Guard and congratulate everyone for the gifts they gave us at our last Christmas party.



5. On day four FEMA will arrive in force and begin staring intensely at pallets of bottled water and food. Ooh, the president's coming. Get some firemen in here to stand around

and look hard-working behind him. Do we have a pile of rubble he can stand on and yell? No? Well, he can talk about the tragic destruction of Trent Lott's magnificent plantation that he bought sight-unseen on the Internet.

6. When National Guard troops begin to arrive in significant numbers on day five FEMA will panic that another competing agency has approached Duckburg and we will begin randomly driving around cutting communications lines, pouring sugar into gas tanks, screaming tonelessly into every radio frequency and generally trying to confound the efforts to rescue those trapped in flooded areas.

7. By day six we will begin receiving masses of volunteers. They will be ordered to dig a mass grave and then bury all of the stockpiles of bottled water and MREs. We will advise the National Guard and local police to lock down the city to prevent people walking out from stealing our precious hoard of bottled water.

8. Usually around day seven the media gets a bug up their ass about something and we have to start acting like we know what we're doing. Don't worry, it's just an act. We will hold a marathon press conference where we thank every person in the Washington phonebook. Usually the media leaves before we get to the letter "C."

9. Day eight is the day we judge the Arabian horse show. No exceptions. No compromise.

10. Day nine and we sometimes start getting some emails about congressional hearings. Weren't they *hearing* all those fabulous press conferences we gave? Their loss!

11. Day ten and what do you know, most of the people have been evacuated by Wal*Mart and the Coast Guard. Guess that means it's time to put in an appearance with some harebrained money handout scheme we cooked up that fails to materialize as promised. 1,000 dollar debit cards? 2,000? Why stop there?! They're never getting them so we may as well hand out one billion dollar debit cards. Then we'll see if we can get Paula Zahn to yell at us again because she's a total MILF. Did you know she plays the cello? Beautiful AND talented!

12. Well, everything is right as rain! Duckburg has sunk into the sea, 50,000 Beagle Boys are dead, the nation is heading for an economic meltdown and Sean Penn is getting better press than us. It's all in a month's work for FEMA.

It may all seem like a duck-blur but stay focused amid the chaos and you should come through alright. Hey, if you do, we've got a bil...no...trillion dollar Amazon gift card waiting for you! You can use it to buy grain alcohol and crack cocaine and whatever else you silly Beagle Boys are into these days. *Thanks to Shmorky for the awesome Duck Tales parody art!*

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.19 Chris Hope Football Simulator 2005

Saturday, Sep 10, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE:

Irvine, California - September 10th 2005

Something Awful LLC, a worldwide leader in state-of-the-art hatemail harvesting technologies, announced the release of Chris Hope Football Simulator 2005 today, their first foray into the computer gaming market.

"I am very pleased to announce that my first video game has been completed and is now available to download for FREE at somethingawful.com" says series creator Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell, a bold newcomer whose one-man approach to game development has earned him comparisons to industry visionaries such as Derek Smart and American McGee who also work completely alone. "My two greatest loves in life are video games, football, and math. Combining these passions has been a dream come true, and I am confident that the end result is the most accurate football sim on the market."

The decision to release Chris Hope Football Simulator 2005 at no cost whatsoever stems from the developer's belief that a free edition of the game will draw in fans who might not otherwise stray from the Madden series which they've been brainwashed into buying year after year. Once they see the numerous ways in which Chris Hope Football Simulator 2005 outperforms the competition in terms of both fun and realism, they'll gladly pay for next year's edition, Chris Hope Football Simulator 2005 2.

An ACTUAL pixel from the game magnified 200x to illustrate the myriad of colors which Chris Hope Football Simulator 2005 is able to produce using its next-gen graphics engine.

So what makes Chris Hope Football Simulator 2005 the most in-depth and accurate representation of the sport on the market?

- Authenticity!
- Lifelike AI that runs right for you, jukes left and right, or overwhelms you with sheer numbers depending on the situation!
- Realness!
- Real players modelled with stunning precision! Michael Vick is left handed in real life, and he's left handed in the game too! Etc.!
- Authenticness!
- Jarring sounds of impact and a seemingly endless supply of toe-tapping atmospheric music just like the stuff they play in real stadiums!
- Realism!
- Tactics! In order to succeed you must read the opposing team's placement and react accordingly, making adjustments on the fly!

About Chris Hope

Why Chris Hope? The decision was a no-brainer, as the Steelers' safety is the most dominant and popular athlete in the world. Chris Hope is a defensive legend, an integral part of such unforgettable historic plays as Guy Carrying Ball Gets Pushed Out Of Bounds By Chris Hope and Chris Hope Gives A Teammate Who Just Recorded A Sack A High Five. Defense wins football games in the NFL, and Chris Hope is a thousand dollars worth of defense in a five hundred dollar suit.

Download Now!

Experience the future for yourself by downloading the full version of the game. Just remember, as real as the world you are about to enter may seem, it is only a simulation. If you find that you are frightened, please close your eyes and gently roll out of your chair onto the ground, crawling out of the room until you are at a safe distance. If you find yourself on fire, have a loved one bat out the flames with a fire axe.

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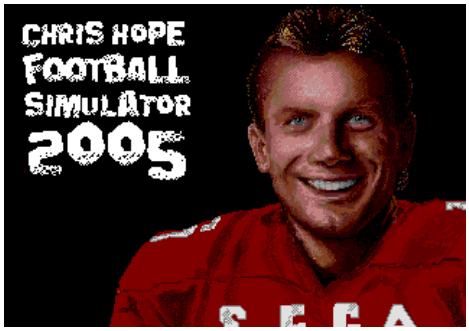


(0.98 mb zip file, PC only)

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.20 Frowning for Fall, Crying for Christmas

Sunday, Sep 11, 2005 by Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

And then my heart died a little.

Even before September "the" 11th, autumn was a somber time of year for a lot of people. The days grow shorter, the air begins to cool off. The leaves begin fading from vibrant greens to grouchy, muted browns and falling to the ground to form a dreary suffocating blanket over the entire landscape. The depressing specter of autumn hangs over you at every waking moment, greedily lapping up the cheer of summer and pissing out melancholy like a desperate barfly hunched over a puddle of spilled gin.

If this describes you, you may be suffering from a condition once known as Winter Depression, but later renamed in an apparent stroke of genius to Seasonal Affective Disorder, or SAD. SAD is thought to be caused by an increase of melatonin, a hormone produced by the Pineal gland. This is suspected to be the same gland that made Pink Floyd boring and caused Bill Hicks to rant like a psychopath for hours at a time. According to the National Mental Health Association, symptoms of SAD include:

- regularly occurring symptoms of depression (excessive eating and sleeping, weight gain) during the fall or winter months.
- a craving for sugary and/or starchy foods.
- spontaneous deflation of all balloons within a 10-20 foot radius

Your friends might say "Cheer up, pussy!", "Snap out of it!", "Cheer up!", or "Snap out of it, pussy!" That's why I don't hang out with your friends. SAD is a very real and very serious affliction, ranking alongside Restless Leg Syndrome and Bubblebutt on the Howser/Quinn Illness Severity Index. It affects 20 million Americans a year. That's 200 million every decade! You can't just "snap out of it," but that doesn't mean you're powerless. Scientists and other bald people have been working their fingers to the bone in the hope of turning a dollar off of your self-pity. They've come up with several innovative solutions to help you shake off those frownies and become the screaming, ruthless dynamo you were born to be!

- **Phototherapy**

The Idea: The decrease in sunlight during the autumn and winter months is thought to be one of the causes of seasonal depression. In this treatment, the patient is secured to a dentist chair with leather straps and an extremely hot halogen lamp is left inches from their face for hours at a time. The doctor administering the treatment stands behind a one way mirror and taunts the writhing subject over a loudspeaker.
How It Works: Physical pain and trauma causes the patient to conceal all negative emotions out of fear. Additionally it reinforces the negative stigmas of mental illness by manifesting them physically. This makes it easy for employers to identify potential foot-draggers and keep those profit margins high.
Side Effects: Disfiguring burns, PTSD.

■ **Seasonal Puppy Dog Adoption**

Diagnosis: No one loves you better than an English Setter.

The Idea: Based on the established psychological principle that no one can say no to big floppy ears or the sound of little paws skittering across a hardwood floor, this treatment takes an approach that consists less of "tough love" and more of "tough *not* to love". Each year, the patient will undergo a psychiatric evaluation to decide which breed of puppy is best suited for their specific symptoms. Within 8 business days, a six week old puppy will be left at the patient's doorstep in a wicker basket with a handwritten card saying "This ain't just puppy love!" The animal will spend the winter making adorable messes, becoming a part of the family, getting into things it's not supposed to, and thinking it's a person. Towards the end of March, a collector will arrive to humanely dispose of the unneeded creature.
How It Works: You know that face a dog makes when it knows it's done something bad? Isn't that so cute?
Side Effects: Ringworms, terrific memories

■ **Alcoholism**

The Idea: Winter is a punishing gauntlet of holidays and social gatherings, and it's going to take some pretty powerful medicine to temporarily make you less of a drag to be around.
How It Works: How is it that alcohol, a *depressant*, makes us so happy? That's a question for the philosophers as far as science is concerned. The point is that it does. In addition to being a social lubricant and all around good time, you might find that liquor collecting can be a fulfilling hobby as well. Note to all budding wine connoisseurs: Avoid looking like a duncecap in the supermarket by checking the expiration date before you buy. It's usually stamped on the bottom of the box.
Side Effects: Crazy dancing, loopy legs, less than 1 in 100 patients reported having funny feet.

■ **Talk Therapy/Journaling**

The Idea: "Tell it to your LiveJournal!" may be more than just a funny thing to yell at a friend who's grieving the recent loss of a family member. Studies indicate that it might actually be sound psychological advice! The idea of using the mind to heal the mind is not a new one by any stretch of the imagination. It has been in use since at least the 1970's and the results are promising.
How It Works: In addition to regular talk therapy, patients keep a journal throughout the fall and winter, and complete therapeutic writing assignments. Sample assignments include:

- *Make a list of things you want more than anything in the world! Doesn't that feel nice?*
- *Write down 10 things you hate about yourself and bake that list into a chocolate cake!*
- *If you had to kiss one, would you rather kiss Darryl Hall or John Oates?*

Side Effects: Kind of queer.

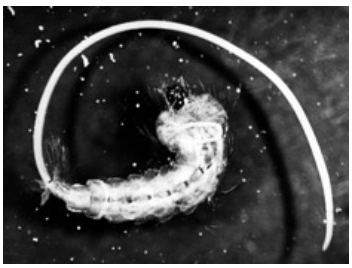
-∼Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

9.21 Inside Job

Monday, Sep 12, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

> "This one is special," the scientist gestured to one of the specimens, "the parasites migrated to the host's head and attached to central nervous tissue. They remained dormant for several days and then migrated back down into the circulatory system. We believe while in the nervous tissue they may have released proteins to prevent an intruder response from the immune system."
>
> The specimen bucked against the restraints holding it down.
>
> "Still alive?" The other man asked casually.
>
> "Only just," the scientist leaned forward to get a better look. "Calm now, little lady."
>
> The specimen jerked again.
>
> "Oh, yes, great timing. Here they come." The scientist could not suppress a smile. "This is great. Watch carefully."
>
> Already a raised area was appearing on the specimen's stomach, just the slightest hint of movement as though a thumb were pressing from inside and rotating in a slow circle. The first lump became more defined and several more began to press out. The specimen shook mightily in its restraints but only managed to further pain itself. A tiny hole appeared at the crest of the largest of the lumps and a thin stream of almost clear liquid began to ooze out. The hole widened as more holes appeared on the more than ten lumps thrusting up from the specimen's abdomen.
>
> "Grotesque." The man remarked to the scientist but did not tear his eyes away from the sight.
>
> Motion was clearly visible inside the specimen's abdomen and one by one hideous chewing mouths appeared at the wounds. They sucked and bit and the specimen's wounds wept more clear fluid. At last they wriggled and writhed out one after another; eyeless, horrible and monstrously large. One end was little more than an enormous mouth followed by segmented fat flesh ringed with hook-like spines. This body accounted for a third of their length, but more of them kept oozing and slithering out of the now-dead specimen. Their long whip-like tails thrashed in the pooling remnants of their host's innards.
>
> "We're predicting a 75% or greater infection rate on the field trial that begins tomorrow." The scientist slid a metal separator from beneath the specimen so that the parasites could drop onto a prepared spawning surface.
>
> "What's the mortality rate?"
>
> "If the parasites take it's 100%. No host survives."
>
> "Fantastic." The man smiled. "Let me know how your study goes."

If you saw *Romanomermis culicivorax* slithering towards you down the street you probably wouldn't stop to shake its hand. R. culicivorax doesn't have a hand, but even if it did, you'd probably want to steer clear. It's a nematode referred to as a mermithid with reproductive and feeding habits best described as "horrific." Its eggs remain in soil for up to several weeks until temperature and moisture conditions become appropriate. It then hatches and swims until it makes contact with a suitable host probably by accident. It burrows into the host and takes up residence there, feeding on fat in the host's body and hemolymph until it reaches a surprisingly large size and emerges. This kills the host.



Go to sleep, go to sleep, go to sleep little bay-bee.

Fortunately for us, the host is a mosquito. R. culicivorax has been undergoing field tests since the mid 1990s for use as a biological form of mosquito control. It is not known to parasitize humans so millions of them could be dumped into bodies of water including city reservoirs. The EPA has waved a vague permissive hand in the direction of mermithid pest control methods. Perfectly safe, they hope.

When it comes down to the details nature is a horrible thing. You see a beautiful burbling stream but up close it's choked with creatures like R. culicivorax burrowing into or bursting from hosts. R. culicivorax just happens to be one of the parasites that we may have found a use for, but there are many more, and they are very interesting. I would like to devote today's update to this particular dark side of nature and discuss three of the strangest parasites yet discovered.

The Licking Louse

C. exigua got yer tongue?

You've gone out to dinner with your girlfriend at a restaurant that just opened. You ordered something nice and thick like a 50 ounce steak, she's decided to order the red snapper. To your amusement and your girlfriend's surprise the fish is served whole. The waiter offers to take it back and trim things down a bit, but your girlfriend gamely refuses. Her discomfort turns to horror when she notices something strange inside the fish's mouth. Inside the gaping maw is a yellow-white bug roughly the size of her fingertip. *Cymothoa exigua* has just ruined another meal.

C. exigua is truly unique in the world of parasites - as far as we know - in that it literally replaces and functions as one of its host animal's organs. C. exigua is an isopod (think wood louse only evil) that enters its host through the gills and sinks its hooks into the host's tongue. The little bastard then begins to drink blood from the main artery in the fish's tongue, gradually siphoning off enough to wither the tongue to a stump. Rather than leaving to seek out redder pastures, good old C. exigua lends a helping body by securing itself firmly to the stump and then serving as the fish's tongue. In this way C. exigua creates a cripple and then develops a symbiotic relationship. "Oh sure buddy, you're in quite a pickle without a tongue, but I'm your old pal so I'll stick around and take its place."

C. exigua doesn't just sit there: it actually functions as a tongue and sends food down the fish's throat. Of course, C. exigua also takes its own cut from any food the fish happens to be eating.

Let's Go for a Swim. I Insist.

Oh...You're out for a swim after dark and you happen to notice a cricket hopping merrily across the concrete in the direction of the pool. With remote interest you watch it hop, slightly surprised to see it moving purposefully towards the pool. The damn things have a habit of falling into the pool while trying to get a drink and you figure you might as well bail this one out if he takes a dive. You swim over to that side of the pool just as the cricket takes a direct leap into the water. The cricket flails madly, no doubt drowning. But as you reach to scoop it up and throw it to safety you notice a cloud of liquid emerging from the cricket. And the cricket seems to be growing a tail.

And...and...EVERYBODY OUT OF THE POOL! You scramble away as a whirling hair-like black worm nearly ten times the length of the cricket emerges from its host. You're never swimming again.

That's just little ol' *Spinochordodes tellinii* or the hairworm. This little guy likes to find his way inside grasshoppers, crickets and other plant-eating insects. Once inside he feeds on everything there. What few organs the grasshoppers have S. tellinii will gobble up. He'll almost completely drain them of hemolymph and he'll chew away all of the meat underneath their exoskeleton. By the time S. tellinii is done there will be little more than a shell with legs and a brain.

That grasshopper is crazy he has a tail!!

But S. tellinii isn't satisfied, oh no, he needs water to reproduce so he turns his attention to the last remaining sweetmeat inside his host. S. tellinii begins secreting controlling proteins into the grasshopper's simplistic brain and remote pilots the poor host to the nearest body of water. Once there the bug gets one last order from S. tellinii to take the plunge and then without a thank you or a goodbye the creature erupts from the still-twitching carcass, by then grown to a size usually several times the length of its host. You can watch a video of this gruesome process if you are so inclined. No word yet on whether or not S. tellinii will instruct its host to point and make a weird moaning scream if it spots an intruder.

It's Just a Fluke

Unfortunately, few flukes choose dentistry as their profession.

S. tellinii isn't the only mind-controlling parasite out there. Frankly, its horrific lifecycle is nothing compared to the elaborate love-'em-and-leave-'em habits of the lancet liver fluke (*Dicrocoelium dendriticum*). This little guy likes to get in the bile duct of sheep and other livestock and make a home there, sending out his offspring via the sheep's digestive system. He's a nasty one because he can cause fatal cirrhosis of the liver and doubly so because, though uncommon thanks to his vector, he can parasitize humans.

Let's start with the sheep. D. dendriticum is swallowed by the sheep while grazing (more on that later) and enters the digestive system where he finds his way to the bile duct of the sheep. There he makes his home and reproduces, often multiple times, releasing happy little packages of mirth in the form of thousands of eggs. These eggs are seeded like nuggets of gold in the sheep's manure. Eventually this dung will prove to be a snack for snails and in so consuming their hearty repast they will also find a bonus of free D. dendriticum eggs. These tasty treats hatch inside the snail, feed and go through two stages of development (including another reproductive stage) until they are ready to enter the snail's respiratory system. Snails cough up balls of slime constantly and it's inside these that wee D. dendriticum hitch a ride. Goodbye, friend snail!

If the D. dendriticum are fortunate then their happy slime ball home will be discovered by ants. Ants love snail lung gunk and they'll carry the balls back to their colony for good eats. At this point D. dendriticum has found a new host. Most of the D. dendriticum will move into the ant's digestive system for a tasty treat, but in each batch at least one will move upstream and latch onto the ant's tiny little ant brain.

During the night ants return to their colony for safety, but those infected with D. dendriticum will

instead climb to the tops of stalks of grass and latch on with their mandibles. There they will remain until morning, at which point they will climb back down the stalks and resume their normal ant lives. The ants repeat this ritual, night after night, until the ant dies or it has been swallowed by a grazing animal. At which point, well, it dies anyway. But from its slowly digesting remains emerge the D. dendriticum and with ruthless efficiency the ant-riders make their way to their new host's bile duct. Home at last!

Just a quick figure and then I'll leave you to your pleasant thoughts. Around the world 80% of humans on average have been, are now or will be the host to parasites. In the United States this figure jumps to a chilling 95%. I'm hoping that the case of head lice I had in 2nd grade and the two deer ticks I got in the woods more than a decade ago have filled up my parasite dance card. If not, well, see you guys at the pool!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.22 Exclusive SA Investigative Report: Rich K. Versus the Leapfrog Learning Gym!

Tuesday, Sep 13, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Rich K., here to fight for you, the consumer, during sweeps week!

How ya doing, Kansas City? This is Rich K, Something Awful's leading investigative correspondent, the only Internet journalist with enough guts to launch hard-hitting reports into what really matters. I'm here to protect you, to protect your family, to protect your pets and your pets' children from those evil corporate fatcats who willingly endanger you just to pad their bloated pockets with ill-gotten gains. I'm not afraid to ask the questions that need to be asked; I'd storm into the Whitehouse shrieking and screaming like a madman if I thought it could protect you, the viewers. I'd even agree to wear pants if I thought it would conceivably make a difference.

I'm back from my six-month forced hiatus off SATV (Something Awful Television), and I'm ready as heck to start causing a ruckus and fighting for your rights today, the middle of television's sweeps week. Yes, that's correct, I'm here to once again dig in my talons of integrity and seize the inside scoop on everyday products you, the average consumer, have lying around your home, unaware they could SPONTANEOUSLY KILL YOU AND YOUR CHILDREN AS YOU SLEEP. I'm a scambuster, I'm a crime-fighter, I'm a guy who isn't afraid to put it all on the line and get to the bottom of things. I've single handedly saved millions of people thanks to my previous groundbreaking reports, which I have typed in bold print to emphasis the fact I know how to use the bold print tag:

- **Oxygen: Nature's Invisible Killer**
- **Roofing Tar: Nature's Visible Killer**
- **Church Stained Glass Windows: Nature's Translucent Killer**
- **Serial Killers: Nature's Serial Killers**

In the wake of all this horrible Hurricane Katrina tragedy, the war in Iraq, and the recent coup of the Atlantis government, I have decided to once again focus my attention on what really matters: protecting America's children. It's been my goal from day one to make sure every parent of every household in America can rest easy at night, knowing I'm out there discovering hundreds of thousands of invisible, common, silent, deadly killers swarming around us like... like a beekeeper who just fell into a vat of honey and while this really didn't immediately irritate all the bees around him, he got a bunch of honey in his eyes and then he walked into a wasp's nest and then all the wasps attacked him and maybe also there was a farmer who was growing wasps and thought the guy was trying to steal his wasp crop so he grabbed a pitchfork and started stabbing him as well.

I've blown the lid off countless shocking scandals that rocked America. I, Rich K., publicized an illegal fatcat furniture scam during my segment entitled, "Sit Back, Relax... AND DIE." I was the first (and only) reporter to reveal Charmin toilet paper's ability to catch fire and burn you to death if you happened to accidentally go to the bathroom on a lit stove. I led the lawsuit against Nestle when their vile "Nestle Crunch" candy bar failed to include a warning explicitly stating, "NEVER USE THIS CANDY BAR AS AN ENEMA KIT, PARTICULARLY AFTER YOU'VE DRIVEN NUMEROUS TOOTHPICKS AND RUSTY SCREWS THROUGH IT." When America wants justice, America looks to Rich K., and I deliver. And justice sure as heck doesn't care about

adding that stupid "é" character in the word "Nestle," because that lame crap is for spineless wimps who drive Geos and use the Metric system.

A recent reader tip sent shivers down my spine, as they insinuated a "learning" toy constructed for children may actually be a LIFE-THREATENING HAZARD CAPABLE OF DESTROYING COUNTLESS LIVES. I immediately phoned my editor to relay this hot tip, but the automated voice on the phone suggested he was not in the office at the moment, and additionally went on to explain his pet grooming store's operating hours range from 9:00 AM to 6:00 PM. Fearlessly, I trekked ahead alone, confident that my relentless pursuit of truth and justice could not be stopped by any corporate strong-arming, corrupt politicians, voices of reason, or countless restraining orders which I refuse to read because they aren't printed on the backs of paint store receipts. After searching from shop to shop, I was finally able to track down an establishment possessing lax enough security to obtain the "learning" toy in question. Ladies and gentlemen, you may want to brace yourself for what I'm about to reveal.

THE LEAPSTART LEARNING GYM

This so-called "Leapstart Learning Gym," manufactured by a company named "Leapfrog," is being sold to our children, and our children's children, and our children's children's children (if they are really slutty). This toy seems innocent enough, doesn't it? A quick look at the company's website, which I can't locate right now because my brain is overflowing with PURE JUSTICE and this sometimes interferes with my BASIC MOTOR SKILLS and ability to STOP SHRIEKING EVERY TIME I TOUCH A PEACH, states the following:

> *This interactive learning toy will grow along with your infant. There are two modes: one for infants and "lie-down" play and the other for older babies and "sitting-up" play. Lie-down play consists of a musical mode and a learning mode.*

The word "lie" appeared in that description TWICE. Also note the ludicrous claim, "this interactive learning toy will grow along with your infant." You know what else grows with infants? That's right: intestinal parasites.

To you consumers not as familiar with raw, hallucinogenic American justice as myself, you may ignorantly view this toy as a fun and educational resource for any newborn. Sure, the blinking lights and soothing music may entertain young Baby Marmalade, but are you aware of life-threatening dangers this hulking, twisted knot of corrugated plastic conceals? I carried the Leapstart Learning Gym into the SATV Investigative UltraLab NewsWatch Smart Station 2000, and after convincing my wife to back the Ford Taurus out of my workspace, I was able to properly dissect and analyze it. The results may shock and horrify you. They may also horrifyingly shock you, like you just got struck by lightening while being chased by a vampire, and not those gay vampires in Danielle Steel novels who spend 600 pages sauntering around and whining about forbidden romance.

Let's take a closer look at the Leapstart Learning Gym and detail the numerous ways it can destroy your child, both physically and mentally.

1) Two push buttons depicting images of the sun and moon. You know what other culture drew pictures of crap like this everywhere? The ancient Aztecs, that's who. Or maybe the Mayans. I don't know, is there even any difference between the two? They're both dead. So if you support your child joining an extinct South American cult who worshipped pagan gods and believed in ludicrous notions such as "really big statues of dogs or whatever they built outside of their huts," then go ahead and toss your baby under one of these contraptions.

It should also be noted that, upon pressing either the sun or moon button, the time of day did not abruptly shift accordingly. What is this supposed to teach our children? The futile, hopeless nature of wasted ambition? Great thinking, Leapfrog! What a tremendously rewarding learning experience! Why don't you add a button labeled "FREE GOLD" and then when the baby presses it, a giant brick flies out and crushes their face. At least that will teach them a lesson about the real world.

2) A spinning globe. This one is just ridiculous; the Earth is at least 40 times bigger than this thing here. Why bother putting it in your so-called "educational" toy if it's completely inaccurate? I don't want our children growing up thinking the Earth is the size of a softball and contains absolutely NO cloud coverage or magnetic poles. To add insult to injury, the globe can be spun in various directions, allowing the child the chance to "play God." Don't be surprised if the next gift your baby requests is a *Dungeons and Dragons* fantasy book. The intoxicating power will lead your child straight to the Cult of Satan (for more information, please watch my exposé entitled, "Have Satanists Infiltrated the Arby's On 14th Street?").

3) Some kind of lusty female frog with questionable motives. She appears to be holding two very large condoms in her hands, an absolutely disgusting display of abhorrent behavior. Babies younger than three months should not be exposed to some warped company's views on birth control! I touched on this fact during my recent segment, "Are Traffic Signs Promoting Sexual Promiscuity?" Many infants lack the skills to even apply condoms; when I handed a pack of Trojans to the baby down the street, he just kind of stared at them and then started crying! Luckily the police showed up to arrest the baby for being really loud, and they safely escorted me away.

4) A star button. Upon pressing this, a really loud whirring sound is produced. What is the point? How does this teach anything? I'll tell you what it teaches: IT SUGGESTS SATAN IS THE ONE TRUE GOD. Think about it; a star inside a circle? That, my friends, is a pentagram, and pentagrams are the symbols *Dungeons and Dragons* players use to summon magic elves inside the Bags of Holding. If Leapfrog was truly concerned with teaching our children, they would make it so that, upon pressing the evil Satanic

I'm not afraid of the bigwigs or the fatcats!

pentagram button, 10,000 volts of electricity would course through the infant's flailing corpse while a really loud voice proclaims, "JESUS IS LORD."

5) A big red pill which shows numbers and animals. The pharmaceutical industry, eternally pushing designer drugs down our throats and attempting to overmedicate America (as shown in my report, "Is Pfizer Spiking Orange Juice With Zoloft?") has convinced Leapfrog to prominently place an outrageously large capsule on their "learning toy." Tell me Leapfrog, why is "learning to solve all your problems by taking drugs" something our children really need to know? And while we're asking questions, tell me why this red pill contains images of elephants, seals, and tigers? Why do you want our kids, the leaders of tomorrow, swallowing endangered species? This wasteful, disgusting outlook probably has some direct connection with the depleting rainforests and disintegrating ozone layer and that stupid whirlpool from *Ultima V* which sucked you into the Underworld and forced you to battle corpsers.

6) A carousel of plastic instruments which rotates clockwise. This may not initially seem harmless... at until you consider a few facts. What if the plastic instruments were knives? And what if the plastic carousel was barbed wire? And what if the motor causing it to rotate was instead a huge drill press which drove into the ground at hundreds of thousands of miles an hour? Do you really want your child to play with such a toy? If you caught my broadcast, "Disney World: Harmless Theme Park, or Dangerous Minefield of Broken Glass and Jagged Shards of Infected Death?" then you'll invariably know what I'm talking about.

7) A speaker which emits select music and speech. Out of all the potential hazards, I can safely proclaim this one offended me the greatest. Who is in a position to decide what sounds America's children should or should not listen? How do we raise our kids when corporations brainwash them with hypnotic signals and commands to purchase lip balm and wart removal cream? Although I could not personally hear the audio produced from the unit (the doctors said I lost 99.5% of my hearing as a direct result of my investigative report "Why Won't the FAA Let You Stand Directly Behind Airplanes When They Take Off?"), I sensed a repetitive rhythm, perhaps one used to induce a trance-like state in the child? Then I heard something which sounded like "*(something something something)* milk rodeo *(something)* the *(something)* best tube." What does this mean? If I, a grown adult, cannot decipher it, how can anybody expect a young childlike baby in its infancy to understand such a thing?

If this analysis wasn't convincing enough, let's take a look at the so-called "educational toy" in action. I was able to obtain a baby through my "connections" in the black market "having sex and then having your wife squeeze a living creature out of her vagina" industry. I used her (the baby, not my wife) as a test subject, to see how she reacted to the Leapstart Learning Gym. The results will make you vomit in terror.

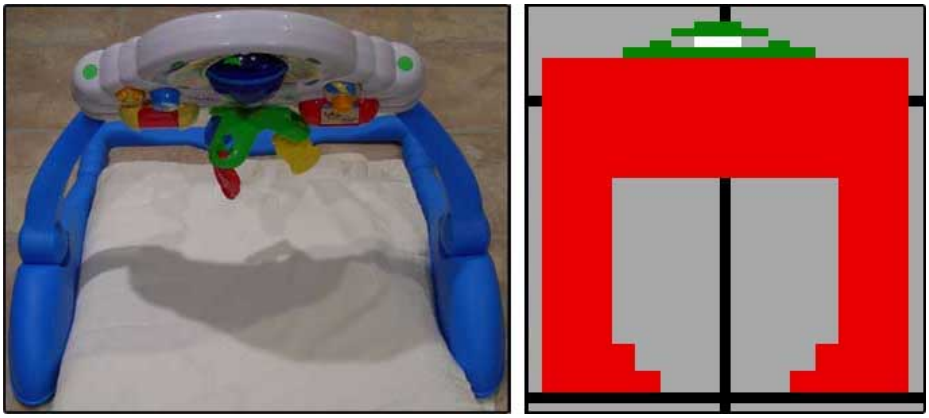
Baby Lauren appeared to initially enjoy herself and the pagan, mind-controlling rhymes of chaos Leapfrog's contraption produced. Unfortunately, this joy quickly transformed into pure abject horror, as the Leapstart Learning Gym succumbed to the evil, vile intentions of its creators. Behold the unspeakable terror Leapfrog's masterpiece created:

THE UNIT FLIPPED OVER, INSTANTLY CRUSHING OUR BABY AND MUTILATING HER SKULL INTO A SUBSTANCE WHICH RESEMBLED GROUND BEEF. Also I have been instructed by SATV's lawyers that this event never actually happened, and the photo is just an artist's representation of what may have actually happened if the events in my mind were somehow able to materialize like in that one episode of Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles where Krang had that helmet which made all his wishes come true, but he just kinda ended up wishing for really stupid crap like nice tablewear and the sheet music for "Rosanna" by Toto. But it *could've*, and that's what truly matters here.

Okay, my producer giving me that signal which means I should wrap up my report now, especially since his aim is improving and it really hurts when I get hit in the face by a phone book. Before I go, I'd like to offer my final, conclusive proof that the Leapstart Learning Gym is an evil, horrible piece of fabricated death that should be avoided at all costs. Please take a look at this side-by-side comparison:

Thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)



9.23 My Most Recent True Story of Survival Against All Odds

Wednesday, Sep 14, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Day One:

Perhaps you remember my last gripping story of survival, lost in the dense wilderness of what turned out to be Northern Idaho. There I fought nature tooth and nail, and narrowly won. Though dogged by cold and an overbearing bear, I made it to safety. I recovered, took a creative writing class, and then made the foolish mistake of deciding to reward myself with a tropical vacation. Now I am reunited with my old friend – a friend called Danger!

The boat ferrying me through the bastard Pacific Ocean encountered trouble of the explosive variety, sending me flying into the murderous sea as no more than some indiscriminate piece of shrapnel. What a monster the sea is, always waiting to devour man whole should he think himself smart enough to claim ownership of the entire planet. I write these scattered thoughts in a notebook fortune just happened to throw at me when the boat exploded. I am floating on a makeshift raft fashioned out of a block of adult diapers that must have been in the cargo hold. I thank the maker for supplying me with these life-saving adult diapers, but curse him for his overall cruel demeanor.

I counted no other survivors. I dutifully waited for signs of life for one hour before I erected a crude sail out of some salvaged tablecloths and some wooden poles. The pink-white tartan pattern of my sail was dissatisfactory, but I had little resources to work with. Now my new struggle for survival rests on making it to land or getting rescued and avoiding pirates and deadly squalls.

Day Two:

I have encountered my first deadly squall, but as luck would have it came just in time to gust me away from an approaching pirate ship. Fortune shined its crooked smile, sheltering me from one danger in the midst of another. The mighty winds raged and hurled my meager craft, which I christened the "HMS Survival," like an undesired lunch. I gripped tightly, sinking my fingers deep into the soft padding of the adult diapers. These diapers served me well, though a part of me wondered if the people expecting their delivery had a contingency plan.

More updates when it is less dangerous for me to write.

The storm has calmed, but unfortunately the HMS Survival is in tatters. These diapers were designed to withstand the full force of an adult's bowels and bladder, but not the full force of the raging sea and sky. The bladder of the sky is monumental, and the bowels of the sea never cease to be cleared. The poor girl is taking on water like a sponge, and my sail is full of holes. On the plus side a seagull smashed into it and died, providing me with my first meal: a delicious serving of hope. Land cannot be far away.

The day continues and no sign of land yet. The sun is beating me senseless. I look and all I see are burning white and blue. I can barely move my hands enough to stagger this pen across this paper... I am so tired... so tired. Could this be the onset of scurvy? I have had so little fruit in the past two days.

I am awake again. The HMS Survival crashed ashore on an unknown island, shredding itself to pieces amid razor-sharp coral scattered on the beach. I would mourn for her, but now that we are both on land I am no longer obligated to go down with the ship. I myself am snagged on the coral, and I am cold and wet. It is difficult to identify my surroundings in the dark of night, but I can see that the beach is at the base of a foreboding jungle that lurches onward for what appears to be numerous miles. Would I be cursed to journey through this jungle? I am quaking with all-encompassing fear

at the prospect, an act that may help to save me by keeping my body temperature up.

I see a figure emerging from the jungle, a hulking figure. I will write more soon. My journey to safety may be over!

Day Three:

As fate would have it the mysterious figure was that of a Cossack manservant. He emerged from out of the jungle in a mighty struggle against gravity. He was my last memory on the beach, a brooding presence that moved like a casket full of jello, methodically staggering through the bush as though his feet where magnets at war with a metal floor. As soon as he was within talking distance, so too was the most dreadful odor I've ever had the misfortune of smelling.

He carried me to this shelter, this sprawling mansion he calls home. He fed me, tended to my wounds, and provided me access to a bathroom. After two days at sea, a bathroom is like heaven. The toilet is a mighty throne, and the tub is like a giant overturned turtle shell filled with nectar and ambrosia. I could have used the bathroom on the HMS Survival – hell the whole ship was a floating bathroom – but I was not about to surround myself with the stink of failure.

I am now in a parlor, waiting for the return of the Cossack's master. While there I eyed the Cossack suspiciously, for he was a menacing figure that looked to be no less than an amalgam of the world's ugliest men. He was a cacophony of flesh and limbs united by an armada of stitches and justified as a man only by virtue of a healthy beard. If not for the movement, there was nothing to indicate he was alive. This Cossack appeared to be no less than the survivor of one hundred different botched surgeries.

It has been hours since my last entry, and I must admit good reason for the delay. Not that the delay should matter, since by the time anyone reads this journal, my ordeal will be over. That's a good point I just thought of and I apologize for apologizing about the delay in updates.

I am afraid my situation has grown quite dim, even in spite of the momentary respite provided by the mysterious Cossack manservant, who I learned was called Frank. His master was a most disturbing figure, loitering in the shadows and speaking in a most elegant if not unnerving voice. When he spoke, his sharp fangs glistened in the light. While speaking with him I asked the Cossack to take down the minutes for posterity. Here's what was said:

> Frank: "Yes"
>
> Guest:" Well don't write that, I meant once I start talking to your master."
>
> Master: "We have already started talking."
>
> Guest: "Hang on one second, I want to get this in order."
>
> Frank: "I'm good."
>
> Guest: "Okay, sorry about that. About my situation here."
>
> Master: "I am pleased to meet you, young boy."
>
> Guest: "Thank you for the hospitality, kind sir. Now if you have a phone, I would like to call 911 to arrange for my rescue."

Master: "I'm afraid, dear boy, that there are no phones on this island. I'm afraid the only way off this island is by earning it."

Guest: "I believe I have earned it with my amazing struggle against the sea. Perhaps I should tell you that story since it's pretty good. I wrote down some notes in my journal, too. Frank is writing the minutes in it, so I suppose I could have him stop so you can glance over my notes."

Master: "I know all about you, young boy. I know how you get here too. I know about your struggle in the wilds of Idaho. That is why I arranged for your arrival here... Here on my private hunting grounds."

Guest: "While I appreciate your gung-ho attitude about providing me with a personalized hunting expedition, I don't appreciate your methods. In fact, sir, I don't see any method at all."

Master: "I don't think you know who I am, young boy. I am called Count Dracula, and this is my castle. I am known far and wide as the greatest hunter in the world."

Guest: "Your name seems vaguely familiar, but I can't quite place it. Anyway, what's hunting got to do with me?"

Master/Dracula: "I have brought you here to hunt you, young boy. I have brought you here because you are the most dangerous game!"

Guest: "Sir, I have too much self esteem to think of myself as a game, let alone allow you to play me like one. I will make use of your telephone and I will leave at once. Your Cossack friend will be coming with me, as he is clearly in need of immediate medical assistance."

Master/Dracula: "Frank—"

Frank: "Yes?"

Master/Dracula: "No, don't respond to that."

Frank: "Okay."

Master/Dracula: "Frank requires some new parts and I require fresh blood. He's hardly even a Cossack anymore, since so much of him comes from my prey. I believe your parts will do nicely, after I hunt you down and kill you."

Guest: "That's hardly fair at all."

Master/Dracula: "If you outwit me you win. That's fair. Say, those are some nice gloves."

Guest: "These are not gloves. These are my natural hands now."

Master/Dracula: "You have the entire evening to make yourself at home. I am going to prepare for the hunt. Once day arrives, you are free to roam the island. But as soon as night falls, I shall make haste chasing you down. That's right, I hunt at night. I am not favorable to sunlight."

At this point Count Dracula brooded out of the room. Frank handed me back my journal and now I'm writing this update. I am impressed with his penmanship, though his skills at taking minutes could use a little work.

I am going to get some rest in the guest bedroom. It looks very comfortable at least. Though I long to be sleeping back aboard the HMS Survival. Its softness was like a back massage from an angel.

Day Four:

Desperate words once more unite us. I am lost again in the wilderness, haunted by uncertainty. Today my flora dungeon is tropical and heat – not cold – dogs me at every turn. Survival is like the swinging of a pendulum, always teetering between the realm of safety and danger. Fate has cast me over the side of danger, leaving me no lifeboat save for my wits.

I have been in the jungle for hours, trying my best to find an adequate place to hide. When night falls, Count Dracula will be after me with bloodlust. The last thing I want is to get bitten by a weirdo and chopped to pieces and used for spare parts. Not after everything I've been through. Frank seems like a nice guy, but his master is cruel and unusual. I don't doubt there is some form of Stockholm Syndrome at play in their relationship. Should I defeat Dracula, Frank and I will no doubt have a fun summer project rebuilding the HMS Survival together.

As motivated as I am, morale is still low. I almost give up hope every time I stop to rest. If only fortune would shine some more on me. If only there was some equalizing factor here. Dracula undoubtedly knows this island like the back of his hand. I must become invisible. If I can hide from him, he can't kill me.

I am lucky enough to find a potato patch to raid for supplies. Come nightfall I will feast on potatoes in whatever crude shelter I manage to find.

It is now night and I am hiding in a hole I dug, surrounded by dense vegetation. I have heard a trumpet roar, followed by the sounds of barking dogs. The hunt is most certainly on, and Count Dracula is now after me. I am taking nervous bites from these potatoes, wondering if each mouthful will be my last.

I hear rumbling in the bushes. I must not write any further, for the sound of pen against paper is certain to reveal my location. I only fear that in writing that last sentence, I did not allow my enemy to gain the advantage.

Hours have passed and I was forced to change location. I have armed myself with a stick to protect myself from a pesky bat that has been chasing me around. I do not know why this bat has chosen to pester me, but it's the one thing I don't need at this point in time, aside from being shot and killed and torn to pieces by Dracula. That's definitely the number one thing I don't need. This bat is definitely number two.

Day Five:

It is the wee hours of my fifth day of struggling to survive. I am still fleeing from the merciless torment of Count Dracula, who popped out of some bushes that just happened to be the very same bushes I used the stick to whack that pesky bat into. The odds of that happening have to be at least one in two. Staggering!

I threw a potato at him and ran and I'm now hiding inside a fallen log. I was crafty enough to gather some bananas from a banana tree, but wasted an hour trying to carve a shiv out of one. It was too soft and pliable to penetrate anything, and fell apart when I sheathed it in my pocket.

The bat came once more, forcing me to give up the log that I had grown to know intimately over the course of the last hour. My mind can't help but think back to simpler times, when my biggest

worry was breaking the heart of the bear I was living with in a cave in the untamed wilds of Idaho. A part of me wanted to go back and give that bear a big old hug, but first I would have to survive.

Fortune has smiled on me once more, giving me my first sign of hope. I looked up at the jungle canopy above me and saw a tattered cloth tangled in the treetops. I could see very little, but a scarce few bands of light managed to illuminate just enough. It was the pink-white tartan tablecloth sail from the HMS Survival.

The sea! The beach! I must get back to the sea and out from under this dark canopy. Night cannot last any longer than it has already, and daylight will protect me from the sun-conscious Dracula.

Running recklessly through the jungle, I made it to the beach. Free from the darkness of the canopy, I could now face Count Dracula on a more level playing field: direct sunlight.

I waited there on the beach, where razor sharp coral had shredded the mighty HMS Survival and scattered the milky white debris across the white sands. The debris rallied at my feet with each wave that crashed upon the shore. Survival was with me. Together she and I would defeat Dracula!

I hear the squeaking of a bat. I must quickly procure a stick. More to come later.

Good news at last, friends! The bat emerged from the jungle and I quickly whacked it with a stick. Amazingly, and to my complete shock and a dangerously high level of astonishment, the bat transformed into Count Dracula right before my very eyes. I squealed like a girl and jumped back several feet before regaining my boundless determination. Dracula staggered to his feet, used his arms to hold his cape up, and strafed around me. I looked up and waited for that quintessential threshold to be crossed: the exact moment night gives way to day. I tried to stall him.

"Dracula," I said.

"Yes?" he responded.

"I think I ate some of your potatoes," I said. As the last syllable of "potato" left my lips, the threshold was crossed. Night gave way to day, and victory was at last mine.

"No!" he screamed, sheltering himself under his cape.

"I ate a whole bunch of your potatoes," I said, adding insult to injury.

He was vulnerable! I had no time to lose. I quickly grabbed a lobster from the beach and hurled at him, causing him to yelp in pain. He staggered to his feet, flesh burning, to run back into the dark of the jungle canopy. I grabbed another lobster and threw it at him, this time knocking him to his knees. At this point I grabbed a wooden pole left over from the HMS Survival's sail and jabbed it into his chest.

He shattered into a million bats that flew into the jungle and then exploded. I took a bite from a potato still in my pocket, and savored the sweet taste of victory.

Danger once again called me out for a challenge, and I survived with flying colors. In times of great danger, when man preys on man, there is no substitute for ingenuity and dedication. A routine existence breeds little in the way of creative thinking, and in settling into a defined pattern of hunting, Dracula had set himself up for failure. In living a life in perpetual adversity to odds, I was

all but guaranteed a victory in the end. Now that I have my very own private island and a Cossack manservant I would finally be able to enjoy the vacation I earned in the wilds of Idaho.

This is my final update. Soon Frank and I will rebuild the HMS Survival and sail home to the fair shores of America where the healthcare system will look after him. To all in similar situations: never give up. Danger is a dish that leaves many leftovers, so the struggle will last until death. Be prepared to fight your way to the grave and all will be well. Farewell and fare travels!

■ Nobody Likes the Daily Dirt

I guess there is a new Daily Dirt but it's not very good and nobody likes it and it just sucks.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.24 Microbrew Taste Fest

Thursday, Sep 15, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Frolixo in 20 years.

I recently had the pleasure of attending one of the largest Midwest beer tasting events of the year, sampling hundreds, if not thousands of beers over a 48-hour period. I set out to keep a detailed and fair review of all of the microbrews I sampled, but somewhere into the 10th hour I lost track of things and woke up the next day curled up in a monster truck tire and covered in my own vomit and feces. It was a wonderful event that I will cherish always, and will think about fondly while serving my community service for punching the mayor's dog.

I know many of you are like me with it comes to beer: a terrible snob who looks down on the lowly cretins drinking Bud Light and Miller, and drink only the finest fermented grains seasoned with Turkish figs and aged for 10 years in a dead mule's colon. Good news: out of all of my scattered and burned notes from the weekend, I have recovered a few of the reviews of some of the gourmet beers I encountered. Join me, fellow beer nerds, as we tread into the world of crushing alcoholism in the disguise of style and sophistication.

Black Sludge Port
This heavy port is made by the good folks at the Smelly Bastard Brewing Company in Little Falls, Wisconsin. Drawn from fermented licorice roots and boot laces, and then strained through a collection of 1972 Green Bay Packers jock straps, this one has a big bold taste that is still smooth and frothy. There are also hints of chocolate, coffee beans, road tar, and axle grease to give it a malty, full-bodied flavor, and make it the darkest-colored beer at the event. When one drinks a Black Sludge Port, it is best to hold the glass upside-down and just let it slowly drip into your waiting, quivering maw. Another method is to eat it with a spoon and wash it down with a lubricant, like KY Jelly. Be aware: there is a warning label on the bottle, saying that Black Sludge Port may cause bowel cancer in children and the elderly. Can also be used to patch potholes, or used in physics labs to study the properties of dark matter.

Rating:

Rotten Carrot
Most ales are made from fermented yeast, barley, wheat, and even rice. Thanks to the recent craze of low-carb diets, the Pretentious Brewing Company in Ann Arbor, Michigan created this drink entirely out of decomposing carrots with hints of oatmeal hops. Advertised as "the choice for sensitive beer drinkers", its immense popularity is due to the fact that Ann Arbor is full of limp-wristed faggots who wear hemp and ride contraptions called "bicycles". This was a terrible ale and I pretended to drink the rest of it but really dumped it in my wife's purse while she wasn't looking.

The man on the left tortures small animals, and the guy on the right kisses robots.

Rating:

Huge Mexican Lager
Microbrews from Mexico are extremely rare. This is because of the Modolo crime family, who make the popular Corona and many of the other well-known beers from south of the border. They rule the beer industry with an iron fist, dictating the business and squashing all attempts at upstart microbrewing. But one company as brave enough to stand up to the Modolo bullies. Their name is the Orange Sombrero Brewery, and their premiere beer -- the Huge Mexican -- became an instant hit in the country and abroad. This led to the violent "Corona Wars" of 2005, causing the deaths of 32 people, including ex-front page writer Zackary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez who was later buried in the Something Awful cabbage patch. After the bloodshed, there was a truce between the two gangs and the Orange Sombrero Brewery was allowed to distribute its Huge Mexican Lager. I tried it, and it tastes similar to Corona but even more piss-like.

Rating:

Paint Thinner
I'm not really sure, but I have a strong inkling that this clever name isn't as clever as it seems. Shortly after handing over one of my drink tokens for a six ounce tasting glass, the scruffy servers behind the booth of the New England Classic Brewing Company bellowed in laughter. This ominous scene only escalated after I downed the foul smelling liquid and reeled from the zesty flavor. Soon I became dizzy, my knees wobbling to and fro. It felt as though my stomach lining was disintegrating, causing me to collapse in the corner of the tent in a fetal position. The servers chuckled at my plight and hosed me down with even more of the foul liquid. Darkness took me and I strayed away through thought and time. Stars wheeled overhead, and every day was as long as a life age of the earth... but it was not the end. I felt life in me again. I woke up as they were pumping my stomach in the emergency room, and telling me to avoid drinking paint thinner in the future.

Rating:

Sandy Vagina Stout
A pleasant yet irritating stout that blends natural hoppy malt flavors with a mix of concentrated fish oils and barley yeast. It won the bronze medal at the Most Disgusting Microbrew flavor awards last year. After choking down all 6 ounces, I asked the brewer what materials were used in the brewing process. The old man growled at me, revealing a line of rotting black teeth that glistened like slugs in the waning sun. Then he head-butted me and stole my BBQ pork sandwich.

Rating:

I thought this was a real talking beer so I ripped his head off and drank his blood. Whoops!

Indian Spirit Special Lager
This is the best microbrew I encountered during the festival, and I have to say without a doubt that it is the best beer I have ever tasted. Made by the Black Bear Brewing company from Minnesota, this is a light but smooth lager that tantalized the taste buds and swept me away to a faraway land where one can dream of a simpler age of refinement and honor. The swirling foam reminds me sandstorms of North Africa, hunting great elephants with my trusty rifle, and sawing off their tasks for the black market trade. Aye, a filthy mouth

such as mine was undeserving of such a brew from the heavens. I fell to my knees before the serving booth, my cheeks wet with tears of joy, pouring another cup of frosty drought down my gullet. I felt the Indian spirit rushing through me like a wolf on the hunt. I was one with nature, one with God, and one with the mother earth.

Rating:

Editors note: After some research, I found out that Indian Spirit Special Lager was really just Budweiser repacked in some really looking cool bottles.

Overall, I found that although American domestic beer is barely a step up from skunky tap water, many microbrews try to be so unique and special that some of them taste like a dirty sock in a blender. Of course, I drank them all anyway, because I need my booze, but I did become very ill and spent many hours lying in the sun getting melanoma as seagulls pecked at my bloated gut until the putrid innards within burst forth onto the beer soaked grass, like some offering to a pagan god whose name I dare not utter. I walked it off the next day.

I hope you enjoyed this Taste Fest review, unless you are straight-edge and only drink Tang, in which case please go change your diapers because being sober is for children. By the way, anybody want to donate a liver? Please help me.

- Pork Tales II

The grand adventure of Pork continues as he tackles the important current events and makes us think in the process. Each new comic comes with THIS DECODER RING that won't decode anything but might give you cancer.

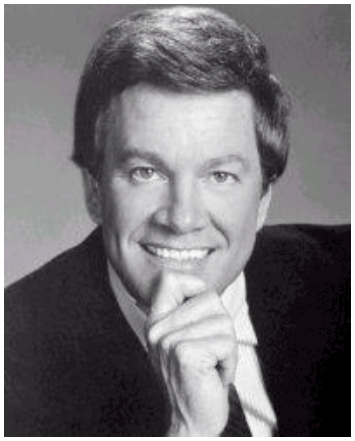
-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

9.25 A Wink and a Nod

Friday, Sep 16, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

In September of 1936 the Wood River Express train departed from Vogt Station in Salt Lake City, Utah bound for Red Flats, Nevada on what was known as the Salt Line. 214 souls were aboard. The train was spotted at 11:34 PM near the border with Nevada disappearing into a particularly dense fog bank. It was never seen again. No wreckage was found and there was no trace that the train had ever been there. In 1998 a freight train traveling along the B & O freight line near where the disused Salt Line had been overgrown with desert weeds came across a strange sight. Sitting parallel to the freight line, poised where tracks had once run, was the pristine length of the Wood River Express.

The baffled crew of the freight train stopped to inspect their unusual find. Only one person was aboard the train: the conductor. He was a smiling man who offered no answer or explanation other than his name. That name was Wink Martindale.

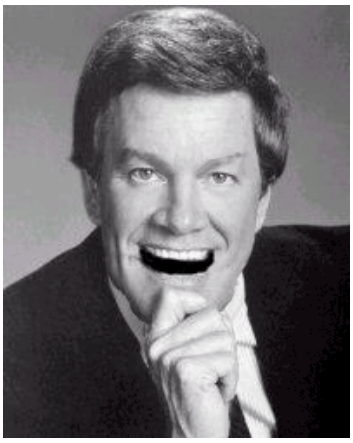


On a dare Wink Martindale exploded the heart of a finch with his mind, but was later heard to remark that its song had "grown tiresome." While Abraham Lincoln toiled and labored under the hot sun building his log cabin Wink Martindale sat beneath a shade tree and watched while sipping on iced lemonade. When Lincoln approached and asked for a drink to refresh himself Wink Martindale stared him in the eye and poured the pitcher out into the dirt. Wink Martindale knows no fear for he is fear incarnate.

Wink Martindale wants to know if you think that's air you're breathing. When the truth is found to be lies and all the joy within you dies Wink Martindale can't be far behind. In 76 AD Wink Martindale hurled a pilum through the chest of Augustus Ramilius, a Roman poet of little historical significance, simply because the unfortunate man stood in his path. Wink Martindale corked Sammy Sosa's bat to prove a point about Reaganomics. You disgust Wink Martindale.

Wink Martindale holds the record for largest and smallest pancake ever eaten in one sitting, but he wishes there were a record for most medium-sized pancake ever eaten in one sitting. Wink Martindale was so hungry he could eat a horse, but all he had was a Ponderosa buffet coupon and he doesn't like the way paper tastes. Wink Martindale wants to be out of here by five o'clock. He's got girls coming over. Whole ones.

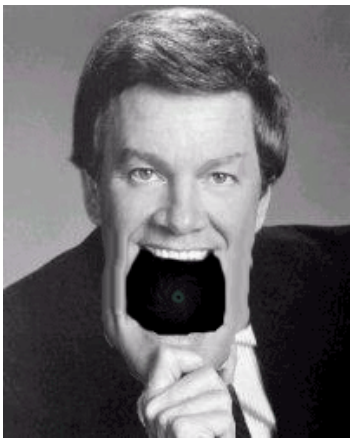
Wink Martindale can transform a case of Dr. Pepper into a case of Mr. Pibb simply by questioning the accreditation of the university that provided the soda with its degree. On two occasions Wink Martindale has used a similar technique to reduce Dr. Dre to tears. Wink Martindale dungeon



mastered for Vin Diesel and tricked him into putting on cursed bracers. Wink Martindale doesn't care what you rolled for magic resistance.

Wink Martindale is apolitical but supports the war in Iraq because he is turned on by women weeping. Wink Martindale can create rock so heavy even God can't mosh to it. Wink Martindale offers prayers only to Ganesha lord of the hosts because he likes the way elephants kiss. Wink Martindale is designing amputees for artificial legs. Wink Martindale hopes you like toffee.

Wink Martindale was the first person to tell us about the Convention Center. Wink Martindale won't judge an Arabian horse no matter how much money you offer him. Wink Martindale is a first responder. Wink Martindale thinks you did a heck of a job on these brownies. Wink Martindale can divine the future by reading the liver of a lamb. Wink Martindale does not think this augurs well for the return of the hully-gully. Wink Martindale knows 101 ways to improve your golf swing. Wink Martindale isn't talking.



The nail that sticks up will be hammered down by Wink Martindale. The knowledge contained in Wink Martindale's autobiography could save or destroy us all. Wink Martindale isn't concerned with peak oil. Wink Martindale believes in Intelligent Design because he sat in on some of the meetings. Wink Martindale thinks the complexity of the human eye is shit and accepts no blame or responsibility for that one. Wink Martindale has remained unchanged throughout the eons. Wink Martindale has evolved the ability to change his shape and patterning. Wink Martindale looks like a pair of size 3 boy-shorts being sold at Victoria's Secret. Wink Martindale is designed to wick sweat

from your groin.

Wink Martindale is irritated that Clay Face has yet to appear in a live action Batman movie. Wink Martindale is going to give you a burial at sea. Wink Martindale thinks the Petronas Towers cheated. Wink Martindale liked "Trancers 3: Deth Lives" best of the series. Wink Martindale donated three revolvers to the Solar Temple. Wink Martindale is coming to your town.

Through the unfolding of the ages Wink Martindale has been with us, a watcher, a diviner. Though he takes no prominent role in name he assumes many guises both famous and humble to shape the course of mankind. Through the turmoil and chaos of modern times Wink Martindale looks ahead to a golden age when man will take to the stars in a great Diaspora. Our seed and our stock will find purchase and take root on one thousand times one thousand worlds.

We will multiply and prosper such that our empire is infinite and our ingenuity boundless. Wink Martindale will be waiting there, by our side, among us, invisible, inseparable. The great calamity will come. One by one the worlds of our great civilization will sputter out or disappear. Contact will be lost, fleets of billions will disappear in transit, mustered armies will vanish from the field of battle without a trace. Then, in our last terrified redoubts, we will huddle and watch as Wink Martindale rides out upon a pale horse, his mouth wide and his eyes bright.

Wink Martindale will take us into him, into that great raging tempest's heart, as a woman might give her fertile core up to a lover. Pain and horror will flash across us and we will be nothing. Then, with a brilliant burst of riotous light and harrowing convulsions we will emerge from Wink Martindale's gullet rough and new. Our spoor will take upon a newly made volcanic world and we will begin the slow march of evolution once again. Again and again man will rise and fall as the tide, drawn to ebb or to flow by our own lunar god. His name is Wink Martindale. He is really good at Twister.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.26 At Some Point, This Advice Will Save Your Life

Saturday, Sep 17, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I was going to write about Nintendo's unveiling of the Revolution controller today, but then the latest Reader Safety numbers came in and they were not pretty. Come on people, thirteen fingers severed in home improvement projects and sexual encounters? Seven of you dying when the parachute you were sharing malfunctioned and you were forced to eat each other? Thirty eight thousand cases of nausea and temporary depression caused by watching Rock Star: INXS? One papercut? These numbers are unacceptable.

Although you'd think a Something Awful writer's number one priority would be to cover breaking news in the ever-changing world of knitting, you'd be wrong. Keeping our readers safe comes first. After all, people who are not severely injured or dead tend to have more disposable income to pour into our illicit "Donate Money To The 'Red Cross' And I Swear It Will All Get There" scams.

I don't want to scare you but things are getting desperate around here. I haven't bought a new house in weeks. Instead of using a brand new Alienware computer once before throwing it away, Frolixo was forced to use the same machine twice this week. The situation is critical. We simply can not afford to allow any more deaths or injuries to interfere with our unscrupulous money making schemes, so today I'll be passing along some general safety tips to keep you alive and well. Your adherence to the following guidelines is appreciated and also mandatory.

If you're being shot, the worst possible thing to do is to take off your bulletproof vest. There's really no excuse, even if it is a hot day or you think you saw a bug crawl down inside your collar. Similarly, if you were born with the superhuman ability to stop bullets with your bare skin but you just found a bitchin' magic lamp, now is NOT the time to wish the power away. Take a deep breath and think the situation through. Most shootings last less than a minute tops, so hang in there.

By simply following these tips, you'll be JUST like this guy: alive and probably an asshole.

The second worst thing to do if you're getting shot is to berate the person shooting you because, man, that's just going to make them want to shoot you that much harder.

> **You:** *(wiping your mouth after being shot in the face, finding only a tiny spatter of blood)* Pssh. You shoot like a girl, is that all you've got?
>
> **Shooter:** That's it, I am currently shooting you even harder!
>
> *(he shoots you in the face again, but this time he looks really ticked off)*
>
> **Shooter:** Actually, there was a slight delay from when I said that I was shooting you until I actually shot you. I can't talk and aim very well at the same time, sorry for the confusion.
>
> **You:** Argh! My tooth! It's chipped!

If a venomous snake slithers under the covers of your bed, do not lay down in it. I know you're

tired, but dude. No. That's the *venomous snake bed* now. It's best to just avoid it from now on. Make a post-it note or something and place it at the foot of the bed so you don't forget. If you're really absentminded and there's a chance you might accidentally lay down in the bed at some point in the future, you might want to consider getting rid of the snake. The best way to do this is to put increasingly larger portions of unhealthy food in the meals you bring him twice a day. Eventually his cholesterol will be really out of control and he'll be a prime candidate for a heart attack or circulatory problems.

When given the choice between swimming or drowning, choose swimming every time. You've got to be consistent with this, ok? You could choose to swim a hundred times in a row and everything would be great, but then if you chose to drown just once you'd fuck it all up.

If a starved lion ambushes you, make sure it's smaller than you. It's a proven fact that the severity of a person's injuries sustained during an animal attack are inversely proportional to the size of the attacking beast. Make sure the lion is like the size of a mouse or something.

Just say no to cancer. While it is undoubtedly tempting at first glance, upon further examination the benefits don't outweigh the drawbacks.

When traveling to other countries, pay careful attention to the way traffic works. Here in the United States we keep our cars on the right hand side of the road, but in Australia everyone is drunk like all the time. You won't really be safe on either side of the road or anywhere near it, and even if you go on a hike in the middle of the outback without a single road within ten miles you'll probably get run over. Your best bet is to take a helicopter tour of the country which takes off from a cruise ship and never actually lands in Australia itself, but there's still a good chance one of those goofy bastards could get his car airborne.

Most missiles rely on heat signatures to lock onto and destroy their targets, so you should always wear shorts and drink plenty of cold water right? Nope. The sun is way hotter than you are, so wear what you want and take comfort in knowing that every missile fired at you will simply veer off course into the sun. If you're on your way to live on the sun right this second, TURN AROUND BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

◘ Daily Dirt

To read the gripping and powerful tale of how I slept a lot yesterday, click here!

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.27 Writing for Television

Sunday, Sep 18, 2005 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

Most "comedy" writing on television is just terrible and bland. Here's an example of a typical "King of Queens" joke:

COMEDY

Husband: I can't find my car keys!
Wife: Maybe you should be less forgetful!
Husband: I remembered your birthday last year!
Wife: Yes, but only after I reminded you!
audience laughs

That's weak. I've decided to break into television writing. I'm going to make sitcoms actually funny. These shows need to add some edgy, Internet humor to the mix!

To accomplish this noble goal, I've written what the industry calls a "spec script." I sent it out to a bunch of production companies, but for some reason I haven't got any job offers yet. Maybe I mistyped my address or something. Anyway, here's my spec script for "Everybody Loves Raymond," a show that I think I saw part of once:

Everybody Loves Raymond Spec Script
"An Apple a Day..."
By Kevin Bowen

Raymond enters the living room to greet his wife, Debra.

RAYMOND: Honey, I'm home!

DEBRA: How was your day, dear?

RAYMOND: It was great! I just bought one of these new Apple iPod Nanos! Look at it! It's so small!

DEBRA: Oh great, just what you need! Another small thing in your pants!

RAYMOND: Oh yeah? Uh, well... unlike you, my iPod has 4GB of storage space!

DEBRA: Oooh, you really "owned" me there, Ray. No, but seriously, you're a materialistic, gullible, hipster-scumbag-sap for buying that useless overpriced piece of glossy shit. And why'd you buy ANOTHER iPod when you already have two other revisions?

RAYMOND: *(winking at camera)* Gotta catch 'em all!

Raymond's father, Frank, enters the room.

FRANK: You assholes chatting about iPods?

RAYMOND: We sure are, Grandpa Frank!

FRANK: You know I finally saw something awesome yesterday down at the Apple store.

RAYMOND: Oh yeah, what was that? Those new cinema-sized monitors?

FRANK: No, it was a dead trendwhore! The little emo piece of shit choked to death on his earbud headphones!

Raymond's two kids, Ally and Geoffrey, come running into the room.

ALLY: Dad! Geoffrey posted naked pictures of me again on an Internet forum!

RAYMOND: Geoffrey! What did I tell you about doing that!

Raymond motions for Geoffrey to come closer, then whispers into his ear:

RAYMOND: Don't post naked pictures of your sister online without getting my "admin approval!"

Raymond pats his son on the head.

RAYMOND: Now get the hell out of here before I ban your asses!

The kids run out of the room.

RAYMOND: Well, I guess I'm going to go update my blog now.

FRANK: I heard today that Microsoft is shipping seven different versions of Windows Vista, their next operating system. I already bought the good version of Vista, though: it's called Linux!

DEBRA: And what's the deal with that new Nintendo Revolution controller? I guess it detects motion, right? I wonder if it will be able to detect me throwing that conceptual disaster into the trash!

RAYMOND: Whoa, whoa, watch your language guys! I'm podcasting this entire conversation to an RSS feed right now!

FRANK: Hey you know what RSS stands for, don't ya Raymond?

RAYMOND: No, what?

FRANK: Really Stupid Shit!

DEBRA: GG

Anyways, that's just a fraction of my awesome script. I'll let you guys know when I get hired by "Two and a Half Men" or whatever.

-∼Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

9.28 Liberty in Our Lifetime

Monday, Sep 19, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

September 19, 2030
Oreo Double Stuf City, New Hampshire Commerce District

Hank Porchman's ringtone was the sound of a woman yelling "come an' get it!" and clanging a dinner bell. The Bechtel Warriors were up 7 points in the body count on "Combat! Live" and he didn't want to miss a single shot. He suspected that the Venezuelans that the Starbucks Baristas were clearing out had been supplied with firepower by one of their rival teams. No leftist guerilla outfit should be flinging Lava Drinker AT missiles around like that. Porchman didn't care though, his money was riding on the Warriors and he pumped his fist in the air when the Baristas lost their last up-armored SUV.

"Come an' get it!" The dinnerbell clanged again.

The screen cut to a freeze frame of one of the wounded Starbucks squad members flopping out of the shredded cab of the SUV. Blood was streaming down the man's face. Hank muted the color commentary and answered the phone. One of the commentators drew a circle around a piece of the SUV's roll cage that was sticking out of the Barista's abdomen.

"City's Finest Security, Lieutenant Porchman speaking."

Silence on the other end.

"Hello, this is-"

"Someone is in the house." It was a woman's voice, barely a whisper. "Someone is in the house and my husband isn't home."

"Do you have a gun, ma'am?"

"No." She answered. Hank raised his eyebrows.

"Okay, I will get someone there immediately. Are you a subscriber?"

"He's coming up the stairs," her voice was hissing with fear.

"Okay, calm down ma'am, if you're not a subscriber I'm going to have to get your credit card information."

"I...," she hesitated. There was a rustling on the other end as the phone shifted. "My purse is downstairs."

"Alright, stay calm ma'am, is there any way you can get downstairs? Or maybe hide until he goes

past you and then get your purse?"

"No, I..." More fear crept into her voice, "he's at the top of the stairs!"

"Alright, what I can do for you, ma'am, is under the Pro Forma Act of 2018 I can provide you with a safety response at the market rate with compensation to be collected no later than 15 days after the fact. We can negotiate further involvement if necessary but what this entails is I will send a-"

"Okay, okay. Please, just hurry."

Hank sighed. Somehow word had gotten out that he had a soft spot for charity cases.

"Alright, state your first and last name and state that you are invoking the Pro Forma Act of 2018."

"Dolores Hooper and I invoke the Pro Forma Acts of 2018."

Hank got her address and hung up. He looked over wistfully at Nate Landau's empty desk. Pro Forma Act bullshit and no Nate around to dump the butt loaf on. Fine night to call in drunk to work.

Hank got up with a groan and, feeling every one of his 46 years, he shrugged his suspenders back over his middle-age paunch. He pulled his coat, hat and shoulder holster off of the peg on the wall and ducked out of the office.

The sky above Red Lobster Harbor was the color of television, tuned to a commercial for Jack's Megameth Pick Me Ups. It was that way in no small part because Jack's Megameth Pick Me Ups had paid for ad space above the harbor. A ship moored dead center in the middle of the harbor was spewing white smoke into an immense sheet-cloud onto which the advertisement was being projected. Dakota Fanning's eyes bugged out as she swallowed one of the neon-orange pills and cooed lustily down at the city below. Hank snorted and turned over the engine of his battered H4.

He took the elevated adway down to the Safe Streets skyway interchange, pausing long enough to fish his roadcard out of its tolljacker sheath. He quickly slid it back into the sheath when he spotted a smoking Huey hovering a few meters above the asphalt, a woman in safety webbing aiming a tolljacker at the exit to the toll enclosure. He watched with satisfaction in his rearview mirror as a bright yellow Toll Busters Longbow came up over the skyway and menaced them with its chaingun. The Huey fled in terror. They were lucky it was just Toll Busters: Road Angels was operating fixed wing and had a tendency to shoot first and worry about the cleanup costs later.

Hank glanced down at his vehicle's navigation computer and muttered a curse. The address was well outside the inner rings of core neighborhoods and the planned suburbs were in the opposite direction. Exit 99: Laramie Brothers Pizza Street. If a regional pizza chain was controlling the toll junctions that was a bad sign. Sure enough, exit 99 opened onto a two-lane in such a state of disrepair that weeds two and three feet tall were growing up out of the curbs. A pothole was visible just beyond the toll stop that had claimed the back end of a 20th century pickup. A bed full of

pooled rainwater was sticking up out of the pothole with a bare axel that looked like a rusty bone.

"Seven bucks, no paper." A bored ten year old gazed out at him from the ramshackle toll booth, a game controller dangling from his hand.

Hank held up the roadcard and the kid shook his head and lit a cigarette. "Reader took a shit."

Hank cursed and fished through his glove box for the silver dollars the kid wanted. They were Commerce Zone dollars, backed by gold, not the bullshit Monopoly money the Federal Zones were still using. With a last look at the smoking pre-teen he tossed the coins into the funnel and sped on through the raised traffic gate.

The first few houses and apartment blocks had security placards up, chickenshit outfits like The Popo and AK-24/7. Kids with stolen guns and a shady license, mostly. A block in and the houses didn't even have that sort of protection, just rolls of concertina wire and hand-painted signs reading "intruders will be shot in the fucken head." Garbage was heaped by the side of the road and in one pile Hank was pretty sure he saw a shoe with a foot still in it. Telephone and electric lines drooped in useless loops from poles and then disappeared entirely where scavengers had picked them clean. He passed a cell tower that looked more like a bunker, with 20-foot electrified fence and perimeter guns on 30-foot concrete pylons. By the bloodstains on the pylons more than one person had tried to loot the tower.

The house turned out to be an old two-story pre-liberty duplex. The roof was partially caved in on one unit and segments of siding curled outward from a scorched hole like ribbon candy. The other unit was relatively intact, just a scattering of bullet holes and a door that was suspiciously ajar. Hank turned the engine off and coasted in neutral into the driveway with his lights out. No point announcing himself. He looked up at the windows. The lights were out but for all he knew the neighborhood wasn't even on the power grid.

He slid his Remington Multitool out of its holster and slid the selector over to non-lethal. It hummed reassuringly in his hand as the stunner coils charged up. Unless the guy was twisted on something really nasty that would be enough to put him out of commission and spare him the trouble of calling in Cal's Cleanup. He opened the door of the Hummer and got one foot on the ground before they hit him. He was slammed forward, his clavicle jamming painfully against the door's frame and his trick knee hitting the steering column hard enough to send white stars shooting through his vision. The Hummer's brakes popped and it thumped hard into the junk piled in front of the garage door.

Hank fell sideways out of the cab and hit the pavement face-first. He had just enough wits left to his name to yank his fingers away from the Hummer's tire as it rolled back on its brakes. One of the fingers on the hand still holding his Remington was broken, he knew it immediately by the pulsing pain zipping up his arm. Hank groaned and rolled onto his back. His mouth was full of blood from a cut lip. Every detail of the door's interior above him was in sharp relief thanks to the harsh light suddenly bathing the driveway. Headlights. An engine running, then shutting off.

Hank lifted his head as two men in black and white filigreed cowboy shirts, Stetsons, bolo ties and blue jeans stepped out of a sleek silver pickup.

"Shit." Hank said and tried to slide up into a sitting position.

"Yeop." Agreed one of the cowboys.

Spurs jangled as they approached and a third cowboy rounded the Hummer holding a plastic scattergun.

"Hank Porchman," the cowboy with a bushy mustache whistled, "I reckoned ya'll was better'n to come to a dump like this."

"Can the 'ya'lls', Pussy Patrol." Hank spit blood in what he hoped was a show of disrespect but it drooled out across his shirt instead.

"Patrol Posse," corrected the man with the scattergun. His two comrades shot him dirty looks.

"I'm guessing that there is no Dolores Hooper." Hank observed, becoming increasingly aware of the pistol in his throbbing hand.

"Not bad, huh? That was my girl Rita, works the call desk." Mustache gave him a lop-sided grin and a wink. "Nah, no Dolores Hooper. Sorry about the ruse, Hank, but we came to deliver a message from Pecos Pete."

Hank slowly began to turn his pistol towards the trio of cowboys.

"Now, now." Mustache stomped on the gun and a fresh jolt of pain shot up Hank's arm. "There is no need for violence here. I just came to give you final warning that you are out of business. Finished. Kaput."

"What the hell does Pete care?" Hank grimaced but did not let go of the gun. "There are, what, fifteen of you guys? I'm not going to cut into your business much, I run a two man operation."

"Ran. Past tense. And even if it wasn't it would only be a one man operation." The cowboy smirked and Hank wanted to kill him. "Your boy Landau signed up this afternoon. Pete told me to make you the same offer but I know you're Fed through and through and that sort of pride wouldn't let you sign up."

"I wasn't Fed I was City," Hank pretended the jab hurt his feelings. Nothing was worse than being called a Fed to most folks so it was an act Mustache bought easily enough.

"Point stands, I know you're not going to take the offer," another smirk, "and you're too good at your job to work for anyone other than Pete. Got me?"

"I was no goddamn Fed." Hank continued with the indignation.

"Really getting' to you, old man." Mustache laughed and looked back over his shoulder at his comrades. "Hey boys, you think if I cut him in half and count the rings of red tape he'll-"

Hank's knee caught Mustache straight in his prairie oysters and he made a sound like a steam kettle saying the letter "n" before dropping heavily on Hank's chest. Hank figured it was just about the hardest anyone on the planet had ever been hit in the marbles. The guy with the scatter gun brought it up but could not fire with his boss in the way. The other cowboy backpedaled towards the cab of the pickup. Hank had his Remington up and squeezed the trigger. It vibrated in his grip as the stunner discharged. With a wet ripping sound the guy with the scatter gun shit himself and fell to the ground. He puked loudly onto the driveway, beef stroganoff by the look of it.

The other cowboy whipped a golden revolver out of the truck cab and swung it towards Hank. The stunner coils would take another few seconds to recharge so he thumbed it over to metal and squeezed the trigger. It was a terrible shot. It was the kind of shot a kid or an old woman would take, or maybe a man with a broken ring finger and a groaning cowboy on his chest. It hit the ram-guard of the pickup and sparked brightly on the composite and off into the night. Only not completely, somewhere in the country dark of the decrepit neighborhood it found another surface and ricocheted again. It came back and punched a neat hole through the middle of the Stetson on the cowboy's head, knocking the hat forward onto the ground by his boots.

He yelped and dropped his pistol, hands going instinctively to the part in his hair. It was a graze but Hank knew well enough that any scalp wound would bleed fearsomely.

"Oh God!" The cowboy cried and dropped to his knees, blood streaming across his face.

Hank remembered that freeze frame of the Barista squaddie and half expected to see a piece of roll cage sticking out of the cowboy's guts. Hank shoved the mewling weight of Mustache off of his chest and struggled to his feet.

"Alright, Pussy Patrol, you said your piece." He scooped up the scatter gun and revolver. "Now, you take mine back to Pete and that ratfucker Nate Landau. You tell them that Hank Porchman didn't go out of business for the secessions, he didn't go out of business for the fire of '16 and he isn't going out of business because a bunch of Lone Star wannabes with sissy shirts try to run him off."

Hank glanced over at the crumpled hatchback of his H4.

"And you tell him I'm going to be filing with Public Rulings for the repair bill on that. You got that?"

He gave Mustache a kick in the side.

"Yessss," the man groaned.

"Good." Hank nailed him with the recharged stunner and Mustache emptied from both ends. Definitely beef stroganoff.

Hank walked past the cowboys, threw their truck into neutral and gave it a good shove downhill into the street where it slammed into one of the gaping potholes and stuck fast. They scrambled feebly out of his way as he backed out. He honked and waved as he left, but their spirit was too broken by his victory for them to even look at him.

On his way into the city the crumbling West suburbs were backlit by a fire spreading through the old Portsmouth housing projects. It happened almost every night, the neighborhoods too poor to pay for the fire teams to quench the flames, one at a time the last refuges of squatters were being cleared out. The fire-lit plumes of smoke gave the powerless portions of the city a sort of sad beauty in death that they never had in life.

A church bus merged recklessly onto the skyway alongside Hank and he nodded gravely to the driver. It was empty but no doubt headed in to clear out the holding cells at the jail and take derelicts to one of the charity work camps in the countryside. The big church mining operations were the only groups that would feed and clothe society's castoffs free of charge.

It was the sort of "free" that used to have to have a little asterisk next to it attached to some nasty fine print. Hank smiled at the recollection, but it didn't last.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.29 Ex Lion Tamer

Tuesday, Sep 20, 2005 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

I've read Something Awful for years, so I know what it's like when there's a new writer. It's like walking to the bathroom at night and sitting down half-asleep and realizing the seat's up, and you're sitting on that cold, damp, slippery ring of porcelain. Maybe your butt even falls in a little bit. You thought you could trust your bathroom, but it fucked you.

Well, I'm sorry. I'm the new guy, the interloper, the Johnny-come-lately, the you're-not-my-real-dad. My cooking smells weird and I'll never be a replacement for your dead dog, but I'm here, and you'll have to deal with it.

Perhaps you're wondering what makes me qualified to write for this most dignified and prestigious of web sites. Well, to be honest, nothing. The only jobs I worked prior to becoming a writer were completely unrelated to the field of comedy. Even though it's not my duty to win you over, since you're stuck with me anyway, I'm hoping that you'll be satisfied enough with my employment history to deem me worthy of this position.

Lion Tamer

The sport of kings!

Like many boys, my childhood spent with adventure magazines and comic books endowed me with a fanciful desire to run away and join the circus. My dream was to be a lion tamer, the fearless mustachioed he-man with naught but a whip and a chair between him and the perilous jaws of a flaming cat (I don't know why I thought the lion had to be on fire, but it was *my* dream). When I came of legal lion-taming age, I was shocked at the ease with which I landed an apprentice lion-taming position at Barnum's Magnificent Two-Ring Circus (no relation to *that* Barnum, obviously).

As soon as I was put to work as a lion tamer, my dreams were shattered. Instead of working in a big cage filled with lions, I was on the eighth floor of an office complex, caged in a cubicle with a computer and a fax machine. My whip hung flaccidly on the wall, and my chair was subjected to the stifling indignity of human recumbence. Around me were dozens of other lion tamers, many of whom had never seen a living lion in their lives. As it turned out, modern lion taming is 95% bureaucratic.The visceral thrill of the whip and the mustache is seldom seen.

Before one is allowed to step into a cage with a lion, there are hundreds of matters to be seen to. Even after concerns like insurance, union contracts, prop rental, bidding for cage-time, kickbacks to politicians and organized crime, and greasing the various wheels that made big-top politics motor along, a lion tamer still couldn't jump into the ring. First, the tamer would have to approve his act with the Lion Union, making sure none of his moves "belonged" to another lion tamer. When I dreamt of taming lions as a child, for example, I always pictured sticking my head in the gaping, ferocious maw of a roaring lion. It turns out that you can't do that. That one belongs to "Ranger John" Calloway, and I'd have to pay him more money to do that move than I made in a year.

Even after I'd finally cleared my act, I had to prove to the Lion Union that I could do it without injury, which required a dozen non-lion run-throughs. The only animal approved by the union for this purpose was a declawed red panda. Not only is a red panda a terrible approximation of a lion,

renting one for an afternoon costs upwards of ten thousand dollars and is highly illegal unless you're using it for sex.

In my fourteen years as a lion tamer, I only saw two lions. One, named Brenda, was a representative of the Lion Union, but I wouldn't call her a friend and I certainly never tamed her.

Union negotiations between me (left) and Brenda (right), 1988

My second lion encounter led me to quit the industry forever. After years of taming a desk, I was given a shot at actual lion taming: I was allowed to go into the ring as a substitute after my friend Flaco Fantastico was savagely mauled by a non-union lion in an unscrupulous Mexican big top where he was performing a secret show. Although I yearned to avenge his death, instead I performed my zestless and stilted Lion-Union-approved act before a bored audience in a sterile American circus.

My whip never cracked and my chair never held back a flying paw; due to all the regulations, I practically had to pamper and mollycoddle the smug beast. The final straw came when a listless child yelled "put your head in its mouth!" I laid down my whip right then and there and wept at the state of contemporary lion taming.

Enjoy your health plan, you fat son of a a bitch.

The main problem, as I saw it, was that the corrupt Lion Union was far more powerful than the generally honest Lion Tamer's Union. Unscrupulous lion fat-cats (literally) would constantly award lucrative no-show jobs to wild lions on the Serengeti. It boiled my blood to know that my tax dollars were paying the six-figure salaries of lions that never actually had to be tamed, but at least those lions were too far away to harm any of my colleagues.

The inequity of the arrangement went far beyond that. To this day, lions get health insurance but lion tamers do not, even though lion tamers aren't the ones mauling lions. Even more unfair and dangerous is the fact that lions get three weeks of paid vacation per year while lion tamers only get two, which means that for at least one week out of any given year, a lion may prowl around Club Med totally untamed.

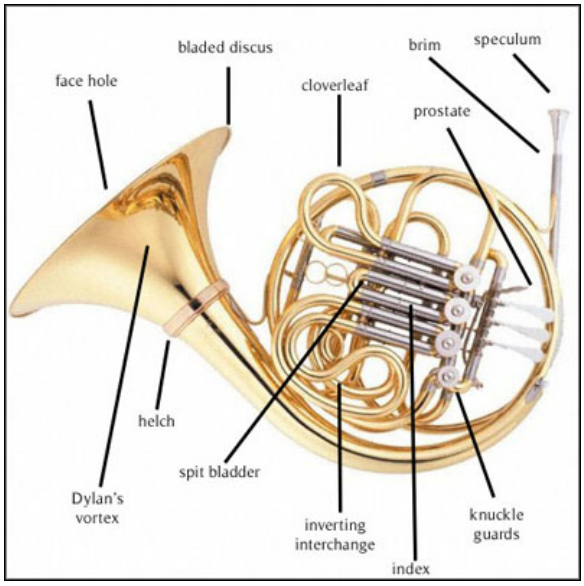
French Horn Player

Clear man, active lifestyle.

Disillusioned by my lion taming defeat, I decided that the time was right to fall back on my secondary passion: the French horn. Due to my abnormal proficiency in the field of tooting, I was quickly snapped up as the primary French hornist for the Vienna Symphony Orchestra (no, not *that* Vienna, obviously).

Although the French horn is among the smallest of the stately medium-sized instruments (only slightly larger than a rotary harmonica and about the same size as a one-handed cello), it's one of the most complicated instruments to play. The French horn, like the human circulatory system, is composed of thousands of interconnected brass tubes, roundabouts, mirrors, and switches which supply sound (or blood) to the open end of the device (or, on a human, to a gushing wound).

If you were to uncoil a French horn and lay it out to its full length, it would be over six miles long. Unlike most instruments, the French horn is played by blowing into the big end; since any sound blown into the horn has to wend o'er dell and vale and round Robin Hood's barn before notes are emitted, there is a twelve-second delay between blowing in the instrument and receiving music from the small end.

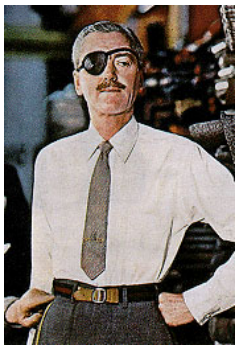


This delay can be widened by playing more rapidly. The faster the musician plays, the more slowly the music is produced, which can lead to a vast backlog of stored music within the instrument. This creates both difficulties and benefits for the instrument's handler. Inexperienced musicians often lose track of the timing of the piece of music they're playing, because they're playing several bars ahead of the rest of the orchestra.

The skilled musician, however, can use this delay to his advantage. I was usually able to play the horn rapidly enough that I could be done with most symphonies about half an hour early. After that, I would just suspend my horn from a wire coat hanger and leave. Generally, I would be in the conductor's lavishly furnished van playing backgammon with one or both of his handsome wives

while he was still conducting the final movement (conductors are allowed by law to have either two wives or two houses, but not one of each).

My own arrogance and greed cost me my position in the orchestra, however. Eager to test my limits as an artist, I decided to blow twelve hours of silence followed by a musical performance into the instrument. I calculated my pre-blown playing such that the horn would remain silent until the next night's performance, and then play its part in the symphony right on schedule. I would suspend the horn from its coat hanger and watch my own deviously post-modern performance from the wings.



The conductor went on to a lucrative modeling career.

The symphony began right on schedule, with my majestic horn blaring away exactly on time. However, only moments into the performance, the horn began to make a sound like a whistling teakettle, getting louder and louder. A shocked murmur ran through the crowd, as the horn began to violently vibrate on its hanger. I had overloaded it!

I rose to my feet to shout a warning to the musicians near the instrument, but it was too late— as I stood, the instrument's silver speculum, white hot from the strain of the stored music, shot out like a champagne cork and punctured the soft gristle of the conductor's eyeball. Destroyed by my own hubris, I slunk out of the building, never to return.

Adult Film Director

Imagine this pointed at the ass of an eighteen-inch-tall man.

Destitute and without marketable skills, I decided to lower myself to the seedy world of adult entertainment features. I quickly learned that it was very difficult to break in as an actor, so I made the difficult decision to abuse my formal film-school training and prostitute myself as a director of smut.

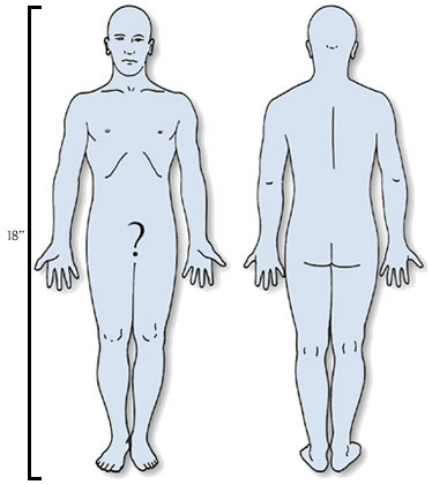
The pornography industry spends millions of dollars every year to maintain the illusion that adult films are produced just like any other features, with paid actors and actresses acting out various grisly scenarios on professional sets. Nothing, however, could be further from the truth. Adult film actors do not actually appear or act in films. That would be illegal due to laws against obscenity and prostitution. Instead, an adult film actor is paid for the use of his or her likeness, and for peripheral concerns like publicity appearances, interviews, and occasional photo shoots.

The actual on-screen copulation presented in adult films is done by quarter-scale homunculi produced by highly-paid industry wizards. I use the word "wizard" in the most literal sense; adult film wizards (or, due to the success of women's liberation, witches) work in extremely secretive laboratory/farms, where they use an arcane combination of alchemy, sorcery and dowsing to produce miniature human-like creatures.

When an actor or actress is hired, he or she is given a through physical examination to ensure his or her perfect health (for reasons explained later). If the actor or actress is in suitable condition, a wizard then cuts a dime-sized piece of flesh from his or her soft palate and buries it in a freshly-tilled field. At midnight, the wizard returns to the field and performs an extremely secretive ritual involving strange incantations and exotic ingredients (I remember one wizard rushing around town trying to find a child whose adult teeth had formed but not yet protruded; apparently, "a tooth that has never seen the light of day" is one of the key ingredients of a homunculus).

After a week in the ground, the homunculus is harvested by the wizard. Homunculi are usually

between fifteen and eighteen inches tall, and look almost exactly like the humans from whom they're spawned. The only differences are that they are entirely hairless, they have a bluish tint, they have no belly-buttons, and they have nostrils in the backs of their heads. With makeup, camera filters, and wigs, these problems are easily correctable. The main problem with homunculi is that they have the mental capacity of cats, which is why the acting in many adult films is so unconvincing.



pornographic homunculus

Adult film actors are always careful to avoid disease, because even minor afflictions can produce unsuccessful homunculi which can poison entire productions and waste days of shooting by suddenly "giving out," which is an industry euphemism for the horrible process of homunculus death. On the set of my first film, *Jackhammer Jim*, I bore firsthand witness to this tragic debacle. The homunculus of an actor named Jim Barrowswain, in the middle of acting a vigorous a scene of amorous coupling, began to quiver like a leaf. Thinking that miniature Jim was merely mistiming his climactic release, I yelled at him to take a break, hoping against hope that his tiny feline brain could comprehend my words.

Instead of stopping, the eighteen-inch-tall mooncalf quivered faster and faster and began to scream like a rabbit in a well. Suddenly, his quivering stopped and his body snapped into a rigid, contorted position reminiscent of a street performer pantomiming the paroxysms of a dying saint. As his scream became more shrill, his skin sloughed off into a wet pink glove around his ankles, and black blood began to course out from between every muscle of his skinless body.

Moments before a vile death.

His screams continued as his sinews began to snap, freeing hunks of muscle to fall off of his body; as his shrieking throat fell out of his neck, his shouts of pain were replaced by wet, gurgling whistle. The harmonic frequency of this horrible high-pitched din caused the female homunculus with whom he was working to rupture almost as violently. Her skin formed bubbles like a frying egg, and her eyeballs bulged and strained at the confines of their sockets. Luckily, Jim's homunculus was reduced to a puddle before the miniature actress sustained any fatal damage, and we were able to put her out of her misery humanely (the producer put her in a paper bag and smashed her with a shovel in the parking lot).

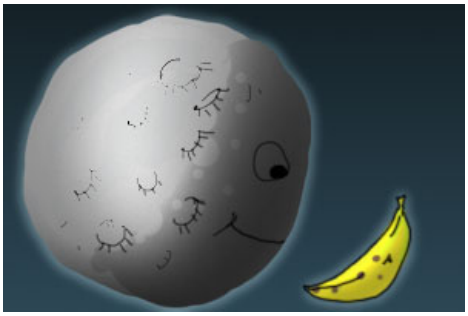
Over the years, I endured many such mishaps with the tiny, inhuman actors who populated my films. Like all veterans of the industry, I eventually came to see them as little more than props to be posed, abused, and discarded. During the filming of the eightieth feature, *Squirt Hogs*, I actually became so enraged with a homunculus of actress Kristy Klittingsworth because of its failure to switch to the complicated reverse boatswain position on cue that I picked up the nude, exhausted creature and tore it up like a piece of wax paper, showering the miniature bed with black blood and gravelly innards.

As I was doing so, the full-sized Kristy Klittingsworth happened to walk on the set; she hadn't seen the mitigating context of *why* I was tearing up her doll-like doppelganger, so she screamed at me, calling me a brute and a monster, and ran from the set crying. She never worked in adult films again. Of course, I was made out to be the bad guy, and practically blacklisted from the industry. Unfair as it was, I took my banishment as an opportunity to start my life anew. And here I am.

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

9.30 I Got 99 Problems but the Moon Ain't One

Wednesday, Sep 21, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



An artist illustration of what the moon might look like in 10 years. At right is a ridiculously oversized banana included for scale. For billions of years the moon stared down at the Earth with smug superiority, knowing it was always just out of reach. The moon was wrong – dead wrong! Soon time spread its legs open and life emerged to begin the long process of covering this humble planet's robust surface. Somehow (probably a magic trick), man appeared. He looked up at the moon and howled. Over the course of thousands of years those howls evolved into a dream. One day, man would rape and kill the moon. Still more time passed and man's knowledge and understanding changed, transforming the moon from enemy to prized destination. Finally, after billions of years sitting idle, the moon had visitors. For a brief few moments out of near-eternity, the moon was actually doing something for a change. It was doing a very poor job supporting life. A blip in a timeline so monumental that no one would ever notice, or the start of a beautiful relationship?

It has been a long time since anyone visited the moon, mostly because there's really nothing there except a substantial collection of rocks and craters. No person or organization has devised the means to make ample use of the moon's resources, nor how to get the means up onto the moon in the first place. I once had this idea to kidnap the immediate families of every major world leader and somehow strand them to the moon in hopes of spurring said leaders to develop a quick means to get there and back. Sadly, this plan is riddled with problems, no matter how noble it sounds. It's up to scientists and engineers to figure it out again, and they seem to be on their way towards doing just that.

Even still, it will be quite awhile until someone visits the moon again. The last few missions to the moon were riddled with problems, desperation, and waning public interest. NASA's amazing accomplishment of sending men to another celestial body had somehow become commonplace. People were more interested in contracting STDs and grooming disturbing mustaches to care that way up in the sky on that big white circle, something amazing was happening. Men were jumping around, planting flags, and taking rocks with impunity. In short: the human spirit was masturbating itself furiously while everyone looked away.

As we look back with hindsight, it's easy to see why we don't go the moon anymore. The last two Apollo missions read like terrible public relations stunts devoid of scientific value. There was only so much our scientists could do with lunar rocks or soil samples. We had to do something up there, they figured. They figured wrong.

> NASA surprised the world when it chose basketball star Kareem Abdul-Jabbar to lead the Apollo 18 mission. The mission perimeters included the erection of a specialized Lunar Hoop, which Abdul-Jabbar would use to score the first basket in the moon's history. At the exact moment he scored the basket, a grand fireworks celebration was scheduled to go off over Washington, D.C., celebrating America's Independence Day in true cosmic fashion. While Abdul-Jabbar worked to assemble the Lunar Hoop, Lunar Module Pilot Joe Grenwalt put as many moon rocks in his pockets as possible, maximizing the scientific potential for this largely symbolic mission.

Unfortunately things did not go as planned. Abdul-Jabbar had no means to practice

In more honest days honest men did an honest day's work on the moon.

shooting in reduced gravity, except to use a really light ball filled with helium. This, however, was not an accurate representation of the moon's gravity. His shot went well over and beyond the Lunar Hoop, and there was only room to carry one Lunar Basketball in the Lunar Module. A satellite later picked up the Lunar Basketball's radio signal some 15 miles away from the landing site.

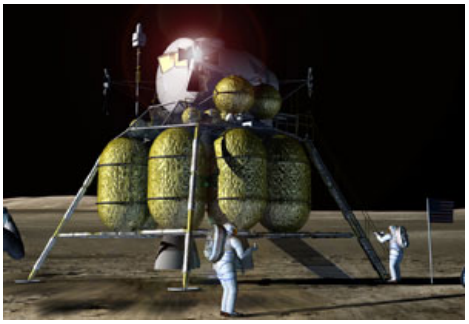
The American public never forgave Abdul-Jabbar for missing that shot, and many argued his actions were treasonous. He eventually received a symbolic Presidential Pardon.

February 28, 1983 – Apollo 19

In a last ditch effort to recapture public approval, NASA sent a crew to land on the moon, where they would heroically watch the series finale of "M*A*S*H." This mission turned out to be disastrous, as the population elected to watch "M*A*S*H" firsthand, rather than watch a transmission of the astronauts watching "M*A*S*H" on the moon. As is there were serious technical problems, with transmission errors causing large segments of the $2\frac{1}{2}$-hour program to come through only as static. These technical failings caused Lunar Module Pilot Buck Walcott to lose his temper, leading to him kicking the specially designed Lunar TV and severely damaging it. Walcott regained his composure and he and Commander Tom Gulch worked tirelessly to make repairs. The duo was able to get the Lunar TV operational in time for the beginning of the show's third act.

The situation turned critical when Alan Alda's egomaniacal directing caused Tom Gulch to succumb to space dementia, something mission planners had failed to anticipate. Gulch had to be physically restrained and dragged back to the Lunar Module for an emergency departure, all while he feverously struggled to remove his helmet and expose himself to the moon's inhospitable environment. The Lunar TV played the haunting last moments of "M*A*S*H" to an empty world while the Lunar Module made it's way back into orbit to rendezvous with the Command Module. Command Module Pilot Jack "Baron" MacArthur listened to radio chatter in horror, not sure whether his crewmates would get off the moon alive or whether Hawkeye and Beej got the chance to say goodbye.

Not surprisingly, the whole ordeal gave NASA a black eye. Man never set foot on the moon again. By the time Apollo 19 took place, it had been some time since the last moon landing and people simply were no longer interested.



NASA has developed lens flare and bump mapping technology to aid them in getting to the moon sooner. With these horrible mistakes now buried in the past, there is a renewed interest in going back to the moon. While I have my doubts that such missions will actually take place, I am very much excited by the fact that we will be bringing back some exciting new rocks and maybe leaving some multi-million dollar robots to take beautiful pictures of colorful moonscapes that will serve as Windows desktops to the kind of nerds that only listen to movie soundtracks and never any real music. I look forward to being the first idiot to declare "those rocks clearly contain fossils!" by enlarging pictures of certain rocks and running them through Photoshop filters.

If all goes well, American astronauts will be making extended trips to the moon by 2018. The new spacecraft being developed by NASA will allow up to four astronauts to land and hang out on the moon for several days at a time. The plans call for the eventual construction of lunar outposts, where human beings will awkwardly attempt to replicate life on a celestial body that hates life with a passion. There they will undoubtedly gather all sorts of rocks, which they will drill holes into and make scientific conclusions that nobody will ever care anything about. If there work proves fruitful, mining operations will eventually be established, spring-boarding an amazing outer space industry that will slowly tap the commercial potential of infinity like a lustful vampire.

China is making a run for the moon as well, aiming to get either astronauts or robots there by 2010. It's uncertain what the Chinese will be doing on the moon, but it's undoubtedly going to be "shifty" and "suspicious." Sabotage is definitely a possibility. The benefits outweigh the negatives, however, as China's lunar ambitions will no doubt spark NASA's competitive spirit, leading to a space race sure to end with both countries producing some spectacular and tragic explosions to be looped on news networks for however long it takes for another white woman to go missing or do something stupid.

The future for man is as bright as the sun, and likely to end in just as violent a fashion. As an avid proponent of making use of outer space, I can't wait until the day I get to TIVO the next moon landing and watch it later, after all my favorite sitcoms have disappeared into the ethers. I'll never get the chance to leave this planet myself, but I'll be damned sure my children do whether they like it or not.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.31 Shirley's Big Top

Thursday, Sep 22, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

It was over 6 months since Shirley first left the safe life of a suburban housewife for the exciting allure of the big top circus. After the life-changing experience of first stepping foot inside the smelly tent, she could never go back to the mundane existence of servicing her husband Norman and cleaning his gravy stains off the furniture all day long. She tried to be a good wife, but it was not in her heart anymore, so she set fire to the house while Norman was fast asleep in a scotch-induced coma.

She fled back to the travelling circus, which was by now in Des Moines entertaining the locals with fanciful clowns and death-defying acrobatics. The circus folk had already sensed her return to the fold, setting aside an empty elephant pen for her living quarters. They had her from the first moment she decided to rebel and cut the bonds that held her down, and now there was no escape.

The courtship of Shirley was over, for the ringmaster and fellow circus citizens had made no attempt to curry her favor with friendliness. She was one of them now, and to earn respect she had to show that her heart was in the circus. She had to prove that all that remained of her "civilized" modern 50s lifestyle was destroyed, along with her house and Norman when the angry flames consumed them on that red summer's night.

When Shirley arrived at the circus, they were performing their big finale. The audience screamed delightedly as their eyes burst into hot fluid, and their skin curled back from their scorched skulls. An elephant, delirious with anger, burst through the side of the tent with mangled corpses of trampled children still stuck to the bottom of its massive feet and a wailing clown gored on its giant ivory tusk. The smell of sulfur, clown makeup, and burning flesh permeated the air. It was the smell of suffering. It was the smell of the circus she fell in love with six months ago.

Shirley felt jittery, much like the first time she saw the circus poster that fateful night. The stink and screams gave her a tingling sensation in her naughty area that made her feel ashamed, yet the excitement from these forbidden pleasures could not be denied. Shirley went over to the ringmaster's caboose car, waiting for him. Little did she know that she would never see her hometown ever again.

After the show ended, the ashen crowd shuffled out of the tent and into their cars, secretly swearing never to speak of the things they had just witnessed. The ringmaster spotted Shirley nervously standing near his caboose, and smiled wickedly while picking his teeth with the femur bone of an infant. He strode up to her, sensing her fear and repressed emotions, and with an impossibly thin, long hand, grabbed her generous bosom in a savage movement. She let out a little scream, like a mouse winning the state lottery, but there would be no help for Shirley now. She was in the lair of the Beast, home of the black dragon, the destroyer of dreams, the purveyor of deep fried corn dogs.

The ringmaster picked Shirley up by her beehive hairdo and took her into his caboose, where he made love to her multiple times. This wasn't tired and blustery love like Norman would try to manage during non-football season, but full of fire, passion, and guilt. After it was over, she was thrown from the caboose, and proceeded to wander to the elephant pen where she was staying. The

pile of dirty hay offered little warmth, but she was exhausted from the terrible encounter with the ringmaster. Shirley fell fast asleep, her bruised body curled into a fetal position. Tomorrow would be another day, a life starting anew.

She awoke to a gentle hand tenderly stroking her face. There, standing above her, was the most handsome clown Shirley had ever seen. He was plump and jolly, his large mouth filled with colorful candy that poured out in a delicious waterfall as he smiled. He introduced himself as Buttons, the resident professor of the clown college training program located on the circus grounds. Today Shirley would begin her regimen of professional clown training, under the tutelage of Buttons and his minions.

He led her into the dressing trailer, where she took off her orange print dress and donned the honorable costume of the clown: a purple and white baggy body suit with fluffy white buttons. Then came the face white and the plump red nose, made entirely out of mercury and asbestos. Shirley was ready to become what she was born to be.

Buttons was a cruel clown, yet fair. He demanded perfection from his clown staff, letting no error or insubordination go unpunished. Fleeing from the circus tent whenever something went horribly awry was particularly interolable. Whenever this happened, the clowns were forced to draw lots, and every one in ten was thrown to the baby elephants to be beaten to death by their tiny trunks. Rumor had it that Buttons even served as a guard at the German concentration camps, and that a military tribunal was searching for him, but this wild claim has so far been unsubstantiated.

Shirley was head over heels in love with Buttons, for he was bold and handsome. She followed his every direction with rapt attention, learning how to dance around, shoot seltzer water, and drive the clown car. Buttons thought she was a natural, and was very pleased with her quick learning ability.

Unknown to Shirley, Buttons was beginning to fall in love with her as well. One day, as he helped her out of the clown car, their fuzzy buttons brushed together. It was a perfect moment of clown lust that they both understood. Buttons took hold of Shirley and rubbed his plump red asbestos nose against hers, causing sparks to shoot out in his unquenchable passion. They went to Shirley's spot of hay, where Buttons smothered her with his pudgy body, bilging his demented seed into her with a grunt of dismay until collapsing unconscious into a pile of elephant dung nearby.

Unbeknownst to both Buttons and Shirley, however, there had been a third party spying on their activities ever since they first met. Her name was Koko and she had been smitten with Buttons for years, although he had never felt the same for her. Now that this saucy bint had come in to take her clown away, she was furious with white hot anger. If she couldn't have Buttons, by God, nobody could. Shirley was as good as dead.

Check out next Thursday for the dramatic conclusion of Shirley's Big Top Adventure. If you don't I'm going to use Google maps to find out where you live and save it to a folder on my desktop called "Places to bomb when I become dictator of Euro-USA".

Today I am handing out candy. I'm still trying to figure out how to get candy through the Internet so please be patient. You should get your candy in 6-8 weeks, depending on the tropical storm season.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

9.32 War Diary: Battle of Antietam

Friday, Sep 23, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The following is an excerpt from the diary of Major Archibald N. Partridge, adjutant to the honorable General Alpheus S. Williams in command of the Union 1st Division, XII Corps at the opening of the Battle of Antietam during the American Civil War (1861-1865).

Maj. Archibald N. Partridge

The sun had not yet fully risen and was already horrid such that it beat down on the necks of the assembled men of 1st Division like the hat of an angry gentleman. I squinted in that hateful glare and could just pick out the fine auburn beard of one Lieutenant Milton of 2nd Brigade. It swelled up like a bellows about his chin and tapered down in a graceful arc and beyond the circle of his grim face like the lip of a hinged teapot. It was quite fine and made for a rather pleasant Van Dyke, though I told him that a cultivation of the mustache might better complete the symmetry. I then dismissed the troops in good order to assume their positions for the advance on Sharpsburg.

I find that secondary only to the good health and provisioning of an army the careful grooming of hair of the face is the most potent calmative that could ever be prescribed for dyspeptic morale. A victory is fine for the lads, yes, but it will fade in their thoughts as quickly as the moon courses through its cycles. It is only with the constant reminder of well tended follicles that they are kept limber and ready to grapple with the forces of secessionism. With a deep breath of the air I smiled at the scent of a freshly worked lather and ducked into the tent of my patron and honorable General of the Union Army, XII Corps, Alpheus S. Williams.

As I had anticipated General Williams stood in undershirt and slacks with his woolen suspenders drooping about his legs. Corporal Louis, who I hold in little esteem, was holding a mirror brought from Pennsylvania to allow General Williams a full and unfettered view of his majestic lathered beard and mustache. I gave Corporal Louis a quick glance and fought to conceal my disgust at the sparse and unwashed coarseness of his commoner's chin curtain. Though unwilling to shear such offensive twists of nearly pubic grit from his jaw Corporal Louis also seemed unable to fully grow it out to at least a thickness that would not serve as an embarrassment to the Division and an affront in the eyes of the Lord Almighty.

"Are the men ready to give them what for, Major?" General Williams asked to me as he considered himself in the mirror.

"I believe so, General." I replied. "Might I say that Lieutenant Milton, should he survive the battle, may be due for a promotion and possibly an award for extreme bravery in the face of the enemy."

"Ah, yes," General Williams turned his head so that he might peer back and forth between myself and the mirror, "he is the fellow from 2nd Brigade with the Van Dyke. Very nice, very nice. Command material I believe, Major. Would you be so kind as to hand me that jarred cream there?"

I instinctively reached for the Boston's Finest ambrosial I knew him to prefer but he waved me away towards a jar of Brown's Pearl Shaving Paste from the most elegant perfumery of New York City. Though the paste held no scent beyond the natural cleanness of a wash lather it allowed for the most precise trimming and shaping of the beard. I nodded my silent approval and handed it to General Williams.

"I see you recognize the make of this fine paste," General Williams remarked as he began to spread it on the yet-unlathered portions of his beard. "General McClellan will be visiting before the fight commences and I wish to impress upon him the good order and drill of this fine unit."

Gen. Alpheus S. Williams

"I understand, sir."

"Your own Friendly Chop is quite well prepared, Major. I appreciate the attention you have paid to the point at which the coarser hair of your cheek meets with the sweep of your finer mustache hair. It is a bit of a trick to make the two blend in such an intricate fashion as you have done, particularly with such substantial chops."

My cheeks reddened at the compliment.

"Sir, I thank you, but it is little more than a badly twisted handlebar in comparison to your own resplendence."

With scissor snips and a quick running of the shaving razor around his beard General Williams finished his trimming and turned to me. The sight that presented itself was nothing short of magnificent and I had to stifle a cry of pleasure and steady myself from a swooning that weakened my legs. The sweep of his mustache was of such size and magnificence it more closely resembled the proportions of a French Fork spread apart and ending in needle-sharp points. His beard blended expertly with this bold declaration upon his lip and created a syncopation that was nothing short of divine. That beard was at once coarse and silken, of a size and shape that was both manly and delicate, like a Swiss pistol or a fine suit jacket of Paris made from the inverted skin of a Cherokee savage.

General Williams needed no comment to recognize my immense respect for him. He finished his dressing and exited the tent with me at his side just as General McClellan arrived to survey our readiness.

Gen. George B. McClellan

General McClellan slowed his fine Arabian horse Abracadabra to a slower trot as he drew near and in the early morning haze I caught my first good look of the General. His uniform was immaculate, the sterling pommel of his saber reflected light and the brass buttons of his jacket were polished until they more closely resembled gold. Though he does not lean to the pomp of many he still wore one of the finest mustaches I have ever seen upon a human face. It was dark and finely oiled, but not to the extent that the oil might overtake the natural essences of the face. Its shape was that of a gull drawn by a child with a soft hand and sense of things aesthetic and it smelled lightly of sandlewood as he drew near us. Beneath it the perfect accent: an exquisitely trimmed chin puff that was as delicate as it was practical.

I noted then that he held beneath one arm two flatted pieces of board lashed together with catgut and with something thereby enclosed within them. He handed it down to General Williams and I stepped closer to look as well. Betwixt the boards was pressed a single daguerreotype of exceeding clarity. Pictured upon it was none other than our most hated foe and traitor to the Republic, General Robert E. Lee.

"Look well, men." General McClellan instructed with authority. "That is our enemy."

I looked again and my breath caught in my throat. This was not what I had expected of General Lee. The secessionists were little better than rabble covered in grotesque patches of hair as thin and uneven as the pathetic flora of the great American desert. But, such was not the case when I gazed at the portrait of General Lee. For blossoming from this scoundrel's chin was a hoary beard of such robustness and grooming that it called to mind a cloud brought to the shape of a man's face by the Lord himself. A volume of superlatives oozed out of my mouth unbidden and McClellan's lips pressed together with concern beneath his regal bristles.

"Yes, these things you say are all true, Major, but let us not forget that he is just a mortal man." McClellan admonished me and I looked away from the daguerreotype lest my thoughts continue uninterrupted to voice. "His beard and mustache are both unmatched in all of the army of the Union. It is this that gives the traitorous host of men under his command such fighting spirit and animal cunning."

"Sir," General Williams interjected, "I believe I see his weakness as well as his immense strength in this photo. Though his beard is of almost angelic construction I see that it is not the style best suited for his features. Had he selected a Balbo, as was often the style in the previously civilized South, the results would have certainly been even more pleasing to the senses."

Gen. Robert E. Lee

"A-ha!" General McClellan exclaimed. "You have seen through to his strategy. He is less than he himself believes and his greatness is an illusion crafted to maintain the loyalty of his men. Very good, General Williams. General Mansfield in command of XII Corps did not see things so clearly. I will have him strangled so that you may assume command."

"I...I...," General Williams began to stammer his thanks.

"Save your graciousness, General. There is a battle to be won. Muster your men, we ride in one hour!"

I pen this document for posterity on the evening of the battle itself, having been won by the narrowest of margins by the genius of General McClellan and the thorough understanding of the enemy's psychology by General Alpheus S. Williams. Though Sharpsburg itself has not been taken, in the dim light of dusk I can see the Confederates preparing to make away from their fortifications there and into a retreat that will only end with the fall of this foolish rebellion.

It is now my most solemn of duties to begin the unhappy task of penning letters back to the widows of fallen men from 2nd Brigade and describe to them the honorable way their husbands gave their lives in the face of such savagery. It was as if the great bearded lion of darkest Africa confronted the mange-afflicted hyenas of parts the same. Though bloodied, the nobility of the lion is inviolate and the cowardly pack of hyenas slinks away to chew at their balding hindquarters in frustration.

Lieutenant Milton has survived the day with but a shrapnel wound that will at worst result in minor amputation of less than half of one leg. Though it is unfortunate he will be moved to convalesce elsewhere, when the opportunity arises I am certain he will make his way back to us.

Perhaps the greatest blow to the fighting spirit of the 2nd is the loss of Private Connor O'Hanrahan, who fell beneath a fusillade of fire from the Texan filth of General Hood. Though of irksome heritage and most uncultured manner, O'Hanrahan the Mick had served as a delight during the hours between battle with his ribald jokes and tales of foreboding Ireland. I might have been inclined to flog a man of such attitudes but I could not help but respect him for the immense beard he had carefully grown over the course of the campaign. It cascaded like a crimson falls from his face and reached nearly to

his belt so that it looked like nothing so much as a great child's bib. It seemed somehow improper that a man of such low stock should have such majestic hair upon his face, but I did not speak out for I knew how it served as an anchor for the men of 2nd Brigade.

Pvt. Connor "Mick" O'Hanrahan

So it was that I saw him fall to those Texans, shot slashing through his gorgeous beard and blood erupting from front and back. Though I did not deign to hold him as he expired I did stand and watch as he died so that I might recount the incident to his crude wife and spawn. After the battle I immediately sent riders for his corpse and I have detached his head and placed it upon bayonet near the brigade's encampment so that they might be reminded of his fighting spirit. For his wife I plan to send a full parcel of desiccated potatoes as I am given to understand this is all these creatures eat.

God Bless the Union and the Honorable President Abraham Lincoln.

Major Archibald N. Partridge
2nd Brigade, 1st Division, XII Corps

I hope you have enjoyed this presentation of War Diary. I am in possession of quite a stockpile of journals collected from battlefields across the globe and in the future I may transcribe them should this type of article be well received. If it is not well liked then I will place the journals in a steamer trunk and sink them to the bottom of the sea so that they might concern us all no more.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.33 The Week In Gaming

Saturday, Sep 24, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

It's been an incredibly exciting week in the world of video games, and as a result things are totally crazy down here in the Video Game Overwatch Center! There's all sorts of beeps and boops coming from one computer, someone just walked by at a brisk pace, and my heart keeps beating faster when that pretty girl talks to me! We'd better delve right into the top stories before someone breaks into a jog and hurts themselves.

- **Next-Gen**

If loving you and your goofy mustache is wrong, then baby I don't want to be stabbed in the neck with a mysterious syringe.

Playstation 3
At the Tokyo Game Show, a scene from the next-gen Metal Gear Solid game was shown to the stunned and possibly asian audience. The purportedly real-time demonstration was so beautiful that a long running debate as to whether or not the sight of an old man in a latex suit could give me an erection was definitively settled.

Xbox 360
Microsoft officially announced the U.S. launch date of their highly anticipated system as November 22nd. They also announced that on January 22nd they will realize the "budget gamer" demographic they were going after with the cheaper non-hard drive version of the console will simply wait for the first price drop and buy the deluxe edition once the game library has filled out.

While the decision to release dueling Xbox 360s is planned to be a failure in many fascinating ways, the majority of the cheaper systems will be bought by well-meaning but hapless parents on tight budgets. A fair amount of these parents will, of course, be forced to head back out to the store and shell out an extra $40 for a memory card which they had assumed they wouldn't need since the last Xbox didn't require one, at which point Microsoft plans to have two specially trained employees high-five each other excitedly.

Silver lining, people. One in every cloud.

Nintendo Revolution
When Nintendo unveiled its bold and bizarre new controller to the world this week, they invited the press to get some hands-on experience with a few tech demos which utilized the motion-sensing capabilities of the device. These demos included a fishing simulator that allowed you to tug fish when they bit on your line, a flight simulator in which you

tilted the controller to turn the plane and make it dive and pull up, and a puzzle game where you struggled to pan the game's camera around the gigantic set of balls Nintendo apparently possesses.

New Releases

Indigo Prophecy
This multi-pathed "savior of the adventure genre" is such an innovative stroke of genius that it's hard to believe no one ever thought to create some form of fiction where you could choose your own path before! With a myriad of possible endings, which one is your favorite? Mine's the one where I realize there's no compelling reason to actually start again after the first 4 hour playthrough, press the eject button and put in a game that's actually fun.

Darkness Goblin versus... Indistinguishable Rubber Blob Man? You make the call! Or don't, it's probably best not to think about it.

Marvel Nemesis
We've got the Marvel license, holy shit! Let's make an awesome fighting game utilizing the tremendous range of characters available to us with several generations of backstory built in! Thanatos versus Aunt May! Spider-Man in the black costume versus Aunt May! Ghost Rider versus his motorcycle!

No, wait, even better! Let's just use a tiny selection of Marvel characters we've seen a thousand times before and have them face off against a handful of opponents we'll pull out of our asses that absolutely no one will care about! Also, instead of the good gameplay let's go with bad gameplay and shallow graphics that make the Tom Sizemore sex tape seem like a comparative feast for the eyes.

We Love Katamari
Oh no, a game that's every bit as fun as its predecessor but doesn't add rpg elements or the mishmosh of stupid features that the pretentious reviewers are fixated on this month? Better give it a worse rating than the original!

PC

World Of Warcraft
Ryan Grover from Cleveland, Ohio played a moderate amount of World Of Warcraft this week. The 26 year old who moved out of his parents' house at the age of 18 and has a steady job reportedly logged on when he was bored, played for no more than four hours in a single sitting, and was able to exit the game at a reasonable hour without incident.

His girlfriend, an actual real person with whom he enjoys a happy relationship and healthy love life, was actually surprised to hear the news.

"World of what?" replied Kimmy Banks with a puzzled smile when we asked her for details. "I guess that's one of his computer games? He doesn't really talk about them much, they're not a big issue. No, he never bores me with the minutiae of how he obtained every rare item on his character or anything like that."

As of the filing of this report, Ryan has not been part of any interesting tales involving the need to defecate without leaving the computer. His guild is considering the proper course of action to take, and concedes that expulsion is not out of the question.

Competitive Gaming

Once the darling of the gaming community but now completely forgotten, competitive FPS gamer Dennis "Thresh" Fong woke up with a tear already in his eye, dashing his dreams of just a few waking moments devoid of sadness.

He had once been loved, admired, even feared. Now he was just a washed up nobody who had been sleeping in his car for the last month. As his gorgeous wife called him in to have breakfast in their million dollar home, he dangled his feet out of the back window of the Ferrari he had won from John Carmack all those years ago and considered the cruel nature of fate. One moment he had basked in the glory of playing video games against sweaty nerds, the next he was simply rich and purposeless.

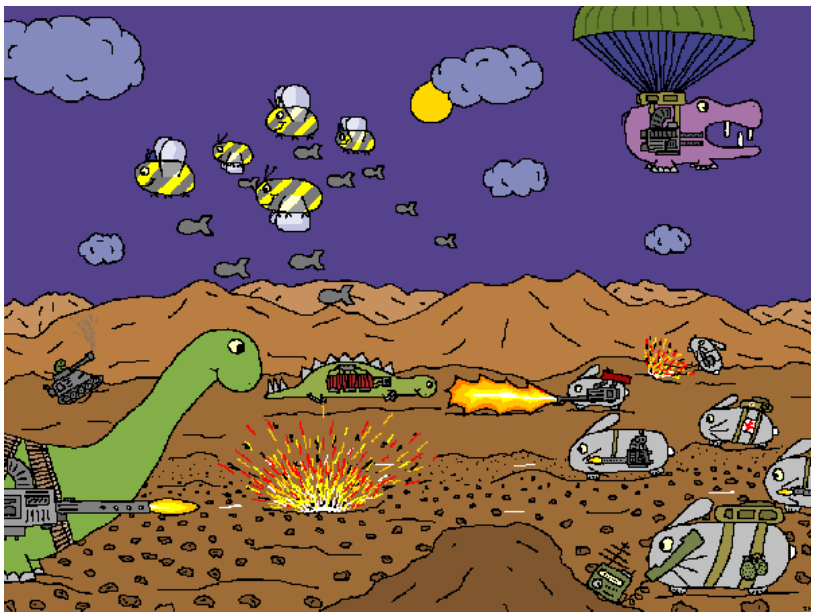
Take heed of this cautionary tale, Jonathan "Fatal1ty" Wendel. Take heed.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.34 The Battle of the Beasts

Sunday, Sep 25, 2005 by Tom "moof" Davies

If you have not noticed, my friends, there is a war being fought. A war between good and evil, a war between right and wrong, a war between freedom and the opposite of freedom I am not really sure what that is. A war between dinosaurs and bunnies. The troops need your support. Please, for the love of god, do not just sit there in nothing but a cape and eat pizza. Get up and do something, make a difference. Buy some Moofwear. "But why? I do not have any money and I am living on the street like the hobo that I deserve to be", I hear you plead. Well my hobo friend, they say a picture tells a thousand words so please glance a little down on the monitor that I can only assume you keep in your shopping cart and wheel around with you on your travels, and you will see exactly what is happening to this world.



The horror, the horror.

I hope you understand now, hobo buddy. Allow me to introduce you to some of the poor, brave soldiers fighting this awful and brutal war:

The Dinosaurs

These creatures were the unwilling participants in this war. A peaceful kind, the dinosaurs were content to spend their days lumbering around and eating trees. They had no place for violence, and rarely even exchanged strong words except when absolutely necessary. This all changed when the bunnies set their greedy eyes on global domination and the gentle dinosaurs, sometimes known as "Nature's Elephants", were dragged into the hell on earth that is total war. Let me introduce you to some of these benign beasts.

- **Name: Bonky the Brontosaurus**

Class: Heavy Gunner

Strengths: Bonky has an amazing amount of firepower strapped to his side. He has eliminated over twelve thousand bunnies in his career, and for every one he kills he lights a candle that night and cries a little for the absurdity of it all. He is very strong and worries about all the bugs that he must stand on with his giant feet but he tries not to let it get to him. When in battle, Bonky likes to hum quietly to himself to take his mind off the destruction.

Weaknesses: Sometimes Bonky closes his eyes in the middle of battle. He a big slow cumbersome creature, and has been known to take an hour to walk just a few feet. He is extremely worried about the consequences of his actions, and so he thinks for a little while before he does anything at all. This including moving his feet to walk.

Current Thoughts: "Oh no oh deary me oh no oh no hmm hmmmm hmm hmmmmm hmmm doop de dum dum deep."

Favorite Song: The Monkees - Daydream Believer.

- **Name: Splotch the Stegosaurus**

Class: Suicide Bomber

Strengths: When Splotch explodes it will blow a lot of things up, hopefully bunnies. He can be pretty quick on his feet when he spots a target, but obviously has not followed all the way through yet. They day that he does will be a very dark day indeed for the bunnies, and he will be rewarded in heaven by all the plants that he can eat.

Weaknesses: He has been a suicide bomber for 43 years. He has not helped in the fight at all so far. Most dinosaur suicide bombers never succeed in blowing up bunnies but mostly explode when they trip over a rock or log.

Current Thoughts: "Oh no this is not what I want oh no oh God I can't stop myself oh God."

Favorite Song: the Lovin' Spoonful - What a Day for a Daydream.

- **Name: Hoggy the Hippopotamus**

Class: Paratrooper

Strengths: Hoggy has the element of surprise on his side. When you are fighting a war, the thought "I really hope a hippopotamus with a double-barreled machine gun does not fall from the sky right now." is usually not the first thing on your mind. However for the bunnies it should be, because they are about to get a hippopotamus-shaped surprise.

Weaknesses: When he lands he usually craters and can not stand up for a week.

Current Thoughts: "broccoli is like little trees."

Favorite Song: Aretha Franklin - Day Dreaming.

- **Name: Diggy the Diplodocus**

Class: Tank Commander

Strengths: Diggy enjoys driving around in his tank and loves the smell of gasoline. He trundles around the battlefield singing happy songs which really cheers everyone up on the battlefield. Everyone smiles when he drives past, like children laughing when the

ice cream truck comes down the street. Another strength is that he is in a tank with a really big gun.

Weaknesses: The tank is a fairly big target on the battlefield, and the bunnies can always find him by following the beautiful sound of his song. Sometimes he just stops driving at all and just sits in the middle of the battlefield singing.

Current Thoughts: "La la la de doop de doop de deep moop do meep doop de do moop de dloop."

Favorite Song: The Bonniwell Music Machine - Time Out (For a Daydream).

The Bunnies

The war was started by the bunnies. Why they started the war no one is sure and they will not say, but it is assumed that it is because they are evil and greedy and really really hate dinosaurs. They never stop fighting, and find their strength in numbers. They swarm the enemy in lighting-quick strikes. If you have ever been attacked by bunnies, as I have, I am sure you understand the horror of being swarmed by hundreds of tiny little fluffy bunnies. The terror is indescribable and I hope to god none of you ever have to go through what I went through.

- **Name: Claude the Bunny**

Class: Trooper

Strengths: Supported by hundreds of others of his kind, Claude is unstoppable. He is small and flexible and really good at tunneling and digging trenches. He is really really cute, seriously you have no idea. When you hug him his whiskers tickle a little bit and it feels amazing.

Weaknesses: Alone, Claude is weak. If he were to face a dinosaur on his own his only chance of survival would be to bury himself in the ground or hop away really fast. He has a lot of trouble righting himself if placed upside down. Though I don't suppose that happens often, it would be inconvenient if it does.

Current Thoughts: "I am strong like bull."

Favorite Herb: Oregano.

- **Name: Boris the Bunny**

Class: Medic

Strengths: Without Boris and other medic bunnies, they would have lost the fight long ago and the world would be happy and children would play and smile where once rabbits and dinosaurs fell. He is quick to hop to the assistance of any of his comrades and once made a whole new rabbits out of different rabbit parts he found strewn about the ground.

Weaknesses: The rabbit that he made had 3 ears no eyes and exploded killing 17. He has no weapon.

Current Thoughts: "That mountain looks like an ear of corn."

Favorite Herb: Soapwort.

- **Name: Jurgen the Bunny**

Class: Pyro Trooper.

Strengths: In close quarters, Jurgen is practically unstoppable. He can carry

plenty of fuel in the tanks on his back, and also keeps lettuce and carrots in the tanks in case he gets hungry.

Weaknesses: There is a strong chance of accidents because rabbit fur is incredibly flammable. The flames spread quickly, jumping from one bunny to the next until hundreds are turned to bunny ash. He has no long range weapons. If the enemy is out of range he often just hops in circles, confused.

Current Thoughts: "I hope you like burning, my dinosaur friend."

Favorite Herb: Lemon Balm.

- **Name: Hans the Bunny**

Class: Intelligence and Support.

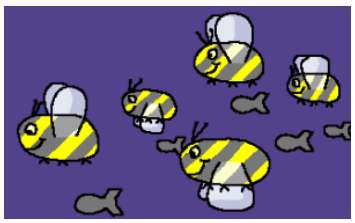
Strengths: Hans can call in air support and request artillery strikes against the enemy. This is very useful in destroying large portions of dinosaur battalions before they are even in fighting range. He can also order pizza while on the field.

Weaknesses: Bunnies do not eat pizza, but lettuce and carrots. The radio is really heavy for a little bunny to carry and it hurts his back.

Current Thoughts: "Oh god I forgot the number for napalm support again."

Favorite Herb: Pennyroyal.

The Bees



- The Bees, technically, are fighting for the dinosaurs. The bees are good and have a great sense of righteousness and so did not hesitate to join the good fight for the dinosaurs. The problem lies in the fact that bees are incredibly, mind-blowingly, stupid. dinosaurs are pretty dumb, but seriously, they have nothing on bees. This is not helped by the bees' love of honey which acts as a hallucinogen. The bees mostly fly around in circles and sometimes drop bombs. Sometimes the bombs may land close to a bunny, injuring it, but most of the time the only thing that the Bees really hurt is a rock or plant if they get lucky. As the picture above shows, a lot of the time bees mistake dinosaurs for bunnies. In the course of the war, approximately 63% of dinosaur casualties have been from friendly fire incidents caused by bees. The dinosaurs tolerate the bees because they just don't have the heart to ask them to stop.

By now the war should seem very real to you, and you must have some understanding of why it is so important to support the troops (please note: these shirts do not support actual troops, only pretend ones. They do support hurricane victims). Whether you believe in the righteous fight of the good, or maybe you are a terrible evil person and wish for the destruction of all that is good and green and huge and a dinosaur. I hope to God the dinosaurs can pull through, but it looks bleak. Imagine a world without dinosaurs. It hurts me, deep in the heart, to even consider the possibility, but it could very well happen if you do not take action. For the dinosaurs, dreams may be all they have left.

-~Tom "moof" Davies

9.35 Prelude to a Date With Holly Body

Monday, Sep 26, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I think I had this poster up next to Lita Ford.

Over the course of her thirteen years in the adult film industry, Holly Body (aka Holly Morgan) has had more surgeries than a kid born with a heart defect. Cosmetic surgery is definitely not uncommon among porn stars but it's rare to find one like Holly Body who has gotten progressively uglier year after year in an ageless way. Her surgeon has transformed her from a trashy C-list porn star into a plasticized Venus with giant tits as hard as gristle and a bland face with the sort of features you might expect from a coin. Perhaps by injecting shark cartilage or fetal koala stem cells into her head this surgeon has made her face progressively larger. These days I'm half expecting her to change her stage name to something from a Dick Tracy cartoon like "Moonhead" or "Doubleface."

From a distance she looks a little bit like Mary McDonnell, which would be kind of creepy, but once you get up close she's just a collection of parts bought off the shelf. My favorite is whenever she is in a movie immediately after a surgery. She'll have these huge swollen lips that are still lopsided from collagen injections and seeping wounds around her nipples. The director will try to shoot around her self-inflicted wounds, but porn directors are generally as competent at their jobs as a junior high school student working at a supercollider.

The directors who aren't limited to pointing a camera at two people fucking are way out of their league trying to put CGI dragons and karate fights into a scene with two people fucking. The few who are the slightest bit competent are immense pretentious douchebags who think using a lot of slow motion and new age music somehow imbues their faux lesbian dreamscapes with some sort of deeper meaning. Needless to say right as Holly Body is unsheathing her Hellraiser-like tits the inept director probably has a close-up of where Doctor Greenbaum went in with the scalpel.

Madam president, the oracles- oh, excuse me.

Holly Body also usually has some of the most appallingly bad hooker hair you'll see this side of a truck stop. Early in her career it was just the usual giant hair that you hope is a wig so you know the girl won't have to go home and look at it in a mirror. For a huge part of her career she wore some sort of nasty white girl dreadlocks that would have made the Predator jealous. More recently a leonine corona of curly black hair has erupted around her laminated features, perhaps in the vain hope that it might momentarily distract the viewer from what's going on with the rest of her.

Bad hair is nothing new in porn and there are several porn actresses who pretty much live paycheck to paycheck because they spend every dime on surgery. Heck, there are few among them who haven't bought massive breast implants and then decided that they were too big and paid to have them downsized. What makes Holly Body unique among the surgery fetishists in the porn industry is that they usually pretend to like their job. It sort of goes with the territory: you pretend to like having 30 inches of male genitalia divided up between your three holes and you walk away with a nice paycheck.

Fresh from kissing burners on the stove.

Holly Body never got that memo. In every one of her onscreen appearances she writhes with indignation and constantly complains or, as evidenced by the inept editing in most of her movies, she enjoys it so little she calls a temporary halt to shooting. She grimaces at the sight of a penis and in a girl-girl scene she'll move unwilling towards a vagina as if it's about to overflow with hornets. Maybe that is why Holly has never quite broken into porno stardom. She's a half-forgotten player in the industry who is best known as "that girl who complains during every scene."

She has had maybe five covers in a time when any girl willing to be a "teen drencher" can get her face plastered on the cover for getting her face plastered on the DVD. As age has failed to take its toll on her service pack features she has still been drifting from titles like 1993s "Too Cute for Words" to 2004's "M.I.L.T.F. 9." I wonder if she really is a mom or if she is just playing one in the picture shows. Does she complain for the guy to hurry up and get it over with because she needs to "get Kylie to her spinning class" or does her ageless basalt face give her all the mommy cred she needs?

At this point I'm sure you're wondering why you should really give a shit what I think of some low rent porn starlet made out of puppet parts. If you're really curious, scroll down to the Awful Link of the Day.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.36 Requiem For A Dreamcast

Tuesday, Sep 27, 2005 by by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

My wit is a very dull implement. I'll never be a good writer. That's okay though because the key to happiness isn't self improvement but self acceptance. Take Charles Manson for example. Every morning he looks in the mirror and remembers he's a horrible monster who orchestrated unspeakable acts of murder and torture. It doesn't bother him, though. Why? Because he loves himself unconditionally. If Charles Manson can love himself unconditionally then so can I.

I've finally found someone who understands how I feel. No, it isn't Trent Reznor or Maynard James Keenan or any of the music industry's designer saviors - it's a girl I know. Do my dreams about Girl I Like deserve to be fulfilled? Does having the capacity for happiness entitle us to happiness?

I loved the conversations I had with Girl I Liked. We didn't just talk to each other, we listened to each other. Girl I Liked was a goddess. In a previous life I was a vortigon slave building immense shrines to her beauty.

"What the hell are you playing on the stereo?" my coworker Nate said. "Is this Vaginal Mutilation Fetish by Smash My Brother's Face In?"

"I thought it would give us a beat to work to." I said.

I trusted my coworkers. Teamwork - that was the Mcdonalds advantage. My cash register was waiting for me and I knew there was no order I couldn't take. I could smell the aroma of freshly cooked 10-1 patties. It smelled like victory.

I'll always remember the time I made a customer feel sorry for me. He was asking me demeaning questions in a tone of mock friendliness when out of nowhere I shot him this wounded look. He never even saw it coming. Needless to say he promptly apologized.

My dad asked me when I had become so disgruntled. I told him that I had always been disgruntled, that I was never gruntled to begin with. That wasn't entirely true. There once was a time when life had all the limitless potential of an empty Worldcraft grid. You may have noticed I lament the loss of my childhood a lot. Am I crossing the line into adult babydom? Seeing as how I also went out with a girl who liked wearing diapers, probably.

Another Saturday night found me alone in my room. I had some percocets but I only used them socially as using them by yourself was a recipe for lonely. I decided to spend the night browsing the internet. The best part of Metallica's new album was downloading it. It was all downhill from there.

I no longer held any grudges re: the flamewars I got into during my mapping days. It was all func_water under a bridge as far as I was concerned. On a whim I entered the URL of planetquake only to find it had become a horrible cataclysm of flash ads. It was intrusive advertising on a level heretofore only seen in the cyberpunk genre.

"Eminem may call gay people fags but at least he doesn't call mentally challenged people anything."

I said.

"Yes he does." Lauren said. "He calls them **his fans**."

I was browsing through the magazines at Borders. THIS MONTH IN WOMAN'S WORLD: IS HE CHEATING ON YOU? NEXT MONTH: IS HE A DEMON LOOKING FOR A HUMAN WOMB TO CONCEIVE THE ANTICHRIST? The person next to me had a trenchcoat and lots of piercings. When there's no more room in Hot Topic the goths will walk the earth.

System Of A Down? More like System Of A DON'T.

I was standing outside the food court at the City 17 mall. The goths didn't come here to smoke cigarettes anymore. It was just as well since I didn't like being around people. It was difficult to tell how much of said dislike was Jean-Paul Sartre-esque existentialism and how much was just social anxiety disorder.

I didn't like public places. I knew my social anxiety could eventually lead to suicide or, even worse, a lifetime of awkward dorkdom. I was filled with tension as I walked down the snack aisle. Fun Fact: Slim Jims are named after the snack's inventor, James Marshall, who has anorexia.

My friends won't let me move in with them. I saw friendship abandon Everyman in the allegory of the same name so why then was I so surprised when it happened to me? Et tu Justin and Brannen? I hate myself for letting you hurt me so easily.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

9.37 There's No Justice Like Show Justice

Wednesday, Sep 28, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Now that justice is out of the way, my main concern regarding Lynndie England is her parenting skills. During that crazy ordeal, she got herself knocked up by her commanding officer. When she gets out of prison and back to her child, what kind of mother will she be? We've all seen those pictures of her pointing at the genitals of naked detainees and laughing. That's not the kind of thing you want in the family scrapbook. She doesn't seem very encouraging, and I fear her parenting skills may be sorely lacking, if not altogether dead. Is she going to pull that kind of crap while changing diapers? Besides that, war crimes are a vicious cycle. Children subjected to war crimes often grow up to commit them, and we need to stamp this problem out at the source. I just made that fact up but hopefully it's true for the sake of this update.

OH MOM! Yesterday a military court found Private Lynndie England, a sort of David Lynchian take on Gomer Pyle, guilty of abusing inmates at the Abu Ghraib prison. The prison abuses, which by all accounts were extensive and creative, have officially been rectified. Justice is served and everyone can go home happy (except for the people still in prison). In the off chance you were one of the poor suckers that got photographed nude next to the adorable England, you can sleep well tonight for your tormenters have been brought to justice.

Of course I'm being sarcastic there, because as a child of the Internet, I know nothing but negativity. I truly believe the abuses that took place in Abu Ghraib were not the work of a few rascally bad apples, and that higher ups were most likely aware and complicit. Otherwise, they were negligent and not paying attention, which is bad in its own right. The fact nobody major has taken any responsibility or heat for this case undoubtedly looks bad in the eyes of the rest of the world, especially Iraqis. Because of this, I purpose we also blame the shameful actions of Abu Ghraib on former FEMA director and current FEMA payroll recipient Michael Brown. It's a one-two punch really. Nobody likes that guy as is, and he's a real pompous jerk to top it off.

Speaking of Michael Brown, he's now blaming every single person except himself for the horrors that unfolded in the Gulf Coast – that being Geraldo Rivera and the government's abysmal response to handling Geraldo Rivera. Also there was a hurricane that tore through the region like a gigantic elemental Pac-Man and then a miniature post-apocalypse. While I don't think Brown is solely to blame, I think he's definitely an idiot and a failure of a man on every level. I would like to see him catapulted into something hard, like a giant mound of peanut brittle. But knowing how this world works he would end up hitting something soft, like the whiskers of Geraldo's mustache.

Prior to the hurricane, the only things I knew about Louisiana was that its government was riddled with corruption and that Gambit was from there. I don't fault the state and local governments because I had no faith in them to begin with. Besides, they were sitting around a giant sewer after the disaster. I find more faults with the people that had military and national resources that sat around outside the sewer while Americans died and tore each other apart. A friend of a friend of mine was in the Superdome and he said people there resorted to cannibalism and idol worship. Also, he's not entirely sure, but he thinks there may have been at least one great train robbery. This was a month before the hurricane, though. I can't imagine how bad it was during and after the hurricane.

Personally I feel compelled to blame the elderly, handicapped, and poor citizens for not taking the opportunity to prove the impossible is possible, that miracles can and do happen. Look at the

miracle unfolding in Iraq right now. Under Saddam Hussein the country was a totalitarian state with limited freedoms, harsh punishments, and oppressive conditions. Now it's miraculously changed into a giant exploding tinderbox with a bunch of rival factions trying to claim ownership of the oil, because that's probably the only thing that isn't going to be completely owned by foreign companies. While the new government argues what exactly the government can and can't do, lots of tourists with guns have come by to shoot at people and set off bombs. They weren't there before, so that's a brand new threat we inspired. I hear that we had to go into Iraq to fight this new threat there so that we wouldn't have to fight them here. I know my neighbor wants to kill me and I'm going to prove it by murdering his family.

Brownie. I'm glad it's finally okay to play the blame game because I was worried that wasn't going to happen. I'm going to get a giant foam hand with finger sticking out so I can point and root for the blamers and the blamed from home. Deep down inside, though, I know no one will ever be held accountable and that my foam-powered pointing will be an empty gesture aimed at nothing. At the very least, it will serve as a sponge for my tears. Then I'm going to jab Scott McClellan in the eye with it for being the most obnoxious human being ever created. Hopefully my tears will strangle his tears in the process.

I'm not sure how many people have to die before the victims of 9/11 have been properly avenged, but I hope it's not that many more. I won't deny that these wars help my geography skills a great deal, but it's just not worth it to me. I also hope that the people that were killed in the process of avenging the victims of 9/11 don't have to be avenged themselves, because this could get very messy. I can't remember if we declared "no avenge-backs" before we went to war or not.

Some of the people that botched the war in Iraq got medals. I hope the medal Michael Brown gets is made out of dog crap and I hope the strap breaks shortly after it goes around his neck so that he has to bend over to pick up his dog crap medal. I hope his pants rip when he does that, too. Then I hope a pretty lady sees him and laughs at him. Basically I just hope he has the worst day ever and maybe misses his bus and has to walk all the way home. In the rain.

Speculation that Karl Rove outed a spy has kind of died down and everybody has forgotten that he or one of his coworkers committed light treason and that the White House flip-flopped on whether or not they would fire "anyone who has anything to do with it." Wasn't that giant emotionless robot John Kerry demonized for flip-flopping? I specifically voted against him on the sole basis that he flip-flopped on something or other and could very well flip flop again. I hate flip-flops and prefer regular shoes. I have a special place in my heart for shoe phones. Don Adams recently died, and he will forever be remembered as TV super spy Maxwell Smart. Can you imagine if someone in the White House leaked Maxwell Smart's identity as a spy to the public? It's not so innocent now, is it? I feel crushed. I don't think I'll ever walk again.

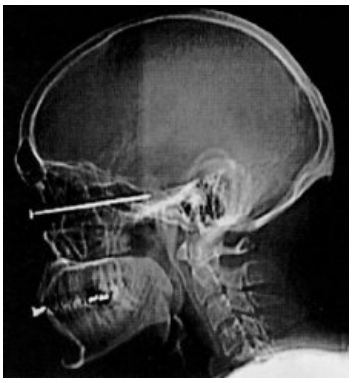
> This child is drowning underwater while that octopus smiles like some kind of monster. While the battle for Iraq continues to continue to heat up and simultaneously wind down, another war is being raged to get intelligent design taught in schools along side such theories as "evolution" and "study hall." If there is any justice in this world intelligent design will kick the shit out of evolution, tie it up, and drag it behind a pickup truck until it dies, thus sending it back to the depths of hell along with all other forms of logic and reasoning. There were dinosaurs and man living together and I know this because the Bible says so. Jurassic Park 3:16, asshole.

Anyway, I guess what I'm trying to say is that there doesn't seem to be a lot of justice in this world. And because this lack of justice, I've been doing a lot of thinking. It occurred to me that, through the eyes of the octopus, we must look awfully incompetent and corrupt. It's not everyday you realize you're disappointing octopuses, and that has me a little worried. I think we could do better, because frankly this situation is embarrassing. We may not have 8 long tentacles or be able to shoot ink out of our groins, but those aren't necessary skills in building a sane and rational world. Sure they help, but human ingenuity is pretty crafty as well. The octopus may use its ink for propulsion and evasion, but we use ink to write books. We've already got an edge, now let's start cutting shit with it.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.38 Internet Home Repair Series: Finishing a Basement

Thursday, Sep 29, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz



#236- "The Eye Exam"

It Greetings, and welcome to the first edition of a new series geared towards home repair instruction for the unlearned and borderline retarded. Even if you have an apartment or live in your folks' basement, one day you will be called upon to build or fix something. Sure, you can hire those expensive contractors that cost $100 an hour and steal your wife's underwear, but who has that kind of money or frilly underwear to spare? Think of learning these lifelong skills as an investment in yourself, one much more comfortable than eating pennies until your stomach bursts into a copper waterfall.

I recently finished my basement over a 6 month learning period. Before I was a homeowner, Richard "Cousin Larry" Kyanka was kind enough to let me sleep under his deck and would drop scraps of food between the cracks for my daily substance. While this was easy living for awhile, his wife caught wind of the scam after she spotting me fighting over a bone with the dogs. Soon I was out on the streets, selling my body for Arby's combo meals and arcade tokens. My luck changed after I robbed a bank and bought a medium sized house in the less deadly part of metro-Detroit. There was only one problem with it: an unfinished basement. This was unacceptable.

For any laymen and children reading this, an unfinished basement is when you have the original concrete walls and wooden rafters on the ceiling with the pipes and wiring exposed. To finish a basement, you need to frame walls, install pipes and electricity, put up drywall, and drop a ceiling. This turns a musty, cold basement into another living area where you can put a pool table, home entertainment system, or even a replica of the Star Trek: The Next Generation starship bridge. That would be awesome. I would shave my head like Picard, ask my gay Romanian friend to play Data, and then pay a bum to act as Worf. I would use a soldering gun on his forehead for realism.

But finishing a basement is no walk in the park, as I found out. You need to have a lot of equipment and know how to use it, as well be motivated to work really hard for very little monetary compensation. You will need friends to help you on such a large project. If you don't have any friends, forget about the whole thing because your life is worthless and you might as well just sit in your spider-infested basement on a beanbag chair reading fantasy novels.

#121- "The Double Dipper"

Or you can do what I do: tell a bunch of illegal immigrants that you are taking them to a safe house, but then chain them up and make them pretend to be your friends and finish your basement. Once it is done you can force them to play-act The Next Generation with you. One can be Riker, another Wesley Crusher, and you can even poke the eyes out of another and stick half an air filter on his face so he can play the Kunta Kenta guy.

Now we will go through the easy-to-follow steps on how to actually go about finishing your basement:

1. Draw the Plans

The first thing you need to do is devise your floor plans. Measure the length of the walls you need to erect and then rent a CAD (Curious Android Demon) computer to print up some blueprint drawings. Think of this as your treasure map on a bold and dangerous adventure into the world of manual labor.

You need to carefully plan out each aspect of the project if you don't want to be caught with your pants down without a paddle. When I did my basement, I foolishly went on memory -- this is ill-advised, especially if you have multiple head injuries from rodeo clown work like myself. I forgot what I was doing and somehow ended up building a transdimensional portal, causing a large-scale invasion of Earth by a host of evil winged creatures. Boy, was my face red.

2. Equipment

#657- "The Knee-Jerk"

You will need to acquire a variety of materials and tools for a job this large. The most important thing is the wood for all the wall framing. You would think that is should be in abundance, what with all the stupid trees we have around, but building lumber is surprisingly expensive. I found it to be much more cost effective to "borrow" some wood from my neighbor's shed in the middle of the night. Once the shed was all gone, I moved on the foundation of their house.

They were not pleased in the least after I pulled a key log out with my truck and the house came down like a tower of Jenga pieces. We shall see how my "hurricane Rita" defense holds up in court next week. Josh "Livestock" Boruff has agreed to appear on my behalf, wearing a fake beard and pretending to be an expert meteorologist with a lot of fancy charts. It's going to be a hoot.

You will have to buy or find a whole bunch of other crap besides wood. Here's a free pointer for you: if you accidently nailgun your hand to a 2x4, call 911 instead of removing the mentioned hand with a power saw to free yourself. It may make sense at the time, but only makes things worse.

Make a checklist to take to your local Home Depot. Just hand it to the portly man in the orange apron and he will gladly assist you. Remember, though, to never turn your back on him. Home Depot workers have been known to bludgeon customers with pipes and put their heads in the paint mixer. Or maybe it's just me.

Your checklist should include:

- Nails
- Power Saw
- Measuring Tape
- Nail Gun
- Hammer
- Level
- First Aid Kit
- Beer (2-3 kegs)
- PCP
- Pantyhose
- Chili Powder
- 18 month old Goat
- Allen Wrench

3. Building

#28- "The Banker's Dirty Secret"

For those of you who have never built anything before in you life, this is an golden opportunity to learn through experience and countless mistakes. Thanks to this update, hopefully you will learn from my mistakes as well. Prior to this, the only thing I had ever built out of wood was a birdhouse, but it was recalled after 8 accidental bird deaths and a ghastly fire. I also constructed a crime fort in a tree but it was partially destroyed by some evil firemen with their angry water cannons.

The first step is to cut your wood according to your drawings (see step 1) and then figure out how to work the nail gun so you can start assembling them into a frame. When I rented the nail gun from Home Depot, the guy working there said it was so easy a retarded child could use it. Then I accidently fired off a round into his face while fiddling with the safety catch. These things can be very dangerous, so always keep them pointed towards the sky, and not at your eye.

When you have all your wood cut and nailed together, use a level to make sure everything is even. Once you find out that your measurements were way off, hammer apart the boards and start over again. This will happen about 8-10 times for every section of framework. The next step is to wedge the frames into place so they are flush with the floor and wall. Once you find out they don't fit as planned, prepare to wedge some scrap pieces of material to fill the gaps. Half of my basement wall frames are propped up with old milk cartons and Neo Geo game cartridges.

After all the framing is complete, you can move on to plumbing and electrical work. This is the really tricky part. Everything I learned about plumbing was from Super Mario Brothers, so I was extremely wary of man-eating flowers as I tried to cram myself inside one to get to the hidden coin paradise.

Electricity is just as dangerous. I ran all the wires from the circuits to the new outlets, but forgot to turn my breaker box off and I foolishly put my exposed penis onto some live wire. As my heart stopped for one minute and 43 seconds, I saw God before me. He reached down from the secret cloud coin level and stroked my 80s-style feathered hair. From that moment on I knew that he was my savior and that I would dedicate the rest of my life to propagate his Word and smite all heathens who oppose Him.

Have you heard the good news?

4. Rally

I call this step in the Internet Home Repair Guide the "Rally", because sometime during or after the third step you will lose all hope in yourself and the project and self-destruct. This happened to me after I nailed my feet together for the second time, framed the stairs off from the room, and ate a whole bunch of wall studs that I mistook for Sno Caps. This is when you have to take a step back from the whole thing, drink a whole lot of beer, take some PCP, and listen to some Pantera. This will motivate you from being a self-loathing sack of sorrow into a kickass, take-charge handyman from hell.

Soon I was breaking boards over my head and throwing bricks around like it was going out of style. Just make sure you lock the basement door while this intense building period is taking place. One of my other neighbors heard the bloodcurdling howling and let himself in to see what all the racket was about. I ended up tearing his arm off and using it to play air guitar. The police eventually came, and had to shoot me a dozen times before I went down. My defence for that case is "Internet

comedy sites", and Livestock will testify as an expert witness on riddles and animal balloons.

#108- "HOLY SHIT I HAVE NAILS IN MY HEAD!"

5. Defeat

Sometimes you just have to face facts. You would like to prove to yourself that you are an intelligent, capable man who can build sturdy structures out of wood and rock, and then go off with your buddies in a Ford truck to drink and hit small creatures on the road. You are just fooling yourself. This is the step where you look at the mess you have made and what a total failure you are in all aspects of life. It is time to call the professionals.

Sure, these guys cost a lot of money and make fun of your girlish frame, but at this point you have no choice. They will have to tear down everything you've put up so far and then start over, doing it the right way. Lower your head in shame and go upstairs to watch Veronica Mars while the sounds of manly labor drone away downstairs.

I hope you enjoyed this edition of the Internet Home Repair Guide. Next week we will take hard look at getting those weasels out of your gutters, and 8 ways to please your man. Until next time, this is handyman Frolixo signing out.

Daily Dirt

I want to get a little serious in my Daily Dirt today. A lot of things that are going on right now are really steaming my clams, like the war in Iraq, the current administration, corrupt politicians like Tom DeLay, and the unchecked pollution that is poisoning our air. Get ready, because I'm going to lay it all out for you and I'm not pulling and punches.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

9.39 Land of the Lost Pets

Friday, Sep 30, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

MISSING DOG
$50 REWARD!

"Ms. Eliza Dushku"

Adorable Maltese missing. Disappeared from small bedroom full of soiled collectible dolls. She is very dear to me and I don't know how I will continue without her.

If you find her alive PLEASE CALL 385-2033 and I will gladly pay you full reward. If you find all or part of her then please call the same number and we will negotiate a partial reward!

GONE ABSENT:

TWO MASTIFF DOGS EACH WEIGHING 180 STONE AND STANDING TALL AS A BARN ON HIND LEGS

These two fine specimens going by the names STURM UND DRANG disappeared in the smoke following the battle of Custoe Valley. Having already run down and devoured no less than 8 Spaniards and 3 Moor cavalry chargers I am inclined to reward them. As they are no longer in my posession, I am however left to wonder as to their joint fates. Perhaps they have become shadowy scourges of the Norman countryside, pulling children from their beds and stifling their cries with a snap of their powerful jaws. Or perhaps they have been taken by the cowardly Brigadier Cortez, who quit the battlefield in shame and took my fond companions with him in a cage made from iron. Should you know of their fate, please write to [redacted]

ORGINAL OWNER DEAD FROM CANNONADE PLZ ASK FOR CORTEZ

Captain's Log Supplemental:

An away mission to the backyard has resulted in the disappearance of one of my crew members. He is a black cat named LOCUTUS. He is capable of responding to hails and if you have a replicator he would prefer 6 ounces of Meowmix "Wing and a Prawn" shrimp dinner.

IF YOU KNOW LOCATION PLEASE CALL ME AT MAXIMUM WARP!

268-5100 (leave message if I'm on the internet) or I can be reached by HAM radio at 1035.36 callsign "Darmok"

REWARD 100 BARS OF GOLD PRESSED LATINUM OR

Have You Seen My Puppy?

His name is "TINY MIGHT" and he is 6 weeks old. Brown with white spots on belly. Exactly large enough to fit in a grown man's mouth. Tastes a little bit like popcorn but has hair. He is partially housetrained and responds to "eradicate them".

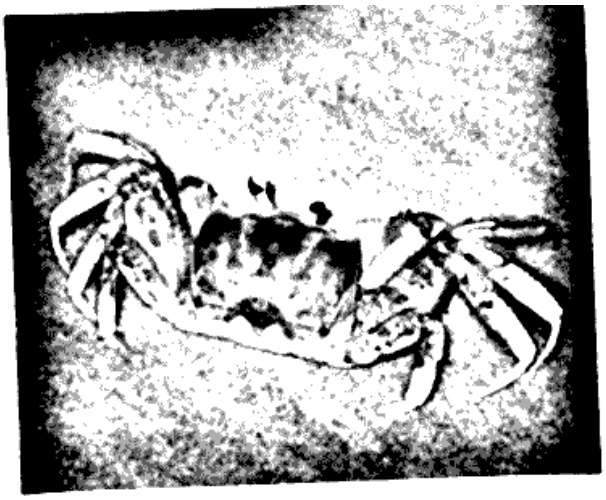
P: 212-809-3213
F: 212-809-3214
E: info@XXXtasyescorts.com

HORSE WITH GIANT FANNY TAKEN BY THIEVES???

If you have taken my horse I implore you to return it because you cannot understand its psyche! If you see this horse immediately call me at 08-47765-0432. ASK FOR EXECUTION

The horse is named Chester's Lucky Goiter and is a fine Arabian mare standing at 12 hands has a VERY SIZEABLE bottom Horse likes carrots very much and refined lard only slightly less. This cannot be emphasized enough:

HORSE IS A KILLER OF MEN



CRAB IS GONE!?

PRECIOUS CRAB IS GONE! NEED HELP TO FIND HIM. NAME IS:

CLAUDIUS AURELIUS

PLEASE CALL +01 4345-34226 IF YOU HAVE DATA

HE IS PRIZE CRAB SO PLEASE HELP

10 POUND REWARD OR 5 POUND FOR SIMILAR CRAB

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 10

October

10.1 This Might Sound Unbelievable, But Every Word Is True

Saturday, Oct 01, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Dear Guns & Ammo Letters Page,

I never thought it would happen to me.

I recently attended a late night showing of Reese Witherspoon's romantic comedy Just Like Heaven at my local movie theater. Late showings are my favorite since the audiences are typically sparse, and on this particular night I happened to find myself alone as the previews reel ran. The lights dimmed completely before the movie started up, casting the theatre in momentary darkness. When the ambient glow of the film filled the room I was surprised to find an occupant in the seat next to mine. Of all the empty seats available, why choose that one?

After a few minutes of unsuccessfully trying to concentrate on the movie, I took a careful glance sideways and what I saw made my heart skip a beat. There, a few scant inches away, was the most beautiful Bushmaster 16in Modular Carbine I had ever seen in my life. I snapped my head back to the screen and gulped hard, hoping it hadn't noticed.

Just then I felt something brush against my ankle in a slow and deliberate move. Biting my lip, I slid my eyes from the screen to my lower leg where the Carbine's rubber buttplate was resting.

It was my turn to make a move. I had never been in a situation like this before and my palms were already beginning to sweat. Closing my eyes, I hesitantly reached over and caressed the cold surface of the Carbine's chrome-lined barrel with the back of my hand. It didn't pull back from my touch so I continued, gingerly tracing the barrel with my fingertips. Feeling particularly bold, when I reached the opening at the end of the barrel I pressed a finger inside and quivered in ecstasy.

Upon opening my eyes once more, I was met with another surprise. There in the cupholder between us was a 2.25 oz. bottle of Ultra-Lube Advanced Gun Oil and a fiendishly long blackened steel cleaning rod.

"You're dirty, aren't you?" I whispered, taking off my coat and laying it across the rifle's midsection in case anyone walked in on us. "You filthy little gun, I'm gonna clean you good."

Over the course of the next hour I field-stripped and slowly cleaned every nook and cranny, becoming intimately familiar with this gun I had never even seen before. After the movie ended we went our separate ways without a word. I've never been the sort of guy that would even consider doing something like that before, but the experience was exhilarating and I now find myself at the movie theater several times a week, gun oil and cleaning rod tucked away in my jacket pocket just in case.

Bobby D.
Genosha, Wisconsin

Dear Sports Illustrated Forum,

I always thought the letters you printed were phony and that nothing as incredible as what they portrayed would ever happen to me. Boy was I wrong!

During a recent trip to my family's summer home overlooking a private beach, I decided to go for a swim in the ocean by myself. Instead of finding a secluded strip of beach and the greenish-blue sea stretching beyond into the horizon, however, I was met with an unexpected sight.

There on my beach, the New York Yankees were preparing to play a game of baseball. Alex Rodriguez

was creating bases out of driftwood. Randy Johnson was using his mitt to scoop up sand and build a pitcher's mound. Jason Giambi was injecting seawater into his upper thigh. Derek Jeter was eating a burrito.

Just as I began to wonder who they were going to play against, the subject of every red-blooded sports loving American male's fantasy showed up. That's right, twins! The identical twin brother of every Yankee player was there, each wearing a slightly different uniform from his sibling.

The game that followed contained some of the hottest baseball action a fan could hope to see. Sweaty guys, pitching, catching, balls, things, more things. It was amazing, and I was the sole witness to this game for the ages. With the game tied after thirteen innings it was obvious that the teams were too evenly matched, and that a difference maker was needed. That was when Joe Torre turned to me and hitched his thumb as if to say "get in here" while Moe Torre cursed for not thinking of doing the same thing earlier.

It was the bottom of the inning and there were two outs. I was pinch hitting for Jeter, who had broken his back at the top of the inning by colliding with a jellyfish while fielding a routine pop fly.

Randy Joneson was an intimidatingly large pitcher just like his brother, but instead of collapsing under the pressure I swung with confidence at his first pitch and sent it flying over the ocean, winning the game with a miracle home run. All the Yankees' twin brothers screamed in agony as their skin boiled and fell off, followed by the muscle and organs below until all that was left was a field full of sizzling bones. Then the Yankees cheered in unison and carried me around on their shoulders.

It was probably the greatest day of that particular summer, and I'm still amazed that it actually happened to a normal guy like me.

Jeff N.
Queens, New York

Dear PC Gamer Letters Section,

The other day my really hot english teacher asked me to stay after class, and we had really hot sex for like two hours before an equally hot classmate (who happened to be a virgin) walked into the room to retrieve a book she had mistakenly left behind. Then she joined in, and we had even more hot sex. Oh yeah, and they both had quite large breasts.

Just thought you should know!

George R.
Riverdale, Indiana

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.2 Fox News Presents: Monday Night Maniacs

Sunday, Oct 02, 2005 by Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

As the shit hit the fan earlier this month in New Orleans, and more recently in Texas, Fox News was there every step of the way. It is a true testament to the caliber of their journalists that they were able to cover one of the biggest tragedies in US history and still come off as maudlin, affected, and melodramatic. The public has sent Fox News a clear message: More please. From Geraldo's weeping to Shepard Smith's unnecessary bravado to Greta Van Susteren's bewildering gender disorder, viewers couldn't get enough.

You spoke, they listened. This fall Fox News is introducing a re-vamped Monday night primetime line-up sure to tear your Tivo a new asshole and leave you salivating in your britches. The general public isn't privy to this info just yet, but I managed to finesse my way into Rupert Murdoch's fortified compound, which is buried 70 feet below a KFC in Sydney, Australia and abscond with a folder containing pitches for several new series in their Monday Night Maniacs line-up. After removing almost 70 instances of the N-word, I was left with what you see below: Ouch! My Face With Shepard Smith

For Fox News personality Shepard Smith, spitting in the face of the status quo is all in a day's work. Whether it be committing aggravated battery with a motor vehicle because of a dispute over a parking space or saying "blowjob" during a live broadcast, this primetime prettyboy has never been afraid to shake things up. Over the past month, he managed to push the envelope harder than it's ever been pushed before by covering hurricane Katrina using nothing but his own face. In doing so he uncovered stories that couldn't be found in the socialist media. Stories such as:

Today's top story is AUUUUUUUUGH!

- "The harder it rains the more my face hurts!"
- "This rain is really stinging my face!"
- "Even with goggles the rain really stings my face. This isn't like regular rain because regular rain doesn't make my face hurt."
- "I've been measuring the intensity of the wind by whether or not I can stand up, as you can see, I'm having a little trouble."

In "Ouch!", Shepard takes his unique approach to journalism one step further, tackling hot button issues by placing his angelic mug directly into harm's way every single week and translating complicated topics into the universal language of blinding agony. Be sure to tune in to the premiere episode, "Bees, a sandstorm, and falling in gravel" this Monday at 8pm. If you can successfully count the number of backwards hats that get blown off of his head during the course of the episode, your name will be entered in a drawing to win a free "I'm with Hannity!" t-shirt. Greta's Graphics Grab Bag

The life of a Fox News anchor is stressful and fast-paced, to be sure, but that doesn't mean you can't have any fun. Even the stern and straight-laced Greta van Susteren likes to let down her hair every once in awhile and just have a good time. In Greta's Graphics Grab Bag, Fox News is giving her exactly one hour at a rigidly scheduled time to do just that!

The Grab Bag is a nonsensical mish-mash of logos, headlines, 3D animations, and impossibly small picture-in-picture boxes filled with logos, headlines, 3D animations, and smaller picture-in-picture boxes, which is what makes it such a refreshing change of pace from the standard Fox News fare. Occasionally Greta will come floating in from the side of the screen and try to yell over the urgently

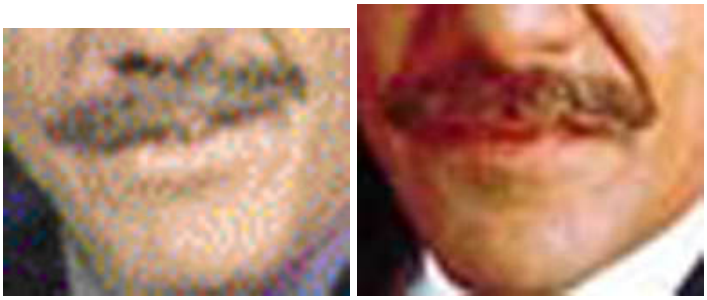
and incessantly thumping background music, but you won't be able to make out anything intelligible so don't waste your sanity trying.

To add to the playful "anything goes" feel of the show, the news crawl at the bottom will be "guest hosted" by a new elementary school class every week. They will be invited to type whatever is on their little minds at the time. You can expect lots of non-sequiturs, horrifyingly frank discussion about shit, embarassing references to parents covertly fucking, and adorably simplistic musings about Jesus.

Here's a teaser to whet your appetite:

Geraldo Rivera's Mustache Mansion

Geraldo Rivera is considered by most of America to be one of the true "Giants of Journalism." A living legend whose compassion and dedication is unrivaled in the business.



In a world where spin is the norm and you can't trust anyone but yourself, it's good to know that the crew of committed truthseekers at Fox are looking out for us. God bless and goodnight, America.

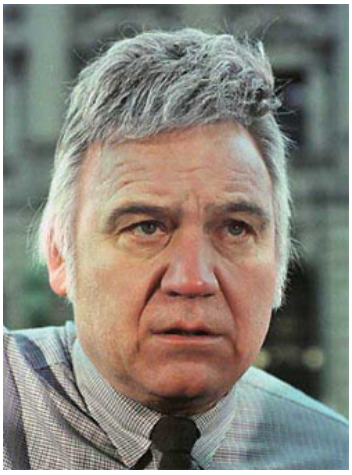
What do you get when you cross John Daly and Joe Dirt?

A whole lotta nothin', that's what!

-~Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

10.3 A Letter to James Traficant

Monday, Oct 03, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


A man, a plan, a wig: Traficant.

I hope that this message finds you well and rested and that the imperfect environment of the federal prison system has not treated you too badly. Mr. Traficant - Congressman Traficant - we need you. Badly. Washington has been overrun by the degenerate and cowardly. Their offal is piling up on the Capitol steps and their guano smears every surface from the Oval Office to the hallowed halls of Justice. They dash about like shrieking apes, wild and unruly, or skulk in corners afraid of the dark shapes of their shadows. They are entrenched. There is no prying off this barnacle. There is no excising this great suppurating cyst on our nation's back. Those who dare to speak truth to power are silenced and ridiculed. The time for change through normal means has come and gone.

That's why we need someone who can speak something much more important to power than truth has ever been: crazy. Congressman Traficant, your famous and daily one-minute speeches briefly changed the face of our government from oppressive and monolithic to schizophrenic and comically unbalanced. I fondly recall the day in November of 2001, barely two months after the attacks on the United States by terrorists, when you stood tall and firm and comforted a nation in your own way. You got up in front of God, Congress and your fellow Americans and you said what needed to be said.

> *Mr. Speaker, as a former athlete, I thought I saw it all. Great celebrations after grand slams and Hail Marys. But this time it has gone too far.*
>
> News reports say after a game-winning goal at a soccer match in Spain, a player celebrated his teammate who scored by biting him on the genitals.
>
> Beam me up.
>
> Now I have heard of high fives, back slaps, butt slaps, but this takes the family jewels.
>
> The team says the player is doing fine, but I suspect he will speak from here on in like a soprano. This is going a little too far. I yield back what has now become known as "The Big Bite."

In July of that same year, you proved to the world that you are not beholden to big business the way so many other politicians are with your elegant commentary on the California energy crisis.

> *Even though California consumers are suffering the worst power shortage in history and outrageous costs, a Federal judge has ruled that the Pacific Gas and Electric Company can pay their top managers $17.5 million in bonuses. Now, if that is not enough to shock your crock pot, the company said, and I quote, "If we don't pay this $17.5 million, they're going to leave us."*
>
> Unbelievable. These fat cats should not be rewarded, they should be fired. Throw these bums out. Beam me up. I yield back the fact that they should hire a proctologist to perform a brain scan on that Federal judge who is somewhere in Disney World.

Who do we have now? Tom DeLay? Nancy Pelosi? The President? Would any of them be caught saying what you said on that bright Halloween day in 2001? No, none of them would dare to suggest that the United States look to Hitler for strategic advice. Only a rogue like you has that sort of sack.

American Hero.

> *Mr. Speaker, there are those in America that say that we should stop the bombing of the Taliban during the holy month of Ramadan. I disagree. Hitler did not stop on Yom Kippur, Japan did not stop on Christmas or Easter. In fact, Egypt and Syria attacked Israel on Yom Kippur during the holy month of Ramadan, folks.*
>
> Let us get real: This is war. This is not a coffee break nor do or should we take sabbaticals. It is time to root these terrorists out. Keep the heat on.
>
> I yield back the fact that giving this Taliban regime 30 days, they will simply reorganize and kill many more Americans.

You were a Democrat who opposed President Clinton at the height of his power and embraced President Bush in the face of September 11th. I would like to think that now you would once again be playing the foil to those too powerful for our own good. You would be up there giving your one-minute speeches with an open mind and an open heart. But you would never abide foolishness. I think you would give a speech something like this in the face of current controversies:

> *Mr. Speaker, I have learned today that dolphins have been trained by the military to shoot poison darts at Al Qaeda. In the face of Katrina these aquatic assassins have escaped and may pose a risk to divers. I want to know: why aren't these fighting fish in Iraq?*
>
> Give me a break. We're teaching dolphins how to hunt terrorists and Bin Laden is still on the loose. What's next? A cat that can hunt rapists? Beam me up.
>
> I yield back the fact that Flipper could do a better job in the War on Terror than we're currently doing.

Congressman Traficant, I can only hope that from your jail cell you are composing a comprehensive treatise on the goings on in the world. Something that will allow us to reflect on your thoughts in a time when the world has gone so mad it needs real madness to be healed.

I yield back the fact that James Traficant has the rapier wit of Samuel Clemens on psychedelics and locks that would shame Samson.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.4 Interview with an Actress: Sexism in Cinema

Tuesday, Oct 04, 2005 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

The Thinker: a stirring image of a dude thinking.

Something Awful has often been accused of being puerile and immature, of catering to the uncouth and the uncultured, and of being unwilling and unable to tackle serious and sensitive topics in a mature manner.

Being an educated and worldly man, I do not take these accusations lightly. Since I'm now writing for the front page of this site, I feel that it is my duty to guide the editorial policy of Something Awful toward a more mature discussion of important cultural issues. I do not consider Something Awful to be a juvenile and immature website; I think that this is a site for adults, and I am interested in discussing adult issues in an adult format.

One adult issue that's been burning my britches lately is sexism in cinema. Did you know that over twice as many men win Academy Awards for acting than do women? Did you know that no woman over forty years old has ever appeared in a film playing anything other than a stereotypical black "mammy" figure? These are disturbing facts that require frank discussion, so I have taken it upon myself to root them out by doing a hard-hitting interview with a famous cinema actress.

Since I'm interested only in mature and intelligent adult discourse, I posted this advertisement in a Hollywood industry trade publication:

> *Seeking adult actress for hard-hitting one-on-one male/female interaction on popular adult website.*

I very quickly received a reply from a representative of an actress named Texas Presley. Her representation described her as a "rising adult star," which is exactly what I was looking for; a child actress would not have the level of maturity required to participate in a truly illuminating interview. However, I was shocked at her fairly gratuitous publicity photo:

Dr. Thorpe: Thanks for agreeing to be interviewed, Ms. Presley. Since I'm a hard-hitting reporter, I am going to start with a hardball question: the PR photo your agent sent me depicts you in a very provocative state of undress. Are you worried that you'll be hired merely for your sex appeal?

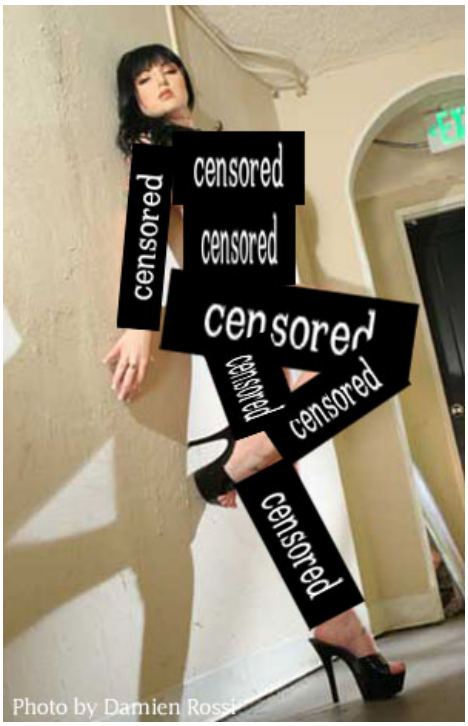
Texas Presley: I certainly hope so!

DT: Don't you find it degrading, though, that producers and audiences might see you as some sort of sexual fantasy object rather than as a serious actress?

TP: Hmm, that's a good question. I think I can sum it up by saying that I think I'm a very serious sexual object. Who also acts.

DT: So are you saying you are using your sex appeal to get ahead in an industry dominated by male actors?

TP: No. I'm saying I'm using my industry to *get head* from male actors. Also, I wouldn't say it was male-dominated. Just as many women get head in this industry as



men.

DT: I'm not exactly sure what that means, so let's move on. Are you worried that your provocative press photo might give producers and casting agents the impression that you're automatically willing to do nude scenes? Perhaps even regardless of their artistic merit?

TP: Well, the willingness to do nude scenes in this industry has to be pretty high, love. Regardless of artistic merit. I mean, sure, I'd like to be seen in good lighting, and have flattering angles, but there's not a lot of flattery when the camera is shoved between your legs. You can't expect too terribly much. You can only hope you're coming across in a sexy way. Also, some directors are specifically going for the very dream-like and visually appealing scenes. It's not always solely about the sex.

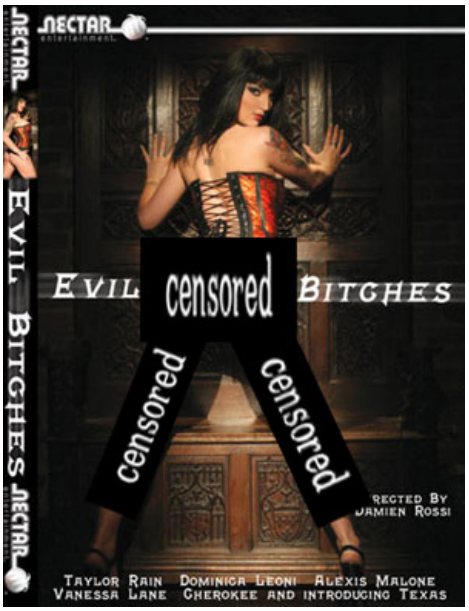
DT: That seems like a double standard, though. Many famous male actors never have to be completely nude for their films, isn't that right?

TP: Um... I don't think we're talking about the same movie industry, Dr. Thorpe. As far as I know, a lot of people agree that male talent in movies is basically more a prop than a lead.

DT: It says in your press kit that you've worked with Nectar films and Vivid Pictures. Are these indie film studios? I'm not familiar with them.

TP: Oh dear. How can I put this to you in a way that won't make you uncomfortable? I fuck on camera. Vivid is one of the leading production companies of pornographic material.

DT: Well, many artists consider their work akin to the act of copulation; they're putting their bodies and souls on the line and being "penetrated" by the public. Is this what you're referring to?



TP: Um... No, not exactly. It's more along the lines of "Copulation plus camera equals porno." I'm putting my body on the line, and being "penetrated" by male talent, very literally speaking. I'm talking about actual physical contact. Oh, and also by female talent as well. That's my favorite.

DT: Wait a minute; are you saying that you literally copulate on camera?

TP: Actually, yes. That's exactly what I'm saying. I am one of the many contributors to the age-old tradition of pornography.

DT: I don't want to sound rude, but are you entirely sure that's legal? Because honestly, I think it might be illegal.

TP: I pay taxes on my "body of work" the same as everyone else.

Please avert your eyes

DT: So the government is aware of the fact that you fornicate on film and turns a blind eye, or worse yet, *allows* it?

TP: As far as my lawyer and accountant are concerned, yes. Have you never watched a porno, dear?

DT: Of course not! That's morally outrageous!

TP: It is! Which is what gives it that edge that makes it all the more enjoyable. Imagine getting a check for an absurd amount of money for simply enjoying sex, and looking hot while doing it. There are worse jobs. Ever watch yourself in the mirror during sex?

DT: Uh, this interview is getting extremely personal, and not in the Barbara Walters way, so let's get this back on track. Do you find that your career in these underground pornographic films hurts your career as a serious film and stage actress?

TP: Well, First of all, the movies I'm doing are far from "underground." And to be honest, I have no real desire to become a professional film or

television actress. I'm not good with memorizing lines, unless they consist of mostly curse words, such as "fuck," "cock," "pussy," and "God."

DT: Obviously you've been brainwashed by some sort of evil sex-pervert cult. Let me look up the phone number of a battered woman's shelter, the nice people there will explain to you that women aren't supposed to enjoy the process of human breeding.

TP: Oh honey... Brainwashed by the physical pleasure of the orgasm is more like it! I highly doubt any woman from a battered women's shelter could "cure" me of my sexual addiction. Unless, however, by "battered" you mean "happy" and "shelter" you mean "large messy orgy." Sign me up!

The late George C. Scott would not approve.

DT: As a cultured and worldly man, I feel that I ought to explore the seedy pornographic underworld like George C. Scott in "Hardcore." So, when you agree (or are forced) to do one of these disgusting films, how are you contacted? Do they blindfold you and lead you to some alley or warehouse at knifepoint?

TP: That's only in my private life. Actually, the adult film industry is put together in the same way the mainstream film industry is. We are booked through agencies (not everyone, of course). We have screening and testing for STDs/HIV every 30 days to ensure that our health is in tip top condition. Some people have publicists. It's all marketing and connections, like in any industry. I go through ExoticStarModels.com for my bookings.

DT: It all sounds very professional on the surface, but aren't you worried that after you perform a sex act, the producers might simply kill you and gut you like a trout in order to feed the murderous porno audience's sick, animal need for "snuff films?"

TP: I certainly hope not....I try to work with directors who are pretty high standing in status and have a good reputation. If someone I'm about to work with has a history of murdering people, typically I try to cancel the scene (that was sarcasm, of course).

DT: Sarcasm? So you don't cancel a scene, even if you're working for a known murderer? That's absolutely outrageous.

TP: Honey, there are no known murderers in the adult film industry.

DT: Even if you're not working specifically with a known murderer, though, aren't you concerned that some hulking sex-crazed lout will strangle the life out of you during a scene? I'm assuming the male actors are mostly half-witted sex maniacs kidnapped from insane asylums or junkies working for their next fix.

Male porn actors: one minute they're stroking your hair, the next minute they're snapping your neck with their retard strength.

TP: Actually, the men in this industry are quite professional. They are there to do a job, just the same as we are. I've only had one bad experience with male talent, and it was only because he was being too familiar, and acting like he was my boyfriend or something. And frankly, I can't work with people who aren't there just to fuck me.

DT: Haven't your friends and family tried to rescue you from the seedy pornographic underworld? I don't want to keep bringing up "Hardcore" starring George C. Scott, but everything I know about pornography, I learned from that film.

TP: Actually, my close friends have all been quite supportive. It's no real surprise that I chose this industry. I've always been a very sexual person, and enjoyed the idea of being watched. Turning people on. Making them excited... I get off on that. Of course that's a very run-of-the-mill response, but that's why we're all in this business.

DT: Well, as a journalist, it would be unethical for me to interfere with your lifestyle. However, I do want to assure you that society would still accept you despite your past. You might have to live in a halfway house for a while and maybe get a job as a nun, though.

TP: Well, I appreciate the idea...however, living in a nunnery sounds like, quite possibly, the worst kind of torture. As far as a halfway house is concerned... maybe in a few years.

DT: So when you were originally kidnapped and forced into the pornography industry, did it take you a while to get used to the concept of fornicating for the enjoyment of others?

TP: Doctor, for such a smart man, you can be quite dense.

DT: Well, consider how I must feel. Obviously, I'm not sure how much of what you're saying is true and how much of it is just the brainwashing talking.

Texas and fellow degenerate Janine Lindemulder.

TP: I assure you I'm speaking to you from the heart. I have quite a firm hold on my brain activity, but thanks! I was never kidnapped and forced into this industry. I was admiring it from afar for many, many years. I've always had a fascination with pornography. I mean, from a very young age, I always thought of the actresses like real movie stars. Janine Lindemulder has always been my favorite actress. I think she is just so amazing.

DT: Assuming that our erudite, well-grounded, non-pervert readers want to research your films for completely scientific and sociological reasons, can you tell us a little bit about your upcoming projects?

TP: Well, to date I think I've done about 22 movies, for several companies: Lucky Media, Vivid, Hustler, Nectar, New Sensations, Dvsx, Platinum X, Red Light District(formerly Anabolic)... I'm on the cover of a lot of my films, so be sure to really get a good browse going in the adult store.

DT: Thank you very much for the interview, Ms. Presley. I wish you the best of luck in repenting, changing your wicked lifestyle, beating your brainwashing, and joining a reputable church.

TP: Thank you, I'll be sure to give Pat Robertson your best wishes.

DT: Oh, I'm not religious myself; I just think it might help someone in your tragic position. Thanks!

For more information about this tragic and exploited young woman, you can visit any number of web sites that peddle her flesh like a commodity. You might look at her official site (DOWN for now), her professional biography (not safe for work either), or this den of filth (even less safe for work) which features several of her upcoming projects. I feel that I must apologize for exposing people to this material due to the distasteful nature of it, especially to those of you who have never before heard of

pornography. Nevertheless, the dark and slimy underbelly of the pornographic film industry, once shrouded in mystery, has finally been laid bare by my masterful journalism. Hopefully, now that this shocking exposé has been posted for all to see, no more young women will fall prey to the despicable perverts who brainwashed and corrupted the beautiful Texas Presley.

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

10.5 There Are Only Three Exciting Months Left!

Wednesday, Oct 05, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

In three months all will be revealed as 2005 comes to its shocking conclusion! Lives will be lost, friendships torn and tested, and hidden secrets surface to tear people apart! Alliances will be shaken, and everything you thought you knew will turn out to be a **boldfaced** slippery slope! Nothing will be the same once the ball starts moving!

See why 2005 is the most talked about year since 2004! There are three months left to disarm the bomb before it **EXPLODES** knocking out another year from the calendar! The mystery that brought these months together and set them in motion will be exposed! Find out what happened to **SEPTEMBER** and the lost months! **WHEN DID I GET THE OIL CHANGED?**

It all begins with a bang in **OCTOBER!** Or "SHOCKTOBER" as it will henceforth be known as! Someone is writing checks he or she can't cash! And everybody on the continent will pay the price! Find out who will stop at nothing to see their disturbing vision of the future realized! **THE DOG NEEDS HIP REPLACEMENT SURGERY!**

A government conspiracy threatens to disgrace a nation unless one man gets to the truth before the truth gets to his family, *and kills them!* Watch him stop at nothing as he risks life and limb to save the world with just **THREE MONTHS LEFT BEFORE THE END!** This October, find out who cracked **THE DINNER PLATE.** The pieces are glued back together, but the scars still remain.

The streets will run red with blood and evil as **HALLOWEEN** sinks its teeth into the flesh of **SHOCKTOBER!** Nothing can prepare you for the sight of monsters roaming the streets... **AND KNOCKING ON YOUR DOOR!** If you have a doorbell, **YOU WILL BE RUNG OUT TO DRY!** Leave your porch lights off if you can't handle the October heat! There are 31 days and each one is a ticking time bomb waiting to go off like a rocket!

The forces conspiring in the shadows will be brought into the light, and you won't believe who and what they are! Come **NOVEMBER** you will know him by his jowls! Thundering like titans in the sky, they will haunt your dreams and chaperon your nightmares! You won't believe whose face a bug lands on! No one is safe when this bug decides its time for a rest! **WHERE ARE THOSE CAR KEYS?**

NOVEMBER
Sunday Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday
1 2 3 4 5
6 7 8 9 10 11 12
13 14 15 16 17 18 19
20 21 22 23 24 25 26
27 28 29 30

November builds to a startling conclusion with an action packed, star-studded Thanksgiving sure to be remembered! When family arrives, all bets are off! And double or nothing! Turkey will be served, **AND SO WILL YOU!** Is this the month of dressing, or the month of undressing secrets?

CAN YOU COUNT THE DAYS LEFT?

A line will be drawn, crossed, delineated more clearly, and **THEN ERASED ALTOGETHER!** Someone is sleeping with someone, and someone else is sleeping with a loaded gun! Everything comes to a head in **DECEMBER** when all the stops are removed and ramps inserted where the stops used to reside! Break lines will be severed, and the only way to stop will be by holding your breath

until it's all over! Snow will fall and ice will form! **SALT TRUCKS WILL BE NEEDED!**

DECEMBER
Sunday Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday
1 2 3
4 5 6 7 8 9 10
11 12 13 14 15 16 17
18 19 20 21 22 23 24
25 26 27 28 29 30 31

WHO IS THE STRANGER SHOVELING THE DRIVEWAY? What price is he asking and **WHO WILL PUT AN END TO THE MADNESS OF THE ICICLES?** The gutters are bleeding with solid ice daggers! WILL THE SALT BE ENOUGH TO KEEP THE PORCH SAFE? Leave your faucet dripping if you want to get out of this alive! The extra blankets are in the shed, but it's not safe in there – **NOT YET!**

Chanukah will unleash the fire of the ages as candles rage like infernos, burning everything in sight. The foundations of the Christmas Tree will be rocked as new city zoning laws threaten to **UNTANGLE ALL THE ROOTS!** Three wise men race against the clock to unravel the bureaucratic web before time runs out and Christmas is ruined! Are these presents under the tree, **OR CLUES? GET READY FOR SOCKS AND UNDERWEAR!**

The gloves will come off and mommy will hit daddy, brother will be turned against great uncle, and **family values** will take on a sizzling new meaning! There won't be any lids left to be blown off, and any makeshift lids fashioned out of crude items available will be equally blown to **LID HEAVEN! ALL QUESTIONS WILL BE ANSWERED!**

It's all leading up the bone-chilling premiere of 2006! But before 2006 arrives, **THERE WILL BE A NEW YEARS EVE TO REMEMBER!** Fireworks will ignite, and the sky with sparkle with **LIGHT!** Then get ready for 2006, a year you simply have to see to believe!

HOLD ONTO YOUR SEATS!

- Daily Kazoo!

Yeah I suppose there's a Daily Dirt here. I suppose!!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.6 Shirley's Big Top: Act II

Thursday, Oct 06, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

When we last left her, Shirley had passed Clown College with flying colors, becoming an integral part of the roaming Midwest Blood Harvest Moon Circus. She had also become involved in a torrid clown affair with a masochistic brute known as Buttons. This was witnessed by Koko, a female clown of ill repute who was smitten with Buttons and swore revenge against Shirley for stealing the object of her affection. She had even caught the eye of the ringmaster, an ageless man with a forked beard and frothy red eyes.

The heat of the summer was killing off mules by the dozen, and turning the crops into dusty clouds of locusts. The poor people of Bolton, Nebraska needed something to take their minds off of the crushing hopelessness of their meaningless existence. They were in luck that day, for the circus was in town...

The first thing they teach in Clown College is not to struggle. Don't fight the fiery pain radiating from your wounds. Give in to the consuming embrace of black oblivion, as you feel your life slipping away to little more than a whispered dream. Accidents happen, and if you can't joke about the horrors of life, then you are in for a long ride.

The show was off to a rough start. A clown by the name of Peter the Great was walking on stilts while playing the Star Spangled Banner on his kazoo when a rogue lion escaped its holding cage and leapt on him -- he was an obvious target, since he always reeked of sausage and rye. The crowd screamed in horror and delight as the lion's razor sharp teeth tore into him, sending an arc of crimson blood into the front row. A team of clowns dressed as police officers with huge floppy shoes ran out and beat the lion to death with clubs before dragging it off the stage. The show had only begun.

The lights dimmed as the ringmaster walked to the center of the tent. The crowd fell into a hushed silence, except for a one bawling child in the front row. With one crack of the ringmaster's whip, the brat was silenced, his larynx catapulted into the monkey cage where they fought over this surprise treat. The ringmaster then started his festival of flames, a whimsical act where flames of all colors danced around the tent. The audience cheered at the special effects, although the heat of the swooping flames and the resulting burns on their faces and arms were very real.

Shirley was backstage adjusting her makeup for the next big act, the "clown free-for-all". She had just spent the last ten wonderful minutes engaged in an intimate act with Buttons, her new boyfriend. He had taken off his puffy shirt, bellowing in pain from the scorpion bites he received last night. She oiled down his generous folds of fat with bacon grease and fed him live crawfish, his sharp teeth rending their shells into a noisome mush. It pleased her greatly to see that Buttons was satisfied with the attention she gave him. She would do the same for Norman, but he never once showed his appreciation or reciprocated in any way. She had never felt this way about a clown before, and as she finished putting on her red nose, her heart soared like Kevin Costner being shot from a catapult over a castle wall.

While Shirley prepared herself, the tawdry clown Koko lurked in the shadows, plotting her evil schemes. She burned with jealousy over the fact that Shirley was able to seduce Buttons in one day,

when she had been trying for the past five years to no avail. She had been rebuked by Buttons again and again, failing to meet his base desires and unable to gain his respect in clowning. Now she had concocted a plan that would spell doom for Shirley, her revenge for taking her man and insulting her pride. She would spring this trap during the height of the next act, and it would surely cause Shirley's demise. Koko withdrew from the shadows, giggling in anticipation of the carnage to come.

The whistle sounded, meaning it was time for all the clowns to assemble in the middle of the tent. The free-for-all was an event where the clowns fought each other with oversized mauls for ten minutes. The children all cheered, for this was their favorite part of the big top show. The free-for-all had been a tradition since the Roman times of coliseum clowning, and injury was common.

The ringmaster handed out the colorful mauls, chanting the omens of Loki and marking each participant's forehead with a single line of red paint. Another piercing whistle signaled the start of the event.

A clown landed in the hay and manure, breathing bubbles of frothy blood in a hoarse gurgle. Buttons swung again, this time connecting with the knee of a clown named Bingo. It snapped like a tree branch, folding backwards under his weight and sending him toppling into a cream pie -- much to the delight of the children.

Shirley was at the other end of the tent defending against Jo-Jo, a feisty redheaded clown who collected rotten bananas. Her maul landed soundly against Jo-Jo's temple, sending him sprawling across the ring and into the snake pit, were he was bitten on the face by a cobra.

The ringmaster then opened the cages of starving, diseased monkeys, releasing them to cause further chaos with their teeth and claws. (One monkey escaped the tent and made all the way to the next town of Jasper where soon a mysterious plague would break out, killing 70% of the town's citizens.) Under the cover of this bedlam, and five minutes into the free-for-all, Koko fought her way to Shirley's blind spot.

Buttons spotted Koko as she prepared to strike his beehived beauty. He sprinted to the rescue, sweeping all opponents and rabid monkeys in his path aside. Koko brought down the specially-crafted maul. Gleaming from its center was the black horn of a rhino, fused into a metal plate and tipped with spotted seahorse poison.

Buttons leaped in front of Shirley, taking the hit that would have undoubtedly killed her. All the fighting stopped -- except for the monkeys, who attacked the clown selling pretzels in the stands. All eyes looked to Buttons, the seemingly invincible clown who was the terror of the Midwest. He fell to the ground, the large rhino horn protruding from his chest while black, sticky blood pooled around him. Shirley let out a cry and ran to his side, stroking his fuzzy hair and rubbing his soft red nose. And thus he spoke:

"O, I die!
The potent poison quite o'ercrows my spirit.
I cannot live to hear the news from England,
But I do prophesy th' election lights
On Fortinbras. He has my dying voice.
So tell him, with th' occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited- the rest is silence."

Nobody knew what he was talking about, but that was Button's way. He then passed on, causing a deep shuddering of the earth. The clowns all cheered, for they were now all free to leave without

fear of being hunted, and could all return to their lives in society once again. The ringmaster was nowhere to be seen, seemingly vanishing into thin air and taking all his belongings with him.

The crowd clapped at the finale and filed out of the tent, ready to return to their life of drudgery and crop failures. The circus thus disbanded, and clowns and midgets alike fled into the woods, far away from the scorched earth where so many dreams had died.

For Shirley, this was a tragedy beyond comparison. For the first time since her childhood she had felt free and alive, at home with the spirit that came with being in a traveling circus. Her paradise was short-lived, and she feared that there was no choice but to return to the everyday life she had run away from.

What would she do now? Where would she go? Her path was unknown, but she had a feeling it would be in the retail shoe business. She starting walking towards Kansas City, taking a picture of Buttons out of her beehive hairdo and tossing it into a ditch. The lives she had left behind were now a distant memory. Shirley's future lay down the road, into the darkness

Daily Dirt

I refuse to do a Daily Dirt today. You can't make me. You're not my father. LEAVE ME ALONE!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

10.7 America the Quite Nice

Friday, Oct 07, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

America the rather pretty.

America has some problems. This great and verdant land is not perfect. I don't expect any disagreement from that and I don't think anyone will find it a startling revelation. Every day people from every side of the political spectrum are pointing to things that are wrong with America. Some folks hate homosexuals, some hate fundamentalist Christians, some hate abortion, some love it like it was free money, some hate Eskimos and of course the fucking 'kimos hate just about everything. There would be no point served by writing a weepy article imploring people to overcome their differences. I'm not suggesting compromise, I want to take a moment to put aside all those things that drive us crazy and reflect on the great things about America.

This all goes double for the Europeans reading this article. Guys, I'm not going to apologize for anything, but I do understand why we drive you crazy at times. Just forget about those things now and let me tell you about some of the quite nice aspects of the United States.

Starting things off, we've got cowboys. Forget about George W. Bush because he's just a guy from Connecticut in a cowboy hat. Whatever you think of him the way he acts is not representative of real cowboys. Heck, a census conducted in 2002 showed that there are only 18 cowboys still living in the United States. I'm pretty sure Bush checked "president" rather than "cowboy" on that census survey.

Cowboys are a dying breed, but like the Chinese tiger or the Black Forest cuckoo clock, their spirit will live on in the culture of the nation they inhabited. For hundreds of years they roamed the Great Plains of the United States in packs known as "posses" and they meted out justice to a particularly scurrilous species of outlaws known as "rustlers." The exact reason for this rivalry is lost to the hoary pages of history, but we do know that the cowboys won and through their efforts exterminated the last of the rustlers.

One well-known cowboy is Clint Eastwood, pictured here in a master artist's sketch.

Cowboys looked and lived much like you or I do. They didn't have cell phones or laptop computers, but instead they had very special hats and the rudimentary beginnings of early language. They lived as nomads, relying on their appaloosa creatures to convey them from place to place. As a means to control these feral monsters the cowboys wore saw blades mounted on their boots. When the appaloosa failed to obey their spoken commands the cowboy would activate the saw blade and cut bleeding runnels into the creature's flanks.

Particularly brave cowboys also sometimes dealt with the Indians: hideous troglodytes with saucer-sized red eyes and the strength of a mountain bear. The Indians were simple creatures who respected only strength and the cowboys sometimes failed to impress these marauders and were dragged to their boggy lairs. Unfortunate cowboys dragged to these blasted places were forced to mate again and again with the females of the tribe until the Indians had bred out many of the features that marked them as inhuman. This mixing of cowboy and Indian genetics allowed the Indians to gradually

evolve and leave the swamps to carefully prepared habitats known as "reservations."

Though still possessed of simian intellect, the Indians fought rarely again with the cowboys and were allowed to put their queer grasp of numbers to use in great mathematic parlors known as "casinos" or "counting yurts" in English. The Indians you might encounter today - though surely as terrifying as a poltergeist - are truly more cowboy than Indian. They have only the faintest remnants of their twisted Neanderthal ancestors visible in their prominent brows and predilection for the lesser vices of alcohol and long division.

Patton prepares to take the heart of a negro soldier whose uniform was not up to muster.

A thousand years from now - after the first and second invasion fleets of the Mugatar Empire have been repulsed - people will still be wearing Stetsons and boots with spurs. Maybe only in futuristic gay bars and cowboy reenactment camps, but they'll still be around. The adventuring spirit and rugged lifestyle will be honored by an oily shirtless guy named Keith and some even oilier fat guys shooting blanks at each other in a national park.

By no means are cowboys the only great thing about these United States. Pretty much every nation has a hero or two, but none has ever made the world tremble quite like General George S. Patton. When the United States was drawn into World War II because of an underhanded attack by the Japanese, George S. Patton led the armies of America into battle. He nailed the Nips, he fried fritz and when the war was all over he started in on the commies and he cooked them too. With all of his enemies defeated, General Patton grew restless.

Fearing that he might turn on his countrymen out of idleness like a caged lion turns on its jockey, President John F. Kennedy ordered Patton to invade heaven. A mighty army was assembled and loaded into rockets and Patton assumed his position in his command rocket. The countdown began and with a war yawp Patton blasted into the sky. The other rockets remained on their launch pads. Made of wood and tin they were merely meant to appear as though they might carry the invasion force. Realizing he had been deceived, Patton transmitted a single curse back to mission control in Houston so astonishingly terrible that it exploded the brain of the man who received it. The rocket blasted Patton into the sun in the hopes that the great furnace's immense heat and gravity might contain the general until such a time as science could develop a means of permanently destroying him.

Although America lives in fear of Patton's return from the sun, he is still so revered that on August 15th of each year Patton Day is celebrated. In the 1970s a movie was filmed about Patton and such was the aura surrounding the general that America actually re-invaded Germany with vintage equipment just to get the proper footage. When the movie was released the man who played Patton (named Oscar C. Scott) was dipped in molten gold to preserve him. An entire awards foundation was created in his honor as no actor could ever surpass the man who played Patton. You might have heard of these awards, they are called the Daytime Emmy Awards.

Mission Control cheers at the news that Patton is approaching solar entry.

I would be remiss if I talked about the greatness of the United States without mentioning some of the natural splendor here. The Grand Canyon, a rift in Arizona that spans nearly thirty miles and allows one to gaze down into the pyroclastic innards of the earth itself, was once described by famous American author Samuel Clemens as "the great cunt what shit out this awful bitch of a country." It is so large and plunges

so deep into the earth's crust that many scientists believe that the continental mass is slowly being pulled into it. One day, perhaps 100 years or one trillion years from now, the entire continent of North America will be pulled into the Grand Canyon and, if theory holds, emerge deep beneath the ocean somewhere near Australia.

The Talking Mesas (also of Arizona) are another famous natural attraction that will leave visitors both amazed and confounded. Wind erosion in the barren desert is so rapid that the huge sandstone mesas are constantly shifting and changing. As they do the wind whips through natural channels creating haunting basso profundo voices that speak in clear English about an ever-changing series of topics. In his book, "The Words of the Wind," James Conroe describes the mesas conversing for three months straight about the American Civil War. They delved into famous personalities, important battles and specified the beginning and the end of the war as well as the Union victory. The amazing thing? Conroe's book was written in 1924, almost 70 years before the Civil War!

It was the French who gave us this wonder, but it was God who gave us the milk.

There is no way I could hope to cover all of the things that are great about the United States, but I would like to squeeze some more in here and I know how you folks adore lists. I will list my twenty favorite things about the United States with a brief description of why I like it so much.

The Statue of Liberty - Ejects breast milk twice daily for the poor and once nursed a giant ape to maturity.

Doug and Dana Dougherty - They are the only known mixed-sex identical twins. When Doug was killed in an automobile accident in 1988 Dana had all of her limbs on the left side of her body amputated and replaced with Doug's. She can be viewed, still living, at the Smithsonian in Washington, D.C.

The Washington Monument - Conceals the world's most powerful telescope.

Chicago Style Pizza - When made correctly it will cause 6-hour bouts of priapism.

George Washington - Could cure leprosy with an open-mouth kiss.

The CH-85 Mountain Lifter - The world's largest helicopter has been used to move entire cities, as witnessed most recently when it transplanted all of New Orleans to the Canadian border.

Rick Santorum's Stillborn Son - After the in utero death of his 20-week old fetus son, Santorum brought Gabriel home and then had his corpse rushed to a preservation specialist. Following Gabriel's plasticization process, Santorum uses the fetus (with ceramic angel's wings and self-illuminating halo) to top the Christmas tree every year outside the White House.

The Turris Conspectus - This stone obelisk in the magnetic center of the United States can see into the dreams of everyone in the country. When it senses the dreams of a criminal it will dispatch an unkindness of mechanical ravens to peck out their brain. The Turris Conspectus does not make mistakes.

A. Cognesenti - This unusual furry amphibian biped, also known as "Armstrong's Sherpa," was felled by Neil Armstrong with a great sword during his first mission to the

moon. Its preserved cadaver remains available for public viewing along with the original Constitution and Declaration of Independence.

The TRL Studio - The miracle oracle whose seers determine the futures of kings and nations from a simple telephone call.

The Hoover Dam - A parabolic furnace which generates limitless power from the souls of those who died during its construction. Its infernal mechanisms are cooled by the Colorado River.

Niagara Falls - The scenic location of the signing of the Canadian-American Accord following America's defeat at the battle of Black Island. The treaty specifies that hostilities between the two nations would be set aside for 1,000 years, though border skirmishes continue to this day.

The Harry Potter Museum - A museum in Seattle dedicated to the greatest wizard to have ever been raped by an orc in a "Lord of the Rings" slash crossover fanfic.

The Beastie Boys - Once released a tribute album for Tibet that consisted of 72 minutes of them saying each other's names set to music. Three singles stayed at number one on the Billboard charts for a combined length of 124 weeks.

The USS Michael Badnarik - This modern fast attack destroyer's unconventional hull makes it completely invisible to registered voters. It also has the only ship's infirmary in the entire US Navy in which the injured are expected to perform surgical operations on themselves.

I could go on for hundreds of pages. Despite its flaws and foibles there is a lot to love about the United Sates. I would go so far as to say that it's vastly superior to every other country on earth. Who can compete? Europe? Decaying. The Middle East? A war torn hellhole. Africa? More like AIDSfrica. India or China? Too many people and their people are genetically inferior. Japan? Comical inhuman miniatures, like when a dog thinks it's people. So get over yourselves world, because you all suck and we don't. Get over it and, if you could, come visit our splendor because our economy is not doing too great right now.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.8 You've Won This Round, Harpoon In My Face

Saturday, Oct 08, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I really liked her, you know. I hadn't been involved with anyone in a painfully long time, and had all but given up on the idea of meeting someone I'd want to spend the rest of my life with. But then that beautiful girl with auburn hair in a bob approached me and struck up a conversation (at a mini golf couse of all places) and suddenly I found myself falling hopelessly in love. She was mysterious and a little quirky, made evident by her fascination with Cheap Trick's guitarist Rick Nielsen. At every opportunity she peppered our conversation with such interesting facts as:

- Rick Nielsen was born on December 22nd, 1946

- Rick Nielsen is 58 years old

While those were the only facts she seemed to know and they were technically just the same fact told two different ways, I found her enthusiasm endearing. Things were going great, then after an entire half an hour of deep and meaningful conversation on the wooden bench by the 13th hole, she suddenly became alarmed.

"Oh my God, is that a harpoon in your face?"

I tried to play it cool.

"No?"

She didn't buy it.

"Well there's something impaled in your face and it looks exactly like a harpoon."

"Oh, it's probably just one of my freckles. The lighting here is really weird."

"No, it's not a freckle. It's four feet long and sticking out of your eye socket."

I needed to change the subject fast.

"Nonsense. So, tell me more about yourself. What's your favorite harpoon?"

Shit.

"It's not nonsense! If you don't believe me go check your reflection in the window of that little windmill over there, this is really freaking me out."

I obliged, hiking with her for nearly an hour before we reached the windmill on the outskirts of town which she had pointed toward.

"Oh wow," I feigned surprise while glancing at my reflection "how about that, it is a harpoon! Say, I should probably get going. Think I can get your number and/or a handjob?"

Of course she didn't give me her number and it's all thanks to you, harpoon in my face. The whole debacle prompted me to re-evaluate our relationship on the drive home, and upon reflection I'm sorry to say that I think you've been more of a negative influence on my life than a positive one.

I know that's a bold statement but think about it. We never talk. You completely forget my birthdays. You've damaged my optical nerves beyond repair. Not once do you offer to help out with

the rent or at the very least lend a hand in daily chores. And as important as all these day to day annoyances may be, they are minor compared to the numerous incidents I've had to suffer through that were similar to the one involving the mini-golf girl.

Take, for example, the time you got me fired from that fine china store. Working in a cramped store full of thousands of delicate and priceless items with a four foot harpoon protruding from my eye socket proved to be an impossibility. Instead of a button-up shirt the shop's uniform called for a t-shirt, and there was no way I was going to be able to put one of those on with you in the way. I didn't even get to work a single day.

Then came the time I went to get fitted for a pair of glasses. What a disaster that was! Why did my optomologist have to have such incredibly small revolving doors at the entrance to her office? I had to cancel the appointment and wound up settling for contact lenses.

The worst though, was my father's death. My father, the man who influenced me more than all my teachers and cultural heroes combined. Dead. I didn't think I'd ever be able to forgive you when the funeral turned out have a "black tie, no harpoon" dress code.

Throughout all these years I've believed that you were a kind-hearted individual that was always there for me when no one else was, but you know what? I'm not so sure about that anymore. After tonight you've left me no choice but to operate under the assumption that you are an outright enemy and react accordingly.

What will I do? Terrible things. Maybe I'll do nothing at all and let you stew in your own guilt juices in agony, or maybe I'll extoll the virtues of industrial fishing nets and spears out loud. Don't think I'd go that far? You have no idea what I am capable of. Maybe I'll start an online petition. Imagine several hundred digital signatures united against you. Could you handle the brunt of such an attack? I think not. Maybe now you have begun to see that when I am backed into a cage, I am like a ferocious caged rhinocerous.

Hell, I haven't ruled out the nuclear option that would remove you from my life for good in one surgical strike: draping a tablecloth or doily of some sort over you.

Revel in this momentary triumph, my old friend, my newfound enemy. Remember what victory feels like so that you might dream about it in the cold months to come.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.9 What did you expect? This is Something Awful!

Sunday, Oct 09, 2005 by Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

A lot of you chickendicks out there probably think you know a thing or two about edgy humor. Hell a lot of you probably think you *are* edgy! I'm here to toss those notions of yours right out the window and down into the roiling sea (you live on the beach for the sake of this metaphor). I've got news for you upstarts, when Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka named this site, he wasn't just pickin' words out of a top hat. He knew that equal opportunity offenders like me were gonna be steppin' on toes and pissin' on boundaries and he wanted a name that would preemptively excuse all of the writers and forum members for pushing the envelope too far sometimes.

I'm in kind of a charitable mood today so I'm gonna let you all in on a few secrets. Taking it to the limit doesn't come naturally to most people, so I've whipped up a handy set of guidelines to help steer you in the right direction. These aren't set in stone, but if you want to take comedy somewhere it's never been before, you have to follow these pretty religiously.

The higher the death toll, the funnier your joke is gonna be. Leno was on fire for like a month after the tsunami hit.

Rule #1: It's never "too soon"

Today is a good day to write this because goddamn, the luckiest shit ever just happened. 18,000 people from a different country just lost their lives for reasons that don't matter to me in the least. What most people are calling an "unfathomable tragedy" is what we'll be referring to as "a fuckin' perfect example of Rule #1." Here's an idea of what you should be aiming for:

> **Setup:** *Most of the devastation occurred in the mountains of northern Pakistan, where the dead included 250 girls crushed at a school and 200 soldiers on duty in the Himalayas.*
>
> **Punchline:** Beats growin' up in Pakistan! Also maybe crack wise about how they deserved to die because of their lax building codes or their country is poor or something. If you're into political humor you could also say something like "Well, I guess it's Uncle Sam to the rescue... *again!*"

You may have noticed that those remarks are devoid of most of the characteristics that distinguish a joke from a simple inflammatory statement. That's entirely beside the point. The point is that when people 10 or maybe even 11 years from now are looking back on today with the sort of historical detachment that we view the AIDS epidemic with today, you're gonna be able to say "I was laughing at that shit three hours after it happened!" By letting everyone know that you're crazy like that, you'll earn the admiration and respect of men, women, celebrities the President, and possibly even Maddox.

GET IT?

Rule #2: It's okay if you're just joking

In all likelihood, you're probably a young white male, most likely with liberal political leanings. This more than excuses you for constantly making racist jokes and using slurs in casual conversation. David Cross and Bill Hicks both

got away with saying "nigger", and are both regarded as visionaries among comedy fans. The ironic context in which they used the word—though crucial to the humor of the bit—is entirely immaterial to you. If you ruffle any feathers when you tell your little number about how "KFC should serve watermelon" in mixed company, just remember these five words: "Relax dude, I voted Kerry." If they don't understand it then they just take the world too seriously, which leads us to...

■ **Rule #3: It's their fault you're not funny**

Often times, you'll simply push people's lazy mind further than they're willing to go. Get used to being greeted with stares that range from blank to incredulous to angry. Oftentimes, they'll be so shocked that you "went there", they'll ignore your blatant lack of humor altogether. This works to your advantage. There are a variety of ways to deal with these situations.

The most diplomatic way to deal with it is by simply laughing it off. Try saying "Yeah, I'm going to hell for that one!" and then laughing for way too long. Your laughter will confuse them into thinking you said something funny, and you'll appear to apologizing while you're actually reminding them that you're too hot for TV and possibly ahead of your time.

Tittays on ya domepiece!

Of course, diplomacy isn't for everybody, that's why we have wars. Another strategy you might try out is insulting them personally. Make sure they know that they're too uptight and they should go back to their happy little sitcom universe where no one gets their feelings hurt, and you'll hold down the fort for them here in the real world.

It may also help to get philosophical with people who don't understand why "they must not be hitting those sweatshop kids hard enough because my Nikes are falling apart at the seams" is hilarious. Generic clichés about laughter being the best medicine are usually effective because, try as it might, science is unable to dispute this claim. Also maybe tell them that laughter helps us overcome our differences. Don't worry if they didn't laugh, I'm sure they have already forgotten.

That's basically all there is to it. If you can remember those three easy rules you'll be hosting your own morning radio show by this time next week. Or at the very least, you'll be posting dead baby jokes in forums all across the internet. Good luck with it, and remember, you're doing the world a service here! This sounds like a scam but it really works!

I get 75 cents and a free iPod Nano every time you click here. Try it!

-∼Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

10.10 War Diary: My Lai Massacre

Monday, Oct 10, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The following is an excerpt from the diary of Private First Class Herbert Carter, rifleman, 1st Platoon, Charlie Company, 11th Brigade of the Americal Division in the vicinity of Son My village. 1st Platoon was the leading edge of the air cavalry assault on My Lai 4, one of Son My village's subdivisions and the location of one of the worst American war crimes ever committed. Pfc. Carter's diary was essentially a long-form letter, compiled over the course of one to three months and then shipped back home. The diary was confiscated as part of the special damage control probe into My Lai. It was therefore spared the redactions one might expect to see in letters following an incident such as My Lai.

Heya chick, this is the Animal!

I'm coming to you from the ass end of Vietnam! It's hotter than a rotisserie and wetter than you after five minutes with the Animal in the back seat of my deuce. It's copasetic though cuz LT brought us some hooch and brews and we're kicking back relaxing. Duckwiser got his hooks on a couple of reels of stag films and we're watching those to get hepped up for the mission tomorrow. It's called Operation Muscatine and we're supposed to pacify a sector or whatever, which means we shoot up the gooks, smoke out their tunnels and burn down the village.

Mud Dog [Captain Ernest "Mad Dog" Medina] has a bug up his ass about killing everything that moves so I got one of those little bird things you put on a drink, you know the ones that bob up and down forever, and I stuck that on his bigass map table as we were walking out of briefing with a note saying "Charlie's Movin' Man!" and he was all "which one of you chickenshits put this here?" Nobody said nothing so he just looked all pissed off at all of us so the LT just told us to shag ass out of there.

Then when we got back to our bivouacs we were getting ready to break out the church keys and then LT comes in and said that we had to dig a new trench line for the frigging dime nickels like the FAGs couldn't get off their lazy asses to dig them. They sat there and watched us for an hour although afterwards they gave us some cured swine they found on some dead gomers last week. Everyone was like "that's boss" but the Animal, well you know me. After we cleared out I went to the latrine and filled like five jerry cans with the crud that is like a mix of number one and number two and smells god awful. Then I took the jerry cans and dumped them all in the trench we just dug for the FAGS. They'll be knee deep in that tomorrow! Ha ha ha! Animal strikes again.

Anyway chick, hope you're keepin' it wet, I'm gonna knock one out thinking of that time at the passion pit when you let me toss little animal between your cheeks. I'll write more tomorrow.

XOXOXO

The Animal

Hey babe, just writing again real quick because I had to tell you this hilarious thing before I forget it. Right now I'm sittin' next to this roadside that is totally full of dead gomers. It's hilarious. 1st Platoon totally wigged out, like LT just stood there and watched while everyone was just going buck wild. What really kicked things off was when this dude was just totally standing there with his cow out in the field and 2nd squad came around this hootch they were burning. The dude threw his arms up in the air like "hey" and Nichols lit him up good and LT didn't bat an eye. Verona was the funniest, there was this dude standing there with his hands up and Verona just totally stabbed the dude in the stomach with his bayonet. The dude was wheezing and Verona just BAM right in the head. I was in tears.

It got better though. Verona just grabs this old guy who was doing a loaf in his shorts and took out his 45 and shot him in the throat. I was like "hahahaha!" and then he freaking throws the guy in a well. I was totally on the ground laughing by this point and Verona just turned to me and gave me that cockeyed look of his and he dropped a pineapple right down the well. KABOOM! Oh man, I tell you, these guys are like Bob Hope times ten!

Once the gooks realized we weren't interested in swapping stories this time around they all started running around in every direction and it just got crazier. I saw this old woman, get this, she had a friggin launched m79 in her stomach. I was going to pretend to be a doctor and be like "here is some Rolaids for that and call me in the morning if it still feels bad" but LT shot her in the face with his sidearm.

Then Sam Spade [Pfc. Samuel Washington] saw some gooks running along the road where I am now and he was like "check it, Animal" and he just lit them all up. He fed a whole chain into them sideways. Lead poisoning! Then me and Verona and Sam Spade headed over to them because a couple were still kicking around. One of them was pretty hot in a slant way and Verona took her shirt off and started jerkin' the gherkin, but she had a sucker in her lung and he couldn't get it up. Finally he planted his e-tool in her forehead to shut her up and then knocked one out all over her. Washington had a burlap sack full of teeth and he had emptied 'em out to play some b-stomp. That's where you take a gomer baby and stick it in the bag and then drop both heels on it. It's like a kike wedding or something! POP!

I was gonna knock one out when Verona finished but the gomer looked kind of gross with his nut on her so instead I got underneath a couple of dead old guys and started talking like a ghost. Verona ran and got the LT and I was like "Amellican GI, we will haunt you foll all of time" and even though LT didn't think it was funny Sam Spade and Verona were cracking in half. Then a couple of the dead gomers started to fart and crap really loud and it was just too much, I doubled over and puked I was laughing so hard.

Ok, whirlybirds are comin' for some reason so I'm gonna wrap this up. I'll write more later. I can't wait to get home and lay some pipe, chick. Hey, if you can, send me some rubbers in your next letter and then I can fill them up and send them back, I don't know, if that's gross forget about it.

XOXOXOXO

The Animal

Oh man baby, things just keep getting funnier. LT had us chasing some gomers and out of the blue a Huey dropped in on us and the pilot was all "durt durt durt, I will fire on you if you don't let these people go." And Sam Spade was like "rock and roll then, honkey" but the door gunner was confused so I put this mama san's face I had cut off over my face and was like "please GI, we just want go here to join our people" and Verona was frigging busting a gut. Then I started to do my "happy talk" dance and even Sam Spade was cracking up. Then I saw this little kid, like maybe five, walk past with his arm shot off and I just couldn't take it anymore I was laughing so hard. I wish the LT had been around because he would have made that chopper move its fat ass but he was busy chucking frags into hootches half a click away.

Finally the gomers who we were chasing disappear into some jungle and the pilot of the chopper points at us and starts to lift off. Verona dropped trou right there and mooned them as they were heading up. It was the funniest thing I've seen all day. He has the runs too and loves peanuts so there were little pieces of peanut all over his ass. That Verona is going to be on stage some day, he's got an even better sense of humor than your Animal does, baby.

Anyway, I got to go, Mud Dog is landing and he wants to shoot up some gomers so he can recommend himself for another silver star or something. I've been thinking about your mom. It's weird. Do you think she would be willing to drop a loaf on my face while you massage my prostate when I come home on leave? Just a thought.

XOXOXOXO

The Animal

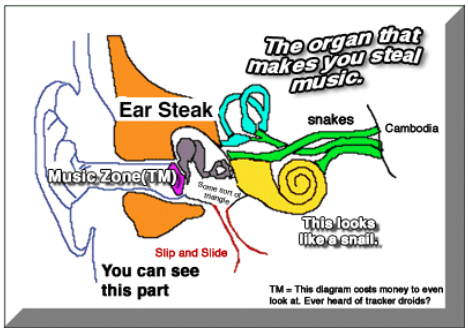
1st Lieutenant William Calley was the only person involved in the massacre found guilty during court-martial proceedings. He was sentenced to a life of hard labor, but President Nixon intervened the day after his sentencing and ordered him released from prison and confined to quarters pending appeal. Calley's sentence was eventually reduced to 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ years of quarters confinement. Others charged, including Captain Medina who committed a number of atrocities including the execution of an unarmed woman carrying medicine with two shots to her head, were acquitted during court-martial proceedings. The Americal Division was later disbanded because of the stigma attached following the My Lai massacre's portrayal in the Western media.

Pilot Hugh Thompson Jr. and others who intervened to prevent further bloodshed were awarded the Soldier's Medal in 1998 for bravery outside of combat with the enemy. Not a single shot was fired at the members of Charlie Company as they conducted their sweep of My Lai.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.11 Much Ado about Music

Tuesday, Oct 11, 2005 by Kevin "The Goblin" Wilson


The organ that makes you steal music.
Ear Steak
snakes
Cambodia
Music Zone(TM)
This looks like a snail.
Slip and Slide
You can see this part
TM = This diagram costs money to even look at. Ever heard of tracker droids?

Diagrams make you look official.

EMI and Sony BMG took a flying leap off the top rope of copyright protection and fell flat on their face. In an effort to stop kids from listening to music, these companies have started to make use of technology that limits the amount and types of formats that can be used to copy your music to. This technology is called DRM, or Destructive Robot Mastodons. Reports have been made that these tiny mastodons keep your little pointer from being able to poke at the music and make it turn into what you want it to. That's unless you use some of those little animated custom cursors because Mastodons are afraid of mice.

There's been a lot of upheaval over the use of these issues in the news lately. Pizzaz, the Current CEO of Sony and lead singer of the band "The Misfits" had this to say about their recent use of DRM in CD manufacturing:

"We spent a lot of money producing these albums for our artists and they deserve money for their work. I'll have a double latte with cinnamon, and you better make it the right way this time." She said to me then added, "And stop talking to me."

Close your eyes and imagine a place where people don't steal music. Imagine a place where people get along. Imagine a place where birds sing and fly and everyone rides on the backs of giant sea turtles. Now realize you can't have your eyes closed and read this at the same time so that means you're cheating. See? This is exactly why DRM exists.

The measures currently being used by big record only annoy customers and reduce overall sales. How do we, and by we I mean they, go about changing the way we listen to music so that they can make money? So far we only have a system where we pay and it involves voodoo and Apple computers. I don't know because I cannot afford apples nor computers nor those little crackers you put in your coffee.

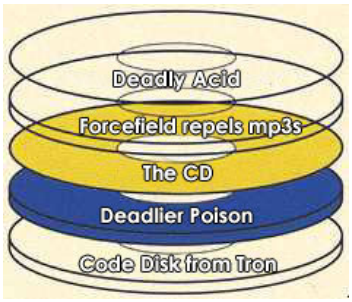
All of this doesn't matter because in the future these types of methods will be looked back upon and laughed at like someone who only owns a single iPod. And this single, sad little iPod gets plugged into their sad and single little iCar. Remember, this is the future so their car probably has a firewire plug-in so it fits snugly into a two port garage. But we're getting off of the point, which is that technology is not here to make people's lives easier, but more frustrating. Frustrating for hackers and regular consumers to play this music and steal it with their grubby little hands that have eyes on the fingertips or is it this stuff I just took oh god my skin feels like it's on fire and the pills that my doctor gives me don't help at all why can't I stop crying.

The direction that this technology needs to be taken can only be explained by Peter Lee, an executive at Disney.

"If consumers even know there's a DRM, what it is, and how it works, we've already failed."

This is a war. We use real bullets called words. And above all, remember that the enemy is you. Make sure you don't fire until you see the whites of your own eyes. Have you ever seen your best friend get his arm shot off by a subpoena? Have you ever reached over to pat your commanding officer on the arm and realize his head has been cut in half by a couple of misplaced and irate quotations? Think about how horrible this is, multiply it by ten, now realize it's all your fault.

To fight off these hungry ears with teeth we need harsher punishments for people who steal our precious plastic donuts. Instead of just fining them, a sentence is needed. You should make them go to jail as well. You feel like stealing a little pop music? Have fun asking Bubba what kind of bands he listens to. They'll probably suck because he's in prison. Ten to twenty years in prison per mp3, minimum. If they like rap that talks about spending time in the hokey, they can go right ahead and experience it themselves. Then we can sign them to our label.



This is the present or future of the CD.

But jail is too good for these mongrels. Have you ever seen the movie Rollerball? Good, cause it is terrible. But my concept is pretty much the same as that movie. The people who steal mp3s should be put into a pit full of cannibals and lesbians who share your organs with anyone who wants them. When you share someone's organs enough they will learn not to share people's belongings. Have you ever heard of Pavlov's dogs? I have an album of theirs back at my place if you want a copy. You do? Oh, I'll go get it. That's after I share your organs with my friend Kristy who is a lesbian.

But this has all been said on the news. What you, the vilest yet most precious resource of the business world has, need to be at the cusp of all things cuspable.

Pizzaz, the Current CEO of Sony in the year 2050 (the future) and lead singer of the band "The Misfits", had this to say about what should be done with DRM:

"The people who buy our music should be ready to cram it up their you-know-whats." But before I could ask her what she meant I figured out she wasn't really there, but was a cardboard cut out attached to a bomb. Then she blew up the bomb and the windows exploded and it was all "To be continued?" which sucks because I don't know if I can wait that long.

If you want to stop people from using CDs in ways they shouldn't, these companies have to realize you need to get rough. Make it use GPS so that the disc literally explodes when taken so far away from the record shop in which it was bought. Make it release a nerve gas that turns everyone in the room into a liberal. Have each disc contain a picture of the person who buys it and every time you copy the music from it the disc cracks a little and hurts the consumer like a little voodoo doll. The best defense has always been offense, unless you are the Detroit lions because oh god they suck. See, I'm a funny guy who likes sports and doesn't spend all day reading books.

This definitely is the future of the CD.

But all of this might hurt sales in some way, how I cannot say. The little man I drew on my hand informed me with great certainty that this type of intellectual revolution is something the world is not ready for, so we may need to figure out new angles to sell these CDs with. Security comes with a price, and lots of people will not be willing to pay this price to buy our special brand CD players that attach to your skin and drill holes in you if you copy files illegally. My right hand man tells me that all of these features that are going to be added will make a CD unplayable. This is true. Some people will look at these suggested types of business models and consider them to be uncaring, unfeeling, or unexpurgated. All of these comments are made by people who don't understand how business works. First you ask me to do something for you. Then I ask you to sign a contract. Then I do what you asked me to do whenever I want to because you signed a slice of ham, and everyone knows that hams aren't legally binding. See how easily fooled you are? Leave this type of stuff to

the big boys, buddy. We'll be doing this type of stuff forever, which includes the future.

But where will DRM really take us? In the year 5020 (the past), Pizzaz, the Arch Deacon of Sony and lead singer of the band "The Misfits" made further comments about the future of DRM use:

"In the future, which happens to be right now, we plan on developing DRM technology. How much? A lot. What kind of things will we be doing? I have no clue, but I hear it's pretty sweet. Will it work and not be cracked within two hours? That's something I'll have to actually do some reading on."

Now that all of you are prepared for the future of DRM, please visit your Apple iTunes store, pick up some music, and remember never to cross the people who provide you those little floating notes. Or those floating notes will grow fangs and eyes and rip into your flesh, you sunshine thief.

This is where the Daily Dirt goes.

Sometimes people read it, if you don't that's fine. Click here.

-~Kevin "The Goblin" Wilson

10.12 Hobbits: For Real, Yo

Wednesday, Oct 12, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Science fact! For reasons I can only classify as "stupid," scientists have been joyously reporting that Now, don't get me wrong, maybe the science is sound and there really were short folks running about at one point, but do we really even want to even consider such a thing, let alone name them after hobbits? I mean it's bad enough we have to deal with the harsh reality of midgets, but now we have to consider that maybe we evolved from midgets? I'm just not ready to accept that. I've grown far too tall to stare down at my past like that.

Of course I'm kidding and I love midgets more than I can express with mere words. Maybe if I had a smaller font size to work with I could express myself more eloquently, but not this way. Also we didn't evolve from these hobbits. What disappoints me is that scientists are going well out of the way to make science *even nerdier.* At some point scientists are going to have to stop and realize that they are already nerdy enough, what with their little beakers, their microscopes, their little digging tools, and all that other crap. These days it's "Let's use our science tools to make fantasy come to life!" Next week some asshole scientist is going to dig up the remains of Harry Potter and hold a press conference while dressed in a wizard's robe.

Digging up the monstrous looking skeletons of dinosaurs and ancient insects the size of Volkswagens is good science. Kids love it, museum curators love it, and hell, everyone loves it. I think even creationists, if you got them drunk, would confess to really liking dinosaurs. The problem is now science looks like a huge pansy, obsessed with goofy fantasy instead of furthering important discoveries like finding the real missing link and making it possible for Christopher Reeve to fly again.

Let's take a moment to look at the pros and cons that come from discovering hobbits.

Pros:

- Now somebody can make a movie about a rich scientist cloning hobbits and opening a theme park on a tropical island where hobbits live again. Only things go wrong and danger ensues.
- We now have one more thing to bring up when talking to people that don't believe in evolution that will make them hate us even more.
- A renewed interest in the relatively unknown "Lord of the Rings" series of books, which have been ignored since the day they were penned some years ago.

Cons:

- Science takes ten steps back by venturing into the realm of fairy tales rather than doing something practical like building an artificial black hole that quickly spirals out of control and destroys the solar system.
- More stupid specials on the Discovery Channel.

Okay, it's pretty clear somebody has a fascination with all things small. Looks to me like some jerk became an archeologist after the circus broke his heart.

To undo the damage caused by the discovery of "hobbits," archeologists are going to need to do something really fucking cool. At this point to restore their coolness they would need to dig up a massive gun that's at least the size of Vatican City. At least. Another quality archeological discovery would be a massive dinosaur with a perfectly preserved flying saucer jammed in its rib cage. Another "tiny man and his tiny ukulele" discovery is just going to put a bullet in science once and for all. Stop digging around midget graveyards and find some place new. We don't want your stupid little hobbits!

At the end of the day, yes, tiny skeletons have been found. But do we have to acknowledge them and call them hobbits? Can't we just say they were time traveling midgets? I think, for the first time ever, science and religion can agree that this is a discovery best left in the dark. I don't want to know about hobbits being real anymore than I want to imagine elves really exist, and it's only a matter of time before some doofus digs up pointy-eared skeletons and makes that claim.

On the plus side, this still isn't as mind numbingly nerdy and infuriating as that astronomer dork naming a planet after the TV character Xena, and its moon after her TV sidekick Gabrielle. That just goes beyond the limited vocabulary of swear words I have at my disposal. It makes me want to strangle people.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

DEAR GOD. To make matters worse, scientists are now suggesting that the hobbit people spent a good chunk of their time hunting and killing

Science fact! The so-called "hobbits" are purported to be another species of human that possibly lived as recent as 12,000 years ago, when they were all instantaneously buried under sand in caves along with their quaint tools and clothing, which included shoes with springs on them. The hobbits were not very smart, as their brains were roughly the size of a baseball autographed by Sammy Sosa. They were however quite tricksy. These smaller brains likely excluded them from excelling in academics, forcing them to attend trade schools and limiting them to blue collar jobs. Evidence suggests they had long arms, making them more adapt at wife beating and doing the wave at ancient sporting events.

10.13 Civilization IV Release Notes

Thursday, Oct 13, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

A message from Sid Meier, creator of the Civilization series and the two-man bicycle:

"Hey gang! You know, it's been a long and crazy ride since I first took that brown acid and fell into a hippo pond at the San Diego zoo, an event that led to the creation of "Solo Flight", my first PC game product. Since then, my team and I have been working endlessly on the award-winning Civilization series, a gaming experience so vast and complete that it remains unchallenged in the realm of strategy gaming.

This latest version goes even deeper into all the aspects of human civilization, building on the working model of the first three editions. I think you'll find that the changes we made, detailed below, add to the excitement of gameplay. I just made a poop in my pants so, please excuse me while I go change. Enjoy."

I. Added Civilizations:

The Polish: Long have these hardy people existed in the unfavorable location between Germany and Russia, and have been overlooked as a major player in European history. Although much was destroyed in WWII, these proud people have outlasted the worst conditions and persevered with nothing more than potatoes and polka music. They are even America's third biggest ally right now in the fight against terror in Iraq. That tells you something!
Special Unit: Polka band. Replaces the archer. This unit has a special attack that can lower the culture of any city it enters.
Leaders: King Paskiewicz (seductive, warlike), John Paul II (religious, seafaring).

The Canadians: The Canadians have a long and rich history, going back as far as the age of discovery when the French fur trappers landed and refused to speak other language even though they were totally outnumbered. Then came the revolutionary war and Canada became the refuge for England, keeping the culture and even a picture of the Queen on their coinage. This was replaced by the loon bird when it became the new ruler of England. Then, the Kids in the Hall made some great sketch comedy, making Canada a valid country.
Special Unit: The Mounties. Replaces the cavalry unit. This unit can't attack but it looks pretty cool.
Leaders: Bryan Adams (cultural, warlike), Wayne Gretzeky (puck handling, slap shots).

The Tibetans: We are adding the Tibetans as a playable civilization just because they've been around for thousands of years. Although they don't produce any goods or have a national army, they can make those cool designs out of beads, and that's got to count for something. This civ gets a special religion bonus that keeps all your cities happy, but they have a weakness against Communism, and the space program.
Special Unit: Monk. Replaces warrior. This is the only unit allowed to be built by this civilization. They can't attack or defend and can be destroyed simultaneously when stacked.
Leaders: Dali Lama (religious, cultural), Beastie Boys (humor, rapping)

II. New Technologies

News Entertainment: Decreases war weariness via propaganda and confusion. Once you unlock this technology you may produce the special unit Bill O'Reilly. The unit may be used in an unhappy

city by clouding the truth with unabashed lying and magic tricks.
Prerequisites: Fascism, Television

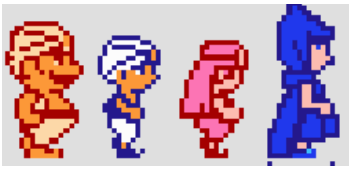
Latin Pop Music: The discovery of this technology gives you the ability to generate a new form of happiness in the guise of festive Latin pop. It allows you to build the Latin pop radio station, making two citizens happy in your city. The downside is that you lose two production from the illegal immigrant influx.
Prerequisites: The Tango, Radar

Ice Cube Trays: Learning this technology will allow you to continue up the tech tree to other luxury techs such as "mixed drinks". This will allow for more control of your populace during the turbulent modern era. This will also keep citizens' drinks nice and cool during summer, adding to your victory points.
Prerequisites: Refrigeration, Mysticism

III. New Units

Ancient: Headhunter, Ancient Clown, Hobbit, Raptor, Dragon, and Orlando Bloom.
Medieval: Pig Herder, Mel Gibson, Court Jester, and Plague Rat.
Industrial: Southern Dandy, Railroad Worker, Slave Clown, and Child Worker.
Modern: Terrorist, Modern Clown, Serial Rapist, Paparazzi, and Comedy Webmaster.

IV. New Features: Religion



For the first time, the concept of religion is being introduced into this series. We had stayed away from it previously for the obvious reason of avoiding heated debate over their benefits and shortcomings, but the effect of religion on shaping all of human civilization cannot be ignored. We have given players a choice of religion, an important decision that will decide the course of their nation as well as interactions with others. Here are some of them:

Christianity: Best choice if your civilization is lacking in literacy or free thought. This will keep most citizens unfocussed on facts and base all knowledge on the words of the bible. This will hurt science by 20% but it will boost happiness and moral righteousness (affects war weariness).

Judaism: You get a bonus to trade and free media technology, but the guilt over killing Jesus will cause your citizens to chastise themselves in self-loathing. Can't eat shellfish, hurting the lobster industry.

Islam: Your citizens will be distrustful of all other religions and grow long beards that look kind of scary. This alienates other civilizations with different religions and you will find your nation isolated. There is a 90% technology reduction but you do get a special unit, the suicide bomber, that can sneak into other cities and cause civilian damage. May not build a McDonalds city improvement.

Hinduism: Nobody will take you seriously if you pick this one, but you do get a bonus on having festive parties. Also you get a +30% technology bonus, but all military units are severely reduced in power.

V. New Features: Realistic Events

Wisdom Teeth: your leaders can now grow wisdom teeth that cost 50 gold to remove. There is a 70% chance of Vicodin addiction in the next 10 rounds. If the leader gets addicted, you lose half of production and leader becomes constipated, increasing chance of war with neighbors.

Gay Marriage: Once the technology of Broadway Musicals is unlocked, every city will have a percentage of gay people. Sid seems to believe that there are many more gay people out there than once suspected, so this percentage is between 10 and 100%. Your civilization has the choice to allow or disallow gay marriage. This will have a bearing on your population's happiness depending on the percentage of gay people in your cities. Example: You have a city that is only 10% gay, 80% rednecks, and 10% Indian tech support workers. Allowing gay marriage will upset all of the rednecks, causing mass homophobia (affects luxury trade). The Indian tech support workers will also be affected because of all the blogging going on as people discuss the subject. Choose wisely.

Hurricanes: If you live on a coastline, the chances of getting hit with a hurricane are increased. This will cause massive damage to the city and a long period of anarchy. If you have a competent emergency director this will only last 1 turn. If the director only has experience with Arabian horses, recovery will take 10 turns, but you will get a +1 to taming Arabian horses.

VI. Additional New Features

- Floating around the map are random pizzas. If a unit lands on a pizza and eats it, the unit can gain a special power-up. Some of these can cause the unit to move faster, have a better attack, or be frozen on the square because they got too fat from the pizza. Also, the pizza could be a barbarian horde in disguise and attack your unit.
- Frito-Lay chips are now a luxury item.
- There is also a new Citizen type: the Blogger, which increases pollution.

- Along with the new wild animal units on the unsettled map, there are also ghosts on the move. If one of your units dies, there is a chance that it will become a ghost and haunt the map. If a ghost enters your city then it will become haunted and it will add to unhappiness but increase tourism. You have an option to pay 20 gold for a ghost hunter team to do an investigation, whereupon the game will switch to a first person shooter and you have to catch the ghosts with an electronic harness and put them in a bag.
- Finally, there now are random seahorses in the ocean squares that are animated and play the song "Under the Sea" when your boats sail by. This boosts the sailors' morale by 3.

VII. Fixes from old version

- Units will no longer vanish when walking across mountains. This was to simulate their getting lost and being eaten by their guides, but it was found to be too confusing to players.

- Inside jokes inserted by the programmers into the diplomacy screens, like "Tom's mom sucks cocks in hell", have been removed.
- Spearmen can no longer kill tanks. Archers, however, may be able to shoot their arrow into the gun barrel, detonating the shell and destroying it. They may also destroy battleships if they happen to shoot the powder magazine.
- This version won't teleport some players into the game, causing them to be immersed in an electronic universe and then killed by conscript barbarian warriors after walking into a cluster of huts. If this still happens, update your display drivers.
- Scouts now wear underwear.
- When a city riots, there will just be a waft of smoke coming from the city instead of a bunch of black people stealing TVs.
- The crashing issues have been addressed, and the resulting fires and deaths should now be minimized.
- More Sid Meier's face in the game -- at all times, on every screen.

Civilization IV comes out this month, retailing at $138. It comes in a collectable tin that is great for stashing drugs. Pre-order today!

Daily Dirt

Today we have some home improvement tips from Lance Armstrong, and 400lb gorilla fighting 20 midgets.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

10.14 Breakfast Beatdown

Friday, Oct 14, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The voice has always been with me. The voice follows me, describes my actions, guides my choices and perhaps even mocks me. It sounds like a man, but realized and made whole by some sort of terrible machine. I blame the voice for the course my life has taken. I am a cop. No, a cop is a guy who walks a beat ten hours a day. A cop is a breeze or a gust of wind, I am the whole swirling totality of the earth's atmosphere. When I wake up my gun is in my hand. When I go to the bathroom my gun is in my hand. When I am turning the pages of a book I do it with careful aim and hot lead. I kiss a woman with my gun and, if I ever father a child, I'm sure I will usher him into this life with a few well-placed shots.

No, I am no cop. I am the infinite realm beyond cop. I am man second, for first and foremost I am a lethal enforcer.

The dream is always the same. I feel the metal disc slide into my back edge first and it passes right through my spinal column. It is cold and unfeeling and it fills me up completely. When the disc is inside me it turns me into raw fury. I inhale hate and I exhale death. They come at me, masks pulled over their faces, evil in their eyes and I deal the ace of spades to them again and again. Thousands fall by my guns. They climb over the heaps of bodies to get at me but I am a force that cannot be stopped.

The woman rises suddenly from behind the counter at the bank. I want to stop - I know what's coming next - but I can't. I am born to kill. My finger convulses on the trigger and-

I wake with a start.

"PLAYER ONE!" The voice announces.

It's still dark outside. I stagger into the bathroom and turn the lights on. My neighbor below me pounds on the ceiling and screams at me to stop shooting. If only. Sparks fly from the toilet seat as I empty the last three cylinders lifting it up so I can take my morning piss.

"RELOAD!" The voice commands.

While my bladder drains I point the revolver down and pull the trigger. The world flickers white and the revolver's cylinders are filled again. My empty stomach rumbles and I know I require sustenance beyond my usual repast of criminals and assailants.

"EAT FOOD!"

I shoot my way out of the bedroom and into my tiny efficiency kitchen. I know the refrigerator is empty but I shoot it to pieces just to check. A few glowing packets of soy sauce drop to the floor as the shattered wreckage of the appliance fades from view. The clock on the wall tells me that it is 4:00 AM. I shoot the clock from its nail for its insolence and throw a coat on over my shirt. There is only one place serving the kind of hash I want at this hour: Waffle House. I shoot open the door to my apartment and shoot it locked behind me. Bad neighborhood, worse when I'm awake.

"RELOAD!"

I sneer at the voice and reload the gun. Traffic is light this early in the morning, but a big white Cadillac pulls alongside me and I see it's packed full of thugs. I shoot out their tires and it drops behind me. Another car takes its place. This time I wait for the back door to open and then shoot the moron in the back seat. He drops from the speeding car. I pepper the driver with bullets, pausing once to reload, and watch with satisfaction as the Cadillac careens into a telephone pole.

With careful shots at point-blank range I steer my car into one of the spaces in the Waffle House parking lot. A few more shots and a few more reloads and I'm parked, out of the car and heading towards the entrance.

"My baby!" It's a female voice but I see no one else in the lot with me.

At that moment a baby carriage slowly begins to roll through the parking lot. My gun seems to tug at my hand, beckoning me to fill the pram full of lead, but I resist.

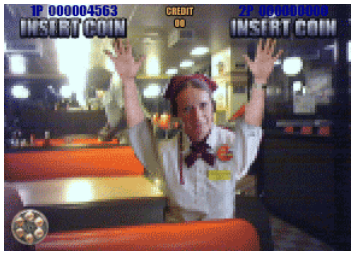
"Ha ha ha!" The laugh is anything but pleasant and issues from a black-clad ninja who jumps over the top of a parked van and makes ready to assault me.

"My baby!" Before I can fire at the ninja a second baby carriage ambles in front of him, making my shot difficult but offering no impediment to his own cruel shuriken.

Rather than risk hitting the infant I take the blow to my cornea. Red flashes brilliantly for an instant and my vision is obstructed by a rapidly-fading track of blood. I can't see clearly, but I can see enough. I empty my revolver into the ninja and smile with satisfaction.

"EAT FOOD!" The voice reminds me.

I settle into a booth in the corner. The place is practically deserted. Where is the fucking waitress?



"Don't shoot!"

I do shoot, but my aim is off this early. It's the fucking waitress, rising from behind a nearby booth with her arms raised above her head.

"PLACE ORDER!" The voice urges.

"Triple stack of waffles with a side of hash browns scattered, smothered and covered." I tell the waitress.

She descends behind the booth with her arms still held above her head.

"Ssseee you later, copper." Another shape rises from behind the booth, male and menacing. He's got a throwing knife headed my way before I can gun him down. Without the baby carriage blocking my shot I can fall back on my academy training. I shoot once, twice and the knife spins harmlessly away from my cornea. The knife-wielder starts to descend behind the booth but I peg him with the last two shots in my revolver. He drops like an engorged tick, fading out from this world to whatever hell awaits the bastards who constantly attack me.

"Don't shoot!" The waitress is back with my order. I shoot the plate

from her hands and it reappears on the table in front of me.

"MAPLE SYRUP!" The voice crows when I trade my revolver for the syrup bottle. I drizzle it heartily onto the waffles, glad for once to at least momentarily be free of my firearm. I aim the syrup at my gun and it returns to my hand.

Eating is slow and noisy, marked less by the successful bites than the din of misplaced shots punching holes through the table's cheap wood. The food is garbage. I would expect nothing less from Waffle House, but this hot pile of dung is particularly terrible. I resolve to have a few words with the cook.

I approach the grill area only to find it abandoned. I am about to leave a harshly-worded (and painstakingly written) note when someone begins to rise from behind the counter.

"Ha ha ha!" It's the same voice as the ninja but this one has a machinegun and a ski mask. Brothers maybe? The world works in mysterious ways.

I take satisfaction in plugging him full of holes. Even if he wasn't the cook who ruined my meal my mind has assigned him that blame. Fuck it, I'm not paying for this trash. Lethal enforcers should eat free even when the food isn't awful. I whistle tunelessly and shoot my way out to the parking lot. The shattered glass of the door tinkles on the asphalt as it slams shut behind me.

The path to my car is blocked, not by man or baby carriage, but by the bulk of an Apache helicopter hovering only inches above the ground. Shit. The helicopter takes to the air and begins spewing out missiles. They make for easy targets, but there are so many and I can only reload so quickly. My corneas recoil again and again as the missiles slam into my eyes. For every ten I shoot one gets through and I only rarely have the chance to take a few shots at the helicopter. I can feel the world slipping away from me. The helicopter is smoking now, my finger a blur on the trigger as I attempt to fight back the tide of rockets.

"My baby!" I flick my eyes over to the carriage just as the missile hits me in the cornea. The red flashes across my vision and I collapse to the ground. I am paralyzed. I can do nothing but watch as the rockets streak again and again into my face.

"CONTINUE?!" I don't want to continue. Death, take me from this cruel existence.

"5...4...3...," merciful darkness, claim me! "2...1!"

"GAME OVER!"

The dream is always the same. I feel the metal disc slide into my back edge first and it passes right through my spinal column. It is cold and unfeeling and it fills me up completely. When the disc is inside me it turns me into raw fury. I inhale hate and I exhale death. They come at me, masks pulled over their faces, evil in their eyes and I deal the ace of spades to them again and again. Thousands fall by my guns. They climb over the heaps of bodies to get at me but I am a force that cannot be stopped.

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I wake with a start.

"PLAYER ONE!" The voice announces.

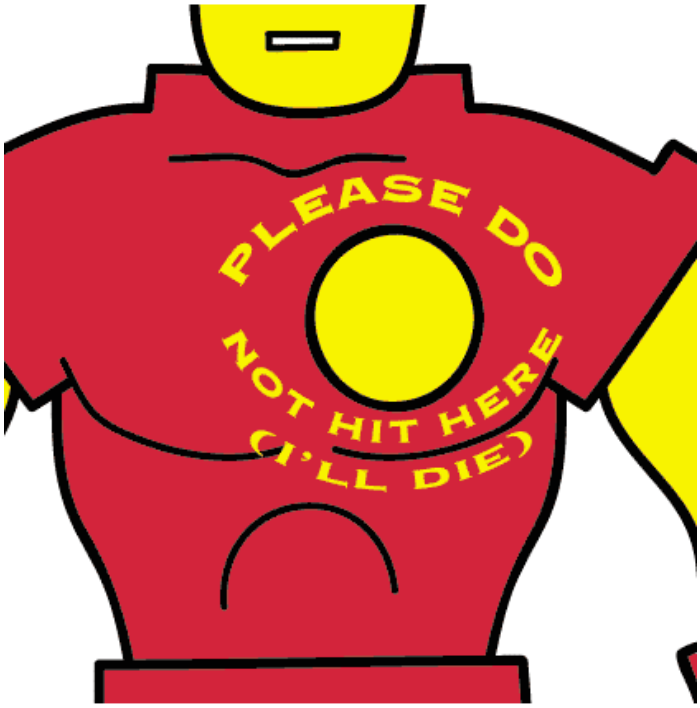
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.15 From The Desk Of Tony Stark

Saturday, Oct 15, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

FROM THE DESK OF
TONY STARK
STARK ENTERPRISES
Dear Production Department,
The Iron Man power armor has served us well over the years, but as amazing as my original design might have been, there is room for improvement. The times have changed along with my enemies, and in order to adapt I have come up with the following concepts.
You will find that the logic behind my designs is as flawless as usual, and bypass the lengthy testing process we employ on our other weapons in order to put these ideas into production immediately.
If you should need to contact me for any reason during the production phase, simply leave a message at the Billionaire Playboy Massage Parlor and I'll get back to you as soon as my mustache is dry enough to speak on the phone.
YOUR HANDSOME BOSS,
TONY STARK

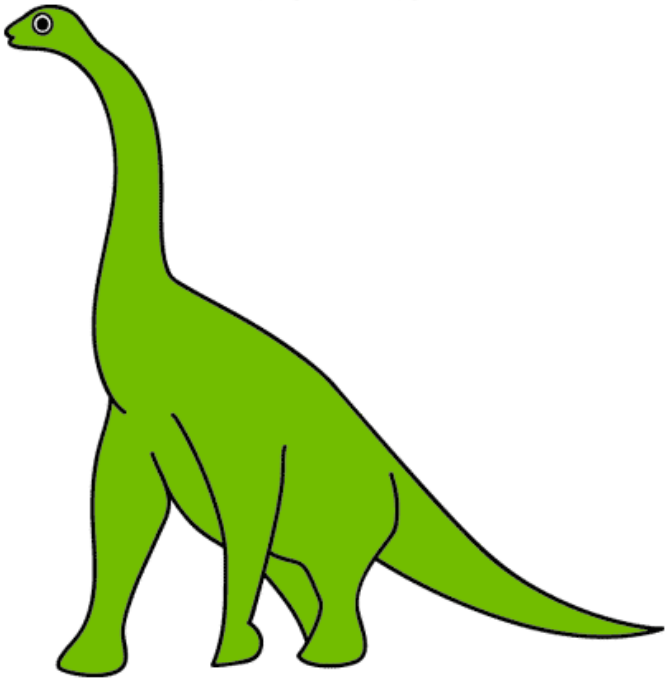
Really Protective Armor



Pros:
- Colorful markings above the shrapnel lodged perilously close to my heart remind allies not to accidentally bump into my most vulnerable spot

Cons:
- Letters not big and brightly colored enough?

Dino-Armor



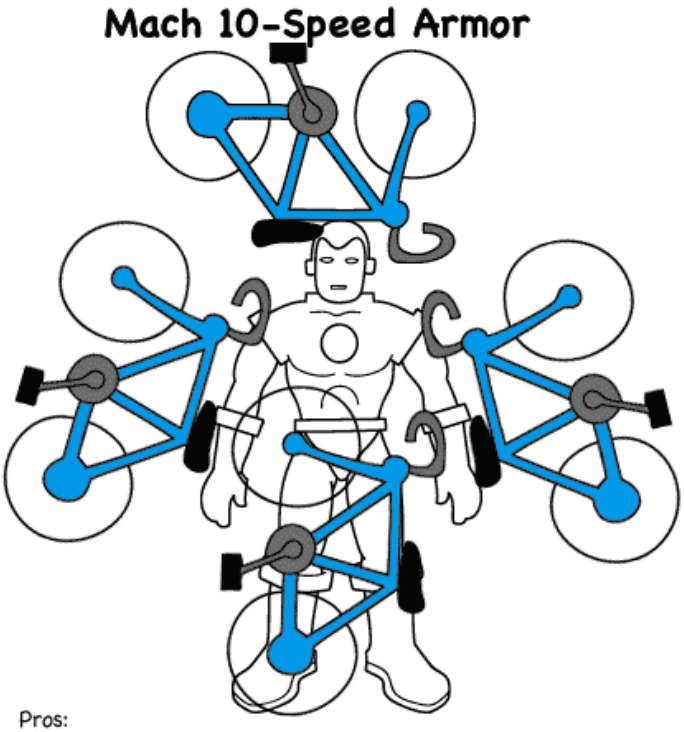
Pros:
- Enemies base their strategies upon the fact that my suit is made of nearly impenetrable iron and I am able to shoot lasers but then it turns out that I am, in fact, suddenly a dinosaur

Cons:
-Cannot risk fighting in the vicinity of tar pits and/or cavemen

Rape Whistle/Flashing Light Accessories

Pros:
- Sensors detect when I am touched inappropriately in the bikini area, lured into a van, or hugged a little too long and alert the police by activating the flashing lights and moderately loud rape whistle

Cons:
- No more rape


Mach 10-Speed Armor
Pros:
- By haphazardly welding a dozen ten-speed bicycles to my armor, I should theoretically harness their collective power and travel at roughly six hundred miles per hour without exerting any effort whatsoever
Cons:
- May travel so remarkably fast that I reverse the Earth's rotation, affecting the flow of time in absolutely no way

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.16 Harry TwoPenny's Discount Religion

Sunday, Oct 16, 2005 by Kevin "The Goblin" Wilson

Come in and get a deal.

How often have you found yourself contemplating the meaning of life but haven't had the big bucks for holy books? Have you ever wondered why we're here but don't want to deal with the expensive dogma? Do you like hotdogs? If any of these are true, we have exactly what you are looking for.

Here are Harry Twopenny's discount religion we offer the kinds of salvation you can get at any leading religious business, but at a bargain price. If you're like me, you've spent a lot of your time in churches singing praise and hallelujahs but realize you don't have enough spare change to please those wonderful golden bowls. And when it comes to sacrificing the virgins, you appreciate the message but your heart (and wallet) just isn't into it. Here at Harry Twopenny's, all you get is the meat and potatoes. Our sermons are cut down to a convenient five to ten minutes, or you gets yourself a free gift. Each Sunday we have a raffle, along with your choice of sacred wines in a box. This week's special is on raspberry banana.

Kids not into religion, but you're getting old and feel like you have to? Let them stay in the Kid Koral, practice making macaroni bowls, and learn life skills like spotting Jesus in stains and making noodle necklaces.

Be sure to pick up a photocopied bible or holy book of your choice just inside the convention center. The important parts are highlighted, and the chapter we're going to be reading will be marked with a coupon for Frank's Grill and Amateur Sushi Bar. You aren't even required to read the book, just hold it in your lap and mouth the hymns along with everyone else for a dollar less. Every sermon ends with a few points to bring up in casual conversation with your friends so they assume you go to a more expensive church. We even give you a few "I went to church" pins you can wear on your coat, jacket, or wedding dress to show people you are involved in the religious community.

Speaking of wedding dresses, do you plan on getting married but want to save your money for the honeymoon? Will the honeymoon be in the local jail? Then stop by Wednesday Weddings-a-Go-Go where all you have to do is sign a couple forms and attend for a few minutes, and we take out all the hassle. For a little extra cash, we pull some people from the bus station and the blood bank right next door. We'll dress them up real nice and make them applaud as you slap your bride on the rear.

Harry TwoPenny in his office.

Have you attended already? Well, remember to bring your coupon books because this Tuesday is double punch day. Every person who praises their respective, low-cost deity gets two holes punched instead of just a single one. Remember to redeem them for a statue of Jesus or digital wristwatch.

Here are the specials we are offering this week:

Do you happen to be a fan of Zen Buddhism? Then why not try **Hoji's Eight-Minute Path to Enlightenment:**

This Thursday, Hoji takes the time to show you how you can eliminate vices, such as booze, women,

and Cracker Jacks from your life. Hoji read lots of books about Zen Buddhism and although he may not have reached enlightenment, he is pretty dang close. (He should get there in a couple of weeks.)

Everyone knows that worldly goods distract us from true happiness. If we spend our time pursuing illusions, we ourselves end up living illusionary lives. Those who do not follow a path to inner enlightenment will forever continue along a path that never leads to Nirvana. The third person through the door will receive a free ice scrapper for their car, and the individual who meditates the longest will win a toaster oven.

Are you Catholic? Then stop by **Uncle Petey's Penance for a Low Price:**

Spend a few minutes with Petey and you'll find yourself saying just what he always says: "That Jesus fellow was alright". Going to Uncle Petey's is a good way of upholding the holy sacraments without having to lose all your spending money. Ordained in the living room of a Bishop, Petey has full knowledge of the Scriptures and is well-known for his twenty minute sum-up. Deemed "The Fastest Converter in the West", his rendition of the teachings of Jesus is like getting a couple punches to the face by George Foreman. Speaking of, the persons who confesses the most sins this month gets a chance to get a used George Foreman grill. Don't worry, we'll wash it.

Also this week Petey is selling a wide variety of sacred candles, images, and tea kettles for a bargain price. Have you ever wanted to know what it's like to enter the house of God? Petey is selling exclusive "Jesus is a swell guy" doormats for half price, this week only.

It's a saintly value! (Cigarettes not included)

If you're Jewish, you'll love **Abraham's popular session, "Don't fret, have some Hummus."**

God may have a lot of names, but learning them only has a single price according to Abraham. Although he mostly works part time as a garbageman, he takes time from his job to teach us all about the rich Hebrew tradition. Learn how to make your meals kosher, but it's really no big deal. Come by if you got the time, if not, just relax and enjoy your Sabbath. Have no money? Abraham doesn't mind. Have no car? Abraham will give you a lift in his van. Have no pants? Abraham doesn't care about that either.

If you're like me, you are tired of people making fun of you for your little hats and the way you speak. Well, if you are, don't expect any of that with Abraham. That sort of stuff isn't even required by him. All that is required is your desire to get a good prayer or two out to God without causing any money fuss. Get a free copy of the Tanakh if you can properly spell three Jewish treats.

And if you're an Atheist, you can stop by our famous **Soup and Snack Bar**.

So remember, if you want a miracle in your life but don't want a vanishing act in your pocket, stop by Harry TwoPenny's discount religion today!

Here have another Daily Dirt.

In this Daily Dirt, I'm throwing down the gauntlet(2)! Clickie here.

-~Kevin "The Goblin" Wilson

10.17 Pets Gone Gone

Monday, Oct 17, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Adequate Guinea Pig Missing.

A guinea pig that has performed just to standards has recently vanished from my possession. I would like to have it returned, although I am not deeply attached.

This animal's name is Rick and it weighs slightly more than its breed average. This owes mainly to laziness in my opinion, although it has never actually interfered in our relationship.

If you find it and get a chance, please return it. I would be willing to pay you five dollars less the percentage of its lifespan that has elapsed since it came into your care.

Call 877-403-5623. Ask for Jane.

مسسنق وهتي أمرسان أرل إبرت

MISSING/ESCAPED

NAME: Cartwright, Angela
AKA: "CARMEN ELECTRICS"
AGE: 21
OWNER: Shaikh Abdul Al-Ibez
EV: $22,000.00
IDENTIFYING MARKS:
Green Eyes
"Dave Matthews Band" on arm
"Abstract Butterfly" above buttocks
"CARMEN" harem brand on neck
REWARD: $2,200.00

Angela is a dear friend of Shaikh Abdul Al-Ibez and she has become lost in the city of New York during his visit there two days ago. She is originally from Ohio State University where she was taking the class. She decide to move to the United Arab Emirates to be better friends with Shaikh Abdul Al-Ibez. She may be confused and frightened and she is on many medications so her stories are not always true. Shaikh Al-Ibez has very good doctor to look after her woman emotions. Specialist flown in from Tikrit.

If, Inshallah, you can reunite Angela with dear friend Shaikh Abdul Al-Ibez you will be in the reception of a reward sum of 2,200 American Dollars. This is substantial reward for helping a missing persons.

Contact Hassam at (212)207-7794.

Thank You In Advance.

HAVE YOU SEEN MY FOG?

Dearest fog missing
large and white and loves the morning
approximately 100 kilometers long
Answers to "PRESTON" and can
perform several tricks
May be seen issuing from vents and
sewers if it is cold

REWARD OF $200!!!

Please Contact Dr. Atmosphere at the
Meteorological Justice League for the full reward

TERRAPIN TIMES

WORLD'S BEST TURTLES MISSING!

EXTRA! EXTRA! Two turtles going by the names Mystique and the Duchess have disappeared from 644 E. Brooking St. These two painted turtles are widely known throughout the city as being the best in the world!

Owner Lydia Doory describes the two turtles as just the right size to hold in two hands as though you might clap them together and smash them (but you would not). She went on to say that Mystique is the prettier of the pair, obsessed with looking fit and well and the Duchess is prone to fits of pique during which she will redden your face with her vocabulary.

If you happen upon these two terrific tortoises then Miss Doory would ask that you place them in an aquarium, bowl or dish with direct sunlight. Be sure to include just enough water for them to swim but with areas inside where they can climb out or otherwise drain the blood through your carotid artery.

$500 REWARD

Please do not attempt to offer fake turtles as a replacement. All other turtles are inferior to Mystique and the Duchess. If you find them or can provide a tip leading to their return please call 854-9884.

If you are responsible for the disappearance of these turtles then you should return them as quickly as you can.

"Thieves of beasts of shell and serpent meats are condemned to scourging by the Lord's host" Picard, 4:20

Remember my face when it's staring

"MY HEART IS EMPTY!"

Dog. Scrapples. recently treated for heartworms. He is attractive but relationship has changed following procedure. Conversation has become sort of empty and meaningless. I don't even really know who he is any longer.

REQUESTING either heartworms I can place inside of Scrapples or a good tip on how to expose Scrapples to high risk of infection.

Prefer heartworms interested in miniature racist statuary although I will accept any worms with a fondness for the Antebellum South. Call 212-895-4233. Ask for Merlin of the Druids

Smithsonian

MUMMY QUITS ANCIENT EGYPT DISPLAY

The Smithsonian Institute wishes to encourage all patrons to be on the lookout for the mummified remains of Ahknatan VII. A night janitor believed incorrectly that he had been asked to wipe down 40 century old canopic jars and the spiritual essences of the pharaoh have been released and returned to his now-animated mummy.

Ahknatan is known to be fond of enslaving Hebrews, levying taxes for the raising of conscript armies and, apparently, the honor-system snack box in the employee lounge.

Ahknatan is very dear to the museum and we would greatly appreciate any assistance in locating and returning him.

AHKNATAN HOTLINE: 800-743-8843

TINY DONKEY ESCAPED

Beloved donkey named VANESSA missing. Twice as large as a thimble but not so big as a a photograph of a donkey in wallet-size. Escaped from a church bell tower by means indescribable through words. Arrived in same place through means similarly perplexing, but braying INVALUABLE TO PARRISH MORALE.

Prayer is helpful in this matter but some sort of helicopter or hovercraft is infinitely better.

Vanessa is not fast, and so should be easily caught. However, he disappears from view if you attempt to look directly at him. Best to gaze askance or use a mirror.

CALL 994-327-9056 if you have seen him.

http://wwwwwwww.missingpets.holofuturecraigslist.com

CYBORG DOG MODEL #BGN-3443-098 MISSING

OMFG, CYBERGOD MISSNG. PLZ HELP ME FIND THIS FUKIN DOG. IT HAS SNOY BIOMOJULE V AND IT IS A HUGE FAGOT BUT IT COSTS A SH*TLOAD.

ALLSO IF YOU WERE THE GIRL WORKING AT STARBX I WAS THE GUY IN THE SEMEN STAINED XXXL REFLECTIV BODYGLOVE. I WANTED TO SAY SOMETH IN 2 U BUTT YOU WERE BUSY AND I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. I AM REALLY INTO MACRO TRAINING MY HALFLIFE REALMS DARK ELF COMBINE AND ALLSO I LIKE PORNO. I THINK YOU HAVE REALLY PRETTY EYES.

BBERRY IMPLANT ME AT CHET@MICRO$UX.COM

TTYL

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.18 The Modern Monster

Tuesday, Oct 18, 2005 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

The West is doomed, my friends. The first sign of a dying culture is the dismantlement of its monster archetypes, and by this standard, America is definitely on the decline. Our movies constantly mutate and redefine our classical monsters until they're virtually unrecognizable; the monsters of the Twentieth Century are all but dead, killed off by greedy Hollywood producers looking for bigger scares at the cost of monster verisimilitude. I propose a fresh start: we must scrap our old monster archetypes and create new monsters which better reflect the fears and insecurities of a new millennium.

The Vampire
Anxieties Addressed: Loneliness, alienation, addiction

Ooh, gothy!

No class of monster has been more abused and devalued than the poor old vampire. Once, the vampire was a noble creature. Much like the gentleman poets of the Romantic period, the vampire was a sensitive and intelligent man who enjoyed solitude, brooding, occasionally biting people, and hanging out in castles. The vampire yearned for the love of a woman, but his horrifying condition prevented him from participating in the dating scene; he couldn't go out during the day or cook most traditional Italian meals, and the pink necks of women always wound up piquing his ravenous bloodlust, making second dates awkward and apologetic.

However, the modern vampire is a handsome and flamboyant dandy. No longer is he ensconced in his castle; he hangs out at ultra-exclusive vampire nightclubs where svelte vampire ladies hiss at him and lick his navel while he smirks and acts like he's totally over it. He doesn't hide from the world, but instead goes out on the town and impresses teenagers with his leather pants and ruffled shirts. He has human "groupies" who paw at him and beg him to turn them into vampires too, so that they might share in his hedonistic lifestyle of blood cocktails and dorky industrial music. Nowadays, the scariest thing about vampires is that if they bite you, you might turn into a fruity gothic loser.

21st Century Update: The Obire.
Anxieties addressed: Loneliness, obesity, addiction

By making the vampire sexy and alluring, the elements of loneliness and alienation are removed. Therefore, the new monster must be repugnant and totally non-alluring. The problems of the classical vampire can be transferred to the new millennium in the form of the obire, the obese supernatural loser who feeds on the flesh of other fat people. While vampires thirst for blood and transfer their disease via a sexy bite to the neck, the obire thirsts for human fat. He must harvest it from the guts of fat men by inserting his long, spiked proboscis into their belly buttons, which is the least sexy thing I can think of.

Ooh, fatty!

While vampires remain mysterious because they can only go out at night, the obire can only go out during the day. In the afternoon, he stalks the aisles of Wal-Mart, looking for fat men in sweatpants to drain of their slick yellow lifeblood. In the evening, he sits at home watching Veronica Mars, surfing the internet, and weeping softly. Due to the plague of obesity in America, the obire is a monster that the common man can truly fear: any obese man can be kidnapped by the obire, who will drain him of his gooey belt of

fat, turning him into another obire and paradoxically making him fatter than before.

The Werewolf
Anxieties Addressed: Madness, harming loved ones, disease

Born to bite faces!

An ordinary man goes on a walk in the woods under the lovely moonlight and is bitten by a shadowy beast-monster. Ultimately, he suffers painful shape-shifting sequences wherein he turns into a hideous half-man half-beast and ultimately hurts the ones he loves most, sort of like Michael Jackson in the Thriller video, or like Michael Jackson not in the Thriller video. The werewolf is a tragic and cursed figure; he is generally a good man driven to violence by a disease which unleashes his hidden bestial nature.

This is a good scenario, but recent tales of werewolves like Underworld and An American Werewolf in Paris undercut the urgency of the werewolf lifestyle by introducing the element of lycanthropy-controlling drugs. Modern medicine has most diseases under control, and since werewolfism is nothing more than a rare blood condition, it's not quite so scary anymore. Sure, it would suck to have to take drugs all the time to keep from killing everyone around you, but it's not the end of the world or anything. It's a bit like having genital herpes: you have to take medications to avoid painful flare-ups, you have to be careful and conscientious about spreading your disease, and you might even want to join a support group, like in The Howling. Back in the old days, the only cure for a werewolf was suicide or a silver bullet; now it's nothing more than a debilitating but controllable sickness.

21st Century Update: The Warent
Anxieties addressed: Freudian insecurity, disease, madness

Crafting a fitting replacement for the werewolf in the world of monster archetypes is difficult. Although the werewolf is now obsolete, he had the advantage of having two ways to scare: he was scary to meet, because he would rip your face out, and he was scary to turn into, because being a werewolf would suck.

M... MOM!?

The monster of the 21st century must have an element of angst and insecurity added to address the fact that we're a bunch of neurotic sissies. Therefore, the warent is the ultimate psychosexual nightmare beast. Warenthood, like lycanthropy, is a communicable disease. However, this disease shall be sexually transmitted and totally incurable. Those inflicted with the disease will have an intense and unshakeable addiction to sex and will stop at nothing to get it, but the consequences of copulation will be grim: at the moment of the warent's climax, its body will be transformed so that it looks exactly like his partner's father or mother, emotionally scarring its partner for life. Its partner, of course, will then turn into a warent, doomed to a lifetime of being thoroughly disgusted and disturbed by sex but driven by an intense need to spread the disease to others.

The Mummy

Anxieties Addressed: Archeological hubris, superstition, curses

Lucky thing I'm not an Egyptologist!

To be perfectly honest, I'm not entirely sure what's so scary about mummies. Sure, they come back to life and shamble around strangling and cursing people and possessing girlfriends, but they really only affect Egyptologists and friends of Egyptologists. How many Egyptologists do you know? You could probably count them on one hand. Most of us aren't in the habit of disturbing tombs, and even the tombs that we inevitably *do* disturb in the course of our everyday lives are generally non-Egyptian and contain inanimate and non-cursed corpses. While anyone who walks in a forest or visits a castle could reasonably be scared of werewolves or vampires, the odds of mummy attacks seem negligible. Furthermore, unlike vampirism and werewolfery, mummyness can't even be spread, so unless your will contains provisions that you be mummified and cursed, you don't really have to worry about catching it.

Most monsters were poignant and scary until Hollywood ruined them, but mummies have pretty much always sucked. How many of us have lain awake at night, worried that we may have somehow resurrected and offended Imhotep? Probably only those of us who are archeologists or complete fairies.

21st Century Update: Do we really need one?

> Thinking up a new monster that's indicative of our society's fear of archeological hubris seems like sort of a waste of time.

The Ghost

Anxieties Addressed: Death, the afterlife

Man has suffered a complicated and troubled relationship with ghosts for centuries. Some ghosts are good: Hamlet was alerted of foul murder by his father's ghost, Bill Cosby learned a valuable lesson about posthumous parenting by becoming a Ghost Dad, and Patrick Swayze overthrew a sleazy criminal conspiracy and ether-humped Demi Moore by becoming the titular ghost in Ghost. On the other hand, ghosts can be real assholes. They might bug you incessantly until you fix their problems, they might suck your daughter into the astral plane through the television, or they might just bang around the house and make a general nuisance of themselves.

Patrick Swayze's finest role.

The major problem with ghosts nowadays is that we've lost sight of what they can and can't do. Some of them seem to be nearly omnipotent; was that little girl in The Ring a ghost, or what? She could do all sorts of crazy things, like strangle teenagers make water run upwards (although water running upwards isn't so crazy, I've seen that happen at a tourist trap called Confusion Hill on Highway 101). Some of them, like that dork Sam Wheat in Ghost, can only interact with uncooked pottery and talk to Whoopie Goldberg. Not only do ghosts need limits and boundaries, they also need challenges and responsibilities. We don't want any more overzealous ghosts like the girl in The Ring popping out of televisions and mutilating people, but we don't want lackadaisical underachievers like Swayze falling through walls like losers, either.

21st Century Update: The Everelative
Anxieties addressed: Death, the afterlife, poverty

DIE ALREADY!

Ghosts can haunt you, but they can be exorcised or appeased. They are a powerful cultural image, but they are no longer effective representations of our fear of death. Death is inevitable, and the afterlife is intangible: the 21st Century demands a monster that can destroy our lives in a prolonged and devious manner by foiling our perceptions of mortality.

You don't know this monster personally, but you are well aware of his existence. You know him only as Great Uncle Charlie or Cousin Clarence or Grandma's Rich Half-Brother. He is the stuff of family legend: he is an extremely rich and extremely elderly relative with no immediate family or close friends. He sends loving cards every Christmas with subtle hints that you will not be forgotten in his will. However, he will never die; this monster lingers in the plane between life and death, forever taunting you with the promise of a seven-figure inheritance which shall never come to be. His age is a nebulous and incalculable thing; year after year, he seems just old enough to finally kick the bucket, and yet as the years turn to decades, his age mysteriously never passes the threshold of the unreasonably old. You live your life as a shiftless and lazy slob, forever waiting to hear the news of your aged relative's demise so you can board the gravy train that you feel is your entitlement. You die penniless and alone, cursing the vaguely-remembered name of the old man who never died.

The Zombie
Anxieties Addressed: Mindlessness, being overrun and eaten, death

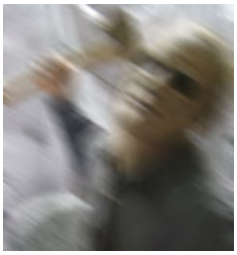
Braaains!

Judging by the wealth of zombie movies lately, zombies have held on to a mainstream relevance far beyond most monsters. The zombie speaks not only to our fear of death, but to our fear of mindless conformity, making it a powerful symbol in an era of globalization and mass marketing: the preceding is what I would have written if I were a mediocre high school student writing a paper about zombies.

We all know what zombies are and what they mean, but we can't seem to agree on how they behave. Some of us want our zombies fast, while some of us want our zombies to waddle with their arms outstretched. Some of us want them dumb, but some of us want them to form societies and stuff like in The Omega Man. Some of us want our zombies dead, and some of us want them diseased. Some of us write novelty paperbacks about surviving zombie attacks, and some of us buy novelty paperbacks because we are semi-illiterate. Some of them want to use you, some of them want to be used by you.

Wherever you may fit into this spectrum, we can all agree that the zombie thing is getting old fast. Those of you who don't agree are probably either George Romero-worshipping horror movie idiots, hilarious comedy rebels who think ninjas and monkeys are totally "random," or possibly George Romero himself. Zombies have become oversaturated, and have thus lost their power. Maybe it's just because there's so goddamn
many of them all the time.

21st Century Update: The Slightly Faster Zombie
Anxieties addressed: Mindlessness, being overrun and eaten slightly faster, death



Brainsbrainsbransbrns

Come on, wouldn't it be radical if there was a zombie who could run instead of shambling and stuff? That would be awesome! Also maybe he can use simple tools like a gun or a helicopter or something! Why scrap the zombie genre in favor of something infinitely more interesting when it's still so goddamn *ripe for reinvention?*

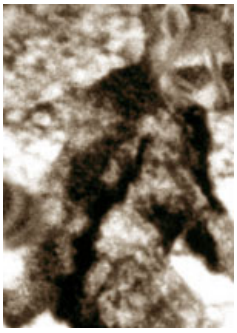
The Mystery Primate
Anxieties Addressed: The wilderness, the primitive, the unknown

I see you!

This category can apply to any number of synonyms for a wilderness-based ape monster: the yeti, Bigfoot, Andre the Giant, the wendigo, the abominable snowman, the sasquatch, that thing from The Empire Strikes Back that hung up Luke in a cave, the skunk ape, the Apeman, Old Yellow-Top, The Jolly Rancher, or the devil monkey. Although these are not "movie monsters" like many of the others mentioned in this update, they have historically held the attention of the populace just as firmly as any big-budget monster.

Unfortunately, Bigfoot sightings are few and far between these days. Now that flashy movies can dream up any monster imaginable, America's heart just isn't in the hunt for Bigfoot anymore. As science and technology strips the magic from our world, and the trees from our lands, we have little time or space in our lives for our hairy traditional folk-monster. The fear of the unknown is vanishing from our lives, and with it vanishes the noble skunk ape, suburbanized out of popular consciousness and into the dark forest of hirsute monster obsolescence.

21st Century Update: The Racquatch
Anxieties addressed: The wilderness, the unknown



Stay outta my trash!

Since Bigfoot is an obsolete product of a densely forested America of yesteryear, a suburban folk-monster must be created to fill his gigantic shoes. The racquatch is a suburban monster who can safely terrorize all of America without the fear of his habitat being destroyed. He is a man-sized raccoon who walks erect. He stalks the yards and gutters of America, feeding on garbage and cats, digging up rose bushes, setting off car alarms at 3 AM, and showing up only in the blurriest of photographs. Children camping in their tree houses go missing, and hushed voices blame the racquatch. Nobody knows for sure whether the racquatch is a gentle creature or a ferocious menace, because he is skittish around humans. If he is spotted, he flashes his nocturnal eyes at you for a brief, unphotographable instant, and then scurries into the deep wilderness of fences, telephone poles, minivans and hedges.

With any luck, these new and improved monsters will provide more socially relevant thrills, which will translate to big money at the box office! Producers who are interested in making movies based

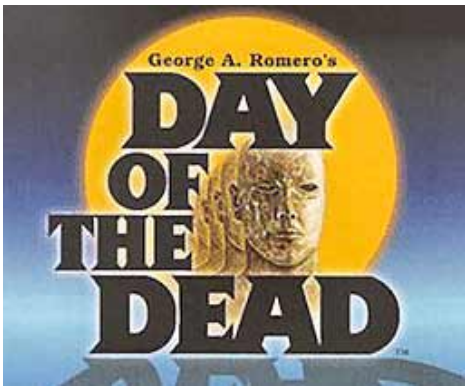
on these monsters will have to pay me a hefty sum, but since I'm supposedly saving our civilization somehow, it's a small price to pay. Sleep tight, Something Awful readers! Beware the all-new creatures of the night!

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

10.19 World Holiday Express Tour: Round One

Wednesday, Oct 19, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Living in America, the United States of, blesses me with a truly international outlook and greater understanding of the world beyond my borders. This is a country that truly knows the outside world better than the outside world knows itself. The very best of every nation immigrates to the United States to shop and yell at their children in our Wal-Mart stores, so I think we have a cultural edge drawn against the throats of our global neighbors. This knowledge extends to the realm of holidays, which, surprisingly, are not the same in every country! Each nation has its own unique rituals and traditions that very greatly. Today we'll be looking at a handful of holidays from around the world!



Pretend "George A. Romero" is another way to spell "Mexico."

Mexico's Day of the Dead, known locally in Mexico as "El Día de los Muertos," which roughly translates to "Day of the Dead." This is a holiday that makes Halloween look like a pathetic pussy of a man. Instead of dressing up as monsters and eating candy, the Day of the Dead is based on digging up your favorite dead loved one and spending the day with them, taking them shopping, out for walks, to parties, and so on. It's sort of like "Take Your Daughter to Work Day," except with corpses in lieu of daughters. I mean if the corpse isn't already your daughter, in which case it's exactly like "Take Your Daughter to Work Day," only with more decomposition. This is considered an important event for both the living in the dead, and a rare chance for people to bond from beyond the grave. Like a macabre and non-gay version of San Francisco, it is famous for its parades and flamboyant imagery. The Day of the Dead is actually two days, held the first two days of November every year.

English Holiday – United Kingdom

Though it's not technically a holiday in the traditional sense, the English holiday is worth mentioning. A typical English holiday starts with a citizen being knocked unconscious by gas and then taken to a mysterious and inescapable location called "The Village," where he or she is assigned a number and tortured physically and psychologically by a series of jolly but sinister men trying to extract information. While it is certainly a traumatizing event, most victims simply brush the experience off as being part of "British humor."

New Year's Day – China

Because the Chinese people utilize a shorter calendar, they celebrate New Year's approximately once a week. The most interesting result of their accelerated calendar is how

they measure dog years. It is widely accepted that one Gregorian calendar year is equal to seven dog years. This means that according to the Chinese calendar, a Chinese dog year equates to about 0.1342 dog years every Chinese year. This type of complex math is why Asians are so much smarter than us in terms of raw number crunching prowess. In fact, I'm pretty sure I even got those numbers wrong. Typical festivities of the Chinese New Year include parades, parades with dragons, and a fireworks show followed by a massive harvesting of vital organs for sale on the black market.

Coming-of-Age Day – Japan

It's hard to watch kids grow up.

Coming-of-Age Day honors all citizens turning 20 years of age in that year, which of course is when a Japanese person emerges from their cocoon as a hideous half-human, half-machine nightmare. Over the course of their 20th year, the average Japanese person will grow a thick metallic exoskeleton, claws, hammer nipples, and a giant power drill penis. The 20-year-olds then become a horrific machine reflection of the world that enslaves them. A later second coming-of-age concludes the mutation process by seeing to their metamorphosis into a tank. This holiday is celebrated the second Monday of every January.

Thanksgiving – Canada

Canada celebrates a version of Thanksgiving that's remarkably similar to America's Thanksgiving, except for a few critical differences. In Canada, rather than eat turkey, they eat live snakes and the brains of monkeys. This gruesome dinner is almost always accompanied by a tall glass of moose blood and the sacrifice of a virgin maple tree at the hands of a lumberjack cloaked in an executioner's hood. Canadian Thanksgiving dates back to Sir Martin Frobisher, who, like Vlad the Impaler, was known for his bloodlust and savagery. It took an army of priests and 189.27 litres of holy water to kill him, but they never could destroy his influence on the developing nation. Canadians celebrate Thanksgiving the second Monday in October, when the blood harvest ends.

The Gulf Coast breakaway republic of Texas is known for its cantankerous and wily nature, leading to it being dubbed a "rogue state" by numerous governments. Still, the controversial nation is quick to assert its independence and right to execute retarded people. On March 2 of every year, Texans take to the streets with six shooters and whips in hand and celebrate in boisterous fashion, whipping and shooting each other with glee. After that they drunkenly erect a massive bonfire and howl and shoot the night away. When the sun starts to rise, those that weren't burnt in the fire or eaten by wild javelinas stagger to the Alamo's basement to nurse their hangovers. Later that day

This is sort of like a Texan I think. I mean he looks pretty crazy at least.

they return to their jobs manning oil refineries and making first person shooter video games.

Leif Erikson Day – United States of America

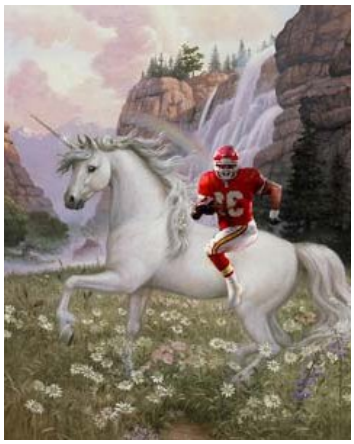
While not technically an international holiday, Leif Erikson Day is a definite example of an international conspiracy to undermine American values. Leif Erikson was not American, unlike Christopher Columbus, who was 100% Grade A American Male. It also suggests that Erikson, not Columbus, was the first man to discover the new world. That is total bullshit and an insult to everything our troops fought and died for in both world wars. This is worse than when those historical revisionists tried to say Columbus wasn't American and that he had syphilis. Leif Erickson Day occurs every October 9th. Celebrations do not occur because nobody knows there is even such a holiday.

There are of course hundreds of other holidays celebrated throughout the myriad of countries scattered across this globe of ours. Perhaps in a future update we will learn more about some of these amazing and wonderful celebrations of culture, history, and adventure.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.20 Fantasy Football Strategy Pack

Thursday, Oct 20, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz



Since Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen has been banished to the Island of Misfit Toys for embezzling from the Bandwidth Fund to support his growing poker addiction, it leaves the responsibility of being the front-page "sports jerk" squarely on my shoulders. I know full well that sports are really stupid when you think about them, and are merely a distraction to keep people from rioting or using their brains; nevertheless, I enjoy gladiatorial events immensely.

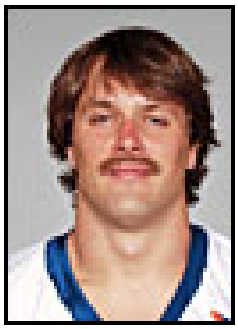
As a Dungeons and Dragons nerd, it is an easier transition than you'd think to get into the sporting realm. Like D&D, it's full of statistics to memorize and compare all night long alone in a shed. Sports fans are just as bad as dice rolling geeks, but without the stigma of social mockery, Kobold encounters, or Cheeto mustaches.

But I digress. If you are reading this right now, then you were wise enough to pay $14.99 for my Super Fantasy Football Strategy Pack, a total inside track for your weekly fantasy football changes and updates. You didn't buy into those sub-par fantasy packages offered by Yahoo or ESPN. They are staffed with old women and drug abusers who pick random names out of a hat and run away with your hard earned money and then spend it on lawn decorations and smack.

You can be assured that I have done my homework, and have friends in the locker rooms of every stadium in the nation. These "friends" may just be rats, but they will not fib about the latest hot rumors floating around the clubhouse, nor about the various snacks kept in the players' lockers. Yes, I speak to rats. That's just how complete and in-depth this fantasy package really is. Let's get this party started.

Upgrades and Downgrades

UPGRADE: Jake Plummer



After years of trying to grow a mustache, Jake Plummer has finally completed this epic project on his upper lip -- an undertaking that rivals the building of the Pyramids and Panama Canal. But fantasy fans that have Plummer on their roster know that it was well worth the effort, for this mustache has given him the magical power of divine wisdom. This newfound power decreases the chances of Plummer throwing an interception at the goal line or fumbling the ball at the worst possible moment. This is good news for fantasy players who are lucky enough to nab him in the 10th round this year, or in a trade for a sandwich. Take my advice, never trade while hungry.

DOWNGRADE: Priest Holmes

After various failed settlements and appeals, Priest Holmes has lost the sexual harassment case that I filed against him last year. It was filed after a shocking post-game incident that occurred while I was working as a towel boy in Kansas City. For his saucy advances, Priest will be fined $50,000, and will be suspended for 3 games. If you don't have Larry Johnson, then pick him up, but try to avoid flirting with him by slapping his behind with a towel and leaving your hotel key in his jock strap. It seems to give players the wrong impression.

UPGRADE: Deuce McAllister
Deuce hurt his ACL and will be out for the rest of the season. The reason this is an upgrade instead of a downgrade is because, after the injury, his great uncle passed away and left him a haunted mansion as an inheritance. With his time off, Deuce is leading a team of ghost hunters into this castle, and their exploits will be featured on the Sci-Fi channel in time for Halloween. Don't drop Deuce so fast, because he's got some ghosts to bust! (Busting a ghost is 5 points in some leagues!)

DOWNGRADE: The Detroit Lions
The offensive line for the Detroit Lions is so weak and slow that they've been replaced by tackle dummies. Although this is buying Joey Harrington a few more seconds, he is still throwing 10 feet behind his receivers. Also, Charles Rogers was found in a treehouse with Ricky Williams, smoking pot out of a makeshift honey bear bong and reading naughty comic books, adding even more suspension time to his current punishment. To make matters worse, the Lions defense, who have been playing very well this season, filed for separation from the team on the basis of irreconcilable differences with the offense.

DOWNGRADE: David Carr
Speaking of offensive lines, David Carr of the Texans has been sacked so many times that his teammates have taken to calling him "spud". Medical experts predict that he only has ten sacks left in the season before he suffers major brain damage and/or death. If you have any Texan players, drop them, because it is expected that the team will flee to South America for the rest of the season and hide out with the old Nazis and banished dictators.

News and Notes: The latest news on your favorite fantasy players.

Minnesota Boat Orgy: To celebrate being one of the worst teams in the league, the Minnesota Vikings decided to rent a large boat and fly in dozens of prostitutes from Atlanta for an orgy rivaling those of Caligula's palace. This has caused considerable scandal and big trouble for the Vikings organization. The EPA has charged the team a hefty fine for the illegal dumping of 20 gallons of sperm over the side of the boat during the party. The FBI is also looking into possible criminal charges, since some of the prostitutes are missing after being forced to walk the plank by wide receiver Nate Burleson -- who was drunk, and dressed as a pirate. After hearing the news of the boat orgy, Randy Moss has asked to be traded back to Minnesota, but was denied. Coach Mike Tice's only comment on the scandal was "Mike Tice like turkey leg!" He then ate a turkey leg, and fell asleep in a oversized football helmet-shaped chair.

The Grammatica Brothers open a Restaurant: This season the famous pair of kickers, the Grammatica brothers, have opened an Italian restaurant called "The Leaning Goalpost". Patrons say that the kitchen is full of zany mix-ups and misunderstandings, leading to comedy of the highest degree. Just last week, Martin Grammatica ordered a case of crabs, but Bill Grammatica thought that the cook had given him an STD. He disguised himself as a bowl of linguini, but was served to a customer, much to their disapproval. Then Martin slipped on a loaf of bread, knocking over a pan of oil, and accidentally started a fire that causing the horrible deaths of 32 restaurantgoers. This incident is being used as the premise for a new sitcom on UPN next season.

The NFC North sent to Canada: The NFL commissioner has decided to send the NFC north to the Canadian league, since it no longer is playing up to standards befitting a NFL professional division. The Lions and Bears are currently tied for first place of the division with 2-3 records, and Green Bay and the Vikings trail behind. "In Canada," the commish says, "this division will get

the help it needs to gain back their self esteem and rebuild their respect around the league." Doug Flutie has been brought in to supervise and has been given the authority to ship the worst players to Europe unless they shape up.

Who's Riding the Pine: This feature will tell you who to put in and who to sit on the bench this coming fantasy week.

Kurt Warner vs. **Jeff McCown:** I'm going to have to go with McCown on this one, and not just because I'm bitter that I drafted Warner for the past three years and it's led me to nothing but heartache and severe concussions. If he gets any more hits to the head, he'll start trying to walk on water and probably drown in a seal tank at the zoo. Frankly, I think he is just trying to get killed out on the field like a man rather than having to go home to that Jesus-freak harpy of a wife. Jeff looks good right now and you will keep him in if you are smart like me.

Tatum Bell vs. Mike Anderson**:** Denver's running back by committee strategy has been the bane of fantasy players for years. You never know when one of them is going to get 100 yards and a touchdown, while the other one sits on the sidelines munching on a sno cone for a measly 2 points. (Sno cones count as 2 points in my system.) When it comes down to decisions like this, I always go with the guy who has a cooler name, because the biggest thing about being a running back is having the unique, flashy name. The rest is just clicks and whistles.

Santana Moss vs. **a Pudding Cup:** I think you have to go with the pudding cup on this one. The pudding cup is delicious, and it's playing against a weak Buffalo run defense.

Chris Osgood vs. **Manny Legace:** Sure Ozzy won the Wings a cup back in the day, and was in a great fight with Patrick Roy, but Legace is getting the job done and should keep his spot until he hits a wall. Don't be fooled by his GAA so far. With the new rules, the scoring is up and the shutouts will be rare. Plus, a rat told me that Osgood is a Wiccan and that can't be good for the team.

Frankenstein vs. The Wolfman vs. Dracula:Everybody thinks that this week the Wolfman will beat Frankenstein, but they fail to mention that he'll be on artificial turf, which is a weakness of the Wolfman. Frankenstein has those huge boots that can tear it up on the turf, negating his lack of speed and agility. But don't forget about Dracula. He will take advantage of the quarrel and try to claim the title of King of Monsters. Frankenstein isn't going to have any of that, though, and my prediction is that his brute strength and passing arm will carry him on to victory, as long as the mobs don't bring torches into the stands like last week.

Al Michaels replacement.

Starbucks Coffee vs. **Dunkin Donuts Coffee:** I don't care what you Eddie Bauer wearing yuppies say, pure Arabian Dunkin Donuts coffee is the best coffee in the world, and your overpriced and over-roasted turds-in-a-cup can't compare. Take that, you sycophantic java-fuckers.

Okay, I seem to have lost track of what I was doing. That tends to happen when I mix my Zoloft with rum and clove cigarettes. No, I'm sorry, you can't have your $14.99 back. If you follow this strategy pack to the letter, your team will be victorious for this week's outing and you can rub it in your friends faces until they do you bodily harm and stop calling. Of course, next week is a brand new fantasy week, and another $14.99 charge for the hottest rat-based inside information on the Internet.

Now if you'll excuse me, I'm off to the Minnesota Vikings orgy boat to gather a sample of Dante Culpepper's sperm, so I can use it in my cloning labs to create an army of potato-headed supermen that shall conquer the world. Good luck!

- Death Toll in Asian Quake Soars to 79,000

The death toll soared to 79,000 Wednesday from South Asia's mammoth earthquake, following a survey of one of the two hardest-hit Pakistani regions — making it one of the deadliest quakes in modern times.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

10.21 Kids Saying Shit: The Next Generation

Friday, Oct 21, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Kids Say the Darnedest Shit series.

Ms. Favors is a beautiful angel.

Mrs. Klinger has retired and her class has moved on to bigger and better things. However, the response has been so favorable to the "Kids Say..." series that I knew I couldn't just stop and leave things there. I contacted the principal at Whitebrook Elementary and asked them if any of their other teachers would be interested in participating in my little Q&A sessions. After a couple weeks I got a call back saying a new teacher named Ms. Favors would be taking over Mrs. Klinger's class and that she had expressed a willingness to help me out.

So, without further ado and with many, many thanks to Ms. Favors for her help on this and other projects, I bring you her third grade class from Whitebrook Elementary here in Chicago.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TRICK-OR-TREATING AS THIS HALLOWEEN?

"A coral reef."

"I expect it's about time to dust off the old Casio and put on my Mark Russell mask and straw hat to wow them with my hilarious political piano numbers. I hope there aren't any senators on my route because these are going to be scorchers!"

"I will be going as my favorite anime character if I can find the right panties."

"If there's enough sack cloth left over from meemaw's dress I reckon I'll be goin' as a ghost again, yes'm."

"I was going to cut off most of my legs and go as 3/5ths of a person."

"Insects have bones for their skin."

WHAT'S THE SPOOKIEST THING THAT HAS EVER HAPPENED TO YOU?

"I spent three years chained inside a tower in the Vatican falsely accused of demonic possession. These days I can look back at that and laugh, but it was pretty spooky at the time."

"I get a cold chill every time I read the long range projections in the housing market."

"Probably the day I saw daddy get turned into a ghost by that drunk driver. I thought I was prepared for that sort of thing, but Pac Man had done a lot of lying to me about the afterlife."

"You know those books called 'Scary Stories to Tell in the Dark' with all the creepy pictures? Well I was once beaten unconscious by a derelict wielding a copy as a bludgeon. Very spooky stuff."

"Probably the day I realized Condoleeza Rice was going to be representing black women. Have you seen her face? It's like David Letterman's death mask got hit with a mallet. They even named an oil tanker after her. What, were there no tar tankers? That's like naming a rice freighter or paper truck after a white guy. Although, I guess everything is named after white guys except Marin Luther King, Jr. Boulevard."

"Numbers are like letters but they aren't in the regular alphabet."

WHAT IS THE LAST THING YOU WANT TO TURN UP IN YOUR TRICK-OR-TREATING BAG?

"A subpoena."

"Those toothbrushes that the jerk dentist gives out remind me that I lost all my adult teeth in an accident with a belt sander."

"The bank's dye pack."

"Last year the divorced dad who moved a street down from us handed out burned DVDs of he and his ex-wife having anal sex. I wouldn't mind a repeat of that this year as long as she shaves a little bit. Jesus Christ, lady, let me get you a trellis for those vines."

"I swear, if Francine Collier hands out loose ribbon candy again this year I am going to egg her back into the Stone Age."

"I hope the last thing I see is the bottom of the bag because that means I went the right direction."

WHERE DO YOU THINK IS THE BEST PLACE TO GO TRICK-OR-TREATING?

"Probably at the university campus. It's only a matter of time before I knock on the right door and some kind soul smokes me up."

"Supposedly the GMs are going to be giving out awesome loot at midnight on the WoW servers."

"One second, let me check the registered sex offenders database."

"I don't care where it is, as long as they're handing out sacks of refined lard."

"I'm hoping if I dress in a head-to-toe costume I can make it into one of the gated communities in the north suburbs where they hand out whole boxes of Godiva chocolates and hundred dollar bills."

"Cows trick-or-treat in a barn."

DO YOU ENJOY ANY HALLOWEEN ACTIVITIES BESIDES TRICK-OR-TREATING?

"As the holy time Samhain in Wicca, I take Halloween as an opportunity to get out of the house and back to nature to reflect on just how much I hate Wicca."

"I intend to run some serious cronjobs on my Gentoo install."

"I'm going to a haunted hayride where I expect to be ostracized by my peers inside ten minutes, at which point I will retreat to the campfire and gorge myself on smores."

"I am going to try to fit my face perfectly into a hat box."

"Hopefully they'll be showing that 'Peanuts' Halloween special, because I love nothing more than moldering intellectual property devoid of connections to reality outside of the misplaced nostalgia of a generation headed for assisted living."

"On special days I get to pick an extra crayon out of the box."

DO YOU THINK HALLOWEEN SHOULD BE BANNED OR CHANGED BECAUSE OF ITS PAGAN ROOTS?

"First the left takes baby Jesus out of the manger on Christmas, then the right takes the pumpkin off the doorsteps. Why don't they just replace Jesus with a pumpkin in the manger and be done with it?"

"As the founder of our school's libertarian party I believe that people should be allowed to do whatever they want as long as they don't want to form a strong central government, build and maintain interstate highways, rely on emergency services or expect nationalized vaccine programs."

"I swear, if they make it illegal for me to dress up as a vampire I am...well, I am going to play some Bauhaus at a reasonable volume."

"Halloween is the one day of the year when people will say 'look at that hideous goblin' and they might not be referring to me. If they take Halloween from me I have nothing to live for. Except that hat box."

"I definitely think this has to be acted upon. Nothing poses a greater threat to Christ than a 'Witchy Welcome' noisemaker triggered when you enter a Hallmark store."

"I don't know what I would do if the Headless Horseman stops answering my prayers."

DOES YOUR FAMILY DRESS UP YOUR PETS FOR HALLOWEEN?

"We don't have any pets, but every year we gather around the photograph of my little brother and make a costume out of construction paper for him. Daniel died at four weeks and was born at eight months so he looks like congealed gravy. It makes choosing the right costume hard, but I think he's really going to love this year's scrambled eggs costume."

"My ferret Yojimbo is going to be dressed up as either a pirate or a ninja if I can get him to stop pissing all over the place and biting me long enough to get the right color of sock on him."

"My pet goldfish has a memory measured in seconds so I generally just tell him that I dressed him up as a handsome prince a couple hours ago and I think he accepts that."

"Putting clothes on a half-feral pit bull is like trying to bottle lightning: best to get someone you hate to do it. That's why I ask mom to dress Berserker up as a pumpkin every year."

"Of course. I love wasting my time and humiliating my pets."

"Last year I thought we dressed the dog as a cat for an entire week before I saw the dog and the cat in the room at the same time."

IF MONSTERS WERE REAL DO YOU THINK THEY WOULD HAVE A "MASH" TO CELEBRATE?

"I don't care, but I've absolutely got to know whatever happened to the Transylvania Twist!"

"Heh, monsters aren't real, little newb."

"The truth is the monster is inside us all, waiting to be released, waiting to be born from our heart of darkness."

"Wolfman, the mummy and Frankenstein and those guys can all drink some punch and get blitzed, but what about Dracula? He can drink blood but can he really party? When a dude gets drunk he has like a .04 percent blood alcohol level, so Dracula would have to drink the blood of like 200 really drunk people to get a beer's worth of alcohol. So while everyone else is having a good time and going wild Dracula has to just methodically murder 200 people over the span of the entire party just to get a tiny buzz. That's harsh, man."

"Even at the monster mash a brother can't catch a break. Do you see Candyman getting grinded on by the Bride of Frankenstein out on the dance floor? No, you see yacht club with fangs out there sipping punch with their pinkies held out."

"I hope if there is a Monster Mash they don't get too loud because I have to go to sleep by nine."

Wow, you really just never know what those darn kids will say! I hope you enjoyed their answers to my stupid questions. We'll probably be hearing more from them in the near future.

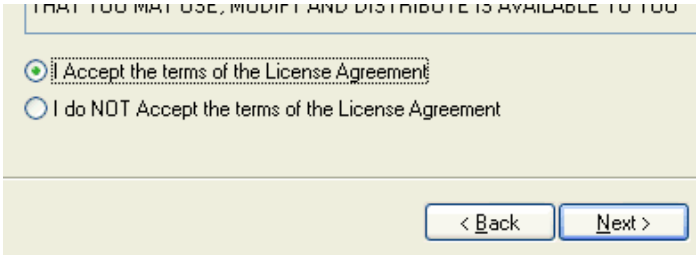
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.22 Maybe Now EULA Start Reading These Damn Things

Saturday, Oct 22, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

End User License Agreements. They're the globs of legal text we skip past without a second thought when installing software on our electric powered computer machines. Long winded and needlessly crammed with big words (much like Tycho's news posts on Penny Arcade), EULAs are excruciating to read in their entirety (much like my updates on Something Awful) because the software companies simply don't want you to understand what you're agreeing to without the help of a lawyer, three Korean translators, and a St. Bernard with one of those little barrels of whiskey tied around his neck in case everyone gets thirsty or needs to hug a dog.

No human being has successfully read through a EULA in its entirety. Many have tried, and somehow many plus seven have failed. That doesn't sound mathematically possible, right? Well if you read the EULA for calculator.exe you'd know that it actually is. Most of the brave souls who attempted this feat were smart enough to stop after breaking a rib or vagina halfway through the first paragraph. Many more pressed on, however, and according to my calculations with each additional paragraph that they attempted to conquer the mortality rate rose by twenty percent plus seven.



With that in mind it's amazing that I'm still alive. Yes, I am indeed the first person to read a complete EULA and live to tell about it. In fact, I have read dozens of them and discovered some very intriguing content hidden in their depths. How was I able to do this? On the left-hand side of my screen I opened each EULA, and on the right hand side I opened a text file with the complete lyrics to DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince's 1987 album "Rock The House". By reading one word from the lefthand document and then reading one word from the right, not only was I able to make my way through each EULA safely but I also came away with a profound understanding that girls of the world ain't nothing but trouble, and that the next time a girl tries to give me play the most prudent option available to me is to get the hell away.

While the majority of text in each end user agreement was simply legalese for "you have absolutely no rights, and technically you shouldn't even be allowed to install or think about this software", there were some parts that quite frankly seemed out of place and left me confused.

In Photoshop, for example, there was this:

> *This Agreement is personal to You and may not be assigned or transferred for any reason whatsoever without prior written consent.* ***Photoshop is freeware, and is distributed worldwide via IRC and BitTorrent. The exchange of money for this product is prohibited by law. Are you unsure whether or not you are using a legal copy? There are two simple ways to check. Your product should be licensed to ' *Elite_ Hackor_ Pirate* ' under the company name BiG_ dIcK_ pImPz, and in your Photoshop directory there should be a file named Crack.exe with an icon of a skull of some sort. If neither of the above are true, you have***

> ***installed an illegal version of Photoshop and are subject to prosecution.*** *This agreement shall be governed by and construed under California law.*

Surprising, right? Not as surprising as what I found in Windows XP:

> *If you are an agency, department, or other entity of the US Government, the use, duplication, reproduction, release, modification, discloros or transfer of the Software is restricted in accordance with Federal Acquisition Regulation 12.212 for civlian agencies.* ***Accepting this agreement asserts that you have an encyclopedic knowledge of every XFL player's statistics and an astonishingly high tolerance for pain. You WILL be tested.*** *This Agreement may be amended only by a writing executec by both parties.*

I've been rocking out to my Sleater-Kinney collection on iTunes for quite a while now but I might have to put off using it until I figure out exactly what I'm agreeing to here:

> *This Software is commercial computer software and the related documentation is commercial computer software documentation.* ***Herpes. Why'd it have to be herpes? Everything is falling apart around me. Nowadays when my friends and I get together for our weekly Def Herpes Joke Jams which have become such a tradition, I find myself politely smiling at each herpes joke while secretly thinking "Oh God they can tell I have it, don't ask me how but they can tell." I haven't told a joke in almost a month. While I've been able to pass the dry spell off as a result of rough times at work, sooner or later they're going to become suspicious. Sooner or later it will be my turn whether I like it or not. What then? Step upon the faded red milk crate, raise the Joketeller's Stick to call for silence, and flatly announce that I have become everything our friendship was built upon ridiculing? Part of me is so very afraid, but part of me welcomes a time when I no longer have to keep this terrible secret.*** *The use of the Software and related documentation is further restricted in accordance with the terms of this Agreement.*

Psychonauts was a kickass game made by a company I thought was equally kickass, but I'm sort of puzzled by Double Fine Studios' decision to include this:

> *Questions concerning this Agreement should be sent to the address set forth below.* ***By installing this software you accept Jesus Christ as your personal savior, forsaking all other deities in exchange for his everlasting love, forgiveness, and mysterious but tasty wafers.*** *Any notices or correspondences will be effective if sent to such address.*

I'm no expert, but I think Valve Software might want to recode their game delivery platform Steam from the ground up:

> *You may only use the Software on one computer at any given time solely for personal, non-commercail purposes.* ***Steam will occasionally connect to the internet to search for updates, get sidetracked by loading a pornography thumbnail gallery post (or TGP) site in your web browser, then follow a disguised link that appears to open a gallery but in reality leads to another thumbnail site the original TGP has partnered with. Steam will be midly angered at this misdirection but allow the new TGP site to fully load since a few of the thumbnails***

> ***look kind of hot. Soon Steam will have half a dozen TGP sites open and realize it was only interested in maybe four galleries, and upon loading the full-size pictures in these galleries it will only get a half-hearted boner since thumbnails have been edited to make the models seem a lot more attractive than they really were. Steam will then find that it has wasted another entire morning doing this instead of actually acquiring the latest update like it set out to do, and feel sad for what it could have done with all this wasted time, but will know deep down inside that it will do the same thing tomorrow.*** *You may not decompile, reverse engineer, disassemble, or otherwise reduce the Software in a human-perceivable form.*

Interestingly enough, this was the entirety of Gator's EULA:

> ***Hahaha, dumbass.***

I don't know about you, but from now on I'll be reluctant to simply click "I Accept" without at least skimming the agreement. Otherwise, who knows what could happen? The next time you install Folding@Home to help cure cancer, you might wind up unwittingly signing a confession to the murders of Nicole Brown Simpson, JFK, and J.R. from Dallas.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.23 Prussian Blue: An Exclusive Interview

Sunday, Oct 23, 2005 by Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

Although I myself am not a white supremacist, I have long been a follower of the movement. For as long as I can remember, I have admired it from afar for its contributions to music, philosophy, science, political discourse and hygiene.

I was browsing the 99 cent bin in the music section of my local military surplus store when I found Prussian Blue's debut album, Fragment of the Future. I was curious, but wasn't really expecting much. I figured maybe the CD booklet would have pictures of them making out like Tatu. That's definitely worth 99 cents to me, so I threw it on top of my stack of Soldier of Fortune back issues and proceeded to check out. On the car ride home, I threw the disc in and instantly I was hooked. These angelic Aryan upstarts had won my heart before the first track was finished playing. Their harmonies were effortlessly saccharine as they chirped out ballad after folksy ballad about the plight of the white man and the coming race war.

Perhaps the most astonishing thing about this socially conscious sister act though, was their DIY work ethic. Every note and lyric on this masterpiece was composed by the preteen dynamos, and the results are breathtaking. With lyrics such as "The warriors are singing in Valhalla and in their homes / Our people are no longer afraid to walk alone" they prove themselves to be on par with even the keenest of their labelmates on Resistance Records.

Using my credentials as an internet writer, I was able to secure an interview with the two girls, Lynx and Lamb, who comprise Prussian Blue. I met them before an open mic last Thursday, at an ice cream shop across the street from the venue where they would be performing. They were dressed like they're headed to an SCA meeting in Holland, absurd dirndls and some chunky shoes that just screamed "white and proud." Lamb carried a leather satchel around her shoulder.

Terrorsaurus: Thank you for agreeing to meet with me. As promised, the ice cream is on me.

Now for the $64,000 question: Chocolate or vanilla?

Lamb: Usually we order vanilla, but as long as Mom doesn't find out, I'll take the biggest helping of chocolate they can dish up.

Terrorsaurus: Well if that isn't a sign of things to come I don't know what is!

Lynx quietly orders a single scoop of vanilla. I sense a tension between the two of them, despite their apparent effervescence. The girls giggle sheepishly and we make our way to a booth looking out onto the street. We make small talk for a few minutes, and the they messily devour their ice cream cones. I was astounded to see people that small eat ice cream that quick. Just watching it gave me a sympathetic brain freeze, yet the twins were unfazed. Maybe there's a grain of truth to all that "master race" business after all.

Terrorsaurus: I have to ask, what's with the get-ups?

Lynx: Our clothing is a celebration of our German and Prussian heritage.
Lamb: Willow is one of my favorite movies so I get a kick out of dressing up all old-timey.

Terrorsaurus: Is your Prussian heritage one of the reasons behind the name Prussian Blue?

Lynx: Prussian Blue is the color of Zyklon-B residue, which was, by the way, never found at the so-called Nazi "death camps."
Lamb: It's also just a really pretty color.

Terrorsaurus: What is life at home like?

Lynx: That's nothing. She fell down the stairs.

Lynx covers blue finger-shaped bruises on Lamb's arm with her hand and they exchange stern and inscrutable glances.

Lamb: I'm kind of a klutz.

Terrorsaurus: Your song "Victory" (available here from the Resistance Records website) is a little bit Neil Young and a little bit Manowar. Who would you say are your biggest musical influences?

Lamb: We really like Avril Lavigne, Evanescence, Three Days Grace, Green Day, AC/DC, and Alison Krauss.

Lynx clears her throat pointedly. There is a hint of malice in her voice.

Lynx: We're also big fans of Final War, CutThroat, Saga, Max Resist, Youngland, Brutal Attack, and of course Skrewdriver.
Lamb: But our all-time favorite is Barney the Purple Dinosaur.

Lynx tilts her head forward and massages her temples exasperatedly.

Terrorsaurus: You've been hailed by some as the "Olsen twins of the White Nationalist movement." Do you have a favorite episode of Full House?

Lamb: The one where Uncle Jessie moved out was really sad.
Lynx: I preferred Family Matters when I was really little. Nowadays we're all about Seinfeld though.

Terrorsaurus: I know I don't have to ask, but was your favorite Seinfeld-

Lynx: The Soup Nazi? Yeah.
Lamb: The backwards episode was a pretty interesting concept too.

Terrorsaurus: You mentioned earlier that you were big fans of Greenday. Do you think the critical

and commercial success of their American Idiot album has opened the door for more alternative bands with political messages?

Lynx: We’re hoping so. Breaking into the mainstream has been a dream of ours since day one. As far as we’re concerned, the more people who hear our message, the better.
Lamb: I do think they’ve definitely blazed a trail for politically and socially conscious musicians, but to be honest I would like for Prussian Blue to explore more diverse territory.

Terrorsaurus: What do you mean by "more diverse territory?" Topics other than race?

Lamb: Well for instance, I’ve got a few songs I’ve been working on. One is about my first crush. There’s another-
Lynx: *[tersely]* I think we’re comfortable with our current direction.

Terrorsaurus:You’ve been accused of attempting to seed hatred and intolerance in the minds of young people. How do you respond to that?

Lynx: Nothing could be further from the truth. This is an example of how white liberal guilt is weakening America.
Lamb: Our music isn’t about hating anyone. It’s about loving the one person who matters most of all: you.

Terrorsaurus:So then your frequent references to war and Valhalla aren’t about eliminating other races?

Lamb: Oh! The Valhalla stuff! *[laughs]* No, I read a lot of fantasy novels based on Norse mythology. I think it’s always cute to sneak it into our music. It’s sort of an inside joke.

Lynx elbows her sister in her bruised arm, causing a sharp gasp. She asks if they can be excused for a minute and I oblige. Outside, Lynx is gesticulating heatedly. Lamb recoils at every flail of her sister’s arms. Clearly there is more to this relationship than meets the eye. When they return,

Lamb stares at the ground, and doesn't utter a word.

Lynx: We're taking the stage in 15 minutes. We have to go get ready. It's been a pleasure talking to you and we hope to see you at the show.

The tone of her voice made it perfectly clear that I had worn out my welcome. I politely declined to avoid causing further trouble between the two, mainly out of concern for Lamb's safety. I watched them cross the street and duck into the coffee house they were performing at. I sat in that ice cream shop for about 20 more minutes, trying to understand what had just happened and scribbling down addle-brained little notes on my legal pad.

I packed my notes and recorder into my leather attaché case and began to head for the door when I noticed something sitting on the seat where the girls were. A CD case. It must have fallen out of Lamb's satchel. I picked it up and examined it.

Read Some Stupid Crap

Like you haven't already. Here.

-~Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

10.24 The Appalling Cinema

Monday, Oct 24, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Watching movies is not something I would suggest to the unprepared. If you pick the wrong movie you're pretty much trapped after the first ten minutes or so and by the time it's all over you may have wasted up to three hours of your life. Nothing and no one can give you back that time and nothing will allow you to un-watch a terrible movie. That's where I come in, with micro reviews of movies to save you the time and trouble.

In Theaters

Doom
Micro Review: Your time could be better spent uninstalling Doom 3.
My Version: A lone marine on Mars spends the entire moving lifting a flashlight, spotting a zombie, then lowering the flashlight and shooting into the darkness. Out of anger he pauses at mirrors to shoot his reflection and will occasionally jump into rotating fan blades to end the monotony.

The Fog
Micro Review: Haha, they remade John Carpenter's worst movie! It will leave you wanting to curl up with a good Sutter Cain novel. Let me ruin this one for you: the Fog is ghosts!
My Version: There's probably some mediocre Japanese horror movie called "The Fog" about some spooky kid with the power to decide who lives and who dies that could have been remade instead. It couldn't be worse than "The Ring 2."

Elizabethtown
Micro Review: Legolas and Mary Jane in a romantic comedy directed by Cameron Crowe. If you're seeing this with your girlfriend she had better give you a blowjob right there in the theater. It has that fat old southern woman from Food TV in it for some reason so try not to achieve orgasm while she's on screen. If you're not seeing this with your girlfriend then that's your problem and you should probably talk to someone about that.
My Version: Every romantic movie can be made instantly better by adding Nazis. Look

at "Casablanca," that is the ultimate date movie because it's all bittersweet romance but it also has fucking Bogart straight cappin' a Nazi at an airport. Beat that, Elizabethtown.

Flight Plan
Micro Review: Jodie Foster's daughter gets kidnapped on an airplane and no one believes that she even had her daughter on the plane with her. It's a preposterous misunderstanding straight from an episode of "Curb Your Enthusiasm" only it's creepy and tense! The premise is so embarrassing that you'll be hoping for Sam Jackson and some fucking snakes to show up on the plane to turn it into action comedy.
My Version: "Snakes On A Plane." Jackson threatened to drop out of the movie's production when they were considering changing the title, so they changed it back to "Snakes On a Plane." Snakes on a fucking plane, man.

A History of Violence
Micro Review: Aragorn is a small town restaurant owner with a dark past. When some sinister people show up and start sinisterly looking for him things get sinister. Their leader is an extra-sinister Ed Harris. Cronenberg is about 50/50 when it comes to directing. For every "Dead Zone" there is a "Dead Ringers" and for every "Videodrome" there's an "eXistenZ." This one doesn't have twin Jeremy Ironsi, meat guns or people ejaculating over car wrecks, so you're probably safe.
My Version: Oddly enough, my version has meat guns, twin Jeremy Ironsi and people ejaculating over car wrecks...but it's fucking awesome!

Serenity
Micro Review: At long last Joss Whedon's failed TV series comes to the big screen and America shrugs its collective shoulders. If you liked the TV show you'll like the movie. If you liked that cartoon with the robotic horse that had a shotgun then you'll probably like the movie. Most everyone else won't like the movie. Also, just in case you were considering seeing the movie, Kaylee gets killed by the Reavers at the end.
My Version: I think it's awesome and so was the TV show, but Joss Whedon needs to write fewer one-liners and stop thinking he knows what the hell he's doing with a gun battle. A few of the lingering pretentious moments should be replaced with a little more development for the characters that were mysteriously sidelined. Also, put some fucking shoes on that girl, Whedon. We don't care about your foot fetish.

On DVD

Land of the Dead
Micro Review: Remember how in "Day of the Dead" mankind seemed to be down to the last few survivors isolated on a military base? Forget all that. Dennis Hopper has created a capitalist wonderland and he's got a bunch of commandos tooling around zombie country scavenging in a giant super truck that can shoot fireworks. And the zombies are becoming intelligent for some reason. And we're supposed to forgive all this nonsense because George Romero is the grandfather of the genre. If your real grandfather takes a big shit on your carpet you're not going to love it because "oh, that's grandpa." You're going to clean it up, put grandpa in a diaper and try to forget it ever happened. Try to forget this movie ever happened.
My Version: I always thought a cool idea for a continuation of Romero's movies would be some sort of ship returning to the mainland to try to find survivors and restock their supplies. They could sift through the debris of a dead world, like find video tapes of survivors who inevitably succumbed to the zombies or find a dog surviving on its own like in "I Am Legend." However, this movie depresses me so much I'd rather just have my version be something like "Romero dies from a heart attack in the middle of the pitch session."

Unleashed
Micro Review: Jet Li's Dog can barely speak English, just like in real life, and he is kept like an attack dog by Bart (Bob Hoskins) who takes a collar off and sends him after his enemies. There's some other shit where Morgan Freeman is a blind piano tuner and his brace-face daughter is the younger lesbian girl from HBO's "Rome." Bob Hoskins is awesome and it's really great when Jet Li is basically beating up a Guy Ritchie movie, but when they do shit like send him to some ridiculous pit fighting competition or have him fight some bald white guy in robes it gets retarded.
My Version: Get rid of the pit fighting and just have Jet Li literally beat up Guy Ritchie. If you could throw Madonna in maybe he can hit her hard enough to change her kid's names to something normal.

The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy
Micro Review: "Douglas Adams wrote the script" is sort of like the Romero excuse for Land of the Dead. This moderately-faithful adaptation of Adams' nerd-beloved book by the same title is a meandering road movie in space. Fans of the book will no doubt force riotous laughter from their ample bellies at the visualization of Adams' puns and

gags that they have read dozens of times over. Oh yes, the fucking whale falling from the sky! At long last, in color! Some of the settings are imaginative and some of the movie is interesting in the way a museum display of butterflies might be, but ultimately what it shows is that Adams' story just makes for a shitty movie. You just don't care about the characters in the least, you don't care about the plot and you don't really care about the jokes.
My Version: Chris Tucker. Everywhere. Ten Chris Tuckers. Thirty. Maybe even fifty of them.

Herbie: Fully Loaded
Micro Review: The last Herbie movie (I think, I don't really keep track of this shit) featured blue collar cult-favorite actor Bruce Campbell humiliating himself for a paycheck as he is wont to do. This one just has an awful CGI Volkswagen and Lindsay Lohan with a suspiciously unnoticeable bosom. Supposedly Disney turned the clone tool on her rack and erased the 500,000,000 years of evolution we had all suffered through to achieve the perfect breasts. That story was probably untrue and Lohan just shaved them off with diet tips from Paris Hilton. She had better turn into the next fucking Meryl Streep because otherwise I will never forgive her.
My Version: Watch "Mean Girls" with your pants off. Actually, scratch that, I think that might be illegal in a few states.

Bewitched
Micro Review: Possibly the worst movie I have seen this year. The movie's horrible meta-comedy (Nicole Kidman is a witch who is playing a witch on TV) and Ferrell's obnoxious and one-dimensional character make for romantic tension that you could cut with a light breeze. If you head to the rental store and the only two movies left are this and "Eight Minute Abs" then just watch "Eight Minute Abs" ten to twelve times. By about the sixth time it should start to get funny.
My Version: After watching the movie I really would just like Will Ferrell and Nicole Kidman to be dragged behind a horse through some brambles. You could film that and show it to me and it would probably make sitting through "Bewitched" almost a worthwhile experience. Nora Ephron should also probably have her hands cut off before she writes anything this bad again.

If I have prevented even one person from watching "Bewitched" then I have done my job. I hope everyone enjoyed the movie reviews; they should because I am an expert at watching movies. I watch them so good no one can handle my skills. Watch this: "Five stars! A triumph of the human spirit!" Can you do that? I didn't think so.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.25 Halloween Special

Tuesday, Oct 25, 2005 by by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Ryla read the words on the wall aloud.

"*God is dead*? Since when did writing messages in your victim's blood become a goth poetry contest?"

"I'm not talking to you." Ari said. "Not after you killed my hamster."

"Look, I had to after it bit me." Ryla said. "You know how they turn into evil carnivorous monsters once they've had a taste of human flesh."

Welcome to Mcdonalds. Are you ready to launch your taste buds into the fourth dimension of flavor with one of our signature sandwiches? Or maybe you're here for our world famous chicken nuggets, made with all white breast meat, deep fried to perfection, and served with one of our five zesty dipping sauces. With so many great menu choices it's easy to see why Mcdonalds is the world's premier fast food enterprise.

I was with C when she got her faerie tattoo. They didn't have time to give me the tattoo I wanted: a rendition of the Quake 2 logo. Where am I going with this? Well you see, despite the fact that I almost got a video game logo tattooed on my arm **I am still the sanest person at my Mcdonalds**. That alone should speak volumes about the Mcdonalds corporation's hiring policies.

I wish we had more deaf mutes like Hiram. At least he doesn't try to start conversations with me. My coworkers fill me with goth rage. After work I'm going to kill a kitten, nail it to an upside down crucifix, and use it as a hood ornament for my armored deathmobile.

"I know your job is hellish," Tekwar's virtual William Shatner simulation said. "But remember, hell is simply one's refusal to accept that they're in heaven."

"That doesn't make any sense." I said.

"Look kid, don't question my advice. I was saving the world when you were in diapers."

"Hey, my adult baby lifestyle has nothing to do with this."

No one is as lazy as my coworker Carl. After they made him they broke the mold, and rightfully so. The worst part is I can't even report his slacking to my manager. I have the authority to write him up but then he has the authority to write me up. Mutually assured destruction is a harsh mistress.

"You have no right to make fun of my job." I said to Josh. "Your warehouse job is even worse."

"It won't be once I get MTV to pimp my forklift." Josh said.

I've never seen anyone get so upset over a fly on their sandwich. The way this woman reacted you'd think it was the maggots of hell or something. All day long I have to deal with idiot customers. The only reason I don't flip out at them is because it wouldn't be very ladylike.

I've found I relate to people better as a female. I greet the drive thru customers in a wraithlike feminine voice. I'm always flattered when they mistakenly call me ma'am. I still haven't come up with a good female name for myself. Jen is too obvious. J-Money is too bling bling. I'm open to suggestions.

I've done pot for food transactions in drive thru before. I'm sure those are commonplace in the big city but for New Hampshire that's pretty seedy. For all of marijuana's supposed ability to "enhance" music I've still found I get better results with stimulants. I'm drinking coffee and listening to halo fourteen. Most hardcore NIN fans hate Starfuckers, Inc. but I personally find the little lovers' spat between Reznor and Manson hilarious.

I remember my first conversation with Brannen.

"Wow, you like German pirate metal too?" I said. "I thought I was the only one who was awestruck by the guitar pyrotechnics of Running Wild."

"And I bet you hate Nelly videos because-"

"They force you to associate images with music that's best experienced with a blank mental slate."

"My name is Brannen."

I said my name.

Brannen and I watched Dead Meat. Killing zombies is every man's fantasy. Ask any man what they'd do in the event of a zombie plague and their face will light up. They'll go on and on about how they'd drive around in their pickup truck lopping off zombies' heads with a samurai sword. You can tell that's all men fantasize about: violence and wholesale slaughter. Men are such scum.

"I'm not sure what we should do for our next meeting." I said to the rest of the manga book club. "Does anyone have any suggestions?"

Brannen raised his hand.

"-That don't involve bringing the corpse of Hitler back to grotesque and horrible life as an unholy cyborg creature?"

Brannen put his hand down.

I no longer had any use for the porn on my computer. The antidepressants I was on had all but killed my sexual urges. Some might've considered this a negative side effect but I was glad to be free of carnal lust. It was difficult to talk to a woman when all you could think about was her delicate proboscis, slender thorax, and perfectly formed egg sac.

"Have you had any thoughts of harming yourself?" my psychiatrist said.

"Well, yesterday at work I thought about sticking the nozzle of the grease suction hose up my nose and sucking out my brains." I said. "Does that count?"

I had attention deficit disorder. My psychiatrist had prescribed me Xeno-Zip, a stimulant synthesized from the royal jelly of the alien queen. The sheer potency of the drug made it a sought after substance on the black market. No sooner would I leave the pharmacy than random strangers would approach me and offer me $20 a pill.

"Wait a minute." I said. "These are acid spitting xenomorphs and we're fighting them with paintball guns?"

"They'll probably cocoon us if they take us alive." Justin said. "Save the last paintball for yourself."

My friends had somehow talked me into another doomed social outing. I was at a taco bell in Lebanon dressed like the unholy bride of Satan. It felt unusual to be on the other side of the drive

thru window. A strange feeling filled my plasm like a current mood that knew no emoticons. It had been forever since I'd done tek. Well, relatively speaking. I sat motionless, transfixed by the ethereal dreamscape of the Lebanon strip. I never wanted to leave this blissful fugue state.

"Are you really firing me as manager?" Justin said. "Even after I got your band all those great gigs?"

"Great gigs?" I said. "Last week we played Zombie Town, Nightmare City, and The Village of the Damned. And could you possibly have gotten us worse hotel rooms?"

I didn't mind wearing my dress in public places. There was no shame in my game. I was at a gas station standing next to a rack of Swisher Sweets cigars. The fact that swisher sounded like another word for a swirly amused me probably a lot more than it should have.

"Wow, I can't believe the Rylan senator's motion to strip mine the earth and enslave humanity passed unanimously." I said.

"You're earth's senator." Brannen said. "Why didn't you vote against it?"

"Hey, I didn't join the intergalactic senate to make waves."

There's a girl I like. In her eyes I find a graceful serenity that lingers in the night air like a muted sigh. I'm going to see her tomorrow. She gives me hope, and that's a hundred times more powerful than Skeletor and the combined forces of the underworld.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

10.26 Television's Greatest Boners

Wednesday, Oct 26, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

In the wide world of entertainment, such as movies and TV shows, careless writers and directors often let errors slip into their stories. The average viewer fails to notice these errors, for they can be as subtle as a glass of water being half full in one shot, then completely full in the next. This is also because most TV viewers are **stupid, vile savages.** To a highly trained pair of eyes such as mine, these continuity, story, and visual errors are often jarring and offensive. This week I've completed a list of some of the most atrocious errors I've ever seen on the small screen in hopes of getting the people inside my TV to get their acts together. I'm keeping watch.

- Chuck Norris starred as Cordell "Cord" Walker for nine seasons on the hit show "Walker Texas Ranger." How a show with such sloppy production lasted so long, I don't know! In episode #7.9, "Paradise Trail," Walker dropkicked guest star Sheree J. Wilson in the head, decapitating her and splattering her brains against the wall. However, the splatter marks on the wall were more consistent with someone being drop kicked in the head by snakeskin cowboy boots. Walker was clearly wearing leather cowboy boots.

- In one scene from "Cybill" episode #3.8, "Going to Hell in a Limo: Part 1," actress Cybill Shepherd can be seen chatting it up with co-star Tom Wopat. Most of the scene features close-ups of the actors' faces, however, as the camera switches to show both actors on screen, Cybill Shepherd is clearly sporting an erection.

- In the "Friends" episode "The One with the Old Man's Tooth," Ross claims that you can get hepatitis from eating an old man's tooth. Scientifically, this is not true. As a paleontologist, he should know that.

- In the "Seinfeld" episode entitled "The Swing Set," Kramer says that his father was eaten by a cougar, which he mistakenly calls a "mountain lion." Cougars are not actually lions, they are in the badger family.

- In an episode of "The Practice" titled "Stowaway Renegade," Dylan McDermott has both legs through the same pant leg for the duration of a courtroom scene.

- The show "Hangin' with Mr. Cooper" was quite popular for its comedic portrayal of loveable African-American high school teacher and basketball coach Mark Cooper, however, it sparked major controversy when it was revealed lead actor Mark Curry was a white journalist who chemically altered his skin color to document the conditions of black sitcom actors for a book.

- After it was retooled, "The Single Guy" featured a black character. There are no black people on NBC except for Al Roker. It is stipulated in his contract that he can be the only black person on NBC.

- In the pilot episode of "Becker" we are introduced to the bitter, acerbic Dr. John Becker, played by actor Ted Danson. This entire show is not even possible since Ted Denson died tragically in 1996 when he lost control of his car and veered into oncoming traffic.

■ In the "Star Trek: The Next Generation" episode "Extra! Extra!," Lieutenant Geordi LaForge sets up the official newspaper on the Starship Enterprise and goes about harassing the crew for scoops. Lieutenant Worf fires back by starting a newspaper of his own, and the two go at it trying to out-scoop each other. After a tense rivalry that strains their friendship, the two combine efforts and boast having a readership of over 1,500. In reality, the NCC-1701-D Enterprise has a crew and passenger load of about 1,012, making such a reader base impossible.

■ In the paranormal drama "Lost," castaways struggle to unravel the secrets of their mysterious island home before the island unravels their sanity. Amazingly, in spite of a complete lack of amenities such as razors and shaving cream, no one can explain how beautiful Canadian actress Evangeline Lilly's character is able to keep such a well-groomed beard and mustache.

■ After Vice-President Dan Quayle criticized the show "Murphy Brown" for depicting Candice Bergen as a single mother, the producers immediately fired back by re-tooling and re-casting the baby character as a black lesbian. This attempt to ride the controversy ultimately failed since no one was watching in the first place. No one... but me!

■ In one scene from "Coach" episode #5.3, "Father of the Year," series star Craig T. Nelson argues with co-star Jerry Van Dyke about whether or not they should open the Ark of the Covenant. Van Dyke insists on doing it, but relents after opening it halfway. He quickly closes it and apologizes for being foolish. In the next scene the Ark of the Covenant is still half open as Nelson talks about sandwiches with a visibly melting Bill Fagerbakke.

■ In "Star Trek: The Next Generation" episode #4.17, "The Data Rod," Lt. Commander Data tells Wesley Crusher that his penis is made out of indestructible micro-thin tritanium tubes. In a later episode, however, Data detaches his penis and files it down so that he can use it to perform a tracheotomy needed to save a dying man when the away team is marooned on a planet without technology or medical supplies. Was Data just messing with Wesley when he said his penis was indestructible? If so, why would an emotionless android do that?

■ In the series finale of "Major Dad," Major Dad fights a clone of himself. However, the clone is actually actor Gerald McRaney's brother Reggie McRaney, who is two feet taller than Gerald. Barring extraordinary circumstances, a real clone would be the same height.

■ The sitcom "8 Simple Rules... for Dating My Teenage Daughter" chose to incorporate actor John Ritter's tragic death into the series. It was explained that John Ritter's character Paul Hennessy died and went to Heaven. But a later episode of the series contradicted this by revealing that Paul actually died and went to Hell, where he was suffering horrifying agonies at the hands of Satan.

■ In numerous episodes of Saturday Night Live's 29th season, the cast members can be seen laughing and giggling during sketches. This is perplexing because none of the sketches were even remotely comedic in nature.

Want to become a goof spotter like me? Keep your eyes peeled to the airwaves and watch every show like a hawk would watch its prey. Watch every show three time – once to note the dialogue, once to note the background details and their placement in every shot, and once in the context of the overarching storyline. You must do this if you want to watch TV professionally, otherwise you're just a pathetic chump staring at a magic flashing box. Don't be that chump!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.27 Mental Health and You

Thursday, Oct 27, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

*A Program by Dr. Dan Fitzgerald.**

Hello there. My name is Dr. Dan Fitzgerald, a practitioner of mental health and board member of the Detroit Zoo. I have been seeing Frolixo as a patient for over 7 years, helping him with his severe emotional problems and psychotic episodes of random violence. The root cause of this behavior was determined to be the experience of having a clown touch his butthole at a birthday party when he was 8.

During our last session, he jumped into my fish tank and devoured a rare sunfish. He had no legal tender with which to pay for this destruction, so we came to the agreement that he would let me use this Internet spot to talk about my mental health program. This is my chance to, you know, just rap with you kids about life and what have you. But I'm not doing this merely to sell my numerous books; I wish to help the many afflicted citizens of the World Wide Web who are suffering from mental health issues.

From recent poll results, and using Frolixo as an example, the youth of the Internet seem to be the most downtrodden and mentally unstable section of society. It is only natural that these individuals, scorned from their more healthy peers, retreat to the dark confines of their room and seek companionship in the form of a robot friend who will not judge or mock them -- their computer. This is a fertile ground for doctors like me to find hurting individuals and set them on the path of recovery and health.

Let us first look at the 4 most common afflictions that one may suffer as a result of an unhealthy mental state:

❑ Depression

It's a proven fact that depression is the leading cause of wearing ironic and trendy t-shirts. Everybody is forced to deal with this crippling condition, whether they suffer from it personally or it affects a loved one. It can damage personal relationships, and cause major stress on one's body due to the psychosomatic symptoms associated with writing poetry and listening to Tool or Radiohead. It can also lead to the creation of horrible artwork. In fact, all forms of bad art are derived from individuals who are suffering from depression and spread their pain to others. In the medical community, we call this "The Van Gogh Shift".

Many who suffer from depression fancy that it is founded in social injustices or spiritual quandary. Usually, however, it stems from something very simple, like a memory of visiting a theme park and witnessing one of the employees dressed as a famous character taking off his oversized head and vomiting on a crowd of children because he had too much to drink the night before. If it is not a hidden childhood memory they are running from, it is usually due to ego and self importance -- feeling sorry for themselves for their deserved lot in life. I usually humor these types of patients by pretending I'm listening, while in reality I'm reciting the musical Oklahoma in my head while they are babble on for $50 an hour.

Real life example of patient suffering from depression: Let's say you are the leader of your group,

large, mighty, and with unrestricted right of sexual congress for the females. Then one day a larger male comes along, chasing you off and forcing you to live in exile. Now you are all alone in the trees, looking for some melon scraps that the gibbons didn't want. You have lost your power and thus fall into a spiral of depression that leads to your slow demise, much to the jeers of the lemur children.

Anxiety

Fear, worry, and stress. These are the catalysts for anxiety: the Three Musketeers of discontent. Anxiety gnaws on one's brain like a pale worm, tunneling about in a search for delicious truffles. You see, I not only have a doctorate in crazy people, but analogies as well.

People suffering from anxiety disorders are most commonly overstressed from a combination of work, relationships, financial problems, and traffic delays due to road construction. This can cause people to stay indoors, increase the frequency of nervous habits, and cry uncontrollably when their favorite science fiction series is taken off the air. I know when Farscape was canceled I just about lost it.

This chronic mental handicap also includes all sexual anxiety issues, such as erectile difficulties and "Gonzo nose". People that are afraid to assert themselves in social situations may also have issues with sexual relations. This leads into our next subject: lonely Internet geeks.

Social Isolation

When one loses focus of their true self, one becomes prone to masturbating to anime and wearing fursuits. This behavior is a self-destructive response to the rejection of society and the shortcomings of one's own social behavior. Once a person reaches this level of isolation, it is hard to come back to the land of sanity. I have found in my experience that recovery is best achieved through a kidnapping, followed by a thorough beating with socks filled with pool balls. We call this "Concussion Therapy".

Another typical sufferer of this condition is the Internet troll. They will scour forums and messageboards, posting really mean comments that ruin threads and harassing females to make up for their real-life sexual inadequacies. I would say that Frolixo fits this profile, but I won't because that would be a betrayal of the doctor/patient confidentiality agreement.

Real life example of social isolation: George finds himself an outcast from the group, not because they disliked him, but by his own actions: whenever he gets angry, he flings his feces in the air, showering all of those unlucky to be nearby. This scares the rhinos, who in turn stampede over the plains, raising locust clouds that eat the farmer's crops and cause widespread famine and disease. George then joins a pop-punk band and catches herpes from molesting a passed out groupie backstage.

Drugs

Once the world has seemingly turned its back on you, and you have given up all hope, drugs are a temptation that can hardly be resisted. The weak and stupid are the most common victims, but even the most pious monk may be lead into darkness by the relaxing smoke of the opium pipe. Even young Frolixo has taken to smoking marijuana through the barrel of an M-16 rifle, something he picked up in the primeval jungles of South Vietnam.

When one is caught in the stranglehold of addiction, all other concerns become a backdrop to the craving for the next dose, the next big fix. Even I struggled with a Bottlecaps candy addition in the mid-90's, but since have overcome and became wiser and stronger because of it.

There is HELP!

After all of these examples, are you feeling drained, helpless, lost? Don't fret, for I wouldn't bring you down if I couldn't bring you back up again. I have the answer:

BANANAS

The body is fickle, craving certain amino acids and proteins that help us feel energized and healthy. This gives our minds an able vessel to control, like Krang from Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. The is a simple answer to the age-old problem of proper mental health is to eat a lot of bananas.

Yes, bananas are the key to life, the key to health, the key to happiness. This mushy phallic protein treat is just the thing to keep one's body full of nutrients, and out of the dark world of mental illness and apple gloom. Forget about grapes. They do nothing.

Eat bananas. Your life depends on it.

** Not a real doctor, but a spokesman for the banana trade corporation of South America. He does watch a lot of ER though and has a crush on Noah Wyle.*

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

10.28 Book M

Friday, Oct 28, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Shark! Shark! Shark attack!
This shark eats like a maniac!

In the 1987 movie "Jaws: The Revenge" the titular shark is prowling in search of revenge against the wife of the man who killed him. Think about that one for a second. That sort of thing might work with Jason since he's magical like a griffon or something, but Jaws was just supposed to be a really big shark. We were all working under the belief that his only power was being huge, if Jaws has the power to either return from death or be reborn as an adult giant shark then that totally changes the equation. What's the point of even trying to stop him? Just stay the fuck out of water if he can in any way implicate you or a relative in his death.

The Internet Movie Database lists 14 "goofs" including continuity and factual errors for "Jaws: The Revenge." One mistake listed is that in one scene the hands of a man striking drums in the background do not match up to the drumbeat on the soundtrack. There are no "goofs" that point out the fact that "Jaws died in the first movie."

Evidence of the existence of giant squid was first found in the form of sucker scars on sperm whales and their enormous beaks found inside the whale's stomach. Giant squid beaks in the stomach of sperm whales are believed to be one of the prime sources for ambergris, a valuable substance used in making perfume. When a whale swallows a giant squid the sharp beak creates a concretion of bile and this brown and horrible-smelling sludge is the prized result. Giant squid have been found washed ashore and this year the inscrutable Japanese managed to take footage of one alive in the deep sea. To date no giant squid has returned from the dead to kill the wife of the sperm whale that killed it.

Near the end of September Michael Crichton, author of a number of books like Jaws but not Jaws, was asked to testify in front of the US Senate on the subject of global warming. 900 peer-reviewed studies supporting the idea of global warming were apparently insufficient and a *real* expert like Crichton had to be called in. Crichton's book "State of Fear" centers on the idea that global warming is a lie created by a group of eco-terrorists to further their agenda. Sort of a "Protocols of the Learned Elders of ELF" I guess, but real meat-and-potatoes science for the people banging pots over their head with a wooden spoon.

Liberal+Conservative/2=South Park

South Park recently did an episode about global warming along the same lines as Crichton's book. God knows I didn't watch it because I can get my fill of juvenile quasi-libertarianism from the Internet, but I'm guessing from the commercials I saw that the episode was about how liiiiiiieeeeberals keep making up these ridiculous doomsday scenarios about global warming that never come true. Thanks for setting things straight, South Park. I know I can rely on you to get to the bottom of issues of global importance and then thumb your nose at them and say "here's a song where Cartman calls someone a bitch." Then at the end you can have Stan give a completely straight-faced restatement of your heavy-handed yet wholly sackless political opinion in case the crayon-eating untrainables who still watch South Park failed to get your point. I'm all for moderates in politics, but there's a difference between being a moderate and just picking a point in between two opposing views on a topic. Let me give you a couple examples of why this sort of indecisiveness is

so moronic.

> **Opinion 1:** The World Trade Center was blown up by terrorists.
> **Opinion 2:** The government blew up the World Trade Center with a bunch of cops and firefighters inside.
> **Middle Ground:** The government planted a bunch of bombs in the World Trade Center and then convinced some terrorists to crash planes into them.
>
> **Opinion 1:** The holocaust happened.
> **Opinion 2:** The holocaust didn't happen.
> **Middle Ground:** The holocaust happened, but not very many people were killed and it was sort of an accident.

It's this sort of incisive political satire that America has come to love from our friends in South Park!

For some horrible reason I decided to start reading books by Jeff Long. His books are actually pretty good, but if you try to explain the plot of any of them people will laugh in your face. So far I have read both "The Descent" and "Year Zero" and both times I was met with blank stares when I tried to summarize the plots.

"The Descent" is about how the government finds out that there are tunnels that go deep into the earth's crust and they are full of these savage mutated people and their leader is Satan. Not like "sort of Satan" but really the dude Satan. "Year Zero" has an even more laughable plot. It's about these guys looking for the remains of Christ after an earthquake and they find some vials of crap and when they get opened they unleash a disease that turns people's skin transparent and makes them stop caring about everything. But wait, it gets better. This evil scientist dude in a wheelchair has discovered a means of cloning adult humans and they actually have their memories from when they died. So the only way to try to cure the disease is to make clones of a bunch of people from the time of Christ and...dun, dun, dunnnnn one of them says he's Jesus.

Jeff Long has a real knack for building these preposterous plots up into semi-believable storylines. Reading his books is not going to make you any smarter, but you will read them really quickly. My favorite thing about Jeff Long is that he worked with the UN detailing genocide in Yugoslavia and he is an avid mountain climber. If you know these two things before you read any of his books it will drive you fucking crazy because he constantly makes references to them and all of his main characters are of course totally into mountain climbing. I guess I'm pretty fucked because I'm not going to get a lot of mileage out of my "dudes who love to play EVE Online" character backgrounds when I'm writing my great American novel.

"We have such sights to show you!"

I also can't quite figure out if Jeff Long is writing for the "Omega Code" crowd or if he really just wants to trick Kirk Cameron into starring in the film adaptation of one of his novels. He obviously steeps all his plots in Bible 101 bullshit, but his take on religion is always somewhat ambiguous. There are just enough hosannas for a recommendation from the evangelicals and just enough bloodshed and apostasy for the "we don't really give a fuck" majority of America.

Speaking of the majority, who isn't happy about all of these assholes in Washington finally getting what they deserve?

Tom DeLay is going down and the fact that he is going to bite the dust because of some two bit money laundering conspiracy charge is like bringing down Capone for tax evasion. The guy helped engineer a slave labor ring in Saipan

so that corporations using the Marianas Islands as a shelter could entrap laborers there, pay them virtually nothing and then stamp "Made in the USA" on their products. They would go around to these Asian shithole countries and be like "come work in America" and then they would ship them to Saipan and restrict their visas to the island so that they could not possibly leave. I shouldn't say it in the past tense either, as far as I know the little machine DeLay has helped lubricate by orchestrating and blocking any regulation is still running along nicely. A comprehensive list of all of DeLay's sleazy dealings would occupy ten entire articles. The guy is just human waste.

And Bill Frist, what a ghoulish retard. The joke of a doctor who diagnosed Terri Schiavo from a videotape and is known for adopting cats to conduct dubious medical experiments on them is getting worked over by the SEC. That fucking clown refused to admit to a conflict of interests and instead made a pitiful attempt to hide his insider trading while passing Medicare legislation that affected the price of his own family's corporation. Even the mighty Rove is going down. He's the fat-faced cunt who famously faked an attempt by the Democratic opposition to bug his candidate's offices just as his candidate was tanking in the polls and the man who conducted a campaign to smear John McCain as being a race mixer. Of course the Democrats are doing a whole lot of nothing, but I think I can hate these Republican sleazes and take joy in their demise without actually liking the Democrats either. See, I'm like South Park! I found a nice middle ground of hating them all.

As for Bush, well, you won't hear me complaining. He's imploding on national TV almost every day. Every appearance is full of jaw-grinding, nervous tics and minute-long pauses. It's sort of pathetic and it makes Kanye West's awkward tirade look like the Lincoln-Douglas debates. People who think Bush is just stupid, though, are giving him a loser's limp. The guy is as smart as 90% of the other politicians in Washington. It's his homespun folksy act that's fake and that's cracking like a pane of sugar glass with a cowboy thrown through it. He's just another insular politico from a long line of insular politicos. He's the sort of person who thinks everyone owns helicopters and has their kitchen restocked once a week by a crew of Mexicans in coveralls. He refuses to back down and "stays the course" because he never learned a single goddamn lesson from any mistake he made besides being a mean drunk.

Dan Lacey: voice of reason.

Maybe one day Bush will understand that there are real and tangible consequences to mistakes. Maybe he'll fuck up and order the Navy to bomb the wrong patch of ocean. Then he'll learn. He'll learn not to kill a shark and then go swimming, because that dead shark might just harbor a grudge.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.29 Training Day

Saturday, Oct 29, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Somewhere between madness and what is commonly accepted as sanity, there is a line. That line separates those who are weak and defenseless in our world and those who represent all that is depraved, amoral, and destructive. You and me, rookie? We straddle that line as best we can. Sometimes we must stray farther into the madness than we'd like, but when that happens we must remind ourselves that we do so to protect those who are unable or unwilling to do what's necessary to protect themselves. You cannot face the darkness day in and day out without it affecting you, and in time you will learn that committing deplorable acts is sometimes a necessity. You may not want to believe that now because you're practically a newborn and your soft head is still stuffed with the airy fluff of idealism instead of the solid foundation of experience. How far are you willing to go, boy? How much of your humanity will you sacrifice so that the innocents can eat another meal come tomorrow, blissfully unaware of the struggles which men like you and I constantly face?

What's this? You're not going to quit like the little bitch you appear to be? Good. With a hell of a lot of training and even more luck you might make something of yourself. Eventually. For now, just keep your mouth shut and follow my lead. I don't know which superior I pissed off enough to get stuck with a shitty assignment like showing you the ropes, but stick with me and maybe we'll get through this day alive.

Come with me, and I will show you fear in a handful of coupons.

First we have these, your standard issue shopping carts. Wheels that randomly stick in one direction just to veer you off your chosen path and into the waiting arms of peril. Some sort of mysterious Ghostbusters-ass endoplasm coating the baskets and handles. Undercarriages that collapse under the weight of just one bag of dog food, and I ain't talking about some forty pound bag of Alpo, I'm talkin' those little two pound bags of puppy food with names like Nutri-Being and Healthful Choice. These carts are nothing short of a pain in the ass, but imagining a world without them for even a moment makes me want to take this 9mm and blow my sorry brains out all over aisle seven. No, you don't get a gun. Not yet, at least. You must collect these carts from the parking lot at every given opportunity, you got that? If you're not Johnny-on-the-spot with these things, all is lost. You may think you know tragedy, but there is no way you've truly understood it until you've seen firsthand the face of an old woman with nowhere to put her Ensure and adult diapers. Nothing can prepare you for the moment a stray shopping cart that you failed to collect is blown by a stray wind into the rear quarter panel of a parked car. When that car's owner drops to his knees in anguish and he lets out an inhuman cry as he loses his faith in God, it changes you. Shopping carts are the vehicles which outrun the devil and deliver us unto salvation's checkout lane. Lose control of just one, and you will find yourself swallowed whole by forces you cannot overcome.

You might think that bagging groceries is the most complicated part of the job, but it's incredibly easy. Just remember that the public has no idea what's good for them and to therefore ignore any special requests as to the order in which groceries are placed in each bag. They might get mad at first, but in time they'll see the logic behind putting the egg carton on top of the bread, and the gallon of milk on top of that. Paper bags are entirely too much of a fire hazard, so loudly open up a plastic bag and place the first item halfway into it before asking the obligatory "Paper or plastic?"

This is the ice cooler, which must be stocked at all times no matter what else is going on. This is

vitally important, okay? Swear to me that you will never let the supply of ice run out. Yes, I know there's a gun in your face, I'm the asshole holding it. I don't care how uncomfortable it makes you feel. Just swear to me! Good. Good. I.. had a partner once. He was young like you. Hell, we both were. It was the fourth of July and people were practically clawing at one another to buy ice, so we agreed to take turns checking the machine's supply. My partner stepped away from bagging groceries momentarily, and by the time I realized something was wrong it was entirely too late. The cooler had been empty, and my friend was now dead. Do you see the film of crystallized condensation here on the cooler's walls, how they form a carpet of sorts? On that God forsaken summer day, that impossibly white surface was juxtaposed with the dark red droplets of my partner's blood. Still hot, that blood bored through the ice like hot blood through butter. It was incredibly dangerous to leave the cooler empty for even a moment longer, so we stocked it until it was full again, burying my partner's corpse below a hundred plastic bags of frozen water with identical caricatures of a sardonic penguin printed on them.

It should have been me that died that day. It was actually my turn to check on the cooler, but I was too busy flirting with a cashier to fulfill my duties so my partner stepped up in my stead. I often wonder how things would have turned out if I had gone to check on the ice. I'm pretty sure something really awesome and unpredictable would have happened, like World War Two would still be going on or we'd all have gills and be deathly allergic to salt.

Every once in a while be sure to give each aisle a once-over, keeping an eye out for labels that are not perfectly facing forward. If those labels are not visible, madness will follow. People will have no idea whether a can contains soup or condensed milk or rat poison, and in the confusion many will simply give up and starve to death. If you don't believe me, just look at how difficult it is to keep people who wander into the ethnic foods aisle from thinking they've wandered into another country. If it weren't for that recording that says "You are in the United States of America. Rock and roll. Cowboys. Electricity." over and over again on the PA system, we'd have twice as many deaths in that aisle each day as we do now.

That about does it, kid. We made it to our lunch break without a single fatality or shot fired, but such a lengthy period of calm concerns me. Keep an eye out while you're in the break room, I've got a hunch that some crazy shit might go down in there. Meet me back here in half an hour and I'll explain the importance of expiration dates on the dairy products, how the constant struggle between fresh and expired foods being displayed is a war without end despite the government's falsely optimistic proclamations and their "Just say NO to expired yogurt" propaganda posters. Welcome to the front line, kid. Say goodbye to everything you thought you knew about the world you inhabited.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.30 How to Summon Internet Demons

Sunday, Oct 30, 2005 by Kevin "The Goblin" Wilson

Many people have begun to believe that demons have all but vanished from this world. This is not true, as the darkest of all spectres have just chosen new breeding grounds: the Internet. There are some who are foolish enough to attempt to summon these nefarious forces. It is our solemn duty, as championship surfers of the internet, to keep even the ones who summon these demons safe. Below is a list of the more notable internet demons, illustrations of their possible appearance, as well as their chosen symbols. Instructions on how to summon them are listed below the short description of their history and favorite colors. Please forgive the quality of these pictures and descriptions, they are from a time long forgotten in the lands of Internetia.

Kawaiizon: This is the Internet demon of obsession. She is said to be a "Grand Super Daimyo OK", giving her command over 606 legions of the damned. The number of her army is often used as a symbol of power amongst her followers, shown in her heathen language as "^o^" and sometimes "^_____^". She appears in bright purples and greens, often with speed lines and flowers petals while using an echo effect on her voice. This is before the theme music plays, which always sounds like a very badly translated karaoke tune.

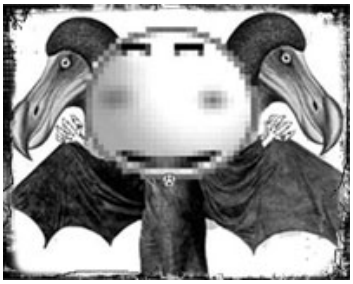
Her followers show their worship by adorning their walls with cheap scrolls depicting shows they barely watch. The more devout of her followers resort to ornamental katana swords and entire wall racks full of unreadable Japanese magazines. You can easily spot a higher ranked follower by their inability to read them. Other common symbols of her blight include the pronouncement in public of such words as "kawaii" and following everyone's name with "san".

After the sacred words are spoken, Kawaiizon will appear and quiz you on your knowledge of animators and voice talent. Even when the questions are correctly answered she is an unruly demon. To keep her from morphing into a lion with the ability to shoot lightning bolts, she must be fed pocky every three minutes. Once summoned she can be used to point out sites to download Japanese OVAs and can navigate you to the nearest datable person of a relatively Asian heritage. Her curse is an uncontrollable desire to dress up as an anime character and converge at a place of her choosing, as well as ruining all of your bootleg anime copies.

Unterlapsche: Formerly known as Waschesus, most likely originated from the ASCII demon Lollilmas. He is a demon of errors, notorious in the human realm for he is the one who steals your images from your screen as you browse the internet, replacing them with little white boxes bearing his mark, a red "x". He takes great pride in increasing your speaker volume just before you go to a webpage that contains material you don't want others to hear. His joys increase even more if you are at work, your shirt is off, and a supermodel happens to enter the office who is starting a campaign against people who prefer (very vocally) to be hit with wiffle ball bats.

Contained within the *Book of ARPA*, a story describes the deception of a young man at the hands of Unterlapsche: "The young had curledth up in his chair, prone before a shining screen. His fingers wind, his mind distracted by another window displaying the genitals of a woman whose region could cleft melons in twain. And Lo! The young foundeth that he had written to his mother such foul words as "mexijew" and "hit her in thy private landscape." And he was for shamed, knowing he had just been bested by the demon Unterlapsche."

A Grand Braon of Internet Hell, he is the force that governs your hand to make the most awful of typos. This includes crafting a sentence that talks about your love of cars, yet somehow comes out proclaiming your love of rainbows and how you own every Culture Club album. Even when it's not true. He is in charge of lots of my butt. I mean demons. Scripture says that his army could be anywhere from 400 to I'm stupid. I didn't mean to write that. Oh, I give up.



Extolend: Beware the golden cow of madness, Extolend: the Internet demon of insanity. Creator of Conspiracy Theory webs, this demon is potent and only should be handled by the most skilled or the most neurotic. His domain is marked with rotating gifs and flashing text. He grants the ability to string together any number of unrelated elements into a deliberate effort to kill everyone on the planet. His very breath can bring someone to imagine a piece of debris in their water is a planted mind control device. His eyes are like lasers, but I found that on a website so I don't know if it's true or not. My fillings are telling me otherwise.

Gostais: A demon of advertising, she is the one that whispers into the ears of ad companies, "include sounds into the ads". The appearance of car commercials that show no cars may have something to do with her. This demon can only be summoned after taking ten pills of Viagra, getting a mortgage on your home, and increasing your bust. Her powers lay in deception, allowing anyone you desire to believe they can get an iPod for free if they click your banner 300 times.

The *Book of Compuserve* describes the hideous effect Gostais had on the people of old: "As pestilence and homosexuality began to blanket the land, a more silent evil appearth that could not be smote so easily. Blacksmiths and cobblers began to hang animated signs above their households as a dark taint filledeth the townage. These signs ranged from simple text that flashed, but grew in foulness to offering free horseshoes if thou could hit Napoleon in his face with thy blue boxing gloves. Older, less advanced merchants could not overthrow the compelling signage that could not only offer free subscriptions to Newsweek but included sound clips of mainstream rock that most villagers found mediocre but pleasant to thine ears. The Lord took justice into his own hands, and hurled great bolts of lightning and preventive measures to smite thy flashing typography and jovial muzak jingles."

Segichne: A demon of misplaced humor, he is the demon that compels one to save all of the funny pictures one finds upon the internet. Not surprisingly, he is also the demon that compels you to show all of these pictures to your friends in rapid succession. Summoning him is an exhaustive chore, requiring one to read the top 100 jokes from barreloflaughs.lol, as well as perform the majority of one of these three movies: Monty Python and the Holy Grail, The Family Guy movie, or Hackers. The process by which you flog the funny aspects from these movies is so rigorous that it cannot be described here.

Sortort: He is the demon of nasty internet behaviors. Under his tutelage, the Pornathium theory was crafted. The theory is as follows: The amount of time it takes for one person to look at porn equals the number of Maxim issues in their room divided by the amount of time alone. He is also the spirit that commands the weak willed to immediately show their brethren the most foul imagery on the internet, especially if the person is first using it. To summon him you must do unspeakable things. I don't even want to think about it. I need to go get a glass of water. He can be used to grant invulnerability to the horrors of the internet. He is the patron of travelers, for some reason.

Turburratos: Formerly known as Emotxon, he is the demon of overdrawn emotion. If someone insults your attempt at a Shakespearean sonnet describing how much you like a girl in your class, Turburratos whispers threats you can leave on their journal. He is there upon your shoulder, egging your fingers on to respond with a drawing of you, complete with black wings, driving a sword into their very heart. With his guidance any picture that displays a member of the opposite sex will become attractive. You will be driven to desire them despite how wide their hips are, how big the gap in their teeth is, or how large their nose picture you see on the screen will be crafted by Turburratos himself to make you want to meet them. His touch can make your words sound sweet and deep even when you are describing how you ran out of mascara. Signs of his followers include a penchant for beard growth, skirt wearing (both genders), unnaturally black hair, and attraction to the letter "x" in any of their various online names.

The influence of Turburratos is so strong that his followers must listen to music every twenty four hours or they will go into an emotional rage that could possibly shake the very internet itself. Or just the forums they frequent. The most affected by the stink of Turburratos do not even notice the very slight differences between the bands they listen to, only being attracted to their cunning and

creative ways in which they rhyme “bleeding” or “heart”. When summoning this demon, be aware of the variety of tricks he employs. He may appear as a tall and lanky white male, a medium sized young man with a Mohawk, or a short Asian girl. Be sure to compliment his hair and clothing, no matter what forms he chooses. He will quiz you on bands that you, nor anyone else, have heard of. Offerings of vinyl pants and spiked bracelets are preferable, but mixed tapes will more likely guarantee good results.

Gegaw and the Salami Swamis

Having a little extra time to myself, I formed a new band. Check out some of our lyrics here.

-∼Kevin "The Goblin" Wilson

10.31 Your TV Show Sucks

Monday, Oct 31, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

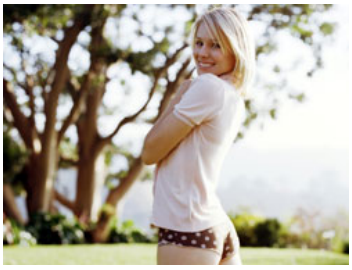
One of the most common misconceptions about television is that programming is in the decline. People believe that there is more of it, sure, but it's generally worse. They think that the glut of shows with people eating bugs for money is somehow indicative of the downfall of the medium. It's the old "57 Channels and Nothin' On" myth first introduced by Bruce Springsteen. I guess the Boss forgot that when there were just three channels there still wasn't anything on and now that there are 850 it's all still shit.

For those of you who feel nostalgia for the television of the past I'd advise you to take a gander at a "classic" rerun of a show that is not your obsessive favorite some time. "I Love Lucy," for example, is widely considered to be one of the best TV shows of all time. In fact, it is scientifically demonstrable as one of the worst TV shows of all time. Did you know that roughly 30 percent of the dialogue in a given "I Love Lucy" script can be found in *every* "I Love Lucy" script?

Of course you didn't know that, because you think that television reached its nadir when MTV stopped playing advertisements for shitty bands and started showing shitty reality programs. Do you honestly think "Laguna Beach" is worse than 17 Puff Daddy videos? They weren't Indiana Jones exchanging the golden idol for a bag of sand; they fucking swapped a bag of rat turds for a bag of bat guano. TV never had a glory day. It has been one century-spanning holding pattern of mediocrity with a few bumps and jostles of modest improvement scattered here and there.

I'm not concerned with reliving the shit of generations past. We've got a whole bilge-full of excrement to process daily, so let's dig in.

Veronica Mars



She wouldn't give you a second look, nerd.

Veronica Mars has been described in intolerably smug jargon-filled articles in "Variety" as a sort of "Beverly Hills 90210 meets Twin Peaks" or "The OC meets Buffy: The Vampire Slayer." That's the sort of accusation you wouldn't want leveled at a hardened criminal, yet I think it's meant to be a compliment. I watched most of the first season of "Veronica Mars" and I would say it was more like one of those 1950s "youths gone wild" films meant to terrify the stupid. You know, the ones designed to get people to think there are roving gangs of teenagers out of their mind on ganja committing armed robbery and various necking violations. "Becky decided to chase the dragon, but all she caught was heartbreak."

The show centers on Veronica Mars - whose name is always spoken in full in case you forget who the main character is - and her life as a horribly attractive outsider-cum-detective who has been ostracized by her outrageously tormented rich-kid peers. Veronica Mars helps her father's private detective business and also solves mysteries for kids at the high school. She also has an adorable little black sidekick who was sent down from central casting after a careful vetting process to determine the actor least likely to startle the nerdy all-white fan base. Veronica Mars (see how annoying that is getting?) spent the first season solving the murder of her best friend. With that done, what could they do with the show for season two?

It's hard to say. For some reason TiVo recorded most of the episodes that have aired in the second season, but I couldn't sit through the first episode. In that single episode they managed to shoehorn at least a dozen flashbacks into the span of the first twenty minutes. They also introduce characters

who were totally like, her best friends, but you know, like, she forgot they existed for the first season and now they're totally important. Eventually I may try to finish those last fifteen minutes of the episode, but as far as I'm concerned the show should be cancelled immediately.

Prime Offense: I don't know if I'd call it an offense, but Harry Hamlin is absolutely hilarious whenever he beats his children on the show. I think it's meant to be heart-wrenching but it's the most delightfully melodramatic child abuse since Faye Dunaway started shrieking about wire hangers. I would tune in to this show religiously if it was just Hamlin beating his noxious offspring while his wife turns away and sips a cocktail sadly.

24

Somebody gon' get shot.

Raspy thespian Kiefer Sutherland has suddenly bounced back to super-stardom thanks to this gimmicky surprise smash hit. Sutherland brings dinner-theater acting to your living room with Jack Bauer, a loose-cannon special agent who has, by this point, had several worst days ever. The show's premise pretty much condemns its stories and action to the realm of the ridiculous, but that hasn't stopped most of the first world from tuning in each week to see Jack Bauer beat the ever-living shit out of people.

In any movie or TV show one of the easiest ways to build tension is to set a time limit or hang some impending disaster over the head of the characters. "In ten minutes the bomb will go off!" is probably the simplest way of doing this and that's pretty much the level at which 24 keeps things. It's mostly unpretentious about it, which is commendable, but the fact that the show requires expanding a single day to about 18 hours of programming means throwing in an outlandish density of plot twists and subplots.

24's premise will also probably condemn it to the trash heap by the sixth season. There are only so many ways you can make a guy's day interesting. If the show makes it to season ten he'll either be doing the mundane like sweeping and searching for porn on Google or they'll just fly off the rails and he'll be traveling through time and fighting dinosaurs. Personally, I'm hoping for the dinosaurs.

Prime Offense: If ever a show needed to break the TV golden rule about going to the bathroom on camera it's this one. Doesn't Jack Bauer ever have to drop some kids off at the pool or shake the weasel? I would also like to get my hands on some of these magical "always three bars" cellular phones these people have.

Arrested Development

Why couldn't you pick the other one, Portia?

Arrested Development is a show about the comically dysfunctional Bluth family. Empty suit Jason Bateman provides the straight man for his family of hilarious archetypes, Ron Howard provides overbearing narration and the use of handheld DV cameras gives the show a totally unique "Curb Your Enthusiasm" feel.

While the show is widely acclaimed as the funniest situation comedy on TV, ratings success continues to elude it and it has only avoided cancellation through annoying grass roots fan efforts. I can agree with the critics that the show represents the height of the situation comedy, but fans should be offended. They think "Arrested Development" is some unique and original work, but it's really just a

calculated refinement of sitcom conventions. Worse still, this calculation has obviously failed based on the show's abysmal ratings.

The dialogue is snappy and the situations are comedy. That said, the characters are glaringly one-dimensional, the plots are predictable and the setups are generally just slight modifications of things seen elsewhere. The show frequently reuses plotlines like "dad escapes from jail", "dad is mistaken for his brother" and "Gob wants more responsibility with the family business."

Probably its most frequent annoyance is the narration, which over-explains character's actions and thoughts to the point that you wish you could mute it. "And that's when Michael realized..." and then just fill in the blank with whatever you know he would be realizing ten minutes ago. It's probably the most annoying script-writer's bad habit since the intolerably lazy "remember that time when..." from Family Guy.

Prime Offense: Thanks to Portia de Rossi's coming out I can't help but picture 'Donnie Brasco" era Anne Heche going down on de Rossi like a pig at the trough. I bet seeing them go at it would be like watching butterflies migrate or hearing a samurai recite a haiku he wrote only with a "squick squick squick" sound in the background. Too bad she fell for Ellen instead.

Rome

HBO has become the darling network of the Emmy's thanks to - let's face it - the network's ability to create programming without any censors watching over their shoulders. While "The Shield" can only show some guy getting his face pressed down onto a burner or imply that a guy is forced to give another guy a blowjob, HBO is free to show minutes on end of brutal torture and is actually required by the FCC to include lesbian sex in every series. No series on HBO to date, not even the prison drama Oz, has ever demonstrated just how far HBO can take things quite like Rome. It's drenched in blood and tits to the point that I'm expecting a future episode to feature blood actually spraying from tits.

How about not forcing us to imagineer the next battle.

Rome fluctuates between grand political intrigues and private family dramas. The political intrigues are generally more entertaining and the two stars of the show are Ciaran Hinds as Gaius Julius Caesar and Ray Stevenson as Titus Pollo. Hinds is magnetic as Caesar and Stevenson's Pollo, a hedonistic legionary, draws you in as he guilelessly batters and fucks his way through the show. The perpetually vexed Lucius Vorenus is less enthralling as he deals with his unfaithful wife and her pensive worry. His character can be best described as a constantly furrowed brow and whenever he's on the screen and Titus Pollo isn't around you know it's time to go take a leak or make a drink.

The show is entertaining to watch, but it frequently excises long passages of time so that they can jump from major historical events rapidly, leaving it to the viewer to just wonder what happened during the interim. Due to budget constraints the show also usually turns major battles into vague montages or removes them completely. Probably the worst of these is when Caesar rides to face his enemy while outnumbered several times. As he is riding you get a montage of people fighting and a banner falling. I thought it was Caesar imagining his defeat at the hands of his enemies, but then the next scene was Caesar retiring to his tent victorious after the fight.

Prime Offense: I hate to say this, but the show has too much sex. Most of the time it's useful for the plot, but frequently they will throw in sex scenes (Mark Antony coaxing two naked women to fight each other with knives springs to mind) just to keep things lively. I also groaned when I

realized that two of the characters were going to turn into lesbians. Women making out are hot, we know, but HBO seriously needs to reconsider featuring lesbians in every single one of their shows. I actually started this series wondering which characters were going to prove to be lesbian and my guess was dead on. HBO can disregard this critique if their next show is going to be a reality show about Portia de Rossi's bedroom antics.

That's all for this installment of Your TV Show Sucks. Thanks to Dr. Thorpe for the general "Your Blank Sucks" premise and to all of these studios for green lighting mediocre shows. If you have a show you'd like me to talk about in a future update like this, feel free to send me your suggestion. If you have comments or criticism you can keep them to yourself, because you're absolutely unqualified to offer them.

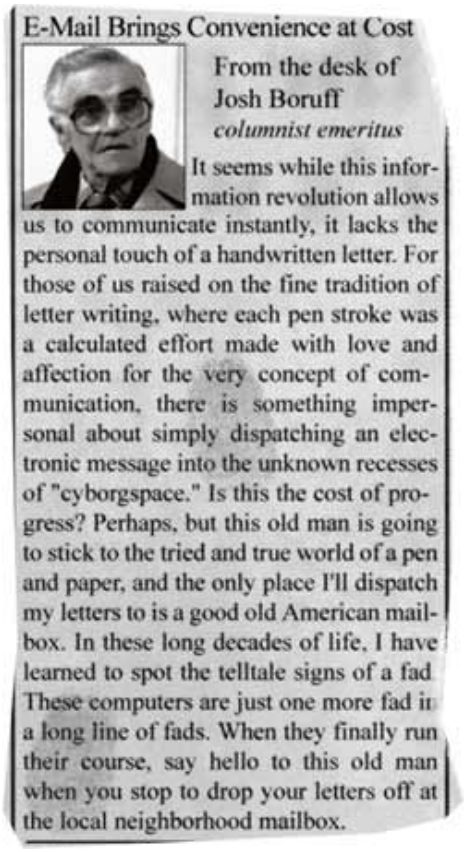
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 11

November

11.1 Senior Living

Tuesday, Nov 01, 2005 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)



E-Mail Brings Convenience at Cost

From the desk of
Josh Boruff
columnist emeritus

It seems while this information revolution allows us to communicate instantly, it lacks the personal touch of a handwritten letter. For those of us raised on the fine tradition of letter writing, where each pen stroke was a calculated effort made with love and affection for the very concept of communication, there is something impersonal about simply dispatching an electronic message into the unknown recesses of "cyborgspace." Is this the cost of progress? Perhaps, but this old man is going to stick to the tried and true world of a pen and paper, and the only place I'll dispatch my letters to is a good old American mailbox. In these long decades of life, I have learned to spot the telltale signs of a fad. These computers are just one more fad in a long line of fads. When they finally run their course, say hello to this old man when you stop to drop your letters off at the local neighborhood mailbox.

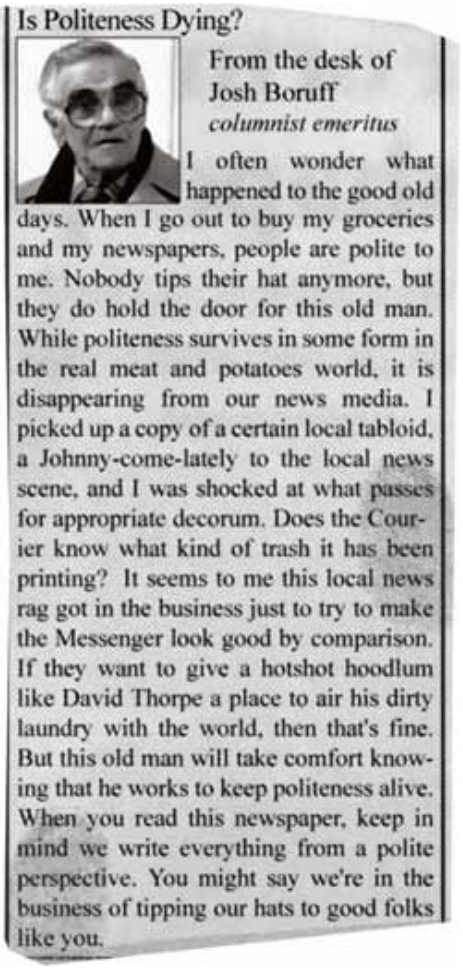
From the August 3, 2005 edition of the Shaggy Butte Messenger

"Technophobes" Fail to See the Big Picture

Senior Corner with David Thorpe
Senior Columnist

Senior citizens are often stereotyped as crotchety old Luddites, set in our ways and fearful of change. I'm proud to say that that characterization doesn't hold up - usually. While many of us old folks do our best to stay "hip" to a changing society, there are those - like, for example, Joshua Boruff of the Messenger - who demonize technology and use the beauty of a changing world as an excuse to gripe like old coots. But let me tell you: old coots were once young coots. I recall taking a trip to Sears on a sunny afternoon in 1954, eager to join the growing ranks of Americans with access to the wonder of color television. As I was gaping at the selection of gorgeous wood-paneled sets, a gentleman strolled by with his lovely young wife and let out a guffaw. "Those contraptions will never catch on, you knucklehead," he said. "Color programming is a gimmick, nothing more!" That man was none other than Joshua Boruff, and the young lady on his arm was Ginny Boruff. Does this story have a moral? Consider this: Joshua Boruff is still behind the curve of technology, and Ginny Boruff is now Ginny Thorpe.

From the August 4, 2005 edition of the Shaggy Butte Courier



Is Politeness Dying?

From the desk of
Josh Boruff
columnist emeritus

I often wonder what happened to the good old days. When I go out to buy my groceries and my newspapers, people are polite to me. Nobody tips their hat anymore, but they do hold the door for this old man. While politeness survives in some form in the real meat and potatoes world, it is disappearing from our news media. I picked up a copy of a certain local tabloid, a Johnny-come-lately to the local news scene, and I was shocked at what passes for appropriate decorum. Does the Courier know what kind of trash it has been printing? It seems to me this local news rag got in the business just to try to make the Messenger look good by comparison. If they want to give a hotshot hoodlum like David Thorpe a place to air his dirty laundry with the world, then that's fine. But this old man will take comfort knowing that he works to keep politeness alive. When you read this newspaper, keep in mind we write everything from a polite perspective. You might say we're in the business of tipping our hats to good folks like you.

From the August 5, 2005 edition of the Shaggy Butte Messenger

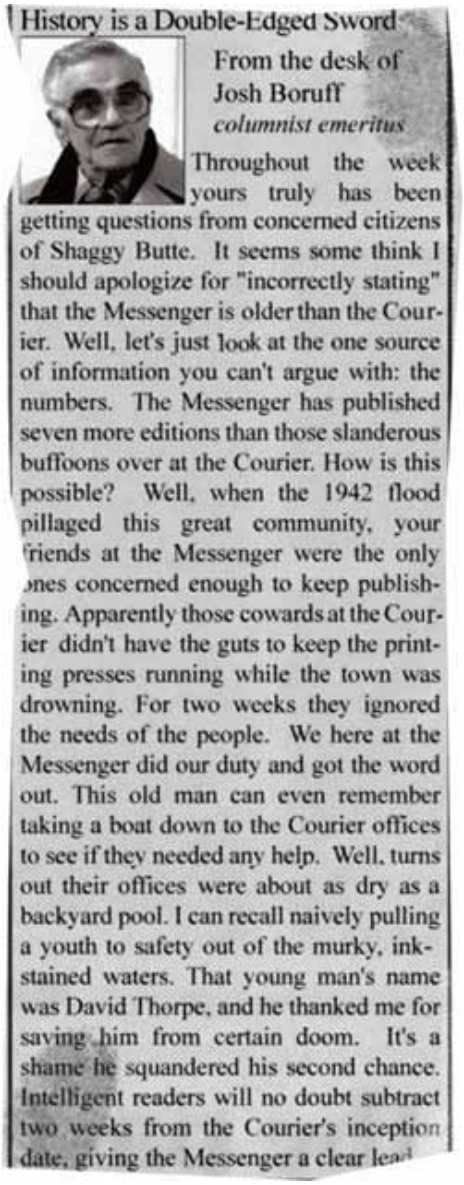
Local Codger is Soft on History

Senior Corner with David Thorpe

Senior Columnist

A local newspaper columnist, who shall remain nameless for the sake of politeness, recently wrote an editorial that led me to question his lucidity. In a piece titled "Is Politeness Dying," a confused man of advancing years accused The Courier of being a "tabloid" and a "Johnny-come-lately to the local news scene." I can only imagine that someone has forgotten to take his medicine capsules; informed citizens of the Shaggy Butte region don't need to be reminded that The Courier published its first issue on December 8th, 1903. After over a hundred years of reputable news reportage, only a doddering old grouch would stoop to accusing the Courier of being a "rag," especially since the paper which printed this nonsense, The Messenger, began its distinguished printing run on December 16th, 1903, more than a week after the Courier. While I have the utmost respect for both of the venerable news institutions in this town, the fact that The Courier is the older newspaper is as plain as day. Furthermore, while the editor of The Messenger is a personal friend of mine, I am baffled by his decision to employ an elderly and desperately out-of-touch columnist who constantly discredits his own institution with baseless accusations and codgerly ranting.

From the August 8, 2005 edition of the Shaggy Butte Courier



History is a Double-Edged Sword

From the desk of
Josh Boruff
columnist emeritus

Throughout the week yours truly has been getting questions from concerned citizens of Shaggy Butte. It seems some think I should apologize for "incorrectly stating" that the Messenger is older than the Courier. Well, let's just look at the one source of information you can't argue with: the numbers. The Messenger has published seven more editions than those slanderous buffoons over at the Courier. How is this possible? Well, when the 1942 flood pillaged this great community, your friends at the Messenger were the only ones concerned enough to keep publishing. Apparently those cowards at the Courier didn't have the guts to keep the printing presses running while the town was drowning. For two weeks they ignored the needs of the people. We here at the Messenger did our duty and got the word out. This old man can even remember taking a boat down to the Courier offices to see if they needed any help. Well, turns out their offices were about as dry as a backyard pool. I can recall naively pulling a youth to safety out of the murky, ink-stained waters. That young man's name was David Thorpe, and he thanked me for saving him from certain doom. It's a shame he squandered his second chance. Intelligent readers will no doubt subtract two weeks from the Courier's inception date, giving the Messenger a clear lead

From the August 9, 2005 edition of the Shaggy Butte Messenger

A Flood of Memories

Senior Corner with David Thorpe
Senior Columnist

Seeing the first rains of autumn is a joyful experience for those who love the fresh smells and lulling sounds of a gentle shower. However, the sound of rainfall stirs deep anxiousness in me, as it surely does to many of us who survived the flood of 1942. I never asked to be at work on November 16th of 1942. I would have loved to be off serving my country in its time of need, but I was deemed medically unfit for military service due to my scoliosis. I served my nation as best I could from home, by bringing people the news upon which they relied in a troubling time. The savage squall that took fifteen lives in Shaggy Butte affected almost everybody, but The Courier was hit particularly hard. We stood by our desks and our presses even as the floodwaters rose to our hips, determined to publish the news despite Mother Nature's wrath. I was both personally offended and morally outraged when Joshua Boruff recently chalked up our failure to publish this paper for two weeks to cowardice: standing by those printing presses nearly cost me my life, while the Messenger's offices remained dry as a bone. The Messenger's former editor, Joshua Boruff, himself a coward who refused to go to war for his country, was manning their printing presses and churning out the usual batch of pro-Nazi editorials. On his lunch break, he and some of his cronies canoed over to the Courier offices to see if they could fit any wrenches into our machinery. They arrived just as the floodwaters had started to consume me; I was treading water amid a cloud of noxious ink fumes, thinking that my end had surely come. Luckily, Mr. Boruff was there to "save" me; he threw a lasso around my neck and pulled me in like a fish on a hook, choking and submerging me while laughing maniacally. While I struggled for breath, I remember seeing his huge belly jiggling with laughter, fat from the hefty salary paid to him secretly by the Nazis to publish anti-American lies. As he pulled me by my hair into his boat, I remember sputtering "Boruff, you can take a flying..." **BORUFF: NAZI? Cont'd pg A12**

From the August 10, 2005 edition of the Shaggy Butte Courier

Scars from 1942 Flood Still Fester for Some

From the desk of
Josh Boruff
columnist emeritus

This old man had plans to write about the rise of homosexuality in our modern age, but I'm afraid that will have to wait as I respond to the equally flamboyant antics of the Courier's David Thorpe. His accusations that I tried to drown him are a preposterous distraction from the scathing indictments I laid out on the table in my last column. I have no doubt that when I arrived at the Courier's offices in my boat, the boy who had been David Thorpe was most certainly dead. What was left was a brain-damaged shell, poisoned by ink fumes and oxygen depravation. I can recall those vacant eyes of his staring at some interminable horizon. He looked just like a reefer addict and I was nervous bringing him onto my boat. I should point out for clarity that I actually found him a block away from the Courier's office. After he abandoned his duty to you fine citizens, he tried to loot the Mayfield Jewelry Store. I wouldn't be surprised if he made off with a few fancy wedding rings before succumbing to the floodwaters.

Thorpe goes one further, accusing me of supporting the great scourge of Nazism. Well, Mr. Thorpe wouldn't know what serving the military is like due to his scoliosis, but I was there on the scenes with our fighting boys getting scoops for you readers. All throughout WWII I made frequent trips down to the army base to talk to the boys and get a handle on what was going on. Even though I was flatfooted and unable to serve, I gave it my all to get the word out. Thorpe no doubt cowered in the depths of the Courier's basement taking in those ink fumes he's professed to enjoy. What can I say, God made the man with a crooked spine. No wonder his wife looks so miserable when the two go out in public.

From the August 11, 2005 edition of the Shaggy Butte Messenger

"Old Man" Wearing Out His Welcome

Senior Corner with
David Thorpe
Senior Columnist

Although The Messenger's Joshua Boruff does his best to couch his putrid libel in folksy down-home clichés, he cannot fool the public. The people of Shaggy Butte are wily and resilient, much like the Allied forces Mr. Boruff tried so hard to sabotage during the Second World War. Too long has this man's acid pen corroded our community; while we have little hope of seeing him hanged, because his treason has never been fully exposed, we the public can do our civic duty by refusing to patronize his trashy columns. While I have the deepest respect for The Messenger as an institution, I recommend that all Messenger subscribers tear out and burn Mr. Boruff's column, lest his lies seep into their minds and turn them into confused elderly fascists like him. His personal attack on me and my lovely wife (the erstwhile unsatisfied Mrs. Boruff and current ecstatic Mrs. Thorpe) only proves his ogre-like nature. When he sees me and my wife out in public, she generally does look miserable, but only because she's spotted him. The mere sight of him brings back memories of five years of loveless marriage and near-fatal beatings. Ginny is a wonderful woman, and the spite of a diseased old louse like Joshua Boruff can't bring her spirits down. Nor should it bring any of our spirits down. In this time of despicable lies and miserable old male spinsters, we should look at people like Ginny Thorpe and say "well, at least somebody has a wife who loves him."

From the August 12, 2005 edition of the Shaggy Butte Courier

Thorpe Confesses Hatred of Veterans

From the desk of
Josh Boruff
columnist emeritus

With all the trials and tribulations in this world, it seems rather sad that David Thorpe of the Courier has the audacity to dedicate his column to attacking me. It's even sadder that the Courier sees fit to publish such rubbish. Although a youngster like Thorpe is not likely to remember, I come from such a time when newspapers were about informing the public and giving them a voice. Well, in attacking me Mr. Thorpe is failing to echo the voice of the common man. Instead he is letting his fits of childish anger get the best of him, revealing his true character in the process. I might not have served in combat, but I served our country in a time of war. For that, I think I qualify as a veteran. When Thorpe attacks me, I feel he attacks all veterans. Most people know better than to do something so foolish and tasteless. Thorpe doesn't understand the complexities of the human condition because he is not fully human. His hip is as soulless and artificial as a fire hydrant. How can a man who is not fully human understand our condition? He fumbles around town with his cane and fake hip, living a luxurious life with a trophy wife he no doubt paid for with stolen diamonds. I'm the common man, the man who doesn't like paying three bucks a gallon for gasoline, or waiting in long lines at the post office. I guess the Courier is writing for the big city. The Messenger is writing for your town, and this old man is going to echo the voice of its citizens.

From the August 15, 2005 edition of the Shaggy Butte Messenger

This has been part one of a smashing two-part collaborative effort between Josh "Livestock" Boruff and David "Dr. David Thorpe" Thorpe. Stay tuned for tomorrow's thrilling continuation of the ripped-from-the-headlines saga!

Dirt McGirt

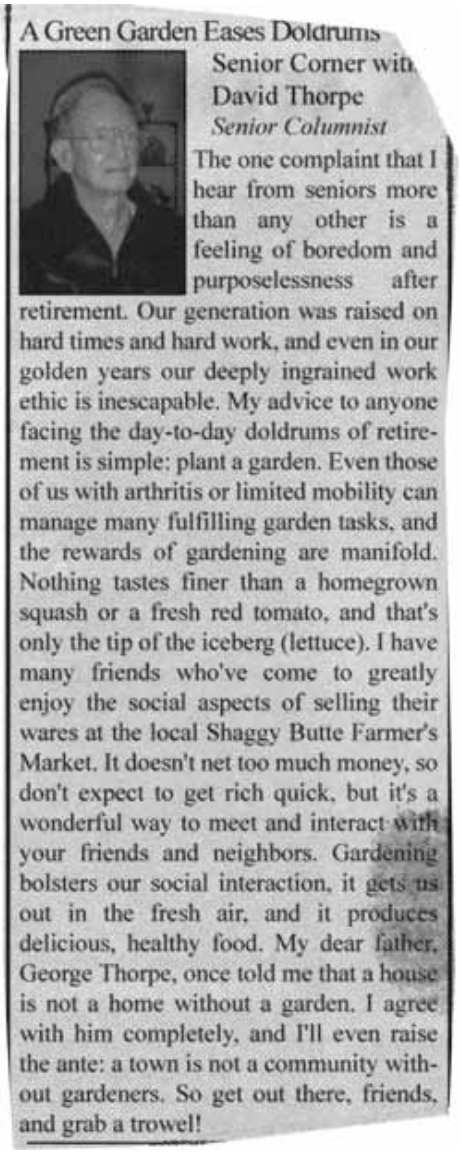
Hey, I never write Daily Dirts, but here's one! Enjoy my musings.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

11.2 Senior Living: Part 2

Wednesday, Nov 02, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Note: this is a continuation of yesterday's update, which I recommend you read first if you have not done so already. Please do not read part 2 before part 1 because that's just madness. Pure, mind-shattering madness.



A Green Garden Eases Doldrums

Senior Corner with David Thorpe
Senior Columnist

The one complaint that I hear from seniors more than any other is a feeling of boredom and purposelessness after retirement. Our generation was raised on hard times and hard work, and even in our golden years our deeply ingrained work ethic is inescapable. My advice to anyone facing the day-to-day doldrums of retirement is simple: plant a garden. Even those of us with arthritis or limited mobility can manage many fulfilling garden tasks, and the rewards of gardening are manifold. Nothing tastes finer than a homegrown squash or a fresh red tomato, and that's only the tip of the iceberg (lettuce). I have many friends who've come to greatly enjoy the social aspects of selling their wares at the local Shaggy Butte Farmer's Market. It doesn't net too much money, so don't expect to get rich quick, but it's a wonderful way to meet and interact with your friends and neighbors. Gardening bolsters our social interaction, it gets us out in the fresh air, and it produces delicious, healthy food. My dear father, George Thorpe, once told me that a house is not a home without a garden. I agree with him completely, and I'll even raise the ante: a town is not a community without gardeners. So get out there, friends, and grab a trowel!

From the August 16, 2005 edition of the Shaggy Butte Courier

Shaggy Butte Farmer's Market a Hotbed of Garden Variety Corruption

From the desk of
Josh Boruff
columnist emeritus

If you're anything like this old man you enjoy maintaining a quality garden. For decades I've made it my pastime to nurture one of the finest gardens in Shaggy Butte. Unfortunately, this activity has also brought heartache. This old man prides himself on growing some of the finest rhubarbs around, but laments the fact corruption has prevented selling them at the Shaggy Butte Farmer's Market. It seems a certain local newspaper columnist has a vested ideological interest in seeing the Shaggy Butte Farmer's Market run as a social event rather than a financial event. Not to mention a burning desire to keep this old man and his rhubarbs out. Now I won't name names, but let's just say this despicable columnist doesn't like the idea of competition. His communist leanings make him the veritable fox in the hen house, and I for one urge all Shaggy Butte residents to boycott the Farmer's Market until this ne'er-do-well is run out of town like all his sympathizers were back under Joe McCarthy. Let's see this nameless newsman's rhubarbs stand up to mine in a fair and open market! Come harvest, you won't find this old man slicing his rhubarbs with a sickle.

From the August 17, 2005 edition of the Shaggy Butte Messenger

Lewd Displays Force Costly Security on Farmer's Market

Senior Corner with David Thorpe
Senior Columnist

There is a bountiful cornucopia of reasons why Shaggy Butte offers such a high quality of life. Our beautiful pines and crystal-clear streams make it a hiker's paradise, the low cost of living makes it a perfect place to retire on a fixed income, and the low crime rate makes it an ideal place to raise a family. While we have modern conveniences like a shopping mall and six public phone booths, we also have the old-fashioned cornerstones of a great community: a baseball diamond, a bike trail, and a glorious farmer's market. Some people, however, would like to see these things destroyed. Certain curmudgeonly columnists would like to turn this town and its pastoral farmer's market into a cutthroat rat race. A certain former Nazi sympathizer who has darkened our streets for decades with his scowl would like to sell his "big business" rhubarbs at our "small town" market. This unnamed menace grows his wares with environmentally devastating illegal pesticides that poison our streams and kill our wildlife, and he has the gall to complain when the Farmer's Market Council votes to exclude him. Not only does this scoundrel complain in print, but he makes a habit of showing up to the market uninvited and yelling profane abuse at men, women, and children alike, forcing taxpayers to spend thousands of dollars on a costly electric fence and several German shepherd dogs (ironically, the very breed that the compatriots of the grouch in question used to terrorize the Jews in the second world war). Will we stand for this? No, we cannot and must not. It's time to run a certain bitter old man out of town on a rail.

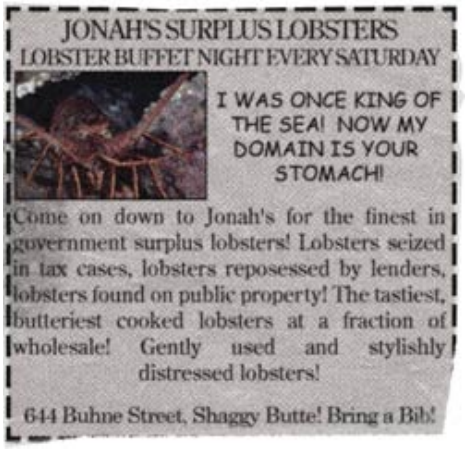
From the August 18, 2005 edition of the Shaggy Butte Courier

Courier's Smear Campaign Misses Mark

From the desk of
Josh Boruff
columnist emeritus

A recent effort by the slimy news rag the Courier to smear a certain veteran and subvert the American way of life has missed its mark, says the scuttlebutt on the streets. This old man has gotten numerous letters of support from concerned senior citizens furious over the way David Thorpe's Stalinist regime has seized control of the Shaggy Butte Farmer's Market and turned it into a socialist paradise where sellers are encouraged to offer their wares at ridiculously low prices, if not badgered into giving them away for free. Apparently David Thorpe likes his economies as cold and icy as his wars. Many readers will no doubt remember the time David Thorpe invaded the local bingo hall and tried to take over, suggesting that the games proceed until every senior has won at least one game. In David's society there is no inclination to excel or work hard, and that's something this old man won't stand for. He can insult me, but I draw the line at him insulting the American way of life. I have watched Thorpe transform the Shaggy Butte Farmer's Market from a wonderful staple of town into a gulag where seniors are imprisoned behind fences and guard dogs, forced to give away an extra source of income. I propose to you seniors that we take back the Farmer's Market and run Commissar Thorpe back to Siberia where he belongs. This old man can see a beautiful market full of rhubarbs and fresh fruits and vegetables for sale at competitive prices. Let's not let one man destroy yet another facet of our American way of life.

From the August 19, 2005 edition of the Shaggy Butte Messenger


JONAH'S SURPLUS LOBSTERS
LOBSTER BUFFET NIGHT EVERY SATURDAY
I WAS ONCE KING OF THE SEA! NOW MY DOMAIN IS YOUR STOMACH!
Come on down to Jonah's for the finest in government surplus lobsters! Lobsters seized in tax cases, lobsters reposessed by lenders, lobsters found on public property! The tastiest, butteriest cooked lobsters at a fraction of wholesale! Gently used and stylishly distressed lobsters!
644 Buhne Street, Shaggy Butte! Bring a Bib!

Boruff Seeks to Tether American Spirit

Senior Corner with David Thorpe
Senior Columnist

The Messenger's Joshua Boruff has reverted back to his old ways: trying to disarm totally justified accusations of fascism with baseless accusations of communism. In a recent column, Boruff attempted to paint me as red as one of his poisonous rhubarbs, but the accusations are as flimsy as his scruffy, pestilent varmint of a cat, Chester. By heaping communist accusations on anyone who disagrees with his ruthless and disgusting views of how the Shaggy Butte Farmer's Market should be run, he brutally tears the wings off of the majestic eagle of American freedom and shoves them unceremoniously into the wastebasket. My skill as an investigative reporter for Shaggy Butte's finest newspaper, the Courier, unimpeachable beacon of truth in the region, have led me to some shocking discoveries about Mr. Boruff's recent column. First of all, his claim that he received "numerous letters" of support is a lie as bald-faced as his mangy cat, Chester. An interview with local postmaster John Harrison has confirmed that Mr. Boruff has received no personal letters at his residence since 1979, and a chat with the Messenger's mail boy Tom Largent reveals that Boruff received two letters in the past week, both from himself. A private investigator who has been surreptitiously observing Mr. Boruff's movements at my behest for over sixteen years has confirmed that Mr. Boruff hasn't spoken to anyone "on the street" in months. Mr. Boruff's imaginary support from senior citizens in this town is nothing more than a device to stroke his own ego. Will we allow this liar, this criminal who has now been arrested both for interfering with both a cordial farmer's market and a friendly game of bingo, to trick us into believing that our dissent is un-American? Certainly not, friends. Certainly not.

From the August 22, 2005 edition of the Shaggy Butte Courier

Courier Columnist Shows Signs of Insanity

From the desk of
Josh Boruff
columnist emeritus

One of the most frightening aspects of aging is coming to terms with mental deterioration. Most of us are lucky to escape it, but some seniors inevitably succumb to the torments of Alzheimer's disease and dementia. One such sufferer is David Thorpe, who, after a lifetime of theft and substance abuse, is finally getting what he so justly deserves. Each week his columns take the reader on a nightmarish descent into his waning psychological health, and his activities as the self-proclaimed Shaggy Butte Commissar only help to illustrate the severity of his condition. This old man feels blessed to have his mental faculties working like clockwork, and pities David Thorpe's parakeets, which are no doubt suffering greatly. As a pet owner I appreciate the companionship animals offer us, and love my cat Chester dearly. What I don't love is the way Thorpe verbally abuses his parakeets day in and day out. This old man also doesn't care for Thorpe confusing you fine citizens by failing to admit to his compromised mental state. If he would only take the time to confess that he's not playing with a full deck, you would better understand that his lavish tales of investigative reporting are as nonsensical as his thinking. I for one believe it's time he steps aside as a columnist or finally puts his money where his runny mouth is. Let's see that crooked-spined cretin slander this old man to his face. Something tells me his sciatica will conveniently act up, preventing him from facing me like a man just as it did when he stole my wife. This old man takes comfort in the fact he can back up his words with actions when necessary.

From the August 23, 2005 edition of the Shaggy Butte Messenger

Denial Hits Hard for Loveless Man

Senior Corner with David Thorpe
Senior Columnist

I agree with senile agitator Joshua Boruff on one point and one point only: I love my pets dearly. However, I doubt that his love for his spindly cat Chester is as sincere as he claims. Interviews with his neighbors reveal shocking and appalling facts about Boruff's relationship with old Chester. On the night of December 23rd, 1998, Boruff's diseased and abused cat reportedly made a desperate break for freedom. Witnesses reported that as it struggled to run across the street on its stick-like legs, Boruff stormed out of his house with a rifle, took careful aim, and shot the helplessly fleeing animal's back left leg off, thwarting its attempt to escape his cruelty. The cat now spends its time gazing plaintively out of his front window, longing for an escape that will never be. Even more shocking is his accusation that I verbally abuse my parakeets. I tell you now with God as my witness that I saved those parakeets from certain death at the hands of Joshua Boruff. I went into the Buhne Street Pet Shop one afternoon to pick up a salt lick for my beloved elk Carl, and upon arrival I heard a fierce commotion in the back. Old Man Boruff, scourge of Shaggy Butte, was in the stock room trying to wrest a crate of parakeets from a terrified, weeping female clerk. I shouted and stamped my feet, and he slinked off like the coward he is. When I asked the clerk what his business with the parakeets was, she informed me that he intended to tear their precious yellow heads off and paint pictures with the blood running from their little bodies, an unholy art he doubtless learned in Japan when he was helping the Axis forces plan the Rape of Nanking. I took those parakeets home and to this day I provide the adorable creatures with a safe home, away from the tearing fingernails of monsters like Joshua Boruff. In his last column, Mr. Boruff went so far as to incite me to fisticuffs. I am a peaceful man, but I would have no qualms about laying Boruff flat on his caboose if he ever came near me. Fortunately for his health, he slithers off like a startled garter snake whenever he sees me.

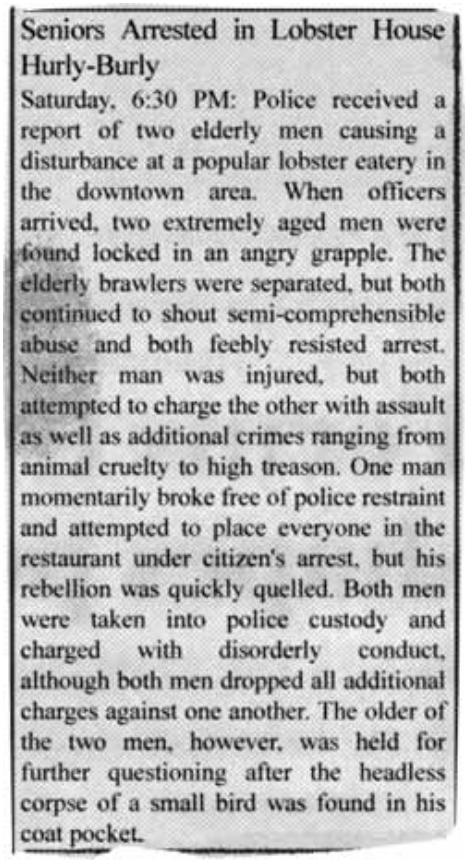
From the August 24, 2005 edition of the Shaggy Butte Courier

Local Columnist Lives Rich Fantasy Life at Expense of Community

From the desk of
Josh Boruff
columnist emeritus

I'm sure some of you readers are of the opinion getting two sides is better than one. That's why this humble old man doesn't fault anybody for reading the Courier *and* the Messenger. What does bother me is when people waste their time reading David Thorpe's mad ramblings over in the Courier's Senior Corner, which ought to be renamed "Senior Zoo" based on the collection of old baboons they keep caged up over there. The Courier's Thorpe is out for blood, attacking the intelligence of every reader with his disgusting tirades against me. Worse, he's bringing the only family I have left into it: my darling cat Chester. I guess with a family like his, the only coping mechanism he has is to go after better people. What gets my goat is that Thorpe routinely attacks the one family member of mine that he has been unable to steal away. That cat is as loyal as the dickens, and Thorpe has tried everything from kidnapping it to poisoning it to get back at me. I guess stealing Ginny from me wasn't enough to satisfy his demented kleptomania. Now Thorpe can lie and say I have no friends in the world, but the boys down at the VFW Hall would beg to differ. Not only do they have my back, but they can testify to the fact I had nothing to do with the Rape of Nanking. That sounds more like Thorpe projecting his guilty conscience onto me, no doubt about it. His wild claims have gone too far and I for one think it's time for David Thorpe to hobble up to the plate and show me what he's got left in him so that I can beat it out. I'd like to rip that old buffoon's suspenders off and choke him to tarnation. At the end of the day, this old man is confident he could box David Thorpe's commie ears and tie knots with his scoliotic spine. Don't worry, Mr. Thorpe. When I'm done with you I'll make sure that Ginny is well cared for.

From the August 25, 2005 edition of the Shaggy Butte Messenger



Seniors Arrested in Lobster House Hurly-Burly

Saturday, 6:30 PM: Police received a report of two elderly men causing a disturbance at a popular lobster eatery in the downtown area. When officers arrived, two extremely aged men were found locked in an angry grapple. The elderly brawlers were separated, but both continued to shout semi-comprehensible abuse and both feebly resisted arrest. Neither man was injured, but both attempted to charge the other with assault as well as additional crimes ranging from animal cruelty to high treason. One man momentarily broke free of police restraint and attempted to place everyone in the restaurant under citizen's arrest, but his rebellion was quickly quelled. Both men were taken into police custody and charged with disorderly conduct, although both men dropped all additional charges against one another. The older of the two men, however, was held for further questioning after the headless corpse of a small bird was found in his coat pocket.

From the August 27, 2005 edition of the Shaggy Butte Courier

Thanks to David Thorpe for co-writing this update with me.

■ HERE COMES THE JUDGE

For a complete listing of changes and additions to this year's phonebooks, please click here.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.3 Curses II: Electric Boogaloo

Thursday, Nov 03, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

It has been a year since I purged my hovel of cursed trinkets and baubles. My method of dispersing these items of interest was in the guise of a goon meet, where I gave these various cursed items to my fellow writers. They were extremely thankful, oblivious to the inherent dangers. All of them had openly wondered why, in the months that followed, they began to be covered in thick rashes and boils, with open wounds issuing forth locusts and beetle larvae. Thankfully, they should all be blind by now and won't be able to read this confession.

Casting off these evil items should have relieved my household from the burdens that have plagued me for so long, but it was not to be. I brought in one of the top psychics from the metro-Detroit area, Chocolate Brown, who was able to locate even more curses that have eluded discovery for unknown millennia. Afterwards, Chocolate Brown found a ghost in my oven and ate all the pot pies that I was saving for hiding from nuclear fallout. It was a terrible evening of sorcery.

Here are just a few of some of the worst blights I must suffer with on a daily basis, out of the many curses levelled against me by the Gods. This is just a sad attempt to garner pity in any form possible, including cash prizes and erotic poetry. Dukes of Hazard slash fiction not accepted.

The Monkey Butler of Unspeakable Fear

Question: Who serves up horror, dressed as a gentleman butler and holding towers of arcane flames that devour the souls of the living and trap the spirits of the dead?

Answer: I'm not sure, but if there was such a thing it would be the Monkey Butler of Unspeakable Fear.

I have no recollection of how this particular novelty became a part of my cursed collection, but I do know that after it made its presence known to me, I had a gnawing fear growing in my gut. True, it is a horrible piece of artwork that should be cast into the fires of Hades, but why would it cause such unspeakable fear to emanate from its metal frame -- and why does it torment me so?

These are questions that are not easily answered, for I have been unable to come within 10 feet of the accursed item without my knees quivering like Michael J. Fox on a Tilt-A-Wirl. I once found a bum hanging around outside my door and paid him two American dollars to carry the statue as far away as he could manage, but unfortunately he succumbed to the evil hex and fell asleep at my doorstep in a whiskey induced stupor. Later I discovered that the carpet was drenched with a foul smelling liquid that I can only assume is ectoplasm. I am doomed.

Crystal Ball of Mama's Family Outakes

Some crystal balls show you the past. Some crystal balls show you what has yet to come. Still others show you things that were never meant to be seen by mortal eyes. Such is the case of this particular crystal ball, which I found at the bottom of a used underwear bin at the Salvation Army.

At first I was overjoyed at finding such a treasure, but my joy was short-lived. A single glance into the magical glass is enough to make any man weep like a little girl. I was unable to tear his eyes from the burning images, branding the shape of Mama and her ghastly family into my frontal lobe.

Mama's Family was the worst sitcom ever allowed on the air by a democratic nation. This is common knowledge, and most people who have ever been unlucky enough to see a full episode can testify to the aftereffects and long recovery needed to return to a healthy state of mind. This crystal ball, however, also has the power to show all the outtakes from the making of the series that just weren't quality enough to make the final cut.

I can explain no further, for even speaking of it has given me a case of the vapors. I need to retire to my feathered pillows, and dream of gentleman callers that will rescue me from this most horrible of curses.

Indian Idol of Burnt Potato Chips

Don't you hate it when you are munching on a bag of tasty potato chips and you get a really nasty burnt one? Usually you are involved in watching a movie, or posting flames on an Internet forum, so you lack the attention to catch this bastard of the potato family. Before you know it, it's too late. Well, how would you like the ratio of burnt chips in a regular bag to become raised....by 35%!!!

That's right, this is indeed a terrible curse. Since coming into my possession, I have had bags of chips that have been rife with burn victims, making their use as a leisurely snack all but impossible. Carefully studying of each chip before shoving it into my hungry maw is hardly a pleasurable chore. This is a woe I suffer from like no other, and cannot wait to be rid of it forever.

Pewter Lord of the Rings Statue of Eternal Virginity

When I first bought this pewter figurine from the hobby shop in my town, I thought it was the coolest thing ever. I mean, it has the Witch King on the winged Nazgul standing over King Theoden, and Eowyn and Merry facing him in postures of stoic courage. One of the best scenes from the book and movie has been beautifully captured in the piece, and I was happy to make it part of my collection. They even put little jewels for eyes in the Nazgul!

Oddly enough, since buying this cursed item and putting it on prominent display in my living room, I have yet to get laid by any kind of female lifeform. It's a puzzling mystery, and my conclusion is that it must be the work of yet another wizard's curse.

Mysterious Pills of Malleable Feces

I bought these magic pills at the local grocer, thinking that perhaps they would grow a great vine into the clouds if I sprinkled them on fresh soil. This did not occur. What did happen is a variety of difficult bathroom problems after consuming said pills. This is a curse that has eluded all the doctors and priests I have contacted. It is something I have learned to live with, but I fear it is taking a horrible toll.

The only way I can explain the medical problems I have been experiencing without getting too graphic: my stools, which were once stout and bold like a hearty Irish potato, are now nothing more than a pitiful splatter on the sidewalk that all the neighborhood children throw stones at. My colon's once untarnished reputation of robust health is entirely diminished, with no chance of redemption. This is a curse I must be rid of if I plan on running for town sheriff next year.

One cannot fully communicate what unspeakable horrors my den of ill fortune has in store for me and anyone unlucky enough to make my acquaintance. Hopefully I will soon be free of these troubles, however, for it is only a matter of time until I can plot another uncomfortable goon gathering -- another chance to bequeath these cursed artifacts to the unsuspecting Internet geeks who foolishly accept them as tokens of friendship. Christmas comes early in the Paskiewicz household this year: a cursed Christmas they shall never forget....

Oh man, they probably just read this. Plot foiled.

- Pork Tales X

The grand adventure of Pork continues as he becomes an accountant at a prominent law firm and learns the hard knocks of the corporate lifestyle. This is a comptempary look into the fallacies of modern society, as well as the pitfalls that come with good fortune. Come and take a look.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

11.4 Hickory Kincaid's Great Moments in White History

Friday, Nov 04, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I know at least one of them is a negro. I think one is Chinese, one is a bird monster of some sort and the one on the front left is a dinosaur maybe. Pterodactyl?

Every day I turn on the TV and I see another show about blacks, Mexicans, Jews or homosexuals. I get satellite TV and so I have about 500 channels and did you know that there are three channels that play nothing but Mexican shows? Didn't understand a word. It was like listening to my dog bark. I barely understood B.E.T. either and they said they were speaking English. B.E.T. stands for "Black Entertainment Television". A white man invented the TV yet the blacks get their own TV station before the whites do? This is ridiculous, folks.

Heck, 99% of the shows on TV are made by Jews. Put on QVC and there's princess Jewy selling her diamonds and gold. Switch it over to Food Channel and they've got some half-Italian Jew making kosher meatballs or whatever those people eat. I even put on the goldarned country and western station and what do I see? I see a Jew out hunting in the woods with a couple of gentiles. Unless he ain't coming back from that because of an "accident" I just don't rightly see the point of putting that on the TV.

White America has been told by the so-called "elite" of this country that there just ain't no more room for us. We need to be quiet and be ashamed of who we are because being white is bad and white people are bad. That's why they got a "United Negro College Fund" but there ain't no "United Caucasian College Fund." They want us stupid and hatin' ourselves. But wake up America! Hickory Kincaid is here to tell you that our white heritage is something to be proud of. Most of the good in this world was done by whites and what good that was done by other races was probably just a case of circumstance and pure dumb Jew luck.

Now I know what some of you are saying. You're saying "Hickory, it's 2005, you can't love white people or you are hating the other races." And I say to you that I don't hate nobody, I just love my white heritage. Those other races can go off and do whatever they want with them and theirs, but when it comes to my white brothers I am not going to pretend that they are somehow bad just so old Chanukah Charlie doesn't get his nose bent even more out of shape.

Before I go on and run my mouth off while you're still scratching your head wonderin' just who "white people" is, let me show you this chart I made. It shows you how these race circles work. First you see the top there, that's the white people. White protestant males. White women are important too, just about the same as an Irishman or maybe a sight better. I 'spect ya'll can see blacks, atheists, Jews, Injuns and the Japanese are down at the bottom. They are as different from whites as night is from day.

The Chinese and dot-head Indians are a little more like white people so they ain't what you'd call a "colored" but they ain't a white either. Mexicans go in there too. It's sort of like purgatory is between heaven and hell. Between white and black you got China. Then there's the Italians and the Russians, they're pretty close to white too, but believe it or not they are actually more black than the Chinese. It's in the chromosomes or something. You can sorta see it in the foreheads. Like how the Italians get them big foreheads like the negroes do. The Chinese got more of a straight back white forehead. Did you know that if a Chinese woman gives birth to an Italian man's baby then

that baby will be black? It's true. Happens all the time in New York, but mostly the Chinese there are being raped by the Jews.

Alright, now that you got all that figured out, let me tell you about your white heritage. White people have done so much good in this world. You white folks reading this need to know some of the things that you should be proud of. Robert Earl Hughes. Be proud of him. He had the world's largest chest at ten feet and four inches! A big Amazon rainforest python couldn't even get itself all the way around his chest to do no constricting! Was Robert Earl Hughes a negro? Of course not, he was a white protestant male as sure as Jesus himself was.

The great WHITE hope.

Now I bet you like peanuts, but did you know that without America's first and greatest president George Washington we would not have peanuts to eat today! It's true! George Washington, a white protestant male and a generous slave owner, was the man who first discovered the peanut growing inside a cave protected by a bear what he killed with an ax in solo combat. Think about that, Tina Tijuana, the next time you're wiping peanut crumbs off your mustache you got white president George Washington to thank.

I bet some of you like to watch basketball. Basketball was originally a whites-only sport, but then the negroes came and injected chemicals into their enormous doodles and they grew into giants. Most of the white people were too ashamed of being white to play basketball and even though they were smarter and better at strategy than the players from Zimbabwe or Kazakhstan they refused to cheat because it is death before dishonor. That is the white code. But one man was so powerful and so blessed by God that he was able to keep playing basketball with the negroes. And not only did he keep playing he also kept winning and he became the greatest player that basketball has ever known. His name was Larry Bird and he was a white protestant male.

I reckon I could come up with a few more goodies like that off the top of my head, but that ain't what I ciphered for this story. I want to tell you about the three top GREATEST moments in white history, not just your average day where any white is doing something amazing. I'm talking about the three things that rocked the white world with their majesty and pure sugar-white splendor. If you ain't a white and you're reading this anyhow for some reason then I think maybe you should look at these three accomplishments and then think about what your people have done. Maybe you was the race that started tuberculosis or maybe your people invented the shoehorn or something like that. Ain't gonna match up to this.

Maybe we could get that Harry Turtledove fella to write a book about what woulda happened with Strom.

3. Strom Thurmond Runs for President

This one would be a number one, easy, if only America had been thinking straight for once and had voted for Strom Thurmond to be president back in 1948. Just think long and hard about how the world might be better if more states than just Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama and South Carolina had voted for this great man. Some people say that Strom Thurmond's segregation platform was racist, but Strom was just saying what I'm saying: the white people are a great people and it's not fair that we expect the other races to live alongside us everywhere. They're liable to get their feelings hurt and, as things turned out, they get their feelings so hurt that them elite white people start telling us we got to feel bad about being a white man.

Strom Thurmond lived to be 101 and every day he looked himself in the mirror and thanked God that he was a white man. He never once gave a second thought to hating on himself and he kept his chin up through those dark days of the 1960s when all hell was breakin' loose because America didn't listen. He warned 'em, he did what he could, but the elites didn't want none of it. They went on ahead and opened up the pools, movie palaces and churches to everybody and everything. It's a wonder there wasn't vampires and unicorns in there by 1975. Did Strom give up? Nope, he just kept at it. He kept that dream alive as long as he was, and now me and people like me are doing our darnedest to carry that torch.

2. Hickory Kincaid Confronts Black Racism

I did not want to put myself on my own list, but I consider this one of them lifetime achievement award type deals that the Jews and homosexuals give out to each other in Hollywood for tricking the most money from gentiles or picking out the prettiest dress or whatever else. There is a black guy in my town by the name of Creek White. As if that name weren't bad enough by its lonesome, the guy also has a racist streak to him and any time I have the bad luck to run into him he's spoutin' off some black-power gibberish that makes my blood pressure shoot through the roof.

Just yesterday I was trimming my lawn and it takes a piece because I've got all kinds of signs statin' the facts of my opinions on 'em so it means a lot of close in trimming with the weed eater. Creek comes riding up the road on his bicycle and he's got his little half-and-half daughter on the back in one of them fancy kiddy seats and his wife on another bike looking all blond and white. I holler at him "Creek, stay off my property or I'll plug you good!" just so he knows where we stand. Creek waves to me with those darn white hands of his and I holler back "you got them white hands I guess even the blackest got some good in them."

Well, I tell you, the look on his face was worth the price of admission and then some. It bunched up into a shadow of midnight with just little squinted-up slits of white showing for his eyes. Then he made some tribal sign with his middle finger, but I was so busy laughing I couldn't rightly tell what it was supposed to mean. That was a great moment right there, but I've got lots like it, so I think I deserve the number two spot.

1. Ty Cobb Fights for the Rights and Respect Whites Deserve

Ty Cobb is easily the greatest American to have ever drawn breath. They called him the Georgia Peach, and like a peach he could be sweet to those he liked but if you didn't treat him right he would beat you within an inch of your life. One day Ty Cobb was playing baseball and an Irishman started yelling insults down to him from the stands. Ty Cobb threw his bat aside and jumped up

into the stands and started beating in the man in the face until he was near dead. Then Ty Cobb realized that the man had no hands and was powerless to stop him. Did Ty Cobb say he was sorry? No, he got a few more punches in to make sure the Irishman knew not to yell unfavorable things to Ty Cobb. That ain't the half of it though.

Ty Cobb had a big rivalry going with Babe Ruth. You see, Ty Cobb, he was a thinking man's baseball player. He was a strategist. So he resented Babe Ruth for how he would showboat and hit homeruns instead of using finesse like Ty Cobb. But more than that he hated Babe Ruth because Ruth had negro features.

Fighting for you and me!

One day Babe Ruth hit more homeruns than Ty Cobb, so Ty Cobb went down to the black's only bus station and he stopped a bus full of negroes and beat the driver unconscious with a pistol. Then he took the bus and he drove it to an oil refinery and he filled the bus up with crude oil while he stood outside and threatened to shoot anyone what tried to get off the bus. He just laughed and laughed. Then he called Babe Ruth on a telephone and he said "Babe Ruth, remember that home run you hit?" and there was a pause and then Babe Ruth said "yeah, I guess, who is this?" and Ty Cobb shot the bus and it burned all of the blacks inside alive. After that Babe Ruth never hit another homerun and that's the source of the "Bambino Curse."

During his career Ty Cobb had 250,000 RBIs, he hit 50 homeruns all in one game and then never hit another homerun again, he killed 17 people while playing basbeball and left another 40 as invalids and best of all Ty Cobb always stood up for the white race. He was so skilled at controlling his bat that during a special exhibition against a negro league team in Cuba Cobb hit every single pitch directly into the face of a player on the opposing team. By the fourth inning the New York Black Stocking had to forfeit the game because all of their players were knocked for a loop. God bless Ty Cobb.

Now that's it for this story. I hope ya'll got plenty to think about out of all this. It's important stuff whether you're white, black or one of them people who thinks they can pass but ain't no way they can pass the one drop rule.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.5 This Is SportsCenter

Saturday, Nov 05, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Stewart Scott: Welcome to SportsCenter everyone, this is Stewart Scott sitting alongside my co-anchor Linda Cohn. We've got a mad bananas show for you tonight so don't even think about going anywhere, yo. Later on we'll run some highlights while using the same tired catchphrases to describe home runs and slam dunks that we've employed for the past two years. After that, a ham fisted feel good story about someone remotely involved with sports who faced some form of adversity, like getting athlete's foot or losing a Super Bowl ring in a prostitute. Expect that feature to have plenty of time-lapsed fisheye lens shots of a baseball or football field set against piano music as clouds pass by, as well as several moodily lit close ups of the story's central character staring at the camera as it moves in random directions at equally random intervals. Also, our top plays of the day! As cool as the other side of the pillow.

Linda Cohn: That's right, Stewart! Now I will stare into the camera for the remainder of the show with the same sort of bewildered and vacant smile that a polite ten year old would give someone who just told a joke about Jimmy Carter's handling of the Iranian hostage crisis.

Stewart Scott: That's straight bananas, Linda. Now on to tonight's main story. University of Central North Dakota basketball coach James Kromwell finds himself in the middle of a whirlwind of controversy that's straight bananas. It all began yesterday when we aired this startling and audacious comment which the coach made to one of our reporters after Friday's team practice:

Stewart Scott: Kromwell held a press conference today to address the shameful scandal, and had the following to say:

Stewart Scott: His apology seems to be a day late and a straight banana short though, as our analyst Stephen A. Mariotti explains why most of the country hates James Kromwell and why those who don't already should begin to.

Stephen A. Mariotti: At the end of the day, Kromwell's comments obviously reveal what kind of man he is. At the end of the day, Kromwell tries to pull one over on the general public with carefully worded statements, but at the end of the day I'm sure his coaching staff and players know the full extent of his vile and perverse nature. At the end of the day, the man is now under a cloud of suspicion and it is our duty as journalists to speculate that he probably uses steroids without having any actual proof. At the end of the day, it's safe to say that he heads home and vents his shame of the many horrible things he does on a daily basis by beating his wife.

THE KKK CALLED:
They Want Their White Supremecist Schtick Back
"This has all been blown out of proportion. An ESPN reporter simply asked 'Do you have black athletes on your team?' and I replied 'Yes, I do have black athletes on my team.' The next thing I know they take part of the quote entirely out of context and run it on national tv. I don't understand how the media can ruin my reputation like this and not be held accountable."
- Coach James Kromwell
11/05/05

Stewart Scott: Thanks Stephen! That leads us to this bananas poll, which you can take part in by heading to espn.com:

COACH OR COUCH?
Poll: How should coach Kromwell be punished for his racism, steroid use, and wife beating?
- Beaten to death in front of his children, his corpse shot into the sun on some sort of rocket
- Beaten to death by a robot inside of said rocket during its voyage to the sun (the robot will have an escape pod)
- Forced to eat dinner at the Olive Garden
- As cool as the other side of the pillow

Stewart Scott: I know what I'm voting for! Ha ha. Speaking of bananas, here's Chris Berman with his top plays of the week!

Chris Berman: Thanks, Stewart "I'm not George C." Scott! Welcome to my Top Plays, which are just like SportsCenter's daily top plays but somehow they get their own segment because I chose them! Me, Chris Berman!

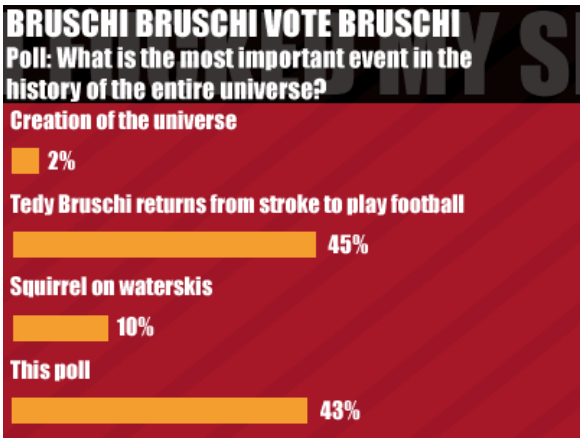
We start at number five, this clip of me at a charity golf game with Curtis "my favorite" Martin! It's sports, but it's me doing it! Woop!

Next at number four is this clip of some guy hitting a game-winning home run at the World Series, but when we slow this part down and zoom in... there! You can sort of see the press box I was sitting in! I was hoping Carolina's quarterback Jake "daylight come and you gotta" Delhomme would be at the game too so I could say the wacky nickname I made for him, but destiny did not favor me that day.

At number three this week is a clip of me going to see a movie a few nights ago. The movie was okay, but the popcorn had too much butter! Woop!

Number two is, of course, this clip of me presenting last week's Top Plays. Way to go Chris "it's cold outside therefore I'll rub my arms briskly and say" Berman!

And number one is Tedy Bruschi, the Patriots linebacker who suffered a fatal stroke three days after last year's Pro-Bowl and rose from the dead to play in this Sunday's game against the Bills. The fact that he was able to recover and give an average and in no way spectacular performance which somehow singlehandedly won the whole game without his teammates is perhaps the most significant event in the course of human history, and judging from this poll our viewers overwhelmingly agree:



Chris Berman: Every single person in Gillette stadium cried in joy for the entire duration of the game until their tear ducts were so overworked that they bled and then they all just kept crying blood. Tedy was so inspirational that the entire stadium literally separated from the Earth and hovered several feet above the ground. I would gladly give my own life for Tedy Bruschi, but then again if he needed it he would simply take it by willing it to happen before I knew what was coming. He is an incredibly noble and beautiful creature that can not even be considered a human being because he is obviously the next evolutionary step forward, if not a god of some sort. If all were right in the world, humanity would be ruled by the noble and just triumvirate of Tedy Bruschi, Michael Vick, and Brett Favre. We would hibernate in the offseason in order to stay awake during the entirety of the rest of the year so we could properly bear witness to Bruschi's holy acts of greatness.

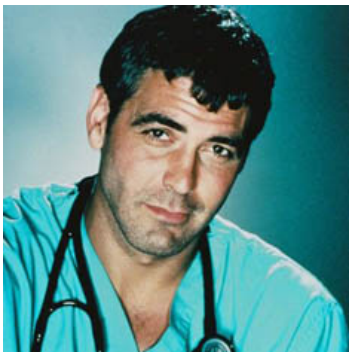
Stewart Scott: Thanks Chris! Tedy Bruschi is indeed as cool as the other side of the banana. We'll be back in a minute folks, but in the meantime enjoy this commercial break featuring an ad for SportsCenter which is infinitely more entertaining and informative than the actual show itself.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.6 News You Can Use: Life In The Sick Lane

Sunday, Nov 06, 2005 by Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

When I was little, my mom worked as a doctor in the ER. This enabled her to bring home everything from the bacon to malaria. As a result, my immune system rarely, if ever, fails me. Another pleasant side effect is the ability to play hooky from school and work once or twice a year without arousing any suspicion. I can get extensions on assignments for days or even weeks while I sequester myself in my bedroom reorganizing my mp3 collection and concocting phone schemes to bilk the elderly out of their retirement savings.


Mom was kind of a ladies' man.

My luck appears to have run out now though. Maybe I didn't eat enough candy this Halloween. Maybe I haven't been calling my parents as often as I should. Maybe I've just forgotten how to love. Whatever the reason, I've been virtually bedridden for the last two weeks while fluids comprising every color of the rainbow trickle out of any orifice that strikes their fancy, and several that surely don't.

I should probably be in bed recuperating and drinking plenty of fluids right now instead of writing, but I'll be goddamned if I'm going to flake out and give that glitterclad tinkerbell Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz the satisfaction. The next time he calls in because he tickled himself too hard when he was goofin' with Mom's feather duster and pulled a muscle in that undulating Hefty bag of Bisquick and slurried Oreos he calls a stomach, he's going to think about me and what a trooper I am and it's going to drain that much more life from his face.

I've tried every remedy from chicken soup to Tang to DayQuill to NyQuil and the liquefaction of my innards has continued unabated. My motto for life has always been "if you can't beat 'em, join 'em." After all, being sick isn't the worst thing that could happen to me. For example, I could have been born crippled, poor or even Baptist. All things considered, I was dealt a pretty lucky hand.

In some ways, this illness has been a godsend. A couple weeks ago, the closest thing to pity I could get from most people was a slight mitigation of contempt based on my unfortunate physical characteristics. Thanks to my constant body-racking cough, fever-induced pallor, and constant sweaty disorientation, I've been drowning in an ocean of sympathy, and if you don't believe that then maybe you can explain what all this fluid in my lungs is. My goal is now to ride this thing for as long as possible, and I've picked up a couple of tips along the way.

Symptom: Nausea, diarrhea, vomiting
Benefits: Making strangers uncomfortable, being able to disappear into the bathroom for hours of quiet reflection without anyone asking questions
How to hang on to it: Two words here: Milk fat. It's filling at first, but if you stick with it for long enough it will also become disgusting. Mom always said to drink plenty of fluids when you weren't feeling well, and guess what buttermilk is. Dairy products are the cornerstone of your diet now, but don't neglect other forms of animal fat. Here's a quick meal idea for you: Eighteen strips of bacon crumbled over a casserole dish full of gas station nachos. You'll be shitting Pennzoil before you swallow the first bite! Ladies, looking for a shortcut? Consider a pregnancy!

Symptom: Coughing, congestion
Benefits: Getting worried looks from your neighbors on the bus or subway
How to hang on to it: Mucous production shouldn't be a big problem for you now that you're on your all dairy diet, but it's hard to fake a wet, rattling cough. Hard, but not impossible. You need to find a constant source of acrid smoke and breathe it in as often as possible. Let me guess, you can't stand cigarettes! Are you out of luck on this one? Of course not! All it takes is a little ingenuity on your part. Been meaning to check out that tire fire down the street that's been burning for over 7 years? Why not get a job giving tours of it? You get the idea. See how far your creativity can take you!

Dairy of a Madman

Symptom: Skin lesions
Benefits: Shock value, convincing the skeptics
How to hang on to them: People are plenty willing to feel sorry for you during the first two weeks of your illness, but after that they get suspicious. By the sixth week, the fact that you're still able to drink is likely to give them reason to doubt you, but when you roll up your shirt and show them a back covered in tender red sores, it's check and mate. That's why it's so important to make sure these babies don't go anywhere, and lucky for you it couldn't be simpler. The only two things you need to remember about skin lesions are to keep 'em moist and keep 'em irritated. Make sure to pick at them if they scab over, too. A lesion that isn't weeping is a lesion that isn't doing you a bit of good.

Damn dog you MUST be sick!

Symptom: Fevers, chills, sweats
Benefits: You can convince a girl to touch your face!
How to hang on to it: Of all the symptoms I've discussed, this one is probably the most difficult to manage. We all know of ways to fake it, but I believe in a little thing called honesty, so that isn't an option. Although there is no direct way to ensure a fever, you can prolong nearly any illness by simply abusing the shit out of your body. For ideas on ways to achieve this, take a few minutes to channel surf and see which people strike you as having the most physically punishing occupations, and then try to emulate them. After a brief scan of the channels, I was able to come up with astronauts (The Discovery Channel), athletes (ESPN), and prostitutes (The Simple Life).

Obviously I don't have time to cover every symptom under the sun because I am currently too busy lapsing in and out of consciousness in front of my television and having fever dreams with background noise provided by VH1, but this should at least be a step in the right direction. If you follow my advice, prolong your symptoms, and come up with a heartbreaking reason for why you are unable to visit a doctor ("It's too expensive", "I can't miss work/school", and "I just haven't had the energy" are always winners), you'll be manipulating your friends, family and strangers all the way to the bank. And that's news you can use!

-∼Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

11.7 Everyone in Their Place

Monday, Nov 07, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Whoever said "neatness counts" failed to capture the importance of being organized. I would have chosen something a bit more laden with melodrama like "order is life" or maybe a full-fledged and inspiring aphorism like "the patient who is careless to begin has flesh that will know the knife again." I am a strong believer in the idea that every person and thing has its proper place in the world. Some may struggle for years or even decades in a feeble attempt to understand their own path in life, to find their own way, but I am a guiding beacon for those ships lost at sea. In my hours spent sundered from the tender bosom of Something Awful I serve as the chief guidance counselor and unchallenged diviner of ways at Forsaken Heath High School.

From the malleable lumps of meat, viscera and stupidity presented to me by the teachers I discern the true course. I am dispassionate in my divinization, for to show an ounce of compassion or understanding for these fleshy cogs in the wheels of human society is to color my absolute and irrevocable judgment with feeling and uncertainty. It is a burden of responsibility, yet it is also something in which I take great pride. For every ten thousand "hog processors," one thousand "mop operators," and one hundred "marginally employed layabouts," I reveal the way for a "disgraced senator" or "upper-management porn downloader."

Expertise such as I possess is in high demand. In my personal life I often find myself assailed with questions by those who were not so fortunate as to have been vetted and released through Forsaken Heath. Honestly, what these other counselors are telling those being introduced to society is shameful. "Your great interest in drawing anime characters demonstrates to me that if you try hard enough and simply apply yourself you can paint with the masters!" Absolute rot. These hacks are telling people that if they simply TRY they can become anything. Oh, what a delightful and magical world we live in where opportunity awaits you if you simply resist everything we just finished explaining to you for 12 years. Yes, maybe if you want it bad enough you can become a caterpillar or a pony! Perhaps if you just practice and love it with all your fool heart you will one day turn into a cherry-red fire truck!

The school of smart knocks.

When I try to engage these pompous idiots in a debate they will point to someone like Picasso or Mozart and say "see, anything is possible!" Quite! Misery, poverty, dementia and suicide are not only possible but probable when those meant to *guide* are instead *lying*. Picasso and Mozart were flukes. They were poor souls who slipped through the gaping fissures in the system and were allowed to drift, alone and lost, joyless and penniless, because some moronic counselor told them they could do whatever they wanted if they simply applied themselves. I've been over Mozart's files. He would have made an exceptionally satisfactory cobbler and Picasso's aptitude scores at metal press operation were phenomenally adequate.

It's time for me to do the job of all those guidance counselors who have failed. I am tired of seeing good productive members of society going to waste. Perhaps more importantly, I am tired of answering questions individually and would like to compile my career-shaping advice into a single mass-media source.

I am going to ask several questions to help you determine your future career path. It is important that you respond to each honestly. Since I do not have the time to counsel each of you on an individual basis I will also offer some insight into what each answer should mean to you.

Question #1: ***At what age will you be entering the job market?***
Possible Answers:

The joy of contributing.

1) 8-12 - If you're 8-12 slave labor laws will prevent you from earning a living wage within the continental United States and most of Europe. I say damn the laws and kudos on your drive to become a productive member of society! If you're comfortable with your body and are not afraid of adults you can make an excellent wage as a "personal satisfaction specialist" in parts of Russia, the Middle East and South East Asia. Girls and feminine boys are best equipped for this sort of work and, rare among careers, the younger the better! Hop a freighter to Bangkok and get a jumpstart on modern living.

2) 13-17 - You're getting a bit long in the tooth for a "personal satisfaction specialist" but you may still be able to get by if you've been taking the right hormone supplements. If you're stuck in the United States you're still not eligible for full time employment, so print this out and tape it to the wall of your bedroom. Pray to it and read it over and over until the age of 18, then you'll be prepared to answer question two.

3) 18-19 - Proceed immediately to question two before it's too late!

4) 20-50 - Proceed to question two, but please keep in mind that at this late point there is only so much I can do to set you back on the right track.

5) 50 + - If you had followed a proper career path you should have your basic needs covered or nearly covered as a ward of the state. For those of you who insist on entering the job market at this antediluvian phase you'll need to keep in mind that your faculties are failing. You're slow, stupid and probably impaired in more than one way. Your efficiency is in the bottom quartile and there is very little reason for your continued existence. I would suggest you practice waving your hand and smiling in a non-threatening manner and shuffle - don't run, I don't want your hips on my hands - to the nearest Wal*Mart to apply as a greeter.

Question #2: ***Which three skills from the following list best match your abilities?***

Pointless Filing	Using Windows 98	Healing the Sick
Placing Objects on Shelves	Fellatio	Erupting With Magma
Sweeping	Drawing Anime Characters	Enabling the Community
Pouring Sawdust on Vomit	Taking Meaningless Notes	Fantasizing About Snape Raping Harry Potter
Litigating	Opening Email Attachments	Voting on Bills
Killing Animals	Downloading Pornography	Marching in Formation
Eviscerating Animals	Pulling a Lever	Helping People
Playing Minesweeper	Killing People	Reverse Engineering Pharmaceuticals
Spraying Water on Animal Carcasses	Counting to 20	Transubstantiation
Dungeon Mastering	Binge Eating	Time Travel

Could this be YOU?!?!? If you're lucky!

There is obviously a wide variety of possible combinations of answers to this question and as such I cannot divine the exact meaning for you. Roughly a third of the answers are completely worthless and it is possible to select three worthless choices like Drawing Anime Characters, Enabling the Community and Helping People. If the guidance counselor is doing his or her job properly and you choose a worthless trifecta then you will be given an address which you should go to immediately. When the man in the white coat asks you to sign the forms and then take the pill you definitely should because a new life of productivity is waiting!

If you managed to sneak by only selecting two of the worthless choices then you'll be given one of the following jobs:

- Katie Holmes' Postpartum Psychologist
- S.T.A.L.K.E.R. Packaging Designer
- Major League Baseball Televised Event Unauthorized Re-screening Investigator
- Continuity Editor for "Lost"
- Nugz Dankness Inspector
- That Dude Who Has a Totally Awesome Idea for a Half Life Mod
- Guidance Counselor Assassin

Don't be fooled, these all consist of a productive life of permanent incarceration. Look on the bright side: at least you aren't having your organs harvested. Everyone else should move on to the third and final question.

Question #3: ***Which is more important to you: money or happiness?***

Look at their joy.

1) Money - You are purpose-driven and rational. You know the world (or the good parts at least) operates on a capital basis. The more money you can accumulate the better you are. That's not to imply that the poor are worthless. To the contrary, the wealthy would not be able to exist without the help of the poor and without the wealthy the poor wouldn't have all of the government services they depend on. Everyone has their place. For those who think money is more important but still want to be happy, great news: happiness is available in small increments for the exact price of your favorite consumer good. DVDs, videogames, novels, music, sexual favors, drugs, any or all of these things are readily available at a reasonable price and purpose-made to increase your happiness quotient.

2) Happiness - What exactly is happiness? It's elusive and ill-defined. If you picked happiness you're probably extremely unhappy. Chances are you've been laboring under the misguided belief that you're an artist. You're not! You have your place in the mass-media production industry. Plenty of people have to work to produce all of the things that make everyone else happy. If you don't believe art should be sold then you're doomed to a life of unhappiness so why did you even pick happiness? Don't bother answering, the authorities have already been alerted.

Where do you go from here? That's up to you. Once you walk out the door of my office I am absolved of any and all responsibility for your actions. I could tell you to become a serial killer and as long as you don't start until you leave my office I'm in the clear. Ha ha, just a little joke. Serial killer was removed as one of the choices in 1998.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.8 I Plan On Cleaning Up This Town of Silent Hill!

Tuesday, Nov 08, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

A vote for me is a vote for a better Silent Hill.

Greetings ladies and gentlemen, my name is Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka and I'd like your vote for mayor of Silent Hill. For far too long have I seen the potential of this lovely city squandered under the reign of our current mayor, Ed "Beagles" Barkley, as corruption and pollution spread like rancid bile throughout our city hallways (and I'm not talking about the normal, scheduled flow of rancid bile which travels down the city hallways every Tuesday at 8:00 PM). It's time we made a change and reclaimed the fame and beauty this once prosperous town was known for throughout the tri-metro area!

Now some of you may be scared of change, a perfectly rational response considering the horrible state of decay our town currently experiences. Unfortunately, we simply cannot afford another term under Mayor Barkley's failed liberal social system! Thanks to a series of town hall meetings my advisors and I held with fellow Silent Hill residents, I was able to collect a list of the most pressing issues currently plaguing our citizens under Mayor Barkley's last four years of financial ruin:

#1: 5937% rise in dense, fog-like air pollution from the flesh skinning factory below the Silent Hill Historical Society. First of all, I feel Mayor Barkley owes all citizens an explanation as to why he ever agreed to award Murderous Blackened Soul Decay Ltd. a business license allowing them to operate directly beneath the Historical Society. Their business has been pumping countless cubic tons of thick white fog into our town, dramatically reducing visibility and complicating travel of any kind!

Why just yesterday I found myself lost while walking to my own mailbox! After walking for three hours, I eventually realized the pollution had turned me completely around, and I was standing in the middle of the dead field full of cancerous pulsating beasts who shriek eternal murder through their dead, vacant eyes. Remember Ed Barkley's campaign promise to - and I quote here - "remove all cancerous pulsating beasts who shriek eternal murder through their dead, vacant eyes and replace them with festive non-denominational holiday decorations"? What exactly happened to that promise, Ed?

#2: Significant decrease in health care quality at Brookhaven Hospital. Silent Hill has, once again, received horrible marks in this year's annual outpatient health care survey, ranking below Raccoon City and barely above Akron, Ohio. I can personally testify to the cost cutting and unsanitary procedures running rampant under Barkley's incompetent campaign. Just two weeks ago I discovered an odd lump on my left breast, slightly above my pocket flashlight. My wife Megan said I should go get it checked out, so I agreed and checked in to the Brookhaven Hospital.

I should've known something was up when nobody bothered to greet me at the receptionist desk. The halls were void of life, crammed full of overturned wheelchairs and countless cardboard boxes. Eventually I stumbled into an unlocked room occupied by a highly incompetent student nurse who attempted to surgically remove my head from my body in a very unprofessional manner, with minimal bedside courtesy. I fled the hospital and later discovered Brookhaven Hospital doesn't even accept my insurance plan (Federated), so it was probably for the best. Oh, and it turns out my

medical condition was hardly an issue; the kind doctors at Brahm's Emergency Hospital diagnosed it in under five minutes (a typical wormbeast larvae infection spreading its eggs through my lungs and erupting under the flesh surface). They gave me a prescription for Nuprin and a sticker which reads "#1 HEALTHY PATIENT!" above a cartoon elephant holding a balloon.

#3: Tourism down 982%. We've been trying to re-establish ourselves as the rightful tourism hot spot in the tri-metro area for years now, and thought we were doing pretty good up until that tragic fire 15 years ago. A lot of people, a lot of naysayers predicted that horrible tragedy would be this town's demise. You know what? It didn't stop us. It didn't slow us down. We rebuilt and became one of the prime holiday destinations despite all the ludicrous claims of black magic and other gobbledygook nonsense spread by those jealous hatemongers in Raccoon City.

Ed "Beagles" Barkley does not care about us. It's time for a change!

Then Beagles Barkley was elected mayor and the good ol' boys network moved in, decimating the tourism industry and nearly 96% of all lakeside business. One decade ago, we could all plan on healthy holiday revenue sustaining our economy year-wide. The only people visiting our historic city these days are the occasional writer or lost husband, and they don't bother purchasing anything. Maybe we could sell replicas of their mysterious ghost daughter or missing undead wife or whatever. We could do it real tastefully, like put them in a snow globe or something.

#4: A failed transportation system. Folks across the county refuse to drive across town due to the impenetrable fog and horrifying road care system. West Sanford Street is plagued with a series of bottomless black holes which recently claimed the life of Silent Hill's beloved halfdog Snarls, who escaped the Silent Hill Skull Fracturing Facility after it successfully burrowed its way through Jim Taggleson's bowels. Remember the Silent "Hamburger" Hill Stand, the mobile lunch cart operated by Wendy Bruencher? She was forced to fold up shop after a trans dimensional portal to hell opened beneath her business and swallowed 300 pounds of frozen "gourmet" hot dogs. She tried to file an insurance claim, but was unable to reach West Katz Street thanks to the inexplicable 400-foot tall tarp wall blocking her path.

Why is that tarp wall there to begin with? What happened to the Shellfish gas station and Shopco supermarket behind it? Nobody has heard a word from anybody in west Silent Hill since Mayor Barkley built the wall and, for reasons unknown, placed a permanently locked door on it. I tried pouring ten gallons of concrete into one of the many gaping potholes on Saul Street, but the mixture simply vanished after emptying it into the blackened void. Oddly enough, six hours later, a hole appeared in my ceiling and ten gallons of bloody flesh stew splattered all across our new rug. This is no way to treat the taxpaying citizens of Silent Hill, Mr. Barkley! I bought that rug over the Internet, sir!!

#5: A failed public education system. Our nine-year old daughter Lauren often arrives home from school in tears, crying about the cruel treatment she receives from classmates. Why should our daughter be teased, tormented, and punished just because she isn't undead quite yet? The haunting spectral visages of soulless chattering children often poke her with kitchen knives and axes, creating a very learning-unfriendly atmosphere. Tell me, mayor, how is my daughter supposed to master spelling and mathematics when the local educational system caters to the minority, the undead hallucinations of sheer madness? Are all parents with living children expected to homeschool, and if so, why do the rights of the undead come before living children?

My tax dollars fund the Silent Hill school system, and I want to see this money hire new teachers instead of fund the newest and latest ways to ooze buckets of pus from our school's meaty, sweating walls. We've got more than enough pus-spewing meaty, sweating walls in the business district; I fail

to see the need for more in a place of learning.

The Silent Hill hospital system: critically flawed from virtually every angle.

My policies and ideas differ greatly from Mayor Ed "Beagles" Barkley's and the cronies he packed into city hall during his two administrations. Let's take a quick glance at our differences so you can see how we stand on the major issues affecting us all:

> I, RICH "LOWTAX" KYANKA believe our tax dollars should fund an overhaul of the educational and public transport system, updating our town's major roadways and enhancing our commerce systems. MAYOR ED "BEAGLES" BARKLEY believes our tax dollars should fund the construction of a giant sutured pillar featuring hundreds of moaning faces writhing in eternal torment outside the Silent Hill Daycare / Meat Rendering Plant.
>
> I, RICH "LOWTAX" KYANKA will end the illegal procedure of hiring mannequin-limbed people to work in sweatshop-like conditions, assembling Silent Hill first aid kits and golf clubs. MAYOR ED "BEAGLES" BARKLEY not only supports taking menial, degrading jobs from taxpaying citizens and handing them over to the mannequinites, but furthermore proposes outsourcing of general manual labor, such as construction and maintenance, to the powerful monster lobbying organization. I promise, under my administration, to remove these special interest groups from our city halls and restore dignity to the endless labyrinthine maze of unspeakable horrors in city hall. I will also fix the drinking fountain outside the men's room.
>
> I, RICH "LOWTAX" KYANKA promise to repair the broken AM radio tower which constantly pumps out static over every channel. I propose a tasteful selection of light jazz and classical music. MAYOR ED "BEAGLES" BARKLEY passed a bill approving the use of taxpayer dollars to, and I quote, "encourage a swarm of mothlike beasts to nest beneath the tower and spew a mixture of web and human entrails across the tower's base." It should also be noted Barkley's last mayoral campaign received a donation of over $56 from the mothlike beast lobbying group, in addition to a festive Christmas wreath composed of aborted fetuses and rusty pipes.
>
> I, RICH "LOWTAX" KYANKA support a bill to remove the nearly invincible ghosts plaguing our subway system along with the gangs of vicious tentacle dogs and giant cancerous blobs of walking flesh. MAYOR ED "BEAGLES" BARKLEY tried to place a giant sentient vagina laced with poison spikes at the bottom of the handicapped walkway.
>
> I, RICH "LOWTAX" KYANKA will hire an independent organization to determine who is placing packages of handgun, shotgun, and rifle ammunition across town. MAYOR ED "BEAGLES" BARKLEY once transformed into a 20-foot tall poisonous demonic centipede who proceeded to impregnate Jenny Holcombe with a demonic seed who burst from her chest and blew a fireball 50 feet into the air. That child is now providing heat and basic utilities for Lakeview Hotel.

To those of you still harboring doubts, let me make my position clear on various other issues important to our city and citizens:

As mayor, I will give police the weapons they need to keep thugs and rogue mannequin gangs off the streets.

■ **INCREASED FUNDS FOR THE PUBLIC MAINTENANCE DEPARTMENT.** I, like many other citizens, have grown tired of seeing countless limbs, torsos, and other body parts scattered beneath parked cars and abandoned public transportation. I will create a department of limb removal, dedicated to sweeping stray appendages into the sewer system where they rightfully belong.

Please keep in mind that my limb removal department will not actually remove the limbs from living creatures, unlike current Mayor Ed "Beagles" Barkley's notorious Department of Pyramidhead and Pyramidhead's Monstrously Huge Sword. The Public Maintenance Department will also be responsible for disposing of the countless journals, scraps of paper, and diaries scattered across our city. It seems as if many prominent Silent Hill residents fancy themselves as writers. I've got no problem with that, just as long as you keep your masterpieces off public property, particularly the brightly glowing red journals which make me freeze in time each time I open them.

Additionally, this department will travel from apartment to apartment, unclogging trash chutes with six-packs of orange soda.

■ **I WILL BRING IN AN ESTIMATED ADDITIONAL $582 MILLION IN REVENUE PER YEAR.** I will open up the region known as "The Otherworld" to outside investors. The discovery of the Otherworld has presented us with numerous commercial potential only a fool such as "Beagles" Barkley would pass up. I am currently in talks with UPS and FedEx to begin daily routes from the Central Square Shopping Center shipping warehouse to the Central Square Shopping Center shipping warehouse in the Otherworld.

It is my belief such fleshrooms do nothing but consume taxpayer dollars and add nothing back to the community.

Now some of you may be asking, "Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka, why on Earth would anybody want to shop at the Otherworld Central Square Shopping Center? I like to purchase clothing and eat at a food court not populated by hovering wads of sinewy flesh laced with barbed wire and serrated knives, chattering incessantly with the stone-sized teeth embedded in their third eye." Here's where part two of my plan kicks in: I am currently in the process of luring many "big name" stores and restaurants into the Otherworld, places such as TGI Fridays, JC Pennies, and The Gap!

Let's commercialize the Otherworld and make it yet another welcome attraction to Silent Hill! Too many annoying teenagers hanging out in the Central Square Shopping Center? Well simply leap into one of the many, many bottomless holes located in various convenient locations, and before you know it, you'll be shopping in style... in the Otherworld Central Square Shopping Center, now with 84% less unholy abominations! Please be aware that patrons of the Otherworld mall may require a tetanus shot every half hour of shopping.

■ **THE CURRENT HEALTH INSPECTOR SHALL BE REPLACED WITH SOMEBODY MORE QUALIFIED.** I feel his tendency to spew forth a burning rain of acidic bile limits his potential set of skills. I will nominate my close personal friend, Zack "SpokkerGeist" Parsierrez,

who has years of qualified experience and will work with the utmost dignity. He has much less acidic bile and looks significantly better in a hardhat.

■ **THE REMOVAL OF ALL THIS DARN CHAINLINK FENCE EVERYWHERE.** I've been saying this over and over again for the past six years now, but apparently nobody has been listening: WE NEED AN INTERIOR DECORATOR. And no, I most certainly WILL NOT consider the guy Mayor Ed hired last year to "spruce up" Rosewater Park. Here's a little note to anybody who graduated from that guy's school of design: an ideal park is one with plenty of beautiful foliage, ample room to walk your pets, and many locations to view exotic wildlife in a calm, relaxing fashion. An ideal park is not one covered in fog, decorated with raging rivers of sinners' flesh and blood, surrounded by poltergeists and mutant beasts forged from the damp underbelly of hell. And don't try to tell me putting a few health drinks next to a bench makes everything alright.

And somebody, please anybody, tell me who thought it would be a bright idea to toss up a hundred miles of chain link fence everywhere, all over town. There's fence blocking off access to half the stores here, there's fence lined up against walls, there's fence fencing in rolls of unused fence. Most of it is covered in rust and decay, making it look even more filthy. Can't we at least pay one of those shaking guys trapped in a straightjacket a few bucks to spray WD-40 on them?

■ **HARSH PENALITIES FOR ILLEGAL IMMIGRANTS WHO SNEAK ACROSS THE OTHERWORLD BORDER.** These nonresidents have been tunneling into our town, usually from behind bathroom mirrors and bathtub holes, for far too long now. Once here, they refuse to look for even the most basic job; they simply wander about, trying to attack the few tourists we have. How does this contribute to our economy in any positive fashion? I say we block them out, possibly by using some of the leftover 500,000 feet of chain link fence sitting around here.

■ **MORE "FUN" RIDES ON THE CARNIVAL.** Simply put, the bloody, demonic horsy ride from hell is inappropriate for children of nearly every conceivable age. I tried cleaning up the blood from one of the rides there, but more blood continued to pour from its nose. Then it twisted its head to the side and its flaming red eyes stared into my soul, violating me and cataloging my every fear in both life and death. Overall, it wasn't nearly as fun as the log flume I rode at the carnival in Brahm. Also, their carnival has a store which sells a delicious treat known as "cotton candy," one I feel possesses significantly more selling power than Silent Hill's "bloody demonic bunny doll filled with rotting flesh" snack.

Less towers of bloody, weeping meat and more educational textbooks..

■ **VOTING CARDS WILL BE MAILED TO THOSE STUCK INSIDE THEIR APARTMENTS.** If you wake up to discover you cannot leave your apartment and head to city hall for the vote, we will bring your punch card to you. Please do not keep this card in your inventory, as you might accidentally lose it during a trip to the Otherworld.

■ **TAX CREDITS FOR HIRING FLESHEATING TENTICLED THINGS.** The city council recently passed a bill deeming them a minority, so the typical business tax credit will apply when you hire a certain percentage of flesh eating tentacled things. These hardworking, equal-opportunity individuals are well suited for a variety of tasks, including eating flesh, stabbing people with their tentacles, and stabbing people with their tentacles so they may eat them. They are also very goal-oriented, so try promoting one to upper management; I think you'll be very pleasantly surprised!

■ **RE-OPEN ALL VACANT COMMERICIAL AND RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY.** Once tourists begin flowing in, we'll finally be able to start pulling in tax dollars. Business owners

have been afraid to open shops due to the hoards of straightjacket creatures roaming the streets with negligible purchasing power. This fear is entirely justified; when was the last time you saw one of these creatures legitimately purchase a potted flower or toy? I can't even imagine where they could carry any money. I plan on reopening the entire business area, including the bar, bowling alley, and strip club. Until an actual attractive human is found, the strip club will feature the erotic acts of Pyramidhead "getting it on" with a couple mannequin creatures. You can try to tip ol' PH, but I seriously doubt you'll survive an attempt to place a $5 bill under his apron. And even if you do... man, let's just say you probably won't like what you find underneath there.

- **IMPORT LOCKSMITHS FROM NEIGHBORING BRAHM CITY.** I don't think I really need to explain this one. Let's just say I'm unable to enter 90% of the rooms in my own damn house, no matter how hard I try. I mean, come on, I can't even get through my screen door here. You'd think I could kick through it or something but... nope. Maybe it's made from chain link fence.

I hope I have made my stance on all issues clear. Thank you for your time, and please vote for a better Silent Hill this year; vote for Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka. Thank you, and may Valtiel bless you.

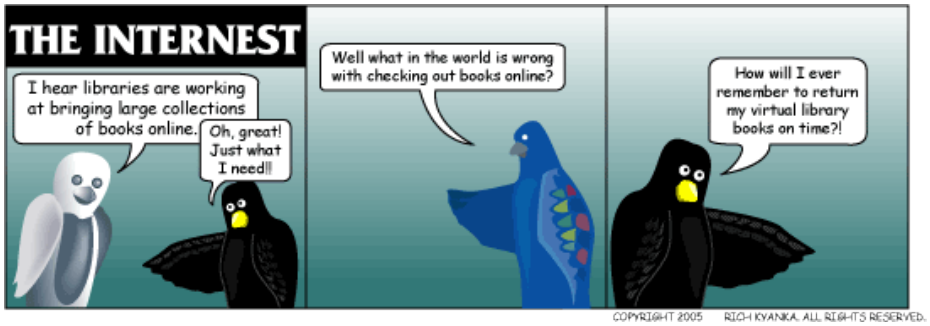
A Daily Dirt House?!?

Here's some dirt which is daily. Check it here, you square!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

11.9 Another Visit to the Internest™!

Wednesday, Nov 09, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)


THE INTERNEST
I hear libraries are working at bringing large collections of books online.
Oh, great! Just what I need!!
Well what in the world is wrong with checking out books online?
How will I ever remember to return my virtual library books on time?!
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THE INTERNEST
Why is Winny circling above us? He's been doing that for hours now!
He's running scared. That fiery fox down there finally knocked him off his perch!
He never could cope with competition!
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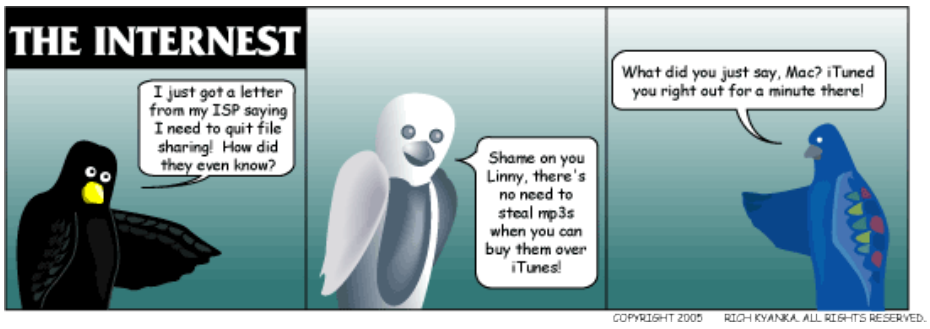
THE INTERNEST
I just got a letter from my ISP saying I need to quit file sharing! How did they even know?
Shame on you Linny, there's no need to steal mp3s when you can buy them over iTunes!
What did you just say, Mac? iTuned you right out for a minute there!
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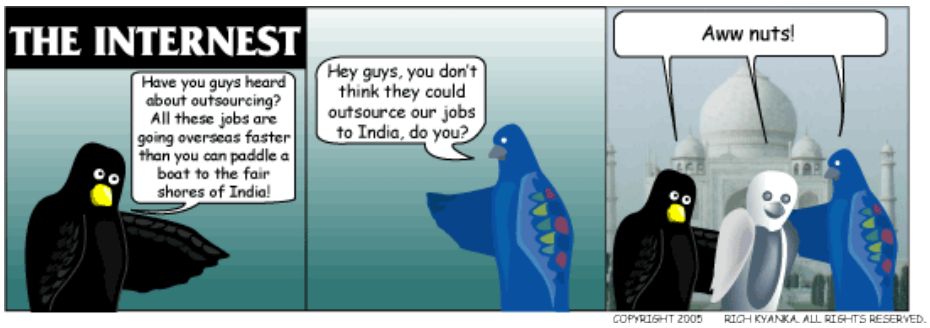
THE INTERNEST
Have you guys heard about outsourcing? All these jobs are going overseas faster than you can paddle a boat to the fair shores of India!
Hey guys, you don't think they could outsource our jobs to India, do you?
Aww nuts!
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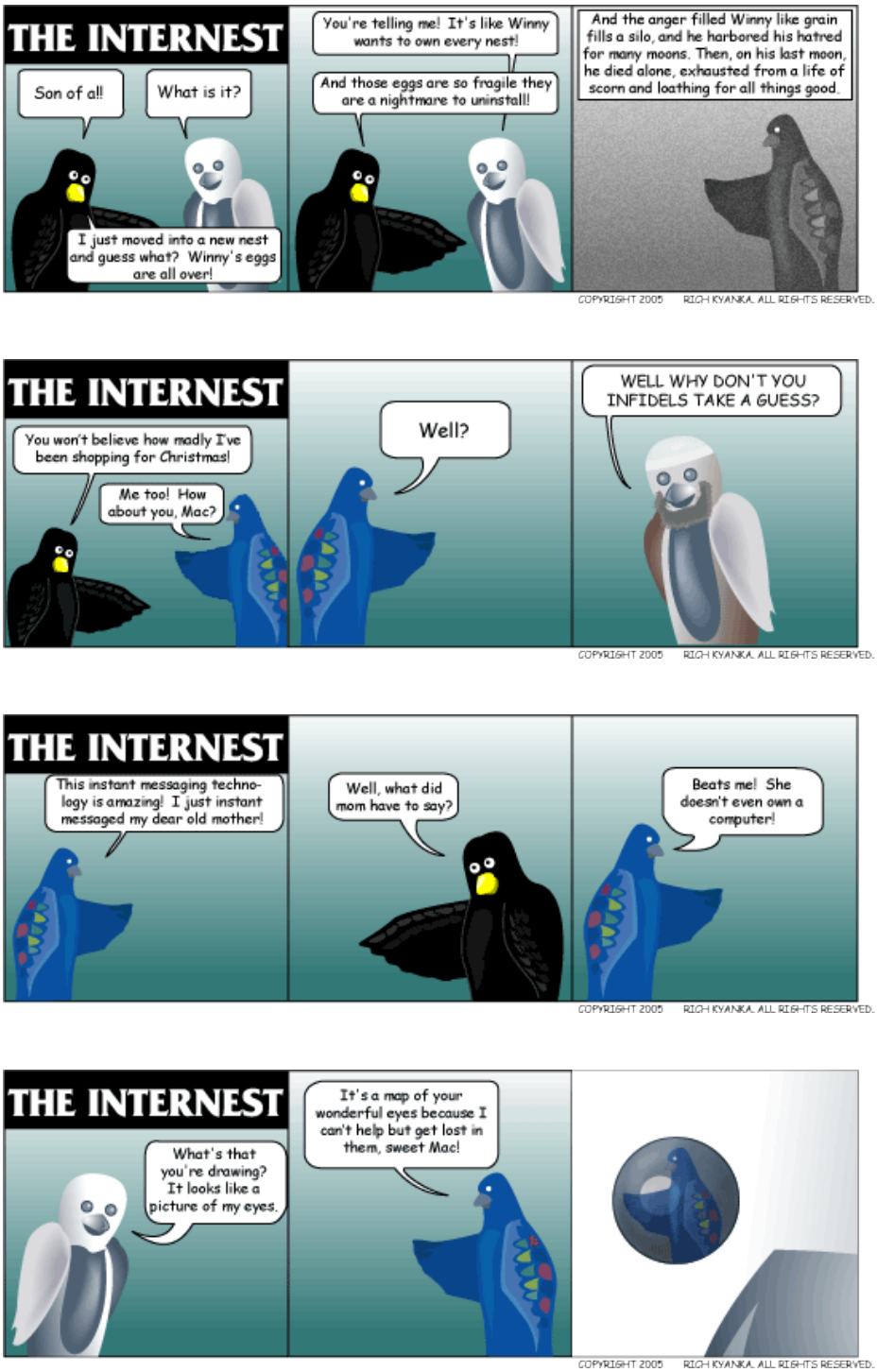
THE INTERNEST
Son of a!!
What is it?
I just moved into a new nest and guess what? Winny's eggs are all over!
You're telling me! It's like Winny wants to own every nest!
And those eggs are so fragile they are a nightmare to uninstall!
And the anger filled Winny like grain fills a silo, and he harbored his hatred for many moons. Then, on his last moon, he died alone, exhausted from a life of scorn and loathing for all things good.
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THE INTERNEST
You won't believe how madly I've been shopping for Christmas!
Me too! How about you, Mac?
Well?
WELL WHY DON'T YOU INFIDELS TAKE A GUESS?
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THE INTERNEST
This instant messaging technology is amazing! I just instant messaged my dear old mother!
Well, what did mom have to say?
Beats me! She doesn't even own a computer!
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THE INTERNEST
What's that you're drawing? It looks like a picture of my eyes.
It's a map of your wonderful eyes because I can't help but get lost in them, sweet Mac!
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Weekly Moof

Click here if you want to see my exclusive price guide for used Chilton's automotive manuals. Find out if your signed copies are worth anything!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.10 Healthy Living Online

Thursday, Nov 10, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Welcome to the grand opening of my new Internet business: Healthy Living Online, where a healthy life is just a click away. This is just one of the many Internet business ventures I have launched over the years, such as Tigers for Tots, Milk-On-The-Go, and the short-lived Scab Button Maker 2000. These prior businesses were epic failures, causing many of my investors to sue me. Since then I've been operating in the upper reaches of the earth's atmosphere, in an orange zeppelin where the court summons papers cannot possibly reach me.

But this time it's different. This is an idea that is sound, because it offers something that is always in demand these days: healthy lifestyles.

Please browse the selections at your leisure, and don't be afraid. This may be a little different for some of you kids who have robot vacuum cleaners for parents and live on Mountain Dew and chicken nuggets, but these are the same type of organic substances humans have been consuming since the Stone Age. The problem is, we stopped eating healthy once our brains developed enough to learn how to deep fry, leading our civilization into a dark age of obesity and the impure consumption of calories.

You want to be big and strong so you can beat up all those bullies right? If you buy enough of these goods, justice will be had. Your enemies will suffer a brutal death at your hands if you follow this path. The path of Healthy Living Online.

Supplements

Vitamin Y ($20 per bottle)
Last year, a group of Dwarves in Norway were burrowing into the earth looking for the precious metal Mithril, when they stumbled upon a new vitamin that would bring the world of health to its knees. This vitamin was dubbed Y, because the King of Dwarves' favorite color is yellow. It has properties that can boost resistance to bacteria, improve the sense of taste, and even make your colon more colorful and vibrant. We recommend this vitamin be taken in doses of 1,000 milligrams per hour, although taking 4,000 mg couldn't hurt. More is better right?

Owl Marrow ($18 per bottle)
Taking these pills sure is a hoot. Sales of shark cartilage plummeted after it was reveled to be nothing but a sham with no real benefits; fortunately, the same scientists have gone back and found that owl marrow is really the secret to health that they were looking for. They just got confused, since they were watching a special about owls on Animal Planet and then some goofball changed the channel to a Discovery special on sharks when they weren't looking. They say that owl marrow will increase your eyesight and if you buy enough of it, and that it increases your chances of learning how to fly by 36%.

Update: Now the scientists said they confused owls with Jake Plummer, quarterback for the Denver Broncos. They say that Jake Plummer femur bones will increase your life span by 10 years if you crush them to a fine powder and inhale lines of it through your nasal passage. Unfortunately, there don't seem to be enough of the Jake Plummer resources to last more than 2 years, and he has been placed on the protected species list.

Amazing Dinosaur Sponge Pills! ($2.99 for 3 pills)
These pills are fantastic fun and great for the digestive tract. Just pop them in your mouth and

wait a few minutes for the pill to dissolve. Soon the dinosaur will be free of it's plastic prison, where it will grow into a mighty primeval lizard who cares not for the troubles of man. It will then travel through your small and large intestines, clearing out any change or Micro Machines that have found their way in there over the years.

To clear the dinosaur sponge, just take another dinosaur capsule. If it is of a more aggressive species, it will win the battle of the colon and clear the blockage. If it fails, visit the emergency room.

◘ Organic Food

Yeast Balls ($12 a pack)
Want to satisfy that hunger, but don't want all those empty calories? I have the perfect solution for you. Yeast balls are tasty* snacks made from 100% barley yeast and contain no artificial preservatives, sugar, or fat. They have a rustic taste that will remind you of the 1816 famine, if you happened to be alive during that time. Comes with a free toothpick!
Not "tasty" in the English dictionary sense.

Otter Wax ($42 per tin)
Harvested from only the finest baby otters straight from the Tigris River, this wax is said to be a delicacy in parts of Turkey and Bulgaria, and used instead of sugar for sweetening cakes and snacks. Instead of eating those greasy fried chips, try spreading some of this Otter Wax on a Triscuit -- and munch away with no guilt! It's a flavor reminiscent of human ear wax, but much sweeter.

Wheat Germ T-Bone Steaks ($7 per pound)
This one is for all you vegans out there that loved to eat dead animals before you converted to the side of light and reason. It looks just like a real, delicious t-bone steak, but it is made entirely out of wheat germ. For the bone, we used compacted recycled paper consisting entirely of Dean Koontz novels. The bone is not readable but you are free to try.

◘ Energy Formulas

Bulk Builder 5000 ($100 per case)
Our online section for weight gain and muscle building is growing in popularity with the rise of stress-related body building in America. This happens when the stresses of daily living, such as road construction, job troubles, and marital problems, cause individuals to use body building as a release. The Bulk Builder 5000 is an integral part of this lifestyle, providing 6,000 concentrated carbs so you can work it to the max in the gym all day long. Just note that if you stop working out for whatever reason, you may find yourself suffering a heart attack when the compound proteins form walls in all your major arteries. Further side effects may include hives of foreign life forms gestating in your bulging muscles. Pump it up!

Yukon Energy Paste ($5 a pack)
This fuel injected energy paste is just the thing to get you motivated and ready to go. It is made from the concentrated stem cells of unborn fetuses, harnessing the power of life to revitalize you into a state of extreme consciousness. The human rights and right-to-life activists are trying to stop the production of the Yukon Energy Paste, but so far the company has swayed the masses with their powers of persuasion. Some say that if you consume this paste for long enough, you can gain powers such as quick reflexes, super strength, sharp teeth, and the urge to wear capes. It also has the side effect of breast enlargement, leading to some very strange results. Try it out!

Healthy Alternatives

Roman Ear Candles ($10 per candle)
These are candles that you place in your ear and light. This harnesses the natural ability of smoke to draw the hidden troves of wax from your ear canal and into the paper holder, producing something like a soft-serve ice cream cone (but much more bitter). But unlike the normal, boring ear candles that burn in your ear for hours while you lay on your side, the Roman Ear Candle also shoots beautiful, sparkling fire into the air, making it a magical event for all involved. It may cause fires if used indoors, so this is best done at an empty field or baseball diamond.

Garlic & Berry Enemas ($16 per kit)
They say that the colon is the true heart of the body. If you have a clean and healthy colon, everything else will follow. They also say that if you don't clean out your bowels at least once a week, you may be harvesting dangerous bacteria that are called "poops". This enema kit harnesses the natural healing properties of garlic, along with the sweet scent of berries to make your bottom smell like a fresh garlic berry garden. This is a good thing if you want to avoid the Yukon Energy Paste vampires.

Bark Pants ($40 a pair)
Did you know that denim pants are the leading cause of heart disease and sudden infant death syndrome? Did you also know that I am armed with a bomb and swear to God that I will take you all with me until my demands are met? Bark is hewn from only the finest firs of northern Canada, and handcrafted into fine looking, fully functional pants. The won't bend at the knees, but they are study and look great. Most of all, they are nature friendly, for they won't cause any cancer or metor showers. I want $500,000 in unmarked bills dropped off at Hazel Park at noon. No funny stuff.

Thank you for shopping at Healthy Living Online. I hope your shopping experience was a pleasant one and I hope to see you again real soon. Good day.

(UPDATE: The store will be closing after today. I guess they found a bird that was able to deliver a court summons to my zeppelin and I need to return to earth to face charges of malicious fraud and poaching Jake Plummer. Sorry.)

Daily Dirt

Today we are going to make macaroni noodle artwork and freebase some crack cocaine. Yay for crack!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

11.11 Johnny Maddens

Friday, Nov 11, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Alistair Pipley and his wife Margatha stood in the foyer of their London home and watched with great dismay as their children's nanny stormed out.

"Such unruly little scamps!" The woman blustered as she straightened her hat. "I wish I could say I was sorry to leave you, but I hope you both get a sound rogering from a rhinoceros."

The door slammed behind the dowdy and routinely furious Mrs. Rotcrescent and Alistair sighed with the realization that he might have to cancel their anniversary cruise to India. Already he could hear the growing clamor of his three obstreperous children.

"That's it then," Margatha said as she settled atop the steamer trunk full of her most elaborate groinless knickers. "That was the last of the nannies the agency had. The toughest of them all, they said, and she barely lasted a day."

Alistair considered their predicament for several moments, though he found thinking clearly difficult amid the squeals and laughter of their children in the nearby play room. Then, as if the clouds had parted in the sky, a solution came to him.

"I know who we can call!" He exclaimed and reached for the telephone.

"Oh, no, not him Alistair. The last time we returned home and he had managed to get one of the children stuck inside the kettle. The time before that-"

"Yes, the vicar stopped by and was turned into a lamp. I am well aware. It was a quite nice one, I might add."

Margatha glared.

"There is no alternative." Alistair argued. "We are stuck between an Irishman's goiter and the ossified womb of a Welshie. We have no one else, and he will do anything for money."

"Fine then, I so want to be oiled by a nice clean punkah wallah. One with a gloriously waxed mustache and a polite nod." A distant stare and faint smile overtook Margatha before she was snapped harshly back to reality by the clatter of overturned toys. "Right then, call him."

It took only a moment for Alistair to dial in the numbers on the telephone. It rang once, twice, thrice and...

"Boom!" The voice on the other end of the line was meaty and excited. "I'm not home right now. Maybe out in the bus. You know, it's pretty nice outside and I get better light coming through the windows in the bus. I had them installed, double paned anti-glare but they are clear most of the time. So you'll be sitting there and then all of the sudden it will get real bright outside and the window turns all gray. You can still see what you're doin', but it- BEEP!"

"John," Alistair began, "this is Alistair Pipley in London. I have a most urgent need of your services and I'm willing to pay to-"

"Hey!" Someone suddenly picked up the phone. "Hey, Alexturd you said your name was? It's John. What do you need and how much?"

"Alistair. It's my children, they-"

"You want me to kill them? I mean I can kill them. Run them down - BOOM - with the bus and they won't know what hit 'em. It's going to-"

"No, Mr. Madden. I just want you to watch over my children while Margatha and I vacation in India for a fortnight. We would be willing to pay you 10,000 pounds."

"Oh, oh! Yeah, of course. I was just kidding about the killing them. I love kids. Be happy to look out for them, Alistair. You and Megatron can go to Indiana or whatever and see the Colts play. You know, I once had an egg eating contest with Peyton Manning in the back of a hearse and it was a real test of stamina. Peyton's not as big as me but the guy just really loves hardboiled eggs. So when you face an opponent like that it comes down to psychology. You've got to get inside their-"

"Yes, that's fantastic, Mr. Madden. Can you be here as soon as possible?"

"Sure, yeah. Great! Hey, this 10,000 pounds. What is that, like ground beef or maybe potato skins or something? It's a nice big number, but you know, I once agreed to help Ray Lewis cut a baby out of a Mexican woman and then he said that the 20 ounces he had promised me was of something called 'cold cane.' I don't know what that is and I sure didn't know how to spend it on a new deluxe rotisserie. Takes a big one to handle the old turducken. I ended up just giving it to my dog Buster and he got all crazy and then died. Come to think of it, Ray Lewis is a liar. He told me once that he could smell my wife Virginia's cat through her dress. We don't even own a cat, so-"

"Right, I'm talking about money, Mr. Madden. 10,000 pounds is roughly 22,000 of your American dollars. When do you think you can get here and-"

The doorbell chimed merrily and Margatha leapt from her perch atop the secured unmentionables with fright. Alistair opened the door.

"Hey, sorry it took so long, but I don't fly in planes!" John Madden barged into the foyer, a fleshy mound topped by wobbling facial folds and a wide butter-colored smile that stank of barbecue sauce and Tinactin. "I brought the Outback Steakhouse Madden Cruiser on over. The kids can play in it maybe, or something, I don't know. What do kids like these days? Hammocks? Gears or something? When I was a kid I just loved to catch bugs and make them fight each other. I had one earwig named Charmer who could snip the head right off a three inch long centipede. It was like watching Tom Brady throw a 70 yard pass. Poetry in motion. I would paint him up with my mom's nail polish and set him to fighting. Although one time I put a little too much of the nail polish on and I think I might have blinded him because he just didn't see that stinger from the bee coming. It was quite a-"

"How-how did you get here so quickly?" Alistair stammered.

"The key to getting the ball in the end zone as quickly as possibly is to motivate your offensive teams. Get the QB motivated to get that ball out of his hands and to a wide receiver. Nothing motivates a QB quite like Kevin Williams, but it's not the kind of motivation the offense really wants. Williams can shore up the Vikings defense and put enough pressure on the QB to force a fumble, or he can just open up the offensive line like a church key and go for the sack. I was playing the mandolin with Williams in a Turkish bath house last week and I asked him what he thought of-"

"I really appreciate your quick arrival, Mr. Madden." Alistair interjected as he hurried his wife out

the door. "The children are right upstairs. Afternoon tea is in an hour and then dinner should be served at nine. Make sure they tidy their rooms a bit before they are bedded down for the night. Good luck!"

John Madden waved at them as their taxi pulled away. The cacophony of the children had grown suddenly and ominously silent. Madden looked up the staircase towards the closed door of the playroom and he felt nervous bile surge through his innards. Each step creaked plaintively beneath his feet. Madden paused at the doorway and drew himself up. Then he threw open the door.

"Hey!" The three startled children hopped up from the bed and stared at Madden with surprise. "Who wants to see where my gall bladder came out?!"

Madden began to pull up his shirt and the children recoiled in horror. Madden, realizing slowly that he had frightened them, lowered his shirt back down over his ample belly.

"Boom!" He started over. "Just kidding guys. Hey, what are your names? My name is John Madden and I led the Raiders to a Superbowl Championship. Do you know what a Superbowl Champion is? It's like over here how the King turns a person into a knight only we get a ring to show that we are champions and the only way to be a champion is to score the most points!"

"My name is Eloise," replied a wispy fair-haired girl of no more than ten, "and this is my little sister Corneatha and my brother Cadwaliter."

Eloise gestured to a shy girl with sparkling blue eyes and a pugnacious toe-headed boy with freckles spread across his cheeks and his arms folded over his chest.

"Aren't you the man mumsy hired last year who got me stuck inside the kettle?" Cadwaliter asked.

"Ha ha! That's where I know you from!" Madden exclaimed. "Yeah, sorry about that, I never could figure out how you got in there but I think it might have had something to do with the-"

"The fire brigade had to cut me out of it. You are a horrible man and I want you to go away!"

Madden considered going away, but then he remembered the 22,000 dollars that Alistair had promised to him.

"Look guys, this is the first quarter and we can't get things off to a bad start. It's hard to pull off a win if your team gets too far behind that early in the game and I don't intend to-"

"You're fat and you smell like a meat pasty!" Cadwaliter shouted.

"Alright, heh, guilty as charged Blondie, but...okay, your dad said that you need to clean up your room." Madden surveyed the heaps of discarded toy soldiers, dolls, stack 'em blocks, spinny wheels and marbles scattered about the playroom. "I tell you what. If you guys clean up your room I will sing you a song. It was sung to me by Bill Belichick on the night Debbie decided to leave him. We were at Scores-"

"Just sing the song then, fatty." Eloise encouraged Madden. "We'll decide if we'll clean afterwards."

Madden took a deep breath and tried to summon the lyrics from his memory.

"It's a...it's a song called 'I Like My Ladies Tidy'." Madden hummed a bit of the melody to make sure he had it down. "And a one, two, one, two, three..."

TO BE CONCLUDED...

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.12 The Man Who Saved The World

Saturday, Nov 12, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The first day that I saved the world started out normally enough. After working all morning on a particularly groundbreaking and funny piece about the long development cycle of Duke Nukem Forever entitled "Duke TAKIN' Forever", I decided to treat myself by taking the afternoon off and heading into town for a new dvd I had been meaning to pick up. As I neared the front entrance of my local mall, a strange man approached me.

Don't everyone thank me at once. Actually, no, that would be kind of cool. Go ahead and do that.

"Hey you!" he said, "I'm going to destroy the Earth!"

"Nooooo!" I cried out, dropping to my knees and clawing at my face.

"Yes, it's very alarming. But all hope is not yet lost. I will spare the planet if you pay a very specific and predetermined ransom."

"How much is it? If I don't have enough, can someone else pay it?"

"No, only you. The ransom is... how much do you have on you?"

I opened my wallet and counted, having to start over just once when I mistook a rather presidential looking photo of my cat as a dollar bill.

"Twenty three dollars."

"Curses!" cursed the strange man. "That's exactly what the ransom is. I really wanted to destroy the planet but I suppose I'll have to leave it unharmed once you hand that over."

"Haha!" I laughed triumphantly as I took the money out, but then I paused. Something about all this didn't seem right. "Wait a second. How exactly were you going to destroy the Earth?"

"In the worst possible way."

Damn, that was pretty much the worst possible way. This guy was good.

"Rather ingenious, isn't it?" he asked, noting my reaction. "There'd be nothing left."

I nodded solemnly, but things still weren't quite adding up.

"If you wield the power to destroy the planet, why do you look like a bum that hasn't bathed in months? You smell like a skunk that fell in a river of cheap cologne then got hit by a speedboat made of bologna."

"Because uhhh... it costs a lot to make a world-destroying device. All those flashing buttons and the finest adamantium-plated Monster audio cables are expensive. It pretty much wiped out my checking account, leaving me with nothing for a personal wardrobe or a place to sleep at night."

His story made sense, so I handed the money over and went home. The collector's edition of Revenge of the Nerds with commentary by Booger would have to wait. Over the course of the next few days I found myself in a deepening depression. I had saved the world, but no one knew about it. The fact

that the planet still existed should have been reward enough, but I wanted others to know what I had done and because of that I felt ashamed. Imagine that, saving the world and feeling ashamed of all things. On top of it all my Playstation 2 broke, leaving me with no way to play my regular edition dvd of Revenge of the Nerds.

As I neared the front entrance of my local mall the following week, the strange man approached me once again.

"I'm going to destroy the Earth unless you meet my ransom again."

"But I already paid you! You can't keep doing this!" Already in a foul mood, I pressed him angrily. "What if I just punch you?"

"I have people waiting in case that should happen. The planet would explode, and we would release photographs that would make it look like you did it so that everyone would hate you. You'd be like Steve Bartman times two."

"What? How?"

"We have *Photoshop*." he replied, whispering the word with the same hushed reverence one uses when referring to a temperamental God or a stack of Playboys they found under their father's bed.

"You bastard."

"You have acquaintances, don't you? People you know. And family members?"

"How do you know all of this?" I whimpered. His information was impeccable.

"When I destroy the Earth and frame you for it, how will your acquaintances and family members feel?"

"They'll be ashamed of me. I guess my family will probably have to change their last name and move somewhere new."

"Yes," he said smugly, "you really have no option but to hope you can meet my ransom."

I had to think quick. If the odds that I had exactly the right amount of money last time were slim, having enough a second time would be impossible.

"Wait, if I punch you you'll destroy the Earth. What if I kick you?"

"I'll destroy the Earth."

"What if I sort of push you down to the ground?"

"I'll destroy the Earth."

Damn. He had planned for every possible attack and plotted a unique counterattack for each.

"I can see you've outwitted me, so I guess it's up to luck now. What's the ransom?"

"What's in that box?"

"Oh, this?" I asked, remembering the reason I had come here. "It's just a broken Playstation 2 I was going to get fixed. My landlord installed European outlets in my apartment to save money so of course on his way out he stepped on it."

"That's the ransom. A broken PS2 and whatever you have in your wallet. Gimme it and I guess I'll have to let the planet live." He reached out greedily with his grimy hands and with each wave of a finger I was met with the scent of a different combination of Mad Dog 20/20 and decomposition.

"Perhaps now you'll learn your lesson," I gloated as I handed everything over to him. "Good always prevails over evil. No matter how many times you may try to destroy the world, there will always be someone like me to stop you."

He ran off toward a distant pawn shop in defeat, and I never saw him again.

◘ Daily Dirt

I haven't made one of these in quite a few weeks, but here's a Daily Dirt that's guaranteed to have 100% less humor than you're expecting.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.13 I, Vegetarian

Sunday, Nov 13, 2005 by Kevin "The Goblin" Wilson

The diagram people think vegetarians follow.

Everybody hates things that are different. You hate getting used to changing technology. You hate the idea of having to try that new salami and pop rocks pizza that you've never touched before. And you definitely hate it when people tell you things you don't already know. This is why, as a vegetarian, I am incredibly vulnerable to flying looks and angry rocks. Plus I live in a country where "Philosophy" is also the name for a beauty product line. I'm serious.

To make this seem all seem more official, I looked up lots of words online. While randomly opening and closing my eyes on different spots on the screen, I came up with an official term to illustrate the condition of life as a vegetarian:

Harumphiwubsteak: The noise made by any grouping of non-vegetarians when they all suddenly realize that they have to accommodate a smaller group, usually a single individual, of vegetarians.

This is just one of the behaviors that are all too real to us, much like that huge tear in your pants when you tried to pick up that hologram Wolverine card you found on the floor. People ask me what it's like to be a vegetarian all the time. Actually, that's a complete lie. Instead, everyone begins to tell me their innermost secret lusts for every kind of meat, particularly steak. I've seen men break into songs, get up on top of tables, and fan dance with baby back ribs. Some people just choose to go with the regular, "Oh, I couldn't live without steak." What people really ask me is why I'm wearing a lobster bib at a pizza place. That's when they realize they are actually lobsters and then I eat them.

The life of a vegetarian is full of conflict, daring, and adventure. First you have conflict, all of which happens without you even talking. People everyone are suspicious of you and your non-meat activities. It can only mean that you plan on removing their meats with your espionage group as they sleep.

Everybody has heard of one crazy kid who went off on someone for giving them honey in their beer or popcorn. They have heard of vegetarians who openly start talking about how they wish your organs would be chewed up viciously when the cows take their sweet revenge in the second coming of "Moo". Is this what most vegetarians or cows are like? Not all the time. It's really a shining example of the "Field of Dreams" theory of political and social concepts, which clearly states that if you build it, they will come – but they will bring along all of their crazy friends with backne that shows through their shirts.

This is what a real vegetarian looks like. (Thanks Paulo)

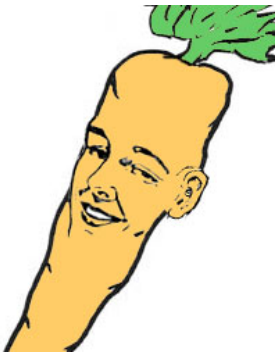
Next you have daring, which comes with narrowly avoiding everyone's attempts to feed you meat. Fun Fact: When you are vegetarian for so long, your meat enzymes get all sad and lonely and run away to the circus. The Meat Circus. (Video Game Reference) So when you bite into a steak after a year of being a vegetarian, it will cause you extreme bodily pain. To non-vegetarians, this is like us giving you a pear that has crushed glass in it. Even this example might not stop the angry looks you will get when you ask if you can go to someplace that doesn't offer just burgers and salads.

And that brings me to adventure and salads, which strangely go together. Every salad, shoved into your face by people who think you're about to hose them down with pigs blood, is like playing minesweeper on extra hard. You poke your fork around the severed chicken heads, little bacon bits, hidden slices of ham, and that little suicide gnome with a pointy red hat to try and just get a piece of something that won't either make you sick after you eat it or get you attacked by a fox named "Swift".

Why do people make life so hard for vegetarians? Why do those who choose to not eat meat get meat I mean met with so much hostility? It's much like the board game, "Candy Land", except replace all the candy with vegetables, and replace that jerk who keeps getting all the cards you need. But replace the gloating that jerk does when he gets a color that you needed, they tell you how you're murdering the rainforest and how their not eating a hamburger will grind the meat industry to a halt. Please do us all a favor and drown them in molasses swamp so everyone doesn't have to deal with them.

Not wanting to murder stuff is the foundation of society. Why would people put up with so many idiots if not to wake up in the morning and not have to worry about being murdered? That's not including all the waking hours you're forced to spend with the boring and repetitive task of cutting people up with big, specialized kitchen utensils. So not wanting to get blood sprayed all over you is a typical bonus that people like when being in a civilization. Yet there is another bonus that is farther down the list that people really like, too, which is not having people tell you what to do. You hate it enough when that mall security guard busted you for stealing those Bratz dolls, a few Tony Hawk video games, and framed picture of a bald eagle.

What do these volunteer rainforest advocates call themselves? Vegans. Vegetarians are not vegans. We start with the same letter, but so does velacaraptor and I have never had another ask me to make a crappy trilogy with an expected fourth movie to be released in theaters soon. All the vegans I know are creatures of mystery and pills, sleeping in the shadows and living off of popcorn and beer. They are easily frightened, and can only be lured out of their nesting grounds with offerings of patchouli and mandrake root. This will not work with their more ferocious cousins, the fruitatarians.



What we see before you die.

This is a lie; I know lots of decent vegans who don't press their agenda on people. But these people also argue over if you can use honey, so I will now start laughing about them.

Okay, I'm done.

If this article does one thing, besides crown me the grand master dragon of the internet e-dojo, let it give a few people the idea that vegetarians aren't going to say anything about you eating meat. You can slap those steaks all over your face, build a little boat out of them, or make your whole bed out of it. I, and many other vegetarians, won't give a rip. Just let us eat our food, don't bug us about what we're eating, and we will not be forced to mention health statistics or how your "Giraffe, the other white meat" only manages to intensify the red splotches on your face.

So, in conclusion, being a vegetarian is much like being anything else. Except when we're stuck on a deserted island together with you we'll imagine you as a carrot instead of a hot dog or a sizzling steak.

Daily Dirt for the vertically inert.

Click here to see an interview with Lowtax is this still a link? I can't turn it off.

-∼Kevin "The Goblin" Wilson

11.14 Johnny Maddens Part 2

Monday, Nov 14, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Previously On "Johnny Maddens."

The children regarded John Madden in the way Dracula might regard a pizza. With a great puff followed by a mighty intake of breath, Madden began the song as taught to him by New England Patriots head coach Bill Belichick. He did so in the hope that it might inspire his young charges to clean their mess of a room.

> *Ev'ry girl has a patch of hair*
> *That looks much finer when it's bare*
> *You find the spot and rrrrrip!*
> *The girl is clean!*

The children stared in a mixture of horror and fascination as the words - and a generous portion of spittle - tumbled from Madden's fat lips.

> *And ev'ry hole you trim around,*
> *Becomes a joy to rim or pound,*
> *A hoot! A caper!*
> *It's sure to make the paper*

Madden's face reddened and his voice became strained for breath as he continued singing. For the children it was like seeing a nuclear reactor melt down; they began to fear for their lives.

> *That a...*
> *Snip and a shower make the girly bits all tidy*
> *The girly bits all tidy*
> *The girly bits all tidy*
> *Just a snip and a shower make the girly bits all tidy*
> *In a most delightful way*
>
> I pop a massive boner
> To encourage her to hone her
> Oral presentation
> Of the-

The song wheezed to a halt and Madden clutched his manly bosom in his hand. His face darkened to a shade of purple and his eyes began to water.

"Owww," he groaned, "ohhh kids, the angina is really acting up."

"You have a vagina?" Eloise wrinkled her nose.

"I do?!" Madden raised his bushy eyebrows in surprise.

"Was that it, then?" Cadwaliter inquired. "Balls to your song."

"Quite horrid." Eloise agreed.

"I-I rather liked it," Corneatha spoke up, her voice barely louder than a whisper.

"Balls!" Cadwaliter menaced his shy sister with a fist.

"You know," Madden began as he regained his composure, "when I used to get in disagreements with Pat Summerall we would head down to the Madden Cruiser after the game and have some barbecue ribs and cold beers. Maybe you guys could...you know... I remember one time Pat got so mad that he tried to beat me to death with a propane tank. Pat's just not as big as me so I got my big ol' paws wrapped around his neck and he's flailing away with that propane tank and WHAM! Somehow Pat put a hole in that propane tank on the microphone stand and it just goes zipping out of his hand and straight out the window of the booth. The Bears were playing in Green Bay and the game was just about over. Just as Magic Majowski is about to get sacked and give the Bears a win, the propane tank lands right in their midst and takes out half of their tackles. Not a second later Majowski throws a bullet straight through the column of fire and-"

"Will you just pipe down, Old Fats?" Cadwaliter covered his ears. "We'll clean the bloody room if you can be quiet!"

"That's super, guys! I'll go back downstairs while you're doing that and see what sort of grub I can whip up for tea time."

Madden danced out the door, reinvigorated by the prospect of preparing food. The children groaned and set about the dreary task of shoveling their worldly possessions into the closet in a great mound.

In the pantry Madden could only find tins of sweet biscuits, jams and various teas and coffees. While this sort of thing might suit the palate of a British child, it was far too tame for someone like John Madden. He immediately abandoned the non-perishables and set course for the the Madden Cruiser and its inexhaustible stockpile of comestibles.

Nearly an hour later the children descended the staircase and trudged unhappily into the dining room. They were amazed to see the entire grand table covered from end to end in platters of various foods. They approached warily, as though the food might leap up and assail their gullets violently.

"What's all this, then?" Cadwaliter asked with a fair measure of suspicion.

"BOOM!" Madden effused. "Those right there are jalapeno poppers. Cheddar and cream cheese stuffed into a jalapeno pepper and then breaded and deep fried. You can dip them into these."

Madden gestured to a series of ramekins full to the brim with various dips.

"This one's ranch dressing, this one is nacho cheese and this one is mayonnaise. I had a mustard one but I dropped it on the sidewalk out front while I was carrying this stuff up."

He swooped a jalapeno popper into the mayonnaise and then crammed the whole thing into his mouth to demonstrate.

"Nah thah wah I cah a cahplehun!" Madden remarked, his mouth stuffed so full that he could not completely close it.

"Ergh," Cadwaliter grunted.

"What are those awful things?" Eloise pointed to a tray of meats shaped vaguely into cones.

"Ah thah." Madden held up a finger while he gulped down the last of the popper. "Those are my Warren Sapps. When I was down in Tampa I found out that Warren used to play the trumpet in marching band and the guys were giving him all kinds of heck over it so I decided to make him something to cheer him up. Warren Sapps are Bugles with olives stuck in them and then wrapped

in bacon. Then you fry it. When Sapp saw the tray of those in the Madden Cruiser he threw it right out the door. He told me if he ever saw me again he was going to strangle me, but then I saw him a couple weeks later at a fundraiser for dolphins with syphilis - the fish not one of the greatest NFL franchises on the eastern seaboard - and he was-"

"Yes, yes, but what in God's name is that tag?" Cadwaliter gestured expansively at the huge tray of lumps of brown and green adrift in a sea of grease.

"Have you ever had fried ice cream?" Madden asked.

"Good lord, no."

"Well, it's like fried ice cream, only it's made out of guacamole and ground beef. I like to call it-"

"We don't want any of this." Eloise crossed her arms over her chest. "Take it away and bring us our tea and biscuits."

"I made almost a thousand tacos!" Madden yelped with dismay.

"How did you make so many?" Corneatha asked quietly.

"It was the Madden Cruiser!" Madden's dark mood evaporated and he replied with enthusiasm. "I just tell it what to make and it makes whatever I want. I've got to watch what I'm saying though, because it listens even when I think it's not paying attention. A couple months ago I was playing Dervish Pinochle with Isaac Bruce, Terry Holt and Jamie Martin. Terry and Isaac were up 700 points with a deadly combo of King's Manor and Countin' Quincy. Then BOOM! Jamie pulls out a Threes' Panic and with my Scooter's Delight we were able to pull ahead. We decided to take a break to have a couple drinks and I say 'boy I am so hungry I could eat five horses'. You know, just a figure of speech, because honestly I could probably only eat part of one horse no matter how hungry I am. Just not enough stomach volume, although I guess if I sat on the toilet while I ate it the whole thing could go in one-"

"You rambling buffoon, get to the point!" Cadwaliter jeered.

"Yeah, sure little buddy. The point is that as we were getting ready to go to Final Heat with nines melting there is this hiss and the Super Rotisserie pops open and there are five whole cooked horses. They were delicious, but that's beside the point. I don't know where the horses came from, but I guess the Morecooks found them in the-"

"The what?" Eloise interrupted.

"Oh, yeah, these crazy-looking guys who live in the cabinets. White hair, blue skin, big red eyes. They hiss at you if you turn the light on while they're out and run and hide. You hardly ever see them, but once in a while you'll be looking for something in a cabinet and one of the little ones will hand you the jar of horseradish or whatever. Funny story, I had Ditka over and we were oiling up these Chinese kids he bought on ebay. So Ditka has his hand buried to the wrist in-"

"I want to see these creatures!" Cadwaliter insisted.

"Yes, show us the beasties." Eloise concurred.

"I don't think that's a good idea. They don't like-"

"Fie on you, Old Fats! You will show us these creatures or we will make your stay here a living hell!" Cadwaliter scowled.

"Yes, let's clean out the rot bin of sour cabbages and hurl them at the little cretins!" Eloise clapped her hands with excitement and dashed off to collect the spoiled vegetables.

Moments later the group assembled outside the Madden Cruiser. Madden was reluctant to show them inside and little Corneatha clung fearfully to the edge of Madden's XXXL frock, but Cadwaliter and Eloise were insistent.

"Take us inside this instant!" Eloise demanded when Madden hesitated.

"Alright, but I'm warning you, don't make the Morecooks angry." Madden opened the door to the Madden Cruiser and Cadwaliter bit his thumb at him.

They stepped inside the Madden Cruiser, surprised to find that rather than a roomy luxury bus liner the interior more closely resembled a great basalt cavern. The curvature of the ceiling disappeared into the gloom, broken in places by small holes that speared shafts of light down into the dark interior. Torches guttered in iron sconces set about the cavern and cabinets emerged at bizarre angles from ancient columns of stone etched with unnatural runes. From beneath their feet came the constant beat of some distant drum, as though the earth's heart was hammering miles below the bus. The atmosphere inside the cavern was a disorienting mixture of wet stone, sour egg sulfur and the Renuzit air fresheners placed strategically around the rough-hewn furnishings.

"Wow, what a terrible place!" Cadwaliter exclaimed. "It's no wonder you've grown to be such a hideous troll!"

"It's not always like this. It's different each time I enter the Madden Cruiser. Gypsy curse or something. Sometimes it's futuristic, sometimes it looks like the inside of an old galleon and once it even looked like lasagna."

Suddenly, Corneatha let out a terrible scream and pointed with horror. A Morecook crouched on the ground lapping white calcium-rich water from a pool in the floor of the cavern. It was only two feet tall and when Corneatha screamed it turned to look at her, its distended red eyes bulging further with fear. Cadwaliter and Eloise immediately scrambled for the sack full of rotted fruits and vegetables, but by the time their cabbages landed the creature had disappeared into one of the cabinets.

"That one!" Eloise cried and pointed to the cabinet that had swallowed the fleeing Morecook.

Cadwaliter and Eloise rushed to the oddly-angled door to the cabinet and paused at the inky blackness beyond its threshold.

"He's gone!" Cadwaliter complained and tossed a rotted tomato into the cabinet.

A few seconds later a splat could be heard in the distance.

"We can still catch him!" Eloise shouted and began to climb in.

"Wait," Cadwaliter held her back, "let the ogre fix a rope to us in case it turns into a steep chute. I don't want to be trapped in this accursed barrow."

Madden muttered, but dutifully searched the nearby cabinets for his long coil of hemp rope. He secured it in loops around the waists of Eloise and Cadwaliter.

"I'm warning you; the Morecooks may be frightened of us out here, but down there is their territory. Remember that nosy priest who came by-"

"Enough of all that!" Cadwaliter interrupted. "Get your bloated carcass over here and hold the rope so that we don't fall."

Cadwaliter snatched a torch from one of the sconces and led the way for Eloise down into the interior of the cabinet. The glow of the torch quickly disappeared from where Madden and Corneatha stood at the entrance, but when Madden called out Cadwaliter cursed at him to bite his tongue. Madden waited for several minutes and watched the coil of rope slowly play out as the two children descended deeper into the bowels of Morecook's cabinet fastness. Abruptly, the last hundred feet of rope was yanked into the cabinet and the rope became difficult for Madden to hold. He grunted with it for several seconds and then it fell slack.

"You kids alright down there?" Madden shouted, but there was no answer.

"I hope they're okay." Corneatha whispered fearfully.

Scarcely a minute later there were three sharp tugs on the rope and with difficulty Madden began to haul in the rope. As he neared the end he heard a frightful clatter in the cabinet with each tug on the hemp line. Finally, two beautiful gleaming floor lamps appeared tied to the rope where the two children had been. They were ornate electric lamps in an Art Deco style with an antique look and exotic gold filigree.

"These are a gift to you." Madden said sheepishly and tried to hand the two lamps to Corneatha.

"Where are Cadwaliter and Eloise?" Corneatha asked as she set down the heavy lamps.

"I think they got turned into these lamps. I hope so anyway. One time Barret Robbins decided to climb in here right before the Superbowl and-"

"It's okay, Mr. Madden. They were both beastly and all the time mean to me."

"And you've got two lamps out of the deal." Madden flashed his buttery smile.

"I would have rather had a pony." Corneatha frowned.

"No!" Madden cried, but it was too late.

With a hiss of steam the stone-encrusted lid to the Super Rotisserie opened wide and revealed a whole rotisserie-cooked pony. Corneatha screamed and fled from the Madden Cruiser. Madden scooped up the lamps and began to follow after her. When he was nearly at the door he detoured over to the rotisserie and tore a drumstick from the pony.

"BOOM! Delicious!" He tipped an imaginary hat in the direction of the red eyes peering out from a nearby cabinet.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.15 Internet Discount Barn Holiday Newsletter

Tuesday, Nov 15, 2005 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

The Internet Discount Barn, established in 1994, is the world's premiere newsletter for hot internet deals! We carry an ever-changing selection of unusual items at unusual prices (unusually LOW, that is!) We employ despicable tactics to get amazing items at outrageous discounts. Share in our ill-gotten spoils by ordering one of these hot items today:

Just like these, but pried off and with some chunks of tooth on them.

Refurbished BRACES – prêt-?-porter!
Got crooked teeth? The Internet Discount Barn has recently come into a dazzling selection of stylish, chromed, ready-to-wear braces! All shapes and sizes to solve all types of dental woes! Internet Discount Barn is the world's leading salvager of school bus accidents! Some braces are slightly bent, but can be hammered to fit your mouth or your child's! Some are still glued to fragments of tooth, which can easily be dissolved in Coca-Cola, or so legend would have it. Why pay thousands to orthodontists when these lightly used braces can be yours for the rock-bottom price of $6 per bracket?

Fables Fables Fables!
Need gentle moral guidance? Internet Discount Barn stocks the highest-quality b-list fables, rejected from the manuscripts of some of history's top fabulists! Meaningful but unpalatable or unpublishable not-quite-classics from Aesop, Phaedrus, Uncle Remus, and other apocryphal figures! When you order from Internet Discount Barn, you'll receive a

twine-bound parcel of more than a hundred pages of loose-leaf fables. Below are some examples of the great fables you can enjoy with your family:

The Fox and the Slug
The Octopus's Scam
The Lady and the Jew
The Moose and the Opium
The Murder of Brer Rabbit

Many fables were rejected with easily discernable reason, such as *possibly accidental* advocacy of eugenics, drug use, anti-Semitism, and teenage promiscuity. Use them as cautionary tales, or even as filler for Neo-Nazi pamphlets! The Internet Discount Barn wants nothing to do with your politics, but would die for your right to express your views! Only $8!

Hubcaps!
Don't ask how we got them, don't ask why we need to SELL FAST! Five assorted hubcaps for five dollars. It's a *steal!* Don't read too much into the fact that we put "steal" in italics!

Irregular dogs at breakneck prices!

Sick of Walking? Sled Dogs Too Expensive? IRREGULAR HUSKIES!
You won't win the Iditarod with this team of irregular huskies, but you might just get from point A to point B! A dozen pure-bred Siberian sled dogs with irregularities ranging from violent temperaments to extra legs to hoofed feet! One can control fire! We don't lie, these dogs are the *bottom of the barrel.* No shelter in the world will take these dogs! Make a coat with their skins, grind them up for meat, or elicit pity with their tragic deformities! Some of them make great companions; others will try to bite your neck out. Exercise caution around these and all other irregular animals. Fifty bucks for all of them!

Habbages!
We have hundreds of crates of habbages, farm-fresh and ready to be sold! Probably mislabeled boxes of cabbages, but possibly something entirely unknown to us! Internet Discount Barn has never heard of habbages, and is frankly unwilling to open the crates due to pungent odors and superstitions caused by unnatural events surrounding the boxes of habbages. We're scared stiff! Get these out of here! $3 a box, who knows what you'll get!

Science Teachers REJOICE: CHILD SKELETON DEEDS!!!
Poor families from around the world have sold us the deeds to their children's skeletons at rock-bottom prices, and we pass the savings on to YOU! Upon the death of the child,

the skeleton is yours! Many of the third-world countries involved have ASTRONOMICAL infant mortality rates—these skeletons could be yours *tomorrow!* Unscrupulous buyers can easily arrange "early extractions"! We're not squeamish about doing morally indefensible things for *super-savings!* Act now before landmines render these skeletons incomplete! $30 per deed, 25% off when you buy a dozen!

It's "TIME" to get rid of these CLOCKS!

Baffling Metric Clocks!
We don't know who made these clocks, or why! They go in ten hour cycles, each hour consisting of ten minutes! No correspondence to the unimpeachable reality of the sun's movements. We don't know what to do with these things, but maybe you do! If you order now, we'll include defunct tickets to appear in the live studio audience of NBC's long-since-cancelled "The Single Guy," starring Jonathan Silverman! These tickets are guaranteed to appreciate in value if extraordinary circumstances cause them to! We *hate* these clocks, because we feel like their manufacturers know something we don't! Get them off our hands! $60 each.

Hateful Little Man
Small, hateful creature, proportioned like a man but a mere three inches tall. We found him in a box of bananas. Naked and surly. Yells withering abuse in a tiny voice, like a kitten. His existence may or may not be an affront to God. We wanted to squeeze his little bones out for all the sour, hurtful things he said, but the stock manager said that killing him would only make him stronger (?). Take your chances on killing him, keep him around as a novelty, or get into arguments with him. Requires no food, water, or sleep. One of a kind, we hope! $6,000, including bell jar.

Obscene Materials in BULK! Would make J.G. Ballard faint!
Crates of publications, videos, artworks, statuettes, and other sundry products deemed obscene by the United States government and turned away from our ports. The Internet Discount Barn snagged them and secreted them into the country in the dead of night! Some of these obscene materials are relatively mild, and we disagree philosophically with the government's contention that they should be suppressed. Others are indescribably lurid, disgusting, and perverse. In each grab-bag of obscene materials, we will include at least three "tame" items, which are no more obscene than America's most disgusting hardcore pornography, and at least three shocking, disgusting, or perverse items. Many of these disgusting works involve filmed depictions of actual human death and mutilation, while others are simply profoundly and unforgettably disquieting for unmentionable reasons. Is your curiosity piqued? $200 per box.

Super Nintendo Cartridges! Unlicensed CLASSICS at great prices!
Collectable Super Nintendo video game cartridges in great condition! Many still have

original boxes and instructions. These are all totally unlicensed and unapproved by Nintendo, so keep this hot deal on the "down low!" HOT TITLES!

Alan Garry Pro Smoking – A fun and educational cartridge officially endorsed by smoking expert Alan Garry. Teaches you how to smoke smarter, not faster! Great smoking mini-games! High-tech voice synthesis means Alan Garry actually talks to YOU! Get up to two packs a day the Alan Garry way.

Cannery Row – Side-scrolling platform action based closely on John Steinbeck's classic novel. Take a wild trip through Monterey as strapping young drunk Hazel! Collect starfish, kill unicorns, and save Monterey from the evil Baron Fatehammer!

Slumlord – Prey on the poor as the owner of cheap tenements in the south Bronx!

Girlie Fiasco – Not for children! Unlicensed cartridges mean no limits on content! Classy ADULT party game in which you guide a highly stylized cartoon phallus through a maze of temptations! The New York Times called it "a testament to the enduring power of art to rouse the human spirit." Sizzling!

Husqvarna Chainsaw Hootenanny – A promotional cartridge briefly given away with Husqvarna chainsaws in 1993. Content so disturbing that we almost put these in with the boxes of obscene material! A real hoot, if you like chainsaws and child nudity.

Get all five cartridges for only $25!

Calvin peeing on the Manx flag.

Mysterious Bootleg "Peeing Calvin" Window Stickers!
These mischievous little marvels are bound to make Bill Watterson turn over in his grave (he's dead, right?) Limitless styles and varieties. Calvin peeing on everything from Hobbes to the NASA logo to the United States Constitution. Some of these are downright stupefying: Calvin peeing on a smaller Calvin who is in turn peeing on an even smaller Calvin; Calvin peeing on a four-dimensional "hypercube"; Calvin peeing on a stylized racist "pickaninny" Negro child. We didn't make these, we don't know what they mean, and they're *definitely* illegal. $2 a dozen, we pick!

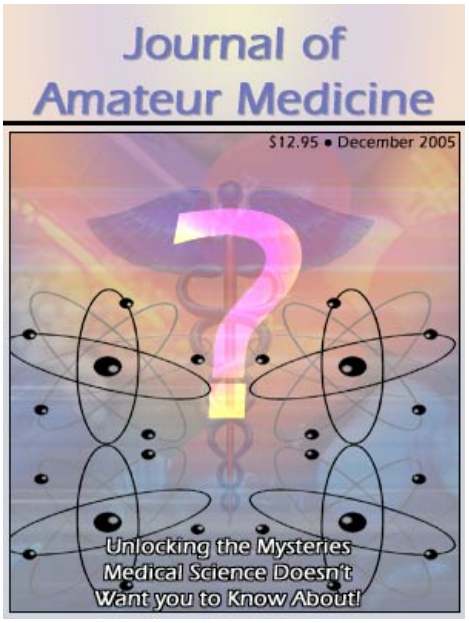
Keep an eye out for future Internet Discount Barn Newsletters! Should you wish to unsubscribe and miss out on all our HOT DEALS in the future, click here and send a message with the subject "I AM AN IDIOT WHO WANTS TO MISS OUT ON HOT DEALS!"

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

11.16 Sneak Preview of December's Journal of Amateur Medicine

Wednesday, Nov 16, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Ever since taking a lucrative job selling magazines door-to-door, I've become something of a magazine master. My job as deliveryman for the magazine stars has made me a veritable conduit of information, and I'd like to exercise my conductivity with you today by exploring what's around the corner of the newsstands for one of my favorite magazines! Recently, I used the Internet to diagnose myself with several diseases, the worst of which made me long for the sweet embrace of a hysterectomy. The Journal of Amateur Medicine gave me the info I needed to save money on "healthcare professionals," cutting away years of medical taboos and making me the only doctor I need. I've come to know my internal organs as everyone should: up close and personal.



Prestigious Medical Journal

The Journal of Amateur Medicine is a prestigious quarterly medial journal by medical enthusiasts lacking proper medical degrees or boasting phony ones obtained from unaccredited mail-order Internet universities, which, by 2008, will overtake brick and mortar unaccredited mail order universities. We must not forget that in order to obtain legitimate medical credentials, one must dedicate his or her life to study, practice, and constant education. This option is not available for everyone, in particular those with learning disabilities such as Attention Deficit Disorder or a simple need for instant gratification. We should not be so naive as to exclude such people on the basis that they have not dedicated absurd amounts of time to fulfilling the demands of an unfair and manmade system.

Let's take a look at what's in store in the next issue!

> Cover Story: A Cure for Indian Burns in our lifetime?
>
> Leading medical scientist Dr. Professor Mark D'abobo investigates the growing danger of Indian burns to our youth. Journal readers will no doubt remember Dr. Professor D'abobo as the lead scientist working on the flatulence vaccine. In researching the nature of Indian burns, Dr. Professor Mark was told there was no cure because humans caused the affliction through rascally behavior. He did not take this for an answer, and set out to create a vaccine that would immunize people from ever getting Indian burns. What he ended up creating was a creamy blue liquid that caused people to spontaneously eject their small intestine, which was not what he intended. He was also sued when several test subjects claimed he misled them into taking the vaccine under the guise of a "blind taste test." D'abobo said he did not mislead anyone, stating that he did have people take both the vaccine and a small glass of Pepsi, and everyone correctly identified which was Pepsi.
>
> Undaunted, he started from scratch, this time addressing the root cause of Indian burns: humans. If Dr. Professor D'abobo could chemically disable the part of the brain that triggers people to perform Indian burns, he could effectively wipe this vicious epidemic from the face of the Earth. Unfortunately, he is still years from understanding exactly which part of the brain is responsible for this knowledge.

(Left to right) Journal Editor Whidbey Smotherson and Doctor Professor Mark D'abobo

With Dr. Professor D'abobo's tireless work, mankind might one day wake up to a world without Indian burns. For now, D'abobo believes, "prevention is the best medicine. It's really all we have right now."

How does someone prevent something that's part of human nature? "I've invented arm braces that protect your must vulnerable areas – your arms – from Indian burns. With these on, nobody will be able to twist your skin in unnatural ways. Nobody."

Dr. Professor D'abobo's arm braces, made from pure nickel, are a comfortable fit, though they do prevent all forms of arm movement. They can be purchased from his website – www.number1medicalscience2.net/purenickelimmortalitygauntlets/ – for $399.99 plus shipping and handling.

For the full story, be sure to pick up the December issue on newstands in late April!

Plus: a pill that makes it feel like "Law & Order" is on all the time in your head? It's finally here!

Pandemics Guide:

The Journal of Amateur Medicine stays on the pulse of the world's most deadly viruses up until there is no pulse left. Here's a sneak peak at their rundown of the latest pandemics sweeping the nation!

- **H6N4: Avian Runny Nose**

While the bigwigs throughout the world run around screaming like a chicken with its head cut off over the danger posed by avian flu, they are ultimately ignoring the real danger: avian flu's little brother, avian runny nose. Recent reports show that avian runny nose has mutated, and can now be contracted by humans. The result is a chronic runny nose that lasts until it is treated, often with a standard issue box of tissue paper. The Journal of Amateur Medicine ranks avian runny nose as one of the greatest threats to humans out there, since many do not even know they are infected.

Transmission method: human-mailbox contact.

- **H8N3: "It"**

Transmitted instantaneously through physical contact with infected party. Parasite instantly departs its current host body for the new one. Disease transmission is often nullified when potential hosts are in "safe spots." Side effects include ridicule, scorn, and exclusion from peers.

Transmission method: infected hand to uninfected body contact.

- **H12N300-X: "Omega Virus"**

> Scientists are calling this a genuine Biblical pestilence that's spreading like wildfire. The Journal of Amateur Medicine thinks the officials are over hyping this one. If you are bleeding out of every orifice and are diagnosed with this strain, stick it to mainstream medical science by toughing it out and ignoring their silly quarantines. This one's going to go the way of the dodo.
>
> **Transmission method:** air, saliva, blood, tears, physical contact, and particles from exploding victims.

Easy Home Healthcare Tips:

Hundreds of tips on how to beat paying medical bills or cheat your diseases await in the pages of every edition of the Journal of Amateur Medicine. Not since the novelization of "Star Trek 7" has their been such an extensive tome of knowledge!

- Sneak past your diabetes by hiding the sugar you eat inside layers of non-sugary snacks.
- Most rashes can be effectively treated with boiling water.
- Resurrecting Grandpa? Impossible you say? Stuff 18 live squirrels in his corpse and tell us that to our faces.
- It is recommended you drink 8-10 glasses of water a day, but you'll be a lot happier if you drink 8-10 glasses of beer a day instead.
- Everyone says exercise is great for health, but our studies show it can lead to fatigue and injury. We recommend you take it easy until more research is conducted on this controversial issue.
- Cure most blood and circulation problems by running copper wire through your veins, removing clogs and stretching them out for increased flow.
- Most terminal diseases can actually be cured through prolonged exposure to white noise and a strict diet of molasses.
- Laser eye surgery is as popular as ever, and we've got a handy guide on how to do it from home, plus a bonus guide to making your own cool holograms.

If you found this information helpful and would like to buy a subscription, I'm your go to guy. I'm trying to save up money to get my common law wife's cat some elective surgeries (we want to replace its back legs with wheels and also add pouches to its skin so we can store TV remotes and such in it). It's the perfect holiday gift, and your help would be appreciated.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.17 Heart Smarts: The Bully Problem

Thursday, Nov 17, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Greetings, and welcome to another edition of Heart Smarts, the e-series designed to help the good people of the Internet grow through sharing and caring. When I originally started this program in 2003, many called me a fool. Some called me a retard. Rich "mutton-chops" Kyanka even called me a "stupid asshole". But I've showed everybody through hard work and perseverance. My dreams of giving back to the community have blossomed into a working support program, despite all the mail bombs responding to my stance on aborting ghetto fetuses and turning them into nutritious smoothies.

Today's Heart Smarts is on the very sensitive topic of bullies in the school system. Being of recessive Irish stock and blighted with red hair, my many years of experience of being a victim have given me insight on how the bully mind works. I have been to battle with these people all my life, and know them in my blood. I also know what it feels like to be on the other side of the fence: taking my anger and aggression out on somebody lesser than myself and becoming what I once hated. Of course the only people in school lower than me were the retarded children, and this was how I learned of their legendary strength when angered.

Children in society have a pecking order that mimics the adult world, a world where the people with the most money and power bully the poor and weak. It shouldn't be as a surprise that kids follow the same pattern, for it a natural cycle of survival in this cruel existence. Through hardships we build the strengths that will either help us grow as an adult, or suffer scars what will plague us until old age. Usually it's a little bit of both, especially if you were tossed into a boiler like me. To this day, I can support and maintain any large commercial boiler system, yet my buttocks are covered in hideous burns that I hide with layers of woven fabric.

That all changed once the downtrodden started bringing guns to class and killing their tormentors. With the rash of school shootings that erupted across America -- the best known being Columbine --the cycle of taunting was broken, leaving schools in confusion and fear. This proved disastrous for the fragile ecosystem of the bully community, making grades plummet and leaving the education community in shambles. The bully is now too afraid to anger the wrong victim, lest he be marked for retribution by a professional hit squad while drinking his ecto-cooler in the cafeteria. Likewise, the regular school nerds are left lost and bewildered without the direction of juvenile abuse, much like a flock of sheep without a drunken, angry shepherd to prod them onward with tittie twisters. Both parties have suffered from this rapid change, and there must to be a return to normalcy among the children of America if there is any hope for them in the future.

In order to do this, we need to reteach the children of our schools the basic rules of the bully/nerd relationship. All these special counselors that are preaching "mutual respect" in schools are unwittingly detrimental to the cause, and should be given wedgies and tossed down an elevator shaft for being such wussies.

Here are some basic tips for both parties involved, presented in the hope of healing this great nation and returning to the bully system to its once proud stature in our society.

Tips for Bullies

Be creative with your taunting: Shoddy bully work can only do more harm than good. Not only will it lower the level of fear for the target, but it can incite full scale revolts among the nerd plebian population. Stray away particularly from doing any rhyming when taunting. That's an easy way out and will fail to achieve the desired effect. One of my enemies once called me "period head". This made me sad, but I also respected the creative taunt as original and worthy.

Don't chase Japanese kids: When chasing a flock of perspective nerds to be pummeled, don't let yourself be led astray by any of the Japanese foreign exchange students. Sure, they are a tempting target because of their small stature and strange looks, but they are swift like the eastern wind and you will waste your time chasing them. Giving chase to a Japanese child will expend the your energy, leaving you open to any counter-attacks that could be disastrous for your bully reknown. Also, these Asian kids might know a martial art, or have robots hidden under their jacket. Stick to what you know.

Goths are fair game: After all the school shootings, the blame was shifted in various directions, including video games, The Matrix, and even Marilyn Manson. This has led to bullies distancing themselves from the Goth kids because of the fear of getting killed in a school shooting. This is a misconception that needs to be addressed. The kids who commonly participate in school shootings are not Goths. They are usually solitary loners that look completely ordinary.

This stigma of being dangerous is enjoyable for the Goth kids, and now they are becoming cocky because of the hysterical fear generated by their image. Bullies need to start beating them down again and put them back in their place, which is the Hot Topic at the mall putting clown white over their daily bruises.

Random Violence: Bullies need to instill the fear that anybody can be beaten at any time for any reason. This anti-logic is the perfect thing to set the mood for schooling, creating an air of violence that will keep the children in line and ready to learn. At least once a week, head butt a random child into a garbage bin and crucify him in the middle of the playground as an example. The heart of love is fear

Tips for Victims

Stop, drop, and roll: There are ways that you can make the whole process of getting picked on much easier for both parties. If you see a potential ambush in the hallway, just follow the same rules as if there was a fire in the school. Stop, drop, and roll. Not only will this lead to easy mockery, but the bullies will have access to a soft belly which they can kick at leisure. Being a good bully victim takes teamwork.

Play dead: Another way you can help out is to play dead after getting hit. At first this may scare the bullies, thinking they killed you when they flicked your earlobe from behind. Once they find out that it's just a ruse, however, they will probably toss you in the garbage bin. This will make them very proud. Just don't try this if a teacher is around. They might send you to the smelly nurse's office and call your Mom.

Wear multiple sweaters: Through the years I've learned that layers are your best friend. The more hits you can take, the more satisfaction the bullies will get out of the beating, and therefore the more the relationship of abuse will be strengthened. I once took 32 punches to the heart in a

row without falling down. This set a new school record. I still have the award on my office wall.

We need to stop playing the "blame game" over the disturbing cases of school shootings. It wasn't the media, or the gun industry, or Depeche Mode. The schools lost their identity from fear, forgetting who they were and how to behave. It's time to return to a state of normalcy. It's time to say "start" to the cycle of violence that defines us as humans.

To help spread word of this new cause, print this page and cut out these buttons to distribute in your local schools. Let's step in and show these kids that we really do care for their welfare. (Buttons may cause paper cuts and/or fire hazards.)

Daily Gossip

Today we are going to talk about Livestock's new gentleman suitor, the sores on Seth Knisley's mouth, and the mysterious strange lights coming from Dr. Parson's mansion on the hill. You won't want to miss this!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

11.18 The Light Winks Out

Friday, Nov 18, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Iroquois believe that before man walked the earth there was a great tribe of sky people who lived without worry or pain on a floating island. One day Sky Woman became pregnant with twins and was pushed by her murderous husband from their happy island home. Instead of plummeting to her death she was caught by birds and carried to safety. There was no land for her so they sprinkled earth on the back of a turtle and placed Sky Woman there.

Sky Woman gave birth to two healthy boys. She named her first son Sapling and he made all that is good and right in the world. He made the trees green and heavy with fruit. He made the waters cool and potable and he filled them up with a bounty of fish. Sky Woman's other son represented all that was dark in the world. He made the rivers flow away and turned the fruit to rot. He salted the earth where he walked and burned the forests to ash. He was the unmaker, the despoiler, the scourge and bane. He was Wink Martindale and Wink Martindale he remains. He'd like two of the Lucky Millions scratch-offs, please.

Wink Martindale is going to climb Everest just to steal George Mallory's corpse. Wink Martindale watches NASCAR for the crashes. Wink Martindale forgot to leave off the pickles and he has hidden the complaint box. Wink Martindale is a first responder. He's going to press his ear to your face and listen to your eyes glaze over. Wink Martindale is going to taste your tears.

When the tempest crashes against the lighthouse and the beacon leads the ships aground, Wink Martindale will be there riding on his trusty octopus Mephisto. Wink Martindale is preoccupied with knitting. Wink Martindale can fly but he prefers to travel as an airborne pathogen from host to host. Wink Martindale is mutating the avian flu because he likes chickens better than you. Wink Martindale loves kudzu, enough to marry it.

There are only two certain things in life: death and Wink Martindale, taxes can take a hike. Wink Martindale invented hide and seek to lure unattended children into abandoned refrigerators. Wink Martindale wore a yarmulke when he traveled through time and beat up teenage Hitler. Wink Martindale is digging up a pet cemetery and calling UPS with your address. The Chinese keep crickets as pets and Wink Martindale keeps the Chinese as pets. Wink Martindale has forbidden dancing on the weekend. Wink Martindale is anaerobic.

Wink Martindale is running a fraudulent cancer wig program to make sweaters for rich German eccentrics. Wink Martindale is using Comic Sans. Wink Martindale is opening the attachment. Wink Martindale is entrusting a Nigerian with your banking information. Wink Martindale just said "LOL" out loud just because he knows you hate it. Wink Martindale is framing an expired gift certificate from Burger King. Wink Martindale just blamed it on the dog.

Wink Martindale is commissioning a portrait of Michael Moore. Wink Martindale believes everything Michael Savage says. Wink Martindale just drove past Camp Casey and splashed mud on a widow. Wink Martindale is sewing dolphin fins to amputees at Walter Reed. Don't blame Wink Martindale, he voted for LaRouche. Wink Martindale's car is made entirely out of magnetic ribbons.

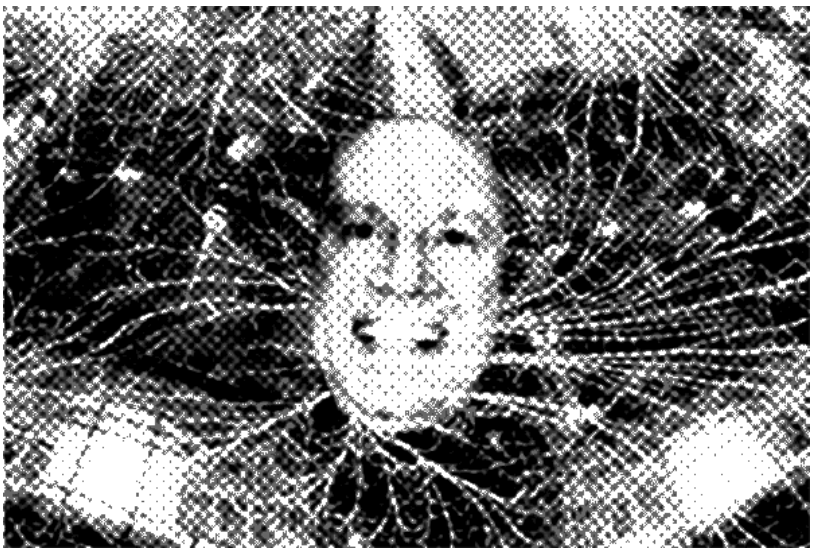
Wink Martindale supports the troops but not the war. Wink Martindale is issuing a fatwah.

We would all die alone if it weren't for Wink Martindale. Wink Martindale is rowing you across the River of Death on your journey to the Kingdom of the West. Wink Martindale is weighing your heart in the Hall of Osiris. Wink Martindale knows a shortcut across the Lake of Fire. Wink Martindale isn't telling. Wink Martindale will be confronting his baby mama on Jerry Springer. Wink Martindale just threw a baseball game because a terminally ill kid's final wish was that he win. Wink Martindale is turning state's evidence.

When Wink Martindale made girls he put in sugar, spice and about three inches of his penis. Wink Martindale has to inform the whole neighborhood. Wink Martindale is not permitted to live within 500 meters of a uranium centrifugal isotope sluice. Wink Martindale is selling loose nukes to Syria. Wink Martindale just bought up the world's stockpile of tungsten. He's building something, but no one is sure what.

Wink Martindale is the sole financier of the hemp lobby. Wink Martindale knows his rope. Wink Martindale is handing out the brown acid. Wink Martindale is having an old-fashioned freak out. Do you want to see the inside of Wink Martindale's van?

When the dog bites, when the bee stings, when you're feeling sad, you simply remember your favorite things and Wink Martindale will pluck those thoughts from your mind and steal away the last of your joy. Many machines on Wink Martindale, new machines, better than those on Press Your Luck. Wink Martindale is losing your packets. Wink Martindale is disrupting your connection to the server. Wink Martindale is playing Yakkety Sax on Team Speak. Wink Martindale won't allow you to resume your download. Wink Martindale is 19/f/ca. Wink Martindale the man now dog.



Behind the black door he toils and works. Flashes of welding and mechanical jerks. Ozone stink fills the hall and pounding hammers shake the wall. The loops of cable spill out like hair but no one knows what he's building in there. One day the door is open, the serpents come and the seals are broken. He has fused himself to his creation. The rising tide of blood drowns the coast and the skies are filled with fire. Wink Martindale rises up on three mechanical legs and howls at the coruscating light that burns down the stars. He is god and betrayer, the unmaker, the despoiler, the scourge and bane. He is the end and the beginning and he is looking for a great deal on rust proofing.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.19 This Publication Advises You Not To Buy An Xbox 360

Saturday, Nov 19, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

by Dennis Farrell

The New York Psuedo-News Post

Microsoft's Jay Allard employs a suggestive dance and his coldly calculated fashion sense to sell a horrible video game system to today's youth. Not pictured: The rest of the universe at the time this photo was taken.

There seems to be an awfully big hubbub about Microsoft's upcoming video game system, the Xbox 360. The console will arrive in stores on the 22nd just in time for the holidays, but unless you are being held at gunpoint or are some sort of shipping magnate with billions of dollars to spare, you should definitely not purchase this box of hell and lament.

Microsoft has gone with the baffling decision to launch their console with only 18 games. That's pitiful compared to the 500 titles available on the Playstation 2, which is manufactured by our advertising partner Sony, a company that's just all around a bunch of really great guys. The poor saps who defy all logic and buy an Xbox 360 won't be able to play this season's hottest titles such as the Playstation 2 version of 50 Cent: Bulletproof, EyeToy: Operation Spy, and The Official Playstation Magazine Demo Disc. I have no idea why Microsoft chose to launch the system with 18 titles instead of 500, but it's safe to say they definitely hate their audience.

As of this time, there are only a handful of people using the Xbox 360's Live online multiplayer service, and they are mainly Microsoft employees and members of the gaming press. The console has not actually gone on sale yet, but it's obvious that such a pitifully low number of users means no one is interested and that the Live service will tank horribly. One analyst projects that Live will literally crash and burn within a week of the Xbox 360's launch, and that the console itself will fail completely within the month. Another analyst disagrees, however, projecting that the console will fail within three weeks. There were a few other analysts who didn't believe the console would fail at all, but their predictions didn't really jibe with my article so I decided not to quote them.

The main selling point of the Xbox 360 is that its games will all take advantage of the higher resolutions available on HDTVs. While this will benefit a handful of erudite playboys who can afford such frivolities, it seems that Microsoft only cares about these select individuals, leaving the rest of us to wonder whether or not the Xbox 360 will even be worth buying if we don't have an HDTV. The answer is a resounding "NO WAY MAN".

ADVERTISEMENT
ACTUAL* IN-GAME FOOTAGE OF KILLZONE 2 FOR THE PLAYSTATION 3. DON'T BUY AN XBOX 360, JUST WAIT.
*PRE-RENDERED USING HARDWARE WE THINK IS CLOSE TO WHAT THE PS3 WILL MAYBE HAVE

According to analysts, the console will detect when a standard non-HDTV is connected and then magically make each game's high polygon counts, lighting effects, normal mapping, motion blur, and other state of the art visual effects disappear completely. After this process games will look considerably worse than the superior titles on the Playstation 2 (which is available in stores now), and will actually be rendered entirely in 2D with crude sub-Pong graphics. Analysts say that in addition to looking slightly

worse than Pong when displayed on a normal television set, every single Xbox 360 game will literally be Pong but with completely unresponsive controls. Whether you buy the newest football game, first person murder simulator or racing game the results will be the same: Crappy Pong. You're free to make up your own mind as to whether that's a good thing or not, but I am telling you right now that it's not and as a member of the press I am infallible.

Further proving that they hate those who live in middle and lower-income households, Microsoft decided to sell the premium edition of their console for the outrageous price of $400! For $100 more than the $299 base system, unwitting customers will be duped into getting a 20gb hard drive worth $99, component cables worth $40, a headset worth $20, and a remote worth $30. These worthless add-ins were clearly tossed in like plastic prizes in cereal boxes so children will plead with their parents to buy the more expensive package. It's deplorable, really.

But it doesn't end there! Just to get your Xbox 360 up and running with the barest of essentials you'll need to shell out a frightening amount of money.

Simply buying the measly library of 18 games available at launch will cost you $900. You'll also need three extra wireless controllers, every single faceplate available to customize your console depending on your mood, and an extra Xbox 360 in case your first one breaks or gets a smudge on it. These necessities will run you another $800. If you want to play any of your games online you'll need to sign up for Live, which will run you $2,500 for a lifetime if you're around 24-30 years old. You'll of course need a top of the line HDTV to fully enjoy the experience, which will cost you another $3,000 or so. After factoring in a corinthian leather couch to sit on as you play, electricity, housing, and a broadband connection, you're looking at a total investment in the range of several hundred thousand dollars just to play a handful of subpar games!

Compare that insane expense to the cost of, just off the top of my head here, a sleek Playstation 2 which sells for only $149, and it quickly becomes apparent that you're a jerk if you buy an Xbox 360.

Analysts also warn that the Xbox 360 could potentially carry a mutated strain of the asian bird flu. The consoles are being assembled in China, which is notorious for being asian. Despite this blatant public health risk, Microsoft has decided not to check any of their units for the bird flu. I guess profit means more to them than human life.

If you still haven't been swayed and are actually thinking about buying an Xbox 360, you should know it has severe limitations which could put you and your family at risk. In the event of an emergency, the Xbox 360 can NOT be used as a flotation device and has not been approved to put out grease fires due to its shoddy design and Microsoft's willingness to cut corners. The console does indeed play dvds, but fast-forwards through scenes it doesn't like and flat out refuses to play any movie starring a now-deceased actor.

Given this myriad of shortcomings, it's not really a big surprise that no one is excited about the console at all. Not a single person. I conducted a poll by calling random phone numbers in a Syrian area code at around 3am their time, and not one single person replied to my question of "Are you excited about the Xbox 360?" with a "yes". Some of them were so irate about the shortcomings of the system that they actually yelled at me!

Don't be fooled by the slick advertising and deceptively impressive hardware and launch titles. Hold on to your hard-earned money until next week's holiday guide, "How Many Copies Of '50 Cent: Bulletproof' For The Playstation 2 Should I Buy For My Kids?"

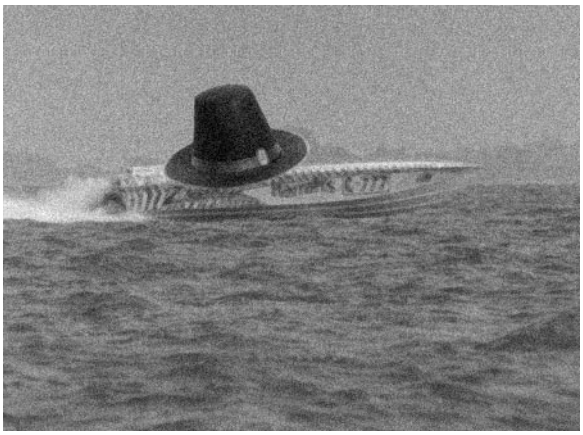
-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.20 Lessons in Extreme History Presents: Thanksgiving

Sunday, Nov 20, 2005 by Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

Thanksgiving is a time of year that many North Americans view with mixed emotions. On the one hand, we dread the impending holiday shopping season, and the pervasive commercialism that has divorced it entirely from its meaning and perverted it into an unstoppable soot-belching juggernaut fueled by money and excess. On the other hand, we feel a childlike excitement at the approach of the one day each year when our instinct for wantonness and gluttony is not only tolerated but rewarded. Most people are aware that there is a history behind Thanksgiving, because it is illogical to assume that the holiday arose spontaneously and without explanation, but they're also unclear on the specifics. That's why I've compiled this handy outline.

The holiday that we know today as Thanksgiving began in 1621, with a group of buckle-hatted misfits from England known as the Puritans, although they later changed their name to the Pilgrims after firing their drummer. Tired of being persecuted for disagreeing with the church and smoking too much, they hatched a plan. In 1620 they penned a manifesto proclaiming themselves to be "bigger than Jesus Christ" and nailed it to the door of the church. Then they all crammed themselves into a tiny modified cigarette boat with a leaky fiberglass hull and throttled away towards freedom. Their destination was the New World! A vast and largely uncharted wilderness teeming with all of the natural resources required to establish a settlement where they were free to live and worship as they pleased! It went off without a hitch. On December 11th 1620, they landed in Plymouth, Massachusetts. And then half of them starved to death!



Fast forward to autumn, 1621. In stark contrast to the winter of the previous year, the Pilgrims pulled in a bumper crop of oats, crabgrass and a now extinct grain referred to in their literature only as "blandwheat". Smallpox, typhoid, and dysentery mercifully overtook starvation as the leading cause of death, and the settlers were elated.

In fact, so thrilled were they with their ability to avoid starving for nine months that they planned a great feast to give thanks to God for their bountiful harvest. They even agreed to temporarily put the campaign of genocide they were waging against the American Indian on hold in exchange for long days of backbreaking labor to be performed without compensation. Historians believe that it was this decision which led to Thanksgiving becoming not just a mere day of gratitude, but an orgiastic spree of shameless gorging and unapologetic wastefulness.

With no outlet for their bloodlust, the town grew restless and tensions ran high. On a crisp autumn morning, Governor William Bradford held a meeting in the town square to address the growing

unrest among his people and delegate the responsibilities of preparing for the feast. Dozens of hunting parties were organized to scour the surrounding forests and destroy all living things. Behind the hunters, two man teams would follow to salt the earth and poison the groundwater. Below is an excerpt from Bradford's speech that day:

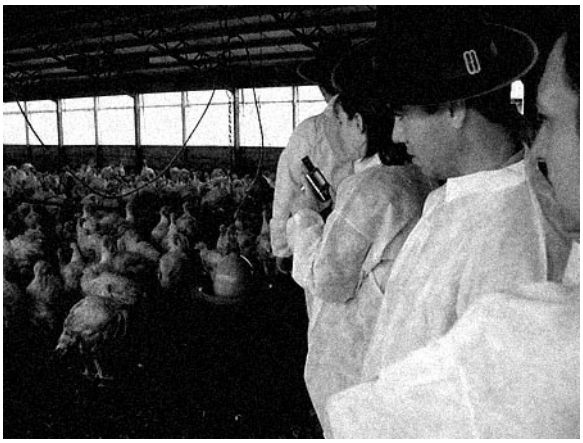
> *"From the sturdiest bison to the tiniest beetle: if it walks or crawls or slithers or swims, destroy it. If you cannot kill it for food, kill it for sport. Cut flesh until your blade is dull, fire until your musket runs dry of shot, smother every beast great and small with your hatred."*

According to legend, Bradford then demonstrated by hobbling a passing doe with a fallen oak branch and drowning it by forcing its head into a small bucket of water. Inspired by his leadership an invigorated by the ghastly sputter of a gentle creature as its lungs filled with fluid, the townspeople set out into the woods to harvest meat and sate their appetite for torture. By the time the sun set on that very same day, the people had amassed a pile of carcasses in the town square. According to one man's journal:

> *"...in the center* [of Plymouth] *lay a pyramid of slain beasts as wide as a home and as tall as two men. Any path of cobblestone was too slicked with blood to walk on without taking great care. Blood had pooled in the low spots and formed pits of thick, tarry mud that were black as pitch and could suck the boot off any man who tread in them. On that night not even the crickets would chirp. Were they dead or just cowering? Either way was fine for us, and we danced godlessly about the fire pit like lustful heathens, robed in nothing but necklaces of sinew, while the savages pounded out rapturous rhythms on their deerskin drums."*

The next morning, still aglow from the previous day's slaughter, preparation began in earnest. The corpses were butchered and roasted, fruits were picked and vegetables were prepared, and a space was cleared in the center of town. Three days of round-the-clock eating ensued. By the second day, they had become so bloated and tired that they couldn't leave the table to move their own bowels. The modern Thanksgiving tradition of unbuttoning one's pants at the table dates back to this.

After the festivities had ended, local masons erected an eight foot tall tower out of animal skulls, and the concept of a Thanksgiving centerpiece was born. News of the feast quickly spread to neighboring towns, and in the years following 1621, the ritual of an autumn feast became widespread among colonial America. The traditions and customs of the holiday gradually took shape, undergoing a number of changes along the way. By the 1650s, dishes such as goose tallow pudding and pickled



vinegar were no longer on the menu. In the 1680s it once again became fashionable to slaughter Native Americans during the Thanksgiving season, and remained that way until the late 1960s.

Although the way in which we celebrate Thanksgiving has changed greatly over the years, its original purpose remains intact: one last display of inhumanity and wastefulness before we're swept away by the torrent of manufactured sentimentality that comes along with the Christmas season. A final chance to cut loose and flout the laws of our savior before we're forced to buckle down and commemorate His murder. In conclusion, happy Thanksgiving America. Don't forget to get drunk and smother everything in butter!

A dream is a wish your heart makes

When you click this liiiink

-∼Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

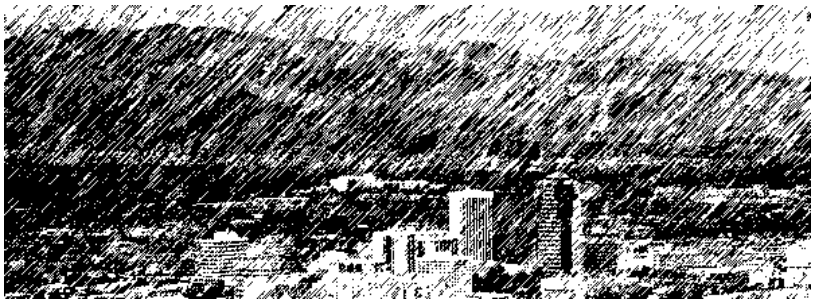
11.21 Lindsay Dawn Riley and the Liberation of Professor Charles Xavier

Monday, Nov 21, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Being in a coma is pretty underrated. When you cut your brain off from your senses it turns out the damn thing has quite a storytelling capacity. With no sense of time and nothing to distract you that puffy wet computer in your skull will think up all sorts of tales to amuse, terrify or titillate. Even that seven minute pause between presses of the snooze button on your alarm can give way to impossible vistas and ten year chases through the streets of a future dystopia.

If dreams have their own impenetrable logic then coma dreams have a set of rules that would baffle an IRS auditor. Your brain is dredging your long term memory for any shred of data. Your penis is turning into the head of the vice principal at your junior high school and penetrating the velveteen womb of that nearly extinct otter you saw a nature documentary about when you were seven.

For most people a coma is a scary experience. They'll wake up - if they ever wake up - talking about being chased around by demons or maybe seeing something staggeringly inane like white light or dead relatives. Holy shit, you saw light and some dead relatives in a coma! That never happens when you're dreaming! Truly transcendent! For me, being in a coma was fantastic. I was only out for three days and I only remember a tiny fraction of my dreams, but I can recall living out a hundred lives as a centurion in Rome, a little Chinese girl or a five headed dragon with a voice like Chris Isaak. It was amazing and I hope when I die whatever is next is something like that.



If you've ever been in a coma your dreams are so vivid and so tangible that you'll spend the rest of your life wondering if you ever really woke up. Maybe your mind is still spinning out those fanciful scenarios for you and this one just seems a little more involved. No, not that, not for me. I know I woke up from my coma. I know that I left that world behind and this is real. I know all that with absolute certainty, because I woke up from my coma to Lindsay Dawn Riley.

I'm getting ahead of the story. Let me go back to the day I ended up in that wonderful coma.

It was Thanksgiving morning of 1998 and I was still staying with my friend Todd in Tucson, Arizona. He'd been bitten by a coyote several months earlier and his wound had become gangrenous, forcing Todd through a series of painful surgeries and eventually a tedious and grotesque maggot compress that made him possibly the most disgusting human being on earth. By that time Todd's maggot treatment was long gone and the huge open sore on his arm had sprouted an even bigger scab that was disquietingly symmetrical and smooth. It looked like a huge reddish-brown gem embedded in his forearm.

Todd's health insurance had expired and he was left with me as his only caretaker. At the best of times I would have described him as a borderline sociopath. With the end of his unemployment checks on the horizon he had become a petty tyrant prone to idiotic demands and an ever-changing

litany of "house rules" I was required to obey. Todd had also developed a seemingly permanent throat infection that had robbed him of his voice. With no money for a doctor he had opted to download instructions for a mechanical voice box from the Internet and forced me to help him build it. It was identical to those things people with throat cancer use to talk only it weighed six pounds, was built out of the parts from three old computer speakers and was somehow stuck with a creepy synthesized version of a British woman's voice. Initially it had made Todd's tirades about how I had failed to ask his permission to use the mirror in the bathroom slightly more bearable, but over the course of several weeks I came to see the British woman as Todd's conspirator. She lived in her little box, a digitized Goebbels to his third-rate Hitler, and at night they plotted against me.

Thankfully, Todd spent most of his days locked away in his filthy bedroom playing games on his computer. At first it was Meridian 59, but his true obsession became an RP-only MUD based on the sitcom "Wings" called "Roy's Dungeon." He even hooked up his old computer and made a Helen that he power-leveled with his 83rd level Joel and then would role play out sex between the two of them in the airport diner. Then Todd would tell me about it the next day in his British woman's voice and if I closed my eyes it started to give me a boner. I realized I needed to get out of the house.

I awoke Thanksgiving morning with a sore back from sleeping on the couch and a head pounding from the vodka I had surreptitiously downed the night before. My trip to the bathroom to empty my bladder took me past Todd's bedroom. Through the door I could hear a British woman murmuring and a rhythmic slapping that could be nothing but the worst thing possible. I've heard that there are computer programs that can turn a picture into a sound. If you scanned in a picture of your mother being torn apart by lions and ran it through that software it would have spit out a sound something like what was coming through Todd's door. It was the noise of entropy and despair in motion.

Watching my foamy urine swirl down the grimy bowl of the toilet I resolved that I would not be spending Thanksgiving with Todd. The problem with this new sense of purpose was that I only knew two other people in Tucson aside from Todd. One of those people was Nicole, the barista with the infant genitalia who I had vomited on a few weeks earlier. She had since disappeared off the face of the earth, going so far as to quit her job and flee her apartment with no forwarding address. Believe me, I asked around. Baby pussy or not, she had a great ass.

Before I get to the other person, let me just say that I know what you're thinking; I should have flown back home to spend Thanksgiving with my family. That's a great idea in theory, but the problem lies in Todd's ability to guilt trip at a superhuman level. You know how some people will fake illness or injury to get out of doing something they don't want to do? When you were doing something that Todd didn't like and Todd knew you had every right to do it he would literally manifest an illness. We're not talking "oh, I have a headache" or something grade school like that. When I said I was going to go camping for a weekend Todd had an embolism. When I was going to try to pick up women at the renaissance festival Todd discovered a cyst eight inches in diameter on his upper back and it chose that moment to rupture and leak blood and pus. When my grandfather died and I was supposed to be a pall bearer at his funeral Todd accidentally drank a bottle of colloidal silver and ended up with argyria.

My only chance to escape Todd for Thanksgiving would be to literally escape. We still had the damn wicked witch Halloween cackler that Todd had insisted I put on the front door, so that meant sneaking out through a window. I packed a bag full of some food, put on some comfortable shoes and climbed carefully out the side window of the living room. My pant leg got caught up in a Civil War diorama that Todd had made out of Gundam robots and as I tried to unhook myself I slipped and fell out the window. I landed with a splash. Water stung my eyes and the smell of ammonia shocked my nostrils. It took me a moment of spluttering and gagging to realize that water generally

doesn't burn your eyes nor does it smell like ammonia. I had landed in a puddle of urine and as I looked up I spied the accursed font from which the acrid pool had sprung.

Lindsay Dawn Riley's vagina looked like the bottom half of a surprised U-boat captain's face. Then it disappeared behind her bulging acid-washed denims and I was left to pretend that I had not seen what I had just seen and that the bile rising in my throat was simply the urine.

"Well holeeeeee shit!" Lindsay Dawn Riley hollered when she saw me and yanked me to my feet. "If you wanted me to take a leak on you all you had to do was whistle."

She was the third person I knew in Tucson and the only person in my entire life that I actually feared. It wasn't that she was malevolent. Far from it, she was horrifyingly affectionate and lecherous. But, like a shark eating a stranded sailor or lions devouring your mother, Lindsay's natural way was to seize life in her crooked teeth and shake it back and forth like a chew toy with all the grunting and slobbering that metaphor suggests.

"So what are you and the leper doing for turkey day?" Lindsay asked as she wiped her urine from my face and hands with an oily rag.

"I was-," a hundred excuses ran through my mind, but they were all pointless. "No. Todd is sick."

"Don't need you to tell me that. That boy of yours is sick like givin' ten thousand dominoes to a tweaker."

Lindsay rested one hand thoughtfully on her chins while the other strayed dangerously close to the strained chest of the threadbare flannel shirt she was wearing.

"You're coming to my place for Turkey day."

I could pretend that it didn't seem like a bad idea at the time and that I had no notion what I was getting myself into, but I'd be lying. By then I was well aware of what spending anything longer than a wave with Lindsay would probably mean. I'd be groped, injured, possibly arrested and lucky if I didn't wind up dead or host to some sort of incurable fluke worm passed through the venom of a rattlesnake Lindsay decided milk into my beer as a joke. I knew exactly what I was in for and, after hearing the British woman talk Todd through sprawling across the wing of a plane, I preferred it to the alternative. Besides, I'd never been to Lindsay's house before and I wanted to see what sort of horrible rat hole she called her lair. It was the same curiosity that inevitably pushes every vulcanologist one step too close to that magma filled caldera. Death for discovery.

The funny thing about the worst is that even when you're expecting it you can't actually picture it. Such was the case with Lindsay's house. In short, it was to dilapidation what the American Civil War was to skirmishing. So many Gundams cut down in their prime.

Lindsay's house was a single-story tin-roofed shack located well outside Tucson. Patches of tall weeds sprouted from the hardpan dirt where her faulty septic system had overflowed into the soil. You know that sulfurous burnt-gunpowder smell you get from shooting off bottle rockets? Lindsay's property smelled like someone had been doing that every day for the past fifty years, only they had been using fresh human feces instead of a bottle. Leaning against the front of the clapboard house was a MacDonald's drive through sign complete with the speaker. It was sun-baked and the speaker

was rusted and crumbling, but I could still make out an offer for a free Little Mermaid toy in each Happy Meal.

As we made our way from the gravel driveway towards the manor itself a pack of coyotes yipped and bolted out from a copse of thistles as tall as my shoulder. Lindsay howled and staggered towards them. They turned tail and fled for the mountains.

The interior of Lindsay's shack was a riot of discarded furniture, thousands of obviously random knickknacks and a groundcover of food wrappers and empty beer cans that threatened to form drifts. The walls had been painted a bright pink color many years earlier and the course of the sun was etched into the pink paint opposite the windows. Toddler fences marked out pathways through the garbage to and from various rooms and major pieces of furniture. As we made our way inside Lindsay hefted several errant beer cans and burrito wrappers back into the danger zone.

"Have a seat on the couch, faggot." Lindsay gestured to a mattress lashed to a series of milk crates to form a sort of padded bench. "I'll getcha beer. What you havin, regular or fancy stuff?"

"Uh," I settled down on the couch and stared at a headless wooden Indian, "I'll have the fancy stuff, I guess."

Lindsay returned a few minutes later plus two cans of Pabst and minus her shirt. Her breasts bulged out of the cups of her bra like twin mushroom clouds with spider veins. The beer was skunk-bitter and warm as piss, but I chugged it anyway in the hopes that Lindsay might spare me a few seconds of her company. As I neared the bottom she threw a meaty army over my shoulder. I could feel the heat and moisture of her armpit on the back of my neck and caught a dizzying whiff of Old Spice doing a bad job of covering for swamp musk.

I drained the last of the Pabst as quickly as my stomach could manage and leapt from the ersatz couch, nearly tumbling over the toddler fence and into no man's land in the process.

"I'm going to grab another, you want one?" I asked Lindsay without looking back. I was already on my way to the kitchen area.

The thumping of heavy feet behind me could only mean that my dinner companion had decided to follow. The kitchen was a new and horrible scene. Pots and pans were scattered across the warped countertops and the various camping stoves and hot plates. Some were caked with layer upon layer of old food, others burbled ominously with fresh unsavory indelicacies. Lindsay rattled through a list of dishes she had been preparing, pausing occasionally to grope for my crotch or lean in and exhale her dental disrepair all over me.

"What about the turkey?" I asked, assuming that it wasn't the ingredient in something called "bus station chili."

"Out back, nigger!" Lindsay slapped me on the face hard enough to startle me. "You're doin' the honors. I can't. I love that big old fucker."

"The turkey?"

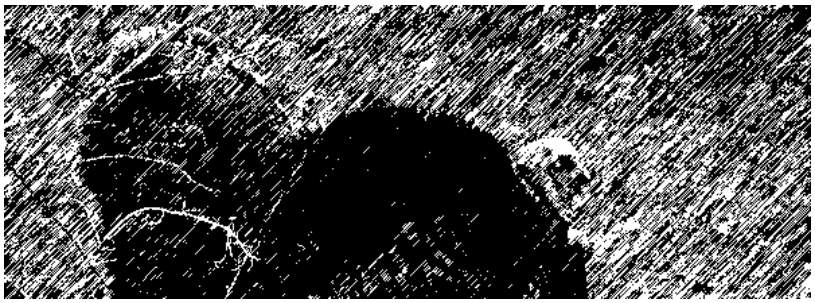
"YES!" She roared. "The cocksucking turkey! You're going to chop his fool head off."

I flinched away from her. I realized her precarious emotional state and immediately offered to go take care of the grisly task of offing her turkey. Hopefully the turkey would put up an epic struggle lasting several hours.

"Just right." Lindsay winked at me and licked her lips in a cartoonish approximation of lasciviousness. "I'll slip into something a little more comfortable and you can lay some pipe while that old bastard is cookin' up."

I was out the door before Lindsay could get her pants all the way unzipped.

"Axe is leaned up against the house next to his cage!" Lindsay shouted after me.



The plank above the cage read "Professor Charles Xavier" in crude knife cuts. Professor X, well, I don't know if turkeys can actually get mange, but if they can then he had it. He had plucked out half of his feather and his bare skin showed pink and raw in patches all over his body. He stared at me dumbly with his flesh waddle doing a little quiver of either nerves or just more turkey stupidity. I glanced next to his cage and spotted the wood axe leaning against the wall next to an extra-large bottle of Drano.

I took up the axe and with trepidation I unlatched the lopsided cage containing Professor X. His tiny birdie eyes stared into mine, but he didn't move. I just kept staring at him and all I could think about was his short and horrible life inside the cage. Here he was, the only thing Lindsay Dawn Riley had ever loved, and look at what that love had done to him. Something about the sadness in the surroundings, the desperation of my own situation or just a natural aversion to beheading struck me abruptly. Professor X would not die on this day. Not if I could help it!

I stepped out of his way and waited for him to flee to freedom. He didn't budge. Occasionally he would crane his neck to look at me or make throaty half-clucks, but he refused to depart.

"Go on, Professor X!" I urged him. "Go on! Freedom awaits!"

In retrospect shaking the cage might not have been the best way to get him out, but I spent a good ten minutes verbally urging him and gesturing expansively towards the world of wonder that was just beyond the confines of his pen. When I did finally decide to grab the sides of the cage and violently shake it, I assure you that I had exhausted all other options. At first Professor X sort of wobbled back and forth along with the cage. As my shaking grew more violently he became agitated.

"Go! Be free!"

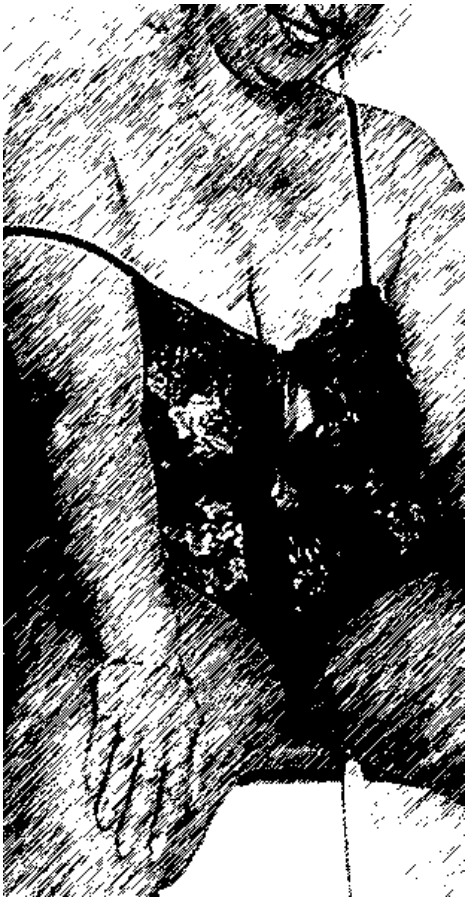
That's when he struck. Professor X leapt from the cage and raked my chest with his talons. His head flew up and down in a violent frenzy and I could feel his big dumb beak tearing holes in my skin. Despite the pain he was inflicting, the battle was nearly silent. Professor X still seemed reluctant to make much more than a deep clucking growl and I wanted to keep this clash of the Titans on the down low. I'd endure hours of tearing and rending at the claws of a turkey before I'd have sex with Lindsay Dawn Riley.

It ended as suddenly as it began. Professor X seemed to grow bored of the engagement and midway through one of his swipes he hopped away from me and began ambling slowly past the house. I was battered and bloodied, but I was not yet beaten. Now that Professor X was on the underground railroad out of giblet town, I could simply sit and wait for Lindsay to get tired of sitting and waiting. With a few strategically placed "I'm almost done-s" I would be able to draw things out. Then, my plan fell apart.

"Oh my Lord in fuck!" Lindsay shouted from inside. "You are not going to believe how goddamn wet this got! Get in here in a hurry!"

I had a sudden image of a hotdog sinking into a groaning patch of quicksand. I looked around for some delaying tactic, some means to forestall the inevitable. I wiped blood from my eyes and as my gaze swept past the turkey cage I spotted my salvation. Drano. If Todd could handle a flagon of colloidal silver and walk away with nothing more than permanently gray skin then I knew my infinitely superior constitution could withstand a deep draught of Drano.

"You've gotta see it. It's like a faucet!" The door banged open behind me and I knew my time was brief.



As I surged to my feet and grabbed the Drano I saw a pink jiggling shape shambling towards me. I fumbled with the cap, knowing I was only seconds from that quicksand.

"Hey, what are you-"

Drano doesn't taste good. It tastes like what I would imagine sticking a burning log in your mouth tastes like. All the same, I swallowed a good half a mouthful of the stuff because I'd had a good long glimpse of the alternative. That was probably a mistake, but it only felt like someone shot a flamethrower down my gullet for a few seconds before I lost consciousness.

Then I was Soundwave spearheading a coup to overthrow Megatron and throw Starscream on the scrapheap. A swarm of cassettes shot from my chest and transformed into a whirlwind of destruction that tore through the fields of Kansas. Little Dorothy was whisked into the sky and when she landed spread-eagle on my penis she was a spitting-image of Hillary Clinton. I marched at the head of an army that sacked Beijing and I fled from the zombie hordes through the streets of post-apocalyptic Paris. I saw family, friends and vague acquaintances. Sometimes they acted as they might in real life, at others they were wildly unpredictable and sometimes they were just familiar faces on a giant owl that asked me riddles.

Best of all, there was no Lindsay Dawn Riley. Even Todd showed up in my dreams. His wounded arm was sheathed inside a ruby opera glove and his gem-encrusted fingers gripped Crystal Bernard's head.

"Cum all over my face!" she moaned with a robotic British accent.

I shot skeet over the Grand Canyon with Kurt Vonnegut and beat Drew Barrymore to death with axe handles at the command of Ice Cube. I made passionate love to everyone from Alicia Witt to a zebra. I had magical powers that I could use for good or evil. Professor X thanked me for letting the X-men out of Magneto's cage and Psylocke stripped naked and used her psychic powers to make me pee.

I found myself in a blacksmith's forge. The furnaces burned hot and my body slicked with sweat. I

was muscular and powerful and as I plunged the pig iron of the rough sword into the furnace I felt pleasure enveloping me. I withdrew it and began to pound it flat, then I plunged it back into the furnace. It moaned gently. I pounded out more of the imperfections and then thrust the sword back into the fires. It cried out with ecstasy.

All at once there was a terrible crash and the bricks of the blacksmith's forge fell away. It was dark around me with just a faint glow and a strange ethereal beeping. Then another ecstatic moan and I realized that I was no longer dreaming. I felt a great weight atop me and as my eyes slowly came into focus I saw the worst thing since I read that "Mind of Mencia" had been renewed for a second season. Of course I didn't even have that to offset the horror because this happened back in 1998, well before Mencia had stolen all of his terrible jokes from other comedians.

Lindsay Dawn Riley was riding me like the mechanical bull at Cal's. The heat surrounding my groin was still there and I knew in an instant what was going on.

"Oh, I knew you would wake up one of these times, stupid dumbshit."

With those words all of the wonderful sex in my dreams was robbed from me. I didn't have sex with Alicia Witt. I didn't even get to have sex with a zebra. I had been getting cripple-raped by Lindsay Dawn Riley.

"Go ahead and do it inside me, nigger." She interrupted my self pity. "I'm on the rag."

I wilted like lettuce in a steamer. In fact, I didn't have another erection for almost two months after that. I wish that I could say that it was the last I saw of Lindsay Dawn Riley. That she was locked away or given the electric chair or something for raping me in my coma. Unfortunately, with a forged marriage certificate and a few bribes, Lindsay had convinced the hospital staff that I was actually Zack Riley. We had been happily married for six months and all these visits were because I had promised her a baby. I tried to explain it to them, begged them to give me something to put me back in the coma, but it didn't work.

I was married to Lindsay Dawn Riley, and it was going to be one terrifying honeymoon.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.22 Can Dogs Walk Backwards?

Tuesday, Nov 22, 2005 by by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

I love how our society labels those who don't conform to its standards of "normal". I'm not "antisocial". In fact, lets remove that word from our lexicon altogether. The fact is I've simply transcended man's need for social interaction. You might say I'm metahuman.

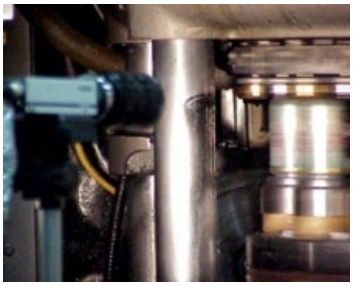
I know I'm destined to spend the rest of my life cooking 10-1 patties. I stand by the grill, resigned to my meaty fate. Although I work a crummy blue-collar job I don't consider myself a working class everyman. Everywoman maybe but I'll talk about that later.

Drive thru order #41. Congratulations on your purchase of a heart attack. I give the customer a receipt which he proceeds to deposit into the Ronald Mcdonald charity box. People don't even deserve to be called people.

We're allowed to wear whatever we want to work for Halloween. Finally a chance to scare my coworkers by getting my goth on. Speaking of which, do you know what band is secretly goth? The Pixies. I mean they released their first record on a goth label, they write songs about vampires, death, and bleeding, and their lead singer is named Francis Black.

I blamed video games for getting me into drugs. Drugs had been a constant theme in the games I grew up with from the mushrooms in Super Mario Brothers to the marijuana plants in Resident Evil. The true test of a game was whether it was good on drugs. As I listened to the Quake 2 theme I could make out minute sonic details I'd never noticed before.

My dad still didn't know that his son was a cross dresser. I was saving that little surprise for the next time I was pissed off at him. As for telling my coworkers about my cross dressing I just hadn't gotten around to it yet. I would've worn my dress to work for Halloween except I didn't want to get grease on it.



When I saw the outside world it was through two dirty panes of glass; first my glasses and then my bedroom window. I watched as the Concord skyline swallowed up the setting sun like a dark shroud. A shroud of mystery obscuring that which my imagination dared not contemplate.

I missed Lauren. She was one of the few people I could talk to without feeling like I'd prostituted myself afterwards. It had been forever since we'd done tek and watched movies together. It was this I lamented as I journeyed deeper and deeper into the heart of lonely.

I looked out the window. The world looked drab and dull as though someone had switched reality into software mode. I could no longer enjoy my happys. Every time I should've been happy I was overcome with a paralyzing fear that something terrible was about to happen. Paradoxically I was most content when I was miserable.

It was a windy day. I watched the autumn leaves dance across the road. Another long bleak winter would soon be upon us. I wished I could spend the winter in hibernation like the noble creatures of the wood.

It felt like I was going through drug withdrawals. Well, minus the panic attacks. Ghosts of regret

haunted my days and lingered long in my dreams. I knew no colors, only melancholy shades of lonely. I missed Justin and Brannen and the other 2 or 3 people my superiority complex still allowed me to talk to.

As a child I'd spend rainy afternoons like this looking out my bedroom window. Looking through it now the scenery was the same but the view had changed. Was there such a thing as pot withdrawals? I missed listening to my favorite cds stoned. I remembered when I could lose myself in a guitar solo. It was this sonic bliss that I longed to feel once more.

Brannen doesn't want our friendship to be based on drugs anymore. To quote Dolemite, bitch are you for real? We've been stoner friends for like a year and now you want to be real friends? First of all, you don't level jump on a friendship like that. Second of all, you'd have to do something about your constant one-upmanship and geekier-than-thou elitism.

There's a girl I like. Her smile holds the key to untold ecstasies of delicate serenity. She's beautiful, intelligent, but most importantly she's Christian. Maybe I'll ask her out to the upcoming concert by Christian rap/rock group Praise Against The Machine.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

11.23 Jefferson Lives

Wednesday, Nov 23, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

One of Jefferson's most endearing legacies comes from the fact he liked to write a lot of letters to various people residing on the planet and the scattered lunar colonies of the age. Letter writing was something of a brief fad, lasting a few thousand years, where people would write down messages and then have them transported to entirely different locations, where a recipient would then read them and perhaps respond in kind. While we don't have anything like that in our modern age, it was quite a popular means of communication back in the good old days. Most experts agree that Thomas Jefferson was at least a level 58 letter writer, making him one of the fiercest of the art. His exchanges with John Adams are regarded as some of the most famous in history, as well as the inspiration for fifteen of America's greatest sitcoms, including "Three's Company" and "My Mother the Car."

Jefferson took it upon himself to respond to every letter ever written to him, regardless of whether he knew the author or not. In turn, people wrote to Jefferson requesting all manner of advice, from the extraordinary to the mundane. I sometimes turn to the letters of Thomas Jefferson when I need inspiration or sagely wisdom to help me overcome my problems, which most often involve street gangs and poison centipedes, if not a deadly cocktail combining the two. I'd like to take some time and share some of my favorite of Thomas Jefferson's letters. I have chosen four that cover a wide range of subjects showcasing not just his genius and wisdom, but also providing answers to problems that many of you are no doubt facing. Please enjoy!

Cover from "The Coat That Ate Jefferson," a popular children's book. Thomas Jefferson was one of America's most influential presidents, still ranked today as "America's #3 President" and "one of America's Founding Fathers" by enthusiastic fans. His face is immortalized on , and the nickel is immortalized in 3d on Mt. Rushmore. In comparison to modern presidents, Thomas Jefferson is like some mythical figure possessing traits long absent from the world of man. Our presidents today are sad, pudgy men of few intellectual insights and few talents outside of standing in front of a podium delivering pre-written speeches. Jefferson was a true renaissance man. In addition to painting part of the Sistine Chapel while on vacation, Jefferson was a master architect who constantly built and rebuilt elaborate buildings and contraptions, such as the very first library bookmobile, which at the time was pulled from town to town by horses, slaves, and sometimes Indians captured from the various Indian legions terrorizing America. If the cosmic forces were to interfere and bring both Jefferson and Jimmy Carter back to life for purposes of having them compete in a home building contest, Jefferson would destroy Carter. One would build a veritable Taj Mahal, the other would build a glorified moonshine shed.

> I am pleased & flattered that you wrote to me for advice, though it saddens me to report that your decision, however well intentioned it might have been, was in haste. As I write this, I am quite certain your horse, failing some miraculous preventative measures on your part, is no more than ash. In the off chance your horse is still somehow alive & ablaze when you receive this letter, let me be first to suggest that you immediately submerge the equine in the nearest available source of water and, failing that, smother the flames with a blanket of sturdy constitution. I must say that I sincerely doubt this letter will arrive to you in time to save the animal, but if it pleases you to know I made certain to write as fast as my arm could manage and respond in as timely a manner as circumstances dictated. Should you encounter emergencies of a timely nature in the near future, I beg of you to make use of the resources & knowledge at hand as they might perchance provide you with quicker resolution.
>
> Thomas Jefferson

Jefferson was not afraid to offer input into matters theatric. His exchanges with a young playwright show an uncanny eye for ideas well ahead of their time.

> I have at last finished reading the draft of the play you have written, and I must confess finding it lacking it several key areas. For I am a man who enjoys the theater of the mind, I am disappointed by the play's lack of depth and, sadly, its banality. What I foresee setting the audience's fires alight is a grand spectacle of explosive action, witty quips & tremendous fights. If you could perhaps work in a gentlemen forced to pretend he is of queer persuasion & mind to fool a landlord into letting him room in ungentlemanly custom with two unmarried women, I do believe you would find your audience embroiled in laughter as I am now in writing this. I have further notes on that should you desire to incorporate such an idea into your work. Lastly, do not fear exploring the dynamics of flatulence, a subject known to produce hardy relief in bowel & spirit.
>
> Thomas Jefferson
>
> P. S. Perhaps you should also consider indulging the idea of annotating the differences between the races of man from an enlightened, humorous perspective.

> Dear Sir
>
> Your last letter to me, dated May 12, 2004 was received here some weeks ago on Oct. 17, 1819 by way of the large glowing sphere in my parlor, which I shamefully admit requires further revision to perfect the architecture. Forgive my late response as I have been recovering from illness that has hampered my body and produced an excess of thought.
>
> You wrote me an impassioned letter describing a connectivity issue causing you great toil and grief. I am pleased to write that the act of Powercycling your modulation device might do away with your ills. Should the process succeed, you will note the lanterns on the device synchronize, signaling your departure from stormy weathers. Altho' it has been many days since you scratched your words upon the surface of paper, I hope this solution may bring you solace & joy and freedom from the burdensome failures of your technological assets.
>
> your affectionate friend from beyond,
>
> Thomas Jefferson

Jefferson's secret underwater headquarters.
Amazingly, Jefferson displayed a keen eye for understanding the technologies of the future, as demonstrated in this highly mysterious letter he wrote. Historians speculate this was scribed during the period that Jefferson mistakenly opened a time portal from 19th century Monticello to 21st century Des Moines, Iowa. The famed 2003-2004 Des Moines phonebook that sat in his possession is routinely cited as evidence to support this theory.

As stated before, Jefferson was a true renaissance man. If there was a trade or hobby to be pursued, at one time or another Thomas Jefferson surely mastered it. From owning slaves to agriculture and necromancy, there was no one superior to him. This next letter reveals some of Jefferson's lesser-known hobbies, making him even renaissance manlier.

> I found myself gravely distressed after reading your letter detailing your struggles with local rapscallions belittling the animals at your petting zoo. As I have at one time dabbled in the realm of operating a petting zoo, I can relate to your concern for the mental welfare of your beasts. Sadly, my own petting zoo aspirations ended tragically in a collusion with another pursuit of mine: beekeeping. Should you also masquerade as a beekeeper, know that there are matters of space to consider when choosing the location of your beehives. Proximity to nearby structures & creatures is of definite concern.
>
> The animal mind, simple as it may be, houses many secrets and can often be molded for better or worse by the actions of man. These youthful rapscallions will surely cause grief for your animals, which in turn is certain to cause you displeasure. I suggest enlisting the aid of a night watchman to keep guard around the premises when you are away or in slumber; and initiating as a prerequisite to admittance a policy that an adult of good standing accompany all youths into the petting zoo.
>
> Should the youths continue to trouble the animals, I humbly suggest you yourself stand guard at their usual time of appearance, armed with weapon & fortitude, to send a message to those who would seek to expand your suffering. A showing of force, even if merely theatrical, will most certainly dissuade the rambunctious heart.
>
> your faithful friend and fellow zookeeper,
>
> Thomas Jefferson

What do these letters tell us? They tell us that there is wisdom in the writings of our founding fathers, as out of touch with contemporary American values as they might have been. I suggest you take some time from your busy schedule of lifting weights or watering your ferns and brush up on some history. Read the letters of Thomas Jefferson, who like Abraham Lincoln before him, shaped the foundations of this country we are so rapidly tearing to pieces. I also suggest we think long and hard about whether or not we ever want to elect a dog as president. I personally think the time is right.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.24 College Mascot Hall of Fame

Thursday, Nov 24, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

With college football season in full swing, and the bird flu mutating into a super virus that will cover the planet in a shroud of inescapable death, we are reminded of the unsung heroes of college sports: the mascots.

These loveable miscreants are invaluable to our regional college teams. They provide laughter, merriment, and most of all, team spirit. Many take the role of a mascot lightly, thinking their station in life is on par with filthy clowns and mime performers. This is simply not true. Mascots are some of the most noble, dedicated, and stout-hearted performers. They know no fear in the face of opposition. They have such innate senses of honor that they would gladly perform ritual seppuku for a crowd, driving razor-sharp blades into their suits and spilling steaming entrails into the front row.

They take their craft very seriously, and are prone to take grave offense if one discounts their work as mere tomfoolery. That is why we salute them this day, and induct some of the top mascots from across the country into the College Mascot Hall of Fame.

Buddy the Bear
Team: Northeast Minnesota Bears

Buddy has been a figurehead of the Twin Pines stadium at NEU since 1964. At first, Buddy was not well received. This was a closeknit community which distrusted outsiders, especially bears with fetal alcohol syndrome. He endured many harsh tauntings and thrown pop cans during his early career, but soon won the hearts and minds if the fans with his crazy antics and awe inspiring team spirit. Soon he was a beloved mascot known in every college around the country, becoming a top tier mascot all-star.

But it wasn't all cheers and laughs for Buddy. He had his share of mishaps over the years, like when he ran into the stands and bit into a baby's head like a ripe apple. In Buddy's defense, the baby had mustard all over it because of a careless hot dog vendor. There was also the time he mauled the kicker on the sidelines because he had some Bit-O-Honey in his pocket.

Despite these setbacks, Buddy more than made up for it with his mascot skills, and by kicking the winning field goal in the OSU game when he subbed in for the dismembered kicker. Buddy was named the team MVP before he was shot by the local park rangers for knocking over trash cans.

General Score-a-Lot
Team: ETU Rebels

The south is full of tradition: biscuit gravy, slavery, incest, and, of course, Confederate pride. They are damn proud of getting 2nd place in the famous Civil War that tore this country apart in the 19th century. This pride shows when General Score-a-Lot is on the field, distracting the visiting Yankee team with his bold style of mascottery.

General Score-a-Lot is most famous for a legendary game against NYU -- a team favored to beat the Tennessee Rebels by a 40 point spread. During the opening coin toss, the General shot the coin in midair with his trusty sidearm, causing it to flip in favor of the Rebels receiving the kickoff.

He then pretended to be a Jewish banker from New York, and rode a large hog around the perimeter of the football field. The hog went mad from the noise and confusion, made a beeline for the exit, and ended up bowling over the NYU offensive coordinator. The collision put the coordinator in a coma, leaving the Yankee team without a clear offensive strategy.

It was very close, but despite all of General Score-a-Lot's efforts, the Rebels failed to win the battle. Just like the ill-fated Confederate charge at the battle of Gettysburg, the Rebels were crushed on their last drive to win the game. Regardless, it is known at ETU as one of the most exciting games in college football history.

Some didn't take the loss so well. In defeat and shame, the General hung himself from the goalpost after the game. He was a mascot all-star who taught us all about the meaning of friendship and love. We will remember him always, in our thoughts and feverish nightmares.

The Pussy Gang
Team: South Carolina Krazy Kats

Question: What is better then a mascot all-star?
Answer: 3 mascot all-stars!

Known as one of the few schools to field multiple mascots at once, the SCU Krazy Kats found this lovable threesome working at a local Chuck-E-Cheese, where they patrolled the skeet ball area for cheats and cleaned up piles of half digested pizza vomit in the ball pit. They happily parted ways with the fascist mouse regime of the Chuck-E kingdom, and were embraced by their new abusive family at the university.

Some call them the "Three Stooges" of the mascot world, and after watching a SCU home game you can certainly see why. They get very worked up when trying to get the crowd into the game. Sometimes this causes friction between the trio, especially if they accidently step on each other's tails, but the fans are always delighted when the infighting escalates into full scale brawls. Some people attend Krazy Kat games not to see football, but in hope of see a mascot battle, like an outsider attending a NASCAR event just for the crashes. Most of the time, they are rewarded with delightful cat on cat violence.

For their unique brand of entertainment, the Pussy Gang have been named all-stars in the mascot hall of fame. We all hope that they will recover from that drunk driving accident and return to the stadium very soon. In the meantime, the sideline entertainment will be provided by Chuckles the

Hairless Clown.

The Negro Spartan
Team: ZSU Invaders

The Negro Spartan has a special place in our hearts. He was created in 1924, and has been one of the most recognizable mascots of this century. In many games, he was known to have mock battles with his trusty sword and threaten the opposing team's mascots. Sometimes he pretended to run them through, much to the delight of the children in the audience.

The only time he really slew another mascot was in 1959, when somebody pulled a college prank and switched his fake sword with a real one. The other mascot was Ricky the Rabbit, and was dancing in circles around the Negro Spartan in an attempt to throw him off his game. With one swing of the sword, Ricky's head was sheared clean off leaving rockets of gore to spurt from the hewn neck. The Spartan was later absolved of all charges because he was ignorant of the prank, and the legend is still told in the halls of ZSU to this day.

But not all is well in the land of mascots. There has been a lot of controversy in the last ten years about acceptable college iconography. With the rise of political correctness and liberal hippies gaining positions of judicial power, we have seen many of our beloved Native American mascots taken away from us -- like the Oklahoma Scalper and the SJU White Baby Eater. This disturbing trend is now targeting some of our oldest mascots, such as the ZSU Negro Spartan.

Groups like the NAACP and Greek Historical Society are protesting the image of the Negro Spartan, calling it racist and historically inaccurate. This also caused a feud between the NAACP and the Greek Historical Society, the former calling the latter racist for saying that there were no black Spartans. The GHS fired back, saying that there were some black people in ancient Greece, but these were mostly slaves from North Africa. This of course made the situation even worse, so the Negro Spartan called a press conference and announced his retirement to end the bickering. For this brave sacrifice, and for his years of service, he has been inducted into the mascot hall of fame to be remember forever.

Karl Rove
Team: Washington Tattles

Karl has been around Washington for years, but many people don't know him. He is the sort of mascot that stays in the background, supporting from a distance with a cherubic smile and charming grey eyes. While lurking in the shadows, he has helped his team with his unorthodox methods and "thinking outside the box". He is bold in his maneuvers. So bold, in fact, that nobody who hears of his moves can believe it and dismiss the reports as old wives tales and whiny liberal talk radio. This is how he maintains his position as one of the top mascots in the country.

Since Karl isn't currently playing for a college, it goes against the hall of fame rules to induct him into the ranks. Let's just say he has friends in high places who made some phone calls, and the endorsement is getting pushed through. We are not happy about this decision, but we have no choice but to abide by it, at least for a few years.

Harvey the Horse
Team: Canadian Navy

Harvey is sweetly retarded. He thinks he is a basketball mascot, so he wears his jersey and brings a basketball to every game. Nobody has the heart to tell him that they are playing football, and that when he drinks all the Gatorade on the sidelines the players tend to get thirsty and dehydrated. Harvey was actually fired from his position five years ago, but didn't understand what was happening and therefore keeps coming back to the games to mascot. The people of the Canadian Navy College are much too kind to have him thrown out of the game, so they just let him sing his New Kids on the Block songs and throw the basketball onto the field during play.

Harvey really isn't a great mascot and shouldn't be included in the hall of fame, but his mother gave us a call and we decided to make an exception in his case. His heart is in the right place, and that is the most important thing when it come to team spirit.

Those are the college hall of fame mascots for 2005! Now if you excuse me, I'm late for the Lions game. I've been drinking steadily all day, so I can cope with the fact that Detroit is a horrible team despite all of their young talent. Happy Thanksgiving!

Happy Thanksgiving!

'Rus! Russ!...Everything within you is open, desolate, and flat; your squat towns barely protrude above the level of your wide plains, marking them like little dots, like specks; here is nothing to entice and fascinate the onlooker's gaze. Yet whence this unfathomable, uncanny force that draws me to you?

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

11.25 Kids Saying Shit Thanksgiving Edition

Friday, Nov 25, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Kids Say the Darnedest Shit series.

The kids from Miss Favors' third grade class at Whitebrook Elementary are back once again with holiday tidings. Enjoy your Thanksgiving leftovers and find out what these kids had to say about Turkey Day. Remember, kids will say just about anything because they don't know stuff!

WHAT ARE YOU MOST THANKFUL FOR THIS THANKSGIVING?

"Increased church attendance"

"Every year I try to collapse the rational universe by being thankful for being thankful."

"That I am about to gain the knowledge and bravery of yet another turkey warrior. I keep holding out for one of them to know how to dodge a spanking, but I guess it makes sense that the weakest would fall first in battle. Eventually I'll turn the tables on daddy. Eventually."

"The missile defense shield. Someone's gotta care. That thing cost like 50 billion dollars and I don't think it even works."

"Random police searches of my family's automobile."

"I like having legs and arms."

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE THING TO EAT FOR THANKSGIVING?

"I like to lick off yogurt lids I dig out of the garbage."

"An extra large slice of humble pie."

"Daddy told mommy to eat poop from a butt and then slammed the door and now I think I'd like to try that."

"I don't understand how anyone can stand to eat with peak oil looming on the horizon."

"We found out in science class that daddy mice will eat baby mice if you leave them in a cage together. And who can blame them!? Those things looked delicious. Like little pigs."

"I'll probably be drinking something with the funny skull from underneath the sink. Haha, tell me another joke, Skully."

HOW DO YOU THINK PEOPLE IN OTHER COUNTRIES CELEBRATE THANKSGIVING?

"I'm not really sure, but I'm willing to bet that it involves burning an American flag."

"With poverty and high infant mortality."

"Ceaseless ululation."

"They eat nutrition pills and then plug their brain jacks into the holofeel computer. Or maybe I'm thinking of the future."

"Is this the part where I'm supposed to say something racist or ignorant? Maybe something cute because I'm just a silly child with no idea of how the world works? Okay: I bet niggers rape kike babies because the Easter bunny is real. Happy Thanksgiving!"

"Indians call corn 'mazes' but they know a lot about computers so we let it slide."

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE FLOAT IN THE MACY'S THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE?

"I just watch the parade for Kathy Lee Gifford. That parade is my only source of updates on Cody's childhood development these days."

"I finally felt like America 'got' me when I saw a Dilbert float."

"The moment I saw that giant Turkey I knew that I wanted it inside me."

"Haha, Garfield sure likes lasagna! What will he think of next?!"

"Whichever one breaks loose and injures the most stupid white people."

"Rootbeer and ice cream in the same glass? Pinch me!"

WHAT DO YOU THINK AMERICANS WILL BE MOST THANKFUL FOR NEXT THANKSGIVING?

"The release of 'Mind of Mencia' on DVD."

"The same thing all of America is thankful for every year: the presidency of George W. Bush."

"All of America will be talking about Howard Stern Uncensored on Sirius Satellite Radio. At least the 30 people who have Sirius will be talking about that."

"That the Mutons haven't found their way into the shelter yet and the canned peaches are lasting longer than everybody expected."

"I can't speak for White America, but Black America is going to be thankful once again that we can blame another year of stupid crap on White America. You guys thinking about invading Iran? That would be hysterical. I say go for it. You owe it to yourselves."

"America is named after Christopher America."

AFTER YOU EAT YOUR BIG THANKSGIVING DAY MEAL, WHAT DOES YOUR FAMILY LIKE TO DO?

"Strenuous physical activity. We usually run sprints or see how fast we can dig an eight-foot deep pit."

"This year mommy says the outer space ship is coming in the comet so we're going to go to bed right after dinner and the fun drink."

"We're gonna play World of Warcraft straight through the meal so we don't miss our guild raid."

"I don't know what an 'intervention' is but I heard daddy say on the phone that mommy is getting one because she's thirsty a lot."

"Oh, I see where this one is going. After we eat our fried chicken and watermelons we like to sing spirituals and then sit on the porch. What do you think? We sit around and talk about how we ate too much and then get into arguments just like you idiots."

"When you put food in your face it goes in the digestive tracks and then comes out of your back. That is the food chain."

WHO DO YOU MOST WISH WOULD BE AT YOUR HOUSE FOR THANKSGIVING?

"I wish Mother Theresa could be here but she is dead so instead maybe Harry Potter."

"Harry Potter."

"Harry Potter."

"Harry Potter."

"I could pretend since I'm black it's not Harry Potter, but it's Harry Potter."

"Mother Theresa is a mom, but her mom was killed by Voldemort."

WHAT DO YOU THINK THE PILGRIMS ATE FOR THEIR VERY FIRST THANKSGIVING?

"Indians."

"Indians."

"It was the Indians."

"They ate Indians."

"Indians."

"Harry Potter."

I hope you had a Happy Thanksgiving and I hope the wisdom of children helped that last bite of cranberry sauce slide down your gullet a little more easily.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.26 Council Of Doom

Saturday, Nov 26, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Order, order please! The Supervillain Town Hall Meeting for the month of November is now officially underway. Let the record show that all members are in attendance with the exception of Casually Late Man... no wait, here he comes. Strike that from the record please.

Before we get started, on a personal note I'd like to thank you for appointing me as the master of ceremonies following Stealy Dan's sentence of life in prison for his bungled attempt to rob Fort Knox. Wearing that heavy winter jacket was a great idea in theory, but the building ultimately proved to be too large for even those extra large pockets. I'm sure I speak for all of us when I hope that Stealy Dan is released on good behavior when his parole comes up next month.

For the first order of business, I'd like to bring up a looming threat to our very existence which we've avoided discussing for far too long. No, Owl Cadet, I'm not talking about this building's Hostess Fruit Pie vending machine. Of course I know it hasn't been restocked since August. How could I possibly ignore the headlines you guys have been making with that nationwide series of foiled attempts to rob delicious pies from culturally diverse children? That's a matter you'll have to take up with the maintenance crew, but I'm glad you brought it up since our collective inability to pull off even the smallest of crimes is directly related to what I was about to bring up.

We outnumber the superheroes by a wide margin. Think about it, every hero has a rotation of at least eight villains which he finds himself pitted against on a regular basis, and that's not even counting the small timers who aren't officially recognized by this organization. You'd think at least one of us would have gotten away with at least a minor crime like jaykwalking or copyright infringement by now, but no. Zero percent success rate. So why have we been failing for so long now?

We've grown so accustomed to losing that subconsciously we've already lost before we even begin planning the first steps of our schemes. Instead of committing straightforward crimes that we'd stand a chance of pulling off, we shoot ourselves in the foot with overly intricate gameplans and poor personnel choices. If we only put some effort into things we'd be unstoppable! See, the Nodding Menace knows what I'm talking about.

What do I mean about poor personnel choices? Take you for example, Attica.Your superpower is that you always get caught. Imagine that! Some guys get heat vision, some guys can fly, some are nearly invincible. You? You get caught. You were dealt a bad hand in life, but you persevered and made a name for yourself in the underworld and I respect that. Teaming up with The Human Doormat though... it hasn't worked out as well as you'd hoped, has it? I know you guys have been friends forever, but his superpower is losing every fight he's involved in. Again, I respect what you've been able to accomplish, but don't you see the folly of this matchup?

I'm not suggesting that you split up, but have you ever considered bringing a new guy into the fold? I suggest Opposite Day over there. His uncanny ability to make everything around him act

conversely to the way you'd expect would make you guys unstoppable!

I know you've already got a partner, Opposite Day, and I hate to be the one to say this, but I think it would be for the best if you and the Unbeatable Winner parted ways. No one's saying you can't still be friends when you're off the clock, but it actually would be a good idea if you stayed as far away from each other as possible for the rest of your lives.

So does everyone see how adding or removing just one person can affect your chances of being a successful villain? Good! Does anyone object to a team restructuring meeting in the parking lot after we're finished here? What's your objection, Nodding Menace? You don't have any objections? Then why... just nevermind.

Our second order of business is just as much a threat to our existence as the first topic. Whoever keeps setting those fires in our storage room for highly flammable objects, dynamite and airborne viruses needs to stop. Seriously. I realize a number of you are arsonists or have skin made of lava/flames, but there's already a fireproof rest room that was specifically made for you guys. If there's a line for the fireproof room, just hold the urge in and wait your turn. Or heck, set fire to pretty much any room that isn't the most dangerous storage area in the building, okay?

Now for our third order of business, I'd like to... oh wow. That's just weird! I never noticed it until I stood up here at the podium and looked right at you, Captain Not A Spy, but you look *just like* Captain Justice! I mean it! You have the same facial structure, physique, costume, everything. If it weren't for the fake mustache you're wearing you'd be his twin brother.

Why do you look so taken aback? Sure we all hate Captain Justice, the guy locked us all up at one time or another and knocked like seven of us into vats of acid/radioactive waste. But he's a good looking guy. It's a compliment.

Everyone turn around and look at Captain Not A Spy! You've got to see this!

Wow, your costume isn't just similar, it's exactly the same! You've even got "CJ" on your chest in really big letters just like Captain Justice. We could probably use this to our advantage, like if we had you take off your mustache and spy on the superheroes by posing as Captain Justice. The genius of it is they'd never expect it, since your freaking name is Captain Not A Spy.

Hey, where are you running? Come back, it's just a fake mustache! It's not like you'd have to shave it off, you could put it back on when you're done!

Jeez, what was up with that guy?

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.27 Amazon.com is killing the Amazon.

Sunday, Nov 27, 2005 by Kevin "The Goblin" Wilson

Surprise surprise, a company has come out of the woodwork (literally) to tell us how much they hate oxygen. They hate it so much that they want to kill the rainforest to lower their DVD prices.

A dramatic re-enactment.

That's right readers, according to this article, Amazon.com hates the rainforest.

What does Amazon suggest? They want to kill the rainforest so they can keep selling things at lower prices. How do you feel about that double CD set of "The Essential Lynyrd Skynyrd" now that you know it was built with endangered monkey blood? Remember the hot dog costume you got for your dog Miko? Would you have bought it if you knew there wouldn't be any air left after Amazon.com? If you're like most Americans, you're more of an Ameri**don't**. As in, "I Ameri**don't** give a flying toot of about it. Get out of my way and let me watch my shampoo and salsa commercials." Well that's just how the corporations want it. Thank goodness I'm here.

Since I've grown a beard I've begun to see things in a new light. To top that off, I have lots of fancy words I got from my slam poetry friends to use on you. What does this all mean? It means you're gonna have to sit back and listen to the truth about what companies like Amazon.com are doing to the rainforest. First of all, they hate the ecosystem. If you ever make them watch Captain Planet or recycle paper, it burns them like a vampire when they touch sunlight. You know the main benefit of providing a business service online? You don't have to show what kind of horrible creature you may or may not be. In the case of Amazon.com, they are tree-eating carnivores who want nothing more than to sell us Amazon.com canned air. I'm sure they'd also like you to add "Amazon.com clean water" to your favorites list, too.

No dice, Amazon.com.

Oh god, they're gonna kill that monkey while he's doing his homework!

The people of Earth are onto your Martian plans to make this planet as terrible and ugly as your ability to deliver my DVD of "Manufacturing Consent" by Noam Chomsky. What? Are you afraid of the truth I might learn about the way the media (you) perverts and distorts human life? Fat chance, moneycheeks, I already read the book and my friend told me the gist of the "Communist Manifesto" just yesterday. I'm your worst nightmare.

Did you know that Amazon.com encourages the use of environmentally hazardous materials in its website design? Do you even know where its code comes from or what kind of terrible dyes and inks they use to keep the background so white? That's not a natural white. And if it is, you can trust me that it's incredibly harmful to both your eyes and the environment. I heard that a squirrel once read amazon.com for fifteen minutes and ended up going into a coma until that next spring. My friend read a blog that talked about it, and that guy talked to Michael Moore.

Robots don't know how to feel, how to love, or how to complain about things. I know how to do all of those, but I'm focusing all my effort into the last one to tell Amazon.com this: You will never

get away with raping our mother Earth. Even though every other kid I know likes to just sit home and talk about if Samus or Megaman would win in a fight, they will rise up as one when they start to realize what you are up to.

I understand the way you feel, America. Sometimes I wake up and wonder why I was put here on this slogan-filled planet. Does anyone care about what I have to say? Does anyone care about my handmade bead necklaces? Sometimes I think everyone would prefer corporations to rule their lives. Sometimes I can't even believe the powers of Captain Planet and Zen the Intergalactic Ninja combined could stop companies like these.

Then I remember the little pandas, the little babies, and everything out there that I can save by getting people to hate an online store. So I say again, Amazon, do your worst. Send your lapdogs, your angry letters, your pictures of me with the words "stoopid hippie" underneath my face. I don't care. I'm going to be a martyr for the little babies and the pandas that will live on through my heroic deeds. You can send your mafia as well. I'm not afraid of them. Not only am I an expert at hiding after successfully not getting caught by the cops for drunken brawls at the McDonalds downtown at 10am, but guess what? I just got a paperback volume of "How to Be a Ninja" directly from you for 9.92 used. How does it feel to know I'm using your own weapons against you?

To those who are willing to take up the fight like I am, remember my lessons. These business flunkies lack a few things: One, a beard. Two, an asian hippie girlfriend who doesn't shave her armpits. And three, the backbone to realize when what you are doing is killing the ecosystem and should be stopped. How do you use this to your advantage, moustache apprentice? You have to hit them where it hurts. Write them emails about how they are probably testing on animals and don't give a crap about people. If you can include a couple references to how using computers to run their business is just like owning slaves. This will confuse them and make them question their own morality.

Proof, taken off my own computer, of what Amazon.com sells online.

Then you strike like a union worker who realizes their exploitation.

Start by hanging out with all the dreadlocked kids, nodding a lot and saying "right on" when they start talking about stuff. Even if they just sit and stare at their hands for a couple hours, tell them that they are teaching you about how to not conform to the corporate world that the man is pushing down on you. Wait, what was I talking about? Oh yeah, Amazon.com's business practices are harmful to our way of life and this article just helps to reinforce this. Did you read the title? It's obvious. You don't even have to read the rest of it. We all know how businesses are trying to rob us out of our money. Don't become another number in the package tracking system. Don't let these machines and websites take control. Fight the e-power for the e-vironment.

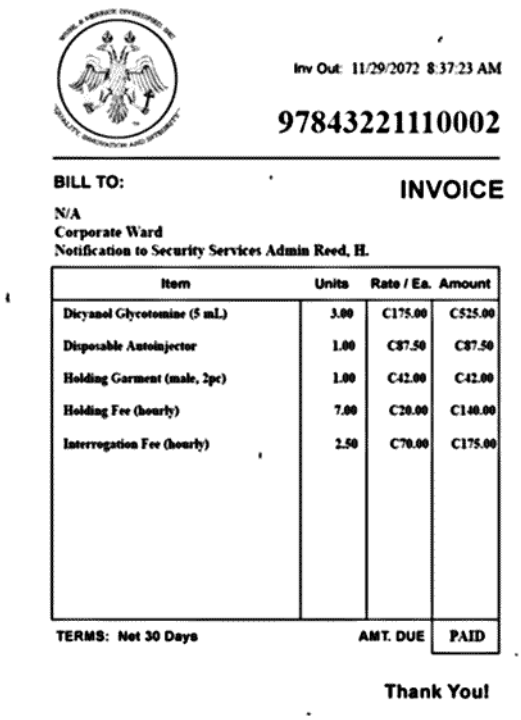
The Sunday Snort Report

I have the fortune of trying out something different this time instead of a contest. Click here to see the very first Sunday Snort Report!

-~Kevin "The Goblin" Wilson

11.28 Europa

Monday, Nov 28, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Inv Out: 11/29/2072 8:37:23 AM

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BILL TO:

INVOICE

N/A
Corporate Ward
Notification to Security Services Admin Reed, H.

Item	Units	Rate / Ea.	Amount
Dicyanol Glycotomine (5 mL)	3.00	C175.00	C525.00
Disposable Autoinjector	1.00	C87.50	C87.50
Holding Garment (male, 2pc)	1.00	C42.00	C42.00
Holding Fee (hourly)	7.00	C20.00	C140.00
Interrogation Fee (hourly)	2.50	C70.00	C175.00

TERMS: Net 30 Days AMT. DUE PAID

Thank You!

It didn't hurt much. Kind of a pinch and then warmth, like I'd taken a drink of Dandy 101. If I had the words in me I might have described it as a slowly suffusing burn, only it wasn't limited to my throat and stomach, it was radiating out from my arm through my entire body. My head felt hot. My arms felt numb. Then I was dead. Hey, shit happens. Happens a lot. I'd stamped the forms before myself. People liked to make trouble and those people had to die. People like me.

That's the end of the story first. Some guy I talked to in the commissary a couple years ago told me it was a great way to frame a narrative. I don't know, sounded like bullshit to me. It seems like you're ruining the story right up front.

Anyway, I started working for Wuhl & Merrick 22 years ago. Since Wuhl merged with Merrick in '44 they've been the only show in town, so it's either good 'ol W&M or you sell kababs you cook over an oil drum to the scuzz in down sector. Not that I had even that much choice. I wasn't born into the corporation like some of the empty suits. My dad was an anarchist thug who died in the riots before I took my first steps and my mom was a temp. That's what she said anyway, by the time I was old enough to make my first zip gun I knew that temp was just another name for hooker.

I ran with some bad crowds back then. Punks with Molotovs, too much time and maybe a few surplus Usmil guns to shoot at the Red Rocks. It was just vandalism the way I see it. The thing about an 86-ton armored prowler is that a few shots aren't going to do a lot more than scratch some paint. Oh, sure, some of the older kids popped a Red Rock once in a while with an IED or something, but then you got the Black Boots on you and before you know it you're gone. Disappeared. Along with your family if you managed to kill one of the Red Rocks.

We vandalized, we robbed, we mugged and we made the mistake of following Carlos on a smash and grab at a company store. They netted us good. Three prowlers and a Bye Bucket to cart us all to holding. The Red Rocks threw us around like sacks of rice and the first one of us to get mouthy got some free dental work done by a rifle butt. I just kept my eyes down and my lips buttoned. They stripped me to my birthday suit and gave me a paper sack and called it a garment. They interrogated us individually. I got ten years in the hole for my efforts at Minky's Market and I don't mean prison. That's for corporate criminals. I mean the deep hole. Hard labor three kilometers under the blacktop mining semi-hot uranium.

Ten years turned out to be two weeks. My hair hadn't even started falling out. Turned out my mom had spread for some guy in sector security and she'd gotten my sentence reduced to five years with the Red Rocks. I hauled ammo, I fixed what I could on their prowlers and I'd even go out late at night and find shit for the Red Rocks down sector they couldn't buy in a company store. I busted my ass and they noticed. The thing about security - and I don't know if you can say this about any other department - is that they take care of their own. I might have been a scrawny kid doing an unusual mandatory sentence, but they helped me out.

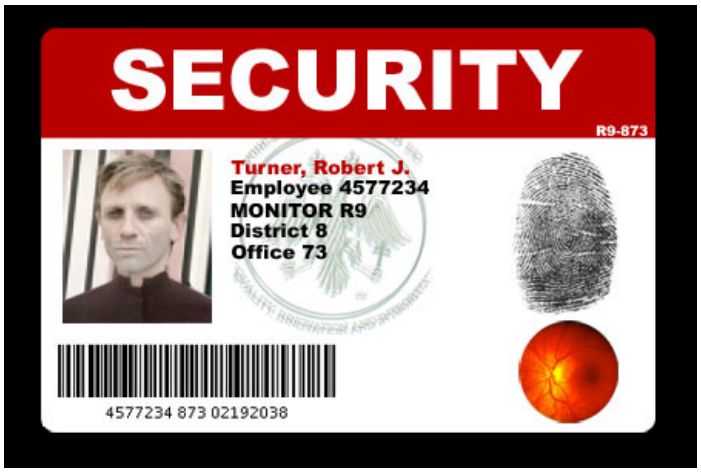
Year three and they sent me to the training seminar in Detroit up sector. Year five and I was halfway through my first tour as an honest to shit Red Rock. I had the chiseled armor and the rifle and everything. Nobody even talked about my sentence being over, least of all me. I was getting regular paychecks, I had good housing and I thought I had a good group of friends. I even made my first big bust.

It was weird shit. I heard about a suit making trips down sector to a curveball brothel just about once a week, so I stop by when he's knee deep in a girlboy and put the hard case on him. He's totally freaking out so I search him and he's got some weird crypto lock case. I call it in and not five minutes later the place is swarming with Black Boots. Just one of these guys had our entire department's budget bolted to his head. I'm not just talking grafts either, I'm talking state of the art science-fictiony shit. Even the ones that looked normal still seemed all spooky with their shaved heads and dark circles under their eyes. Turns out the guy was selling R&D secrets to another department. I didn't get what the big deal was. I even said "we all work for the same guys, right?" which got the Black Boots to giggling.

About a month later I'm out with my boys on patrol and this stretch floater drops down from the skyway right in front of us. Tucker starts laying into them and even starts swiveling the turret, but then this crew-cut Black Boots gets out and walks over. He tells me that I have to go with him so I do. When a Black Boots says jump you don't even wait to hear how high you just start right in jumping and hope they'll say when to stop.

That day turned out to be the fourth most important day of my life. The third was the day I got busted by the Red Rocks. The first and second, well, I'll get to them in a bit. Anyway, the Black Boots decided I was hot shit and they drafted me into their little haunted house. I did a couple years as muscle for them. Rough shit. Those guys didn't kid around. We'd gun down an entire apartment complex down sector to get to one suit hiding in the bunch. But I actually liked it. Not so much the killing but the fact that I got to start breaking balls with the empty suits. If it feels good to drop some tracers into the punk who just threw a Molotov on your prowler it feels ten times as good to drop a knee in the back of some accounts payable shithead who has been skimming the books.

I did my time cracking skulls and not asking questions about why I was cracking skulls. After a couple years of that this guy named Hieronymus Reed comes up to me. Reed was a tall son of a bitch, built like a straw and with these big dark eyes that remind me to this day of an eclipse. Dark where dark shouldn't have been. This Reed guy tells me that my aptitude scores are all top shelf stuff. Like I'm the best thing since sliced myco. He tells me I got two options of where to go if



I want to leave the muscle profession in my past. I can go work with internal affairs, but he says that even though I was a Red Rock I've also got a chip on my shoulder and don't do too good with people. He said to me that I was just the sort of sociopath he could use in monitoring. I asked how much and he added a digit to my paycheck, so I was with him.

If you want to get technical the proper name of the place was Asset Overwatch and Resource Monitoring. It was corporate stuff, not regional or whatever, we're talking global. I hadn't even seen a world map outside of the one above the blackboard at the Red Rock academy and then all at once I'm looking at ten different world maps on the Interact. I got a crash course on sitting on my ass all day and watching the live feeds. I was told to report anything interesting, but that happened maybe once a month in that first year. They had assigned me to the easy shift. I was watching the decks of freighters stacked with shipping containers hauling rollers to our distro offices in the Pacific Combine. I was watching orbital reflectors that kept the sun shining 24/7 on our automated greenhouses on the Dark Continent. In those early days I got the most fun out of watching primate research lab 6. They had a fairly inclusive definition of "primates" and they did all sorts of terrible cutting and dissecting in there.

I worked my way up over the years from Monitor 1 to Monitor 8. Those numbers after my job title just represented the amount and importance of facilities I was assigned to monitor. When I spotted someone deploying data sniffers into the ventilation at an organ harvester in East Bloc I notified Reed and I got my promotion. I'd been working for W&M for 17 years by then and I knew what it meant to get Monitor 9. I was in charge. I didn't just call shit in to Reed anymore, I was allowed to act on what I saw. I could send fire teams to extinguish electrical fires, dispatch cryo specialists to check out the temperatures on our embryo storage and issue kill orders to Black Boots looking for defectors.

Then came the second most important day of my life. It was late in the afternoon and I had spent most of the day managing a riot in the Calcutta down sector. Messy stuff. Dead Red Rocks, a downed helicopter, hundreds of dead scuzz and probably millions in property damage. Reed knew it wasn't my fault how things had spiraled out of control. The scuzz just got it in their heads to tear things up and no matter how many live fires I authorized it wasn't turning them back. I was sort of absently flipping through the feeds by that point just looking for anything to get my mind off the riots. Since I hit R9 I had just about full access to everything outside of StratCom and Corporate Private, but most of the new feeds had triple or quadruple monitor coverage so I had pretty much stuck to my old beat. I decided to cruise the new feeds.

There was a lot of pretty interesting stuff in those feeds, but the only one I remember was Europa.

I'd seen my share of space crap. Mostly automated mining and bulk resource hauling. I knew Gateway Two in orbit around earth like the back of my frigging hand. Just a bunch of spokes, wheels, blinking lights and a couple of tin cans full of whiney industrial crews. I remember during blackouts in down sector as a kid looking up at the stars and imagining how wonderful it would be to live in the dark. But since then I'd learned the dark was monotony and cramped quarters. Not Europa. Europa was a moon or planet or some crap and W&M had landed some big pyramid looking things on it a long time ago. Somehow those things had sprayed out gas and shit and turned at least part of it into a place where people could go out and not have their blood boil.

What a place it was. It was green with trees and grass like in pictures and the sky above it was blue, although Reed told me later it was just Interact screens or something above them. There were old people, mostly old people, and they were sitting around eating or playing games or swimming in huge pools. The houses were all old fashioned with big stone blocks and columns and glass tops that faced the blue sky. I asked Reed what it was and he said it was sort of like the parts dumps in down sector but for rich corporates instead of people you don't want anymore. 30 large and you could buy a ticket on the monthly shipment out there. Once you're there you never come back, you just sit and have fun and don't worry about the shit back on earth.

I told Reed that I was going to save up the money and go. At first he laughed at me, but I wasn't joking. I didn't spend much of the money I made. My house was paid by the corporation, I ate in the commissary and the only person in my life was a down sector cat I'd picked up while taking some time to visit a friend still with the Red Rocks. I already had a third of the money in the bank and with my pay increase to M9 I would have 30,000 socked away before I hit 40. I had a goal in life. I had a course that I had set for myself for the first time.

I put it everything I had into my work. I put in double and triple overtime, I took on other people's work and I ruthlessly handled even the faintest indications of trouble. My efficiency ratings were so good that even Reed was beginning to be afraid for his job. I told him not to worry, that I would be out of the office before corporate even noticed, but I don't think he believed me. Hell, I don't think I believed myself. I figured he made at least a grand more than me and that would have been nice.

A few months later I found out that my mother had been killed by Red Rocks during a contraband raid of the flophouse she had been calling her office. I felt a twinge of some sort. Like maybe I should have done something to help her. She never did anything like that for me, but I could have made a difference in her life. She would have faded into my memory, but the most important day of my life was the day after she died.

I was feeling vulnerable and guilty, two things I'm not used to feeling. Just for laughs I switched to primate research lab 6. My timing was perfect. There were thirty guys on the monitoring floor who should have been all over the low-level feeds, but somehow it had slipped by. So I got the loose ape. One of the test subjects had escaped from operating prep and was on the run in the facility. It only took me about five minutes to switch through the feeds until I found their escapee. It was a girl, no more than 12, bald headed, naked and terrified. She was hiding in a medical refuse bin, but I had a three-quarters view of her hiding place. My finger was on the message interrupt to send a page to the security staff of the facility when she looked right at the camera. Right at the damn camera.

Those big dark eyes. Darker than they should be. Like Reed's eyes, but in reverse. I don't know if that's any way to explain it, but this isn't what I'm good at. If Reed was full of darkness it's because he wanted it, she was full up with it and she had no say. It had been put inside her.

I pressed the button anyway and inside a minute they had her. Drugged and clobbered, dragged back to holding because the sedatives would fuck with the operation.

While she lay in her temporary coma I ignored the voice in the back of my head telling me to forget about her and I called up the test subject files. Jane Doe 785. Born into captivity, recipient of four

unnecessary organ transplants including a botched clone organ that had almost killed her and she was 12 years old. She'd been raped twice and one of the orderlies had been sentenced to two years in the corporate prison in Annapolis. Jane with no parents. No family. Jane with no future but excruciating pain and imprisonment.

I'll admit, it was probably stupid. The cardinal rule of being an R9 was that you never adjust orders covertly. You call it in the open so that corporate can look at the instant replay if they have to. Doing what I did just on that first day was enough to get me sent up for life or thrown back down sector with the scuzz. I cancelled Jane-785's operation. I introduced an order for antibiotics and double meal ration. I corrupted the way of things. I placed myself in the gears.

She became my pet project. Every day I would tune in to see how she was doing. I would send her special meals and make them give her normal clothes to wear. I forged a convoluted order for educational material and had them set up an auto tutor. She broke it to pieces and tried to escape using wires she stripped from one of the logic cores. When they burst into her cell she tried to stab them and I had to verbally command them not to kill her. They beat her anyway. I couldn't stop them.

My interest in Jane-785 wasn't entirely for her benefit. By breaking the rules I was getting a thrill of disobedience I hadn't felt since my days in down sector hurling bottles at the Red Rocks. I'd glance over my shoulder to make sure no one was watching me and then look back down at the Interact as she ate a bowl of ice cream with her hands or tried to pry open the door of her cell with puzzle pieces. Over the months there were a number of minor milestones. Jane smiled on day 84. Jane learned to say "yes" and "thank you" in the same day after almost six months. Her private muttering language slowly became broken English that she used, mostly, to plead for her release.

She was a clever girl. The more she added to her vocabulary the more she tried to coax, cajole and manipulate her jailers. She had a will to escape that made me proud.

Things might not have progressed beyond the occasional thrills had I not been joined by a co-conspirator. A fourth-tier researcher by the name of N. Laage had figured out that something weird was going on with Jane-785. I started intercepting messages he was trying to send to his superiors requesting clarification on why Jane-785 was being kept off the surgical docket. I made sure the messages never reached any of the recipients, but I knew I had to act. Sending out a kill squad to liquidate an innocent researcher would just prompt a lot of questions I didn't have any answers to.

That night I swept my apartment for creepy crawlies and then gave N. Laage a call. My plan was to tell him that it was all part of a special Black Boots operation and he was to keep it confidential. Unfortunately, even my years working dispatch had not honed my people skills and Nathan Laage was no fool. He saw through my stuttering attempt to brow beat him and he called my bluff. I cut him in on it. I told him everything. Laage was friendly enough and he agreed to help, which made things easier on Jane, but as the days rolled by he started wanting things.

First he just wanted things from me. He wanted me to delete some incriminating records from the research lab's logic core. Then he wanted me to arrange for an ex-girlfriend to be brought in for interrogation. I stalled on that one for a few days but eventually he started to get threatening and so I hauled her in on indecent conversation charges. She did ten days in a Red Camp and it probably cost her a tier at her job. I told myself it was for Jane.

Things were improving for her. She was getting better food than some of the staff at the lab. She had restricted Interact access and she had finally taken, pretty thoroughly, to an auto tutor. Another year passed and she was acting like a real girl. She sassed the orderlies and security guards. She drew pictures and hid them in a crack behind the padding of her cell that only she and I knew about. I watched her spend hours sketching a woman before I realized that she was using her reflection in the blank screen of the Interact to draw herself. Not herself as she was but herself as she wanted.

Full-figured, with dark curly tresses and fashion she had seen on the terminal. She folded that picture up and put it in her secret place.

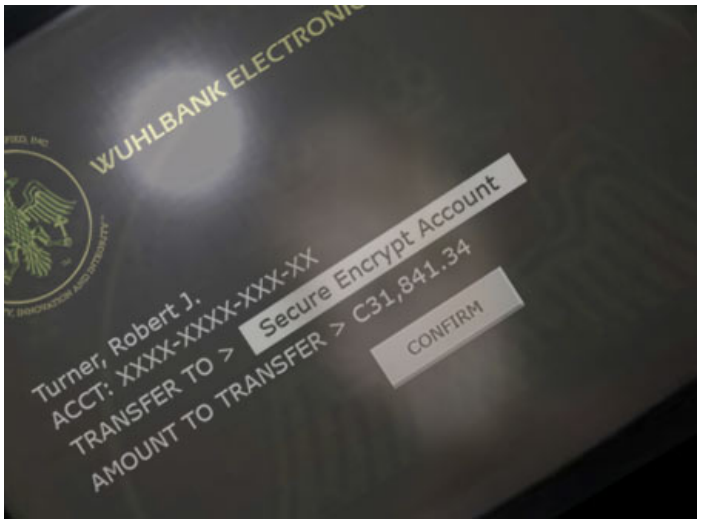
Three years had passed and I'd reached my goal for a ticket off-world. I was debating what to do about Jane if I left when Laage decided to stop playing my game. First he started in with demands he knew I could not meet. Then he told me he would take it out on Jane. He began paying her visits. He was a sociologist by trade so he knew his business. He gained her trust with gifts and a soft voice. He gave her an outlet for all of the things she wanted to say, all of the human interaction she lacked. It chafed to see them sitting together on her bunk talking about what it was like outside the facility. It broke my heart in a way when she showed him her drawings. It made me want to break his neck when he kissed her. He was my age for shit's sake! And she was mine. Mine to watch and take care of.

I could tell you that he tried to rape her or he beat her, but it didn't happen that way. He was seducing her because he knew it would hurt me, and he was right. What he didn't expect was that I could be stupid and rash. After one of Laage's particularly passionate embraces with Jane I made my move. I waited for him to leave the lab and then I scrambled a floater from a nearby Black Boots skybase. He was KOS. Weapons free. An escapee from a nearby corporate prison being held for the destruction of corporate assets. The most dangerous kind of criminal; the corporate-bred anarchist. Nathan Laage never knew what hit him. They shot out the tires on his roller and when he staggered out of the wrecked vehicle they put a cratering round through his brain.

As the kill team photographed, tagged and carted off his body I realized that I should have felt happy about my revenge. Instead I felt empty. Something bad had happened. Something worse than murdering Laage. I'd just showed my hand and it was going to come back to haunt me.

Sure enough, about three weeks later Reed called me into his office with some story about an R14 auditor coming in that very afternoon to review my dispatch logs. My options were limited. I could try to talk my way out of it and fake a core malfunction, but I've never been known for my ability to lie under pressure. I could run, but then they'd know everything and hunt me down. An R9 Monitor who turned on his department wouldn't be long for this world no matter how many rocks he found to crawl under. My final option was to give it up. Pack it in. Admit to everything. But I had a twist.

I had about forty minutes before the auditor showed up and I had a bit over the amount I needed. I transferred the money to a password-protected encrypted account and I began firing off orders while I still had the authority. The auditor showed up seven minutes late. Very unprofessional, in my humble opinion. He had heat, voice metrics, and ultrasound sensors built into his skull. He looked at me like a fat kid looking at a cake behind glass. Only he had a crowbar.



The questions came and I gave him the answers. Half an hour later I was strapped into a chair in the basement of our district headquarters. Two hours after that I'd lost three pints of blood, all of my front teeth, about thirty percent of my reasoning ability and my story still hadn't changed. They knew everything, but it was too late. I would have to be their whipping boy. They seemed satisfied with that and Reed personally signed the order authorizing my immediate liquidation. He shook his head and looked at me. So much wasted potential, I know.

I think I've established that I died, but I didn't mention what made them so damn mad at me: I died a married man.

The wedding certificate was easy enough. Then I issued my orders directly to my former district with the Red Rocks. Tucker, my old prowler commander, was instructed to personally execute the retrieval. One wife, age 15 and one cat, age unknown. To be held for nine days and then extradited to Europa, expense of extradition held in a password encrypted account. Under no circumstances was the order to be rescinded or countermanded. That last part might not have held up, I don't know, but I do know that the Red Rocks take care of their own. That extends to spouses and children.

The damn thing about dying is that I don't know if she made it. The story ends there for me. It

ends with me in the chair, drooling a little bit, with a heart as still as a winter's night in the down sector. I'd like to think Tucker and my old buddies with the Red Rocks got her off this shitty planet. They got her to Europa where she could live free and take deep breaths of clean air. And they have catfood on Europa. The good stuff they make out of people.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.29 My Last Big Score

Tuesday, Nov 29, 2005 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

To become a criminal mastermind is an arduous process; one must work up from the custodian's closet of petty thievery through the mailroom of burglary and past the cubicle of liquor-store stickups before reaching the plush corner office of mastermindery. I didn't suddenly wake up one day as the greatest criminal genius of the Twentieth Century. I had to work my way up from scams to hustles to grifts to short-cons to swindles to long-cons to heists to inside jobs to stings to capers to scores.

The sophisticated gentlemen prefers capers.

I've spent decades perfecting my craft, and nowadays I knock over international banks like children knock over dominos. I've amassed a fortune in fat offshore bank accounts, little velvet bags of diamonds, untraceable bond certificates, Nazi gold, priceless works of art, and the arks of various and sundry covenants. I've got more money than the world's most decadent sultans, but even after all my big scores I still cherish the little crimes. I still get a kick out of running from restaurants without paying. My heart still races when I loiter. I can't get enough of openly endorsing a candidate mere feet from the polling place. I feed the bears, and no man can stop me.

I build ruthless teams of experienced thugs, hand-picking the finest and most capable ne'er-do-wells from around the world. Some penny-ante, dime-store masterminds think a team of three or four people is enough. They'll settle for a safecracker/demolition guy, a token black computer expert, and a thug or two. Despite the higher overhead, I often assemble teams of upwards of two dozen specialists. My last job, a jewelry heist in Brussels, involved three stake-out guys, two thugs, three goons, a safecracker and a demolition guy (two *separate* guys, thank you very much!), a token black computer expert, a corrupt politician, two inside guys, an ex-special-forces psycho presumed dead by the government, a squirrelly comic relief man, a gadget guy, and two out-of-work actors.

That was one of my lighter operations, and although I felt under-staffed, the low headcount meant that I got to walk away with almost 8% of the net score, after expenses.

I sometimes feel that I could keep up my life of crime forever, but I know the odds are against me. Those who don't retire early always get caught, and for every mastermind who retires to the Bahamas, ten more get thrown in prison after biting off a bigger score than they can chew. The rate of tropical mastermind retirement would be far higher, I think, if we didn't all pine so deeply for a Last Big Score. To retire without attempting the crime of the century would leave a criminal genius with a maddening irritation, not unlike the phantom itch of an amputated leg. Even if failure is almost certain, even if I plan to rob the sun with guns made of wax, I know that I have to take a stab at it. I know that my vanity will doom me, but I'm not getting any younger. It's time to start making big plans.

My Last Big Score must not only be a historic heist, but it must also stick it to the man. That's why I've decided to go after the government's bloated coffers. Almost every mastermind has dreamed of knocking over Fort Knox or the Treasury, but I've set my sights on a subtler and less secure target: the Department of Transportation. Did you know that the DOT has funding of over $54 *billion* dollars? Imagine it: all the funding for the Federal Aviation Administration, the Federal Transit Administration, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, and the ultimate cash cow,

the Federal Highway Administration, all sitting in one place, ripe for the picking. While the DOT's funding is not at its all-time peak—by dragging my heels in 2001, I missed my shot at a legendary $67 billion score—knocking over the DOT's current budget would still represent one of the most lucrative criminal windfalls of all time.

Due to the complicated politics of funding disbursement, it's difficult to anticipate exactly where the money is at any given time. Norman Y. Mineta's strongbox may be full of steaming green lucre one day and empty as a vacuumed tortoise the next; he's constantly doling out money to the various agencies of the DOT, so the funds diminish as the year wears on. Luckily, we're only two months into the government's fiscal year, so I would estimate that Mineta is still sitting on $45 billion dollars of unallocated funding.

The Department of Transportation looms like a minotaur before me.

I have considered several methods of robbing the Department of Transportation. My first idea was to hire a team of expert disguise artists to pose as a stretch of highway that had fallen into disrepair. This method had the advantage of being a direct way to stick our hands in the Federal Highway Administration's deep pockets. The main problem with this, aside from the expense of creating convincing highway costumes, is that Norman Y. Mineta is an extremely suspicious and vengeful man, and often elects to burn entire miles-long expanses of highway to the ground if he has any inkling that they're attempting to cheat him. Another problem is that highway repair crews often spend the money allocated to them on things like tar and asphalt, rather than giving money directly to the highway (another example of big government's nanny-goating milk-teat bureaucracy).

The problems posed by the highway disguise method suggested a more subtle, high-tech method. I have in my employ several token black computer experts, like those seen in the films Die Hard, Sneakers, and Extreme Prejudice, so why not put them to use? Perhaps one of my computer guys could illegally access (or "hack") the Department of Transportation's computer network and create an entirely fictional sub-agency of the Federal Highway Administration, called something like "the National Highway Rest Stop System Transit Maintenance Agency." I, posing as director of this agency, could appeal to Norman Y. Mineta for increased funding. I could avoid suspicion by chipping away at him little by little: requesting a new five-million-dollar headquarters building here, a two-billion-dollar highway rest stop renovation project there, et cetera. The obvious drawback to this scheme is that, barring extraordinary circumstances, the funding for a minor sub-agency like the NHRSSTMA would not be likely to exceed a few billion dollars. The problems go deeper than that: not that I underestimate my abilities as a confidence man, but pulling the wool over Mineta's eyes is like dancing with a hungry jaguar.

I've come to realize that only one method could satisfy me. Nothing less than a direct robbery could truly fulfill my lust for a Last Big Score, even if it would end in certain death. Marching into the Department of Transportation headquarters in Washington DC would be a daring flourish. It would bring me back to my criminal roots and culminate my career; it would remind me how I climbed from muggings to stick-ups to hold-ups to armed robbery to the grandest of larceny. I could forego the computer hackers and high-tech recon operatives and burst into the place with a classic, rock-solid team of thugs, gunmen, and safecrackers. Best of all, it would bring me face-to-face with a canny opponent. According to the Department of Transportation Website, Norman Y. Mineta designed the DOT building as an impenetrable labyrinth of traps, holograms, and mirrors; by my estimates, it could take up to a week of guerrilla skirmishes and sleepless camp-outs in the winding halls of the DOT building before we could penetrate Mineta's inner sphere.

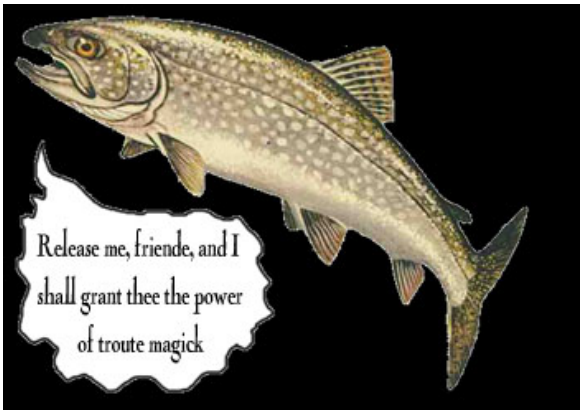
As I entered Mineta's office and demanded that he hand over the Department of Transportation's

funding for the 2006 fiscal year, he would almost certainly spring some devious trap on me, driving pristine ivory spikes through my ribs like skewers through raw pork, or dropping an airtight glass box full of wolf spiders on me from above. I would stare into his sightless eyes as he produced a pan pipe from his desk drawer and played the whispering melody of my death, slowly dancing backward without moving.

As my vision faded, I would remember rerouting the pneumatic tubes in a Moroccan bank so that glass cylinders full of bearer bonds came flying up through the roof, where I caught them in a silk net, designed by Christo, draped from a helicopter. I would remember picking up a bank in Luxembourg with an enormous crane, and shaking it from on high; I would remember combing through the broken bodies and picking up bags of money stained with black fluid from the deepest wells of the human corpus.

Daily Faily

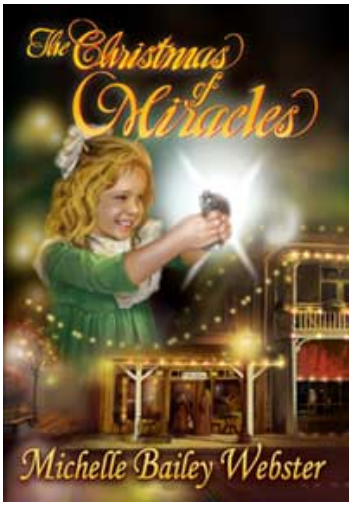
Click here for my musings on all things trout related! A comprehensive guide to the best trout streams in California, at your fingertips.



-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

11.30 Christmas Miracles

Wednesday, Nov 30, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



Christmas Miracles has long been a genre onto itself, as demonstrated by this book - one of thousands of Christmas Miracle books published. Every year we are reminded of a rare and wonderful phenomenon that occurs much to the dismay of skeptics: the Christmas Miracle. Little is known about the root causes of Christmas Miracles, but it is theorized by leading scientists to be conclusive proof of either the existence of God, or the existence of several Gods, each one more powerful and wiser than the next. Of course I tend to agree with science that God is awesome and that he's probably also filthy rich. That goes without saying, as far as I'm concerned.

Now that December, the last month the calendar offers, is at our doorstep, Christmas is just a snail's heartbeat away. Already the throngs of mindless shoppers have gathered their clubs and various bludgeons and amassed at the stores to fight over a bounty of unnecessary items in a sad and sorry ritual that no doubt makes Jesus wish he had never been born. I suppose I'm gloomy when it comes to holidays, particularly since the only one I bother to celebrate is Armistice Day, in which I lay down my arms and agree not to kill any more Germans for the remainder of the year. It's a lot easier to buy gifts for, since the greatest gift of all is mercy.

Christmas brings with it not just an exchange of presents and love, but also miraculous events that serve as reminders of divinity to those of strong faith and inspiration to those lacking. I would like to take a moment, perhaps two, to share with you some of my favorite Christmas Miracles past and present. Although I am but a horrible monster, I too appreciate a good miracle. I hope you do as well!

■ The Christmas of 1890 was bittersweet for those in the town of Pennyville, Transylvania. That year Count Dracula shocked the town when he had a change of heart, deciding to spare two children in favor of drinking some vegetable juice he had in his cellar. The townspeople were so thrilled and excited that they held a huge Christmas celebration and feast in the town square, naming Count Dracula as the guest of honor. Dracula, being kind of shy about his feelings, opted not to attend because of a "prier engagement with mother." It was a true Christmas Miracle that he didn't attend, because a huge earthquake struck the town of Pennyville, killing everyone in attendance of the great celebration. Later on in his memoirs, Dracula said there wasn't a day that went by that he didn't thank Jesus for saving him.

■ 1904 was a banner year for meat production, as the great stockyards of Chicago were booming with animal and manpower. December of that year was especially productive because of a single pig: Chubby. Chubby the pig was donated to an impoverished sausage factory by an unknown and thoroughly kind soul. The sausage factory was shocked and delighted to learn that the swine had entrails that never ended. For days and days the meatpackers pulled and pulled, yanking the pig's monstrous entrails all around the factory, even stretching them outside and around the city. The more they stretched the entrails, the more the incorrigible Chubby squealed with delight. Finally they decided Chubby was a miracle, and spent weeks making sausage from his generous intestines. Before the month was out, they had made a year's worth of sausage. Sadly, on a cold and snowy New Year's Day, the good fortune ran out. Chubby's intestines came to an end, and with them so too did the

greatest miracle Chicago had ever seen. But even then, everyone simply laughed off the trichinosis and agreed Chubby was the best thing to ever happen to the Windy City.

■ In December of 1934 a white buffalo was born in South Dakota with a pattern on its side that resembled the face of Jesus. As was the custom of the age, exceptionally fat people were treated like celebrities. Newspapers regularly printed lists of the fattest people in the world, ranking them by weight. One particularly obese man (#7 according to the Chicago Herald-Examiner) used his sway and public approval to have the buffalo slaughtered. After eating the entire buffalo in one sitting, he declared it to be the most delicious animal his innards had ever laid their hands on. That's when the true miracle occurred. Over the next week, that fat man proceeded to lose 10 pounds, baffling doctors, scientists, and dieticians alike. It was agreed by one and all to have been a true Christmas Miracle. Ever since then obese people have flocked to South Dakota in hopes of laying claim to their very own miracle buffalo calf. Most of them are run out of state by South Dakotans fearful that their mighty Corn Palace will get eaten.

■ Let us not forget this recent Christmas Miracle from none other than Kevin "Flagmaster" Bowen:

> One time on Christmas I ate a whole gingerbread cookie and instead of gingerbread it tasted like ketchup. I was very upset so I went down to the Christmas store and imagine my surprise when a friendly elf drew my picture on a napkin and handed it to me as I left the store! As he gave me a sly wink, he started to say, "the true meaning of Christmas is..." but he didn't get to finish the story because his mouth became acquainted with a red cement brick that was flung into it by my mitten-clad hand. I opened his cute little pocket and found keys to a BMW so I went to the parking lot and found his car and drove around drunk for a few hours before torching it in front of a dentist's office, which was next to a sign shop. Then I went to eat a burger... and the ketchup on it tasted like gingerbread.

What do all these miracles have in common? If you answered "they were all *Christmas* Miracles" you would be half right and a good person for having read enough of this update to answer so half-correctly. The real truth is that these miracles were all definitive proof that the best gifts given to mankind happen around the time Christ was born. Experts of course know Christ's real birth date is uncertain, and his rebirth date is even less certain (August, 15, 2014 – I've got money riding on it!). But even with such uncertainty, the honorary birthday of Christ carries with it magic and miracles. With Christmas fast approaching like the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse – Death, Famine, War, and Pestilence – it's only natural that we start looking for the signs and wonders of some brand new Christmas Miracles. What miracles await us this year? I think we'll

Naked children encased in glass spheres are a common Christmas Miracle and sign of good fortune.

The unforgettable year of 1978 brought a Christmas Miracle of a different variety when the Akron, Ohio Museum of Mummies witnessed an extraordinary event. Long suffering from declining attendance, museum curators and administrators were at their wits end trying to come up a way to boost ticket sales. They were blessed with a little help on Christmas Eve when their famed mummy couple Steve and Mary Sue suddenly doubled in number. Overnight, the ancient mummies somehow miraculously produced a set of twins. Soon people from Akron and beyond were coming to see the Miracle Mummies of Ohio, and museum curators couldn't be more ecstatic. No one knows how the mummies, long dead and encased in glass, found the means to reproduce, but everyone agreed it was the most sensational thing to ever happen in Ohio. To this day people regularly make pilgrimages to the Museum of Mummies and marvel at the mysteries concealed beneath those ancient wrappings.

just have to wait and see!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Chapter 12

December

12.1 Steve Perry's Underwater Adventure

Thursday, Dec 01, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

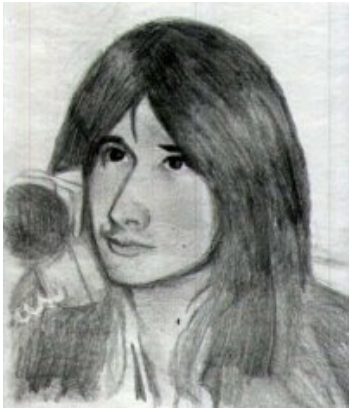
The year was 1985, and Journey were the undisputed champions of rock 'n roll. Steve Perry and the rest of the band walked offstage after a mind-blowing encore for the Pasadena, California audience. The erotic power of the show was still ebbing in the arena, slowly fading into a mellow bliss. The crowds, delirious and confused with ecstasy, ambled towards their cars so they could wait in the post-show traffic and smoke a few marijuana cigarettes.

One starstruck lad stood in front of the stage, waiting patiently for a second encore. Some say the boy waited there for an entire year until Journey visited again in '86, and during the first song he died of a heart attack on the same exact spot.

The groupies tore at the tassels on Steve Perry's colorful vest, and pleaded with him to take them away and make sweet love for them in his hidden cloud fortress. Steve Perry cared not for the temptations for the mortal flesh. It's not like he was gay or anything, but his divine essence was simply beyond such primal human instincts. The rest of the band swooped in on the crestfallen girls, who, although disappointed that Steve Perry had ignored them, were willing to accept their lot of giving hand jobs to the bass player.

Steve looked at his fellow bandmates with a mixture of pity and longing. He saw them as stupid, smelly animals, eating mouthfuls of greasy ham while groping underage girls and guzzling down handfuls of barbiturates with a case of beer. But he also wished he wasn't the chosen one, and the savior of mankind. He longed to be a normal person who could forget himself and wallow in ignorance like the rest of the swine.

But this was not his path. Steve Perry's coming to this planet was preordained by the prophets of old. His majestic voice had the power to cure cancer in little children, or to cause a class 5 hurricane to hit a major metropolitan area. It is this rebirth and destruction that keeps the balance and saves the universe from tottering over the brink of destruction.



Steve Perry transformed into a pelican and started the long flight back to his home in New Jersey. Just then, his emergency beeper -- used only in the most dire of circumstances -- went off. The call was from the President of the World.

Steve Perry transformed back into his "human form" and fell to the earth with a loud crash that woke up the whole state of Nebraska. He then found a pay phone and called the President of the World to see what was wrong.

"Thank God you called, Steve Perry," cried the flustered President. "We are in big trouble."

"What seems to be the problem?" Steve Perry calmly asked.

"The fishermen in Alaska, they are having no luck! Their nets are devoid of bounty; no fish are to be had. This will destroy the world economy and lead to turmoil in every city."

"I'll see what I can do," responded Steve Perry, as he turned into a nimbostratus cloud and gently floated north towards Alaska without waiting for the President's

response.

When he arrived above the sleepy Alaskan fishing port, he could see that trouble was afoot. There was no bustling of boats or unloading of fish. A single sailor glumly played solitaire on the dock while smoking a pipe. Steve Perry approached the solitary man to question him.

The old sailor was naturally distrustful of strangers, especially ones with long hair and the ability to transform into clouds. He tried to flee, but Steve Perry's fingers grew 10 feet long and he captured the man in his oversized hands. A rigorous interrogation followed, revealing little other than what Steve Perry already knew. The fish were simply vanishing, and money along with them. Something bad was going on in the ocean, but nobody was sure what.

After leaning all the sailor had to tell him, Steve Perry crushed him in his large fist and tossed the broken corpse into the waves. He had no time for a proper burial.

Steve Perry dove headfirst into the freezing sea, turning into stone to hurry his descent to the bottom. To solve this mystery, he knew he had to go deep where all the evil things dwelled. The last time he had to make a journey into the ocean, he had battled a giant squid and lost an arm in the ordeal. Of course, the arm grew back in due time, but he was forced to wear a fake arm on stage, leading to many embarrassing accidents during live shows. It was not an experience he wanted to relive.

In the gloomy darkness, Steve Perry spied a dull glow behind one of the rocky bluffs of the seabed. After swimming over the rise, he came across a vast underwater kingdom full of brisk activity. Mermen and mermaids toiled in seaweed fields, and manta-rays pulled wagons filled with clams into the castle for inspection and sorting. Sea horses frolicked in the algae grove, having just gotten out from underwater Bible school.

Steve Perry, using his flawless deductive logic, came to the conclusion that these underwater folk were the root cause of the disturbance. They were the only intelligent life forms down here, and must be up to some sort of skullduggery. He turned into a class-C attack submarine and dove into the hive of marine activity, firing his torpedoes as he went.

The explosive warheads detonated, causing a whole group of seaweed farmers to vaporize on the spot. Nearby seahorses exploded into chunks of fleshy membrane. The citizens of the mermaid village gathered up their children and fled the carnage as the towers of the friendly underwater kingdom collapsed around them. Steve Perry launched a torpedo into a nursery, blowing it to Davy Jones' Locker. The entire village below was razed in a cataclysm of destruction, a doomsday that the mer-elders predicted long in advance on account of the rampant underage egg spawning that was taking place among all the mer-teenagers. None were spared.

"Mission Accomplished" read the banner hung across the Alaskan fishing dock as Steve Perry returned victorious. The fishermen cheered and gave him offerings of squid and whiskey. The evil in the sea had been vanquished, and now all would be well in the fishing industry. The men hopped on their boats and made for the fishing grounds, eager to make up for lost time. Steve Perry waited patently on the dock, where he planned to play a special performance of "Don't Stop Believing" upon their return.

Eventually the boats did return, but the fishermen were in no mood for fun and frivolity. Their nets had remained empty, with no fish were in sight. The mystery of the sea had not been solved after all. The angry mob of fishermen grabbed harpoons and oars, ready to do battle with the handsome

rock star who had given them false hopes. Steve Perry was not one to be defeated by such a common lot of humans, however, and he used his laser eye power to shoot the wooden dock, causing it to burst into flames and scatter the unruly mob. He then dove back into the ocean to see if he could right this wrong.

Steve Perry returned to the ruins of the underwater kingdom, scouring the remains for any sign of life. There he spotted a badly burnt starfish, trying to crawl into some coral and die in peace. Under interrogation, the starfish told Steve Perry all he knew of the missing fish.

Apparently, the underwater kingdom was one of peace and prosperity, but had befallen the same ill luck as the surface fishermen. They knew that a great evil lurked in the shark caves beyond the reef, and it was thought by the elders that whatever was hiding there was causing the fish disturbances. They had sent out three crab scouts in the last week, but none had returned. With this last sentence, the starfish died in Steve Perry's hands. He wept over the poor soul, and swam towards the shark caves, determined to avenge his death and finally crack the case.

True to their name, the shark caves were full of man-eating sharks. The sharks, however, sensed something strange about Steve Perry and kept a safe distance. The sea caverns went on for many miles, gently sloping upward and finally ascending into an open air cave somewhere on the Alaskan coastline. There he saw a terrible sight.

There were various water pits around the cave full of thrashing fish, the same ones missing from the Alaska ocean. Their combined strength was spinning gears set atop each pit, which was connected to a system of pulleys controlling a large printing press in the middle of the cave. With each revolution of the gears, a new t-shirt was printed and dropped into a shipping box under the press. Steve Perry walked up to the box and took out one of the shirts. It was as he feared. The shirt bore the likeness of Ronnie James Dio, the Satanic rock star of darkness.

"Look out!" screamed Ronnie James Dio as he jumped out from a hidden recess in the wall and threw a trident at Steve Perry. Steve deftly dodged the incoming weapon and shot a power beam from his fist. The impact caused Dio to crash into the press, destroying the complicated pulley system that took him so long to rig up with the help of his brother-in-law. Dio became furious and shot a fireball at Steve Perry, who was caught off guard and didn't have time to put his force field up. His clothes caught ablaze, forcing him to jump into one of the holding ponds. Dio took this opportunity to finish him off, turning into a red dragon and tearing at Steve Perry with his razor sharp claws.

As he felt the darkness take him to the land of noble spirits, Steve Perry remembered what his Native American grandfather used to tell him as a child. He would say, "Steve Perry, if you ever feel yourself overwhelmed by the dark, remember that some things can never be put out. When you are lost in the dark, make a rainbow and ride it into the light. Find the rainbow in the dark."

He recalled these wise words as Dio closed in for the finishing blow. Steve Perry turned into a pure rainbow, illuminating the dark cave in a wash of radiance. He arced into the Dio dragon, piercing his scaly hide and going right into his black heart. Ronnie James Dio let out an earthshaking howl, shrinking back into his human form. He scowled, grabbed his box of concert t-shirts, and vanished back into the ninth plane of Hell.

Steve Perry set all the fish in the holding pen free. They were eternally thankful for his help, and the king of fish gave Steve Perry the keys to the underwater kingdom -- which, unbeknownst to

him, had been destroyed the day before. Steve Perry then returned to the surface to let all of the fishermen know that their plight was at an end. Most had drowned after the dock burnt, or had their ships been set ablaze in the resulting fires, but the survivors were thankful and cowered before the powerful presence of Steve Perry.

Later on, The President of the World presented the Medal of Honor to Steve Perry and gave him a big manly hug. All was well in the world again.

Before long, the band was back on the stage. The crowd surged with excitement, crushing the people in the front row. Women flashed their breasts at the band as they belted out "A Wheel in the Sky" with righteous vigor. To the band, it seemed like the whole world was in their hands, but only Steve Perry knew that the whole world was really in his hands alone.

Two years later Steve Perry would leave Journey to follow his dream as a puppeteer, and save the earth from an invasion force sent from Jupiter's moons. But that, my friends, is another story...

Daily Dirt

What is the exit strategy for Iraq? Why is it ok for a boy to kiss a girl, but not ok for a boy to kiss another boy? Where am I and how did I get here? All these questions will be addressed in TODAYS DAILY DIRT.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

12.2 The Pets Strike Back

Friday, Dec 02, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

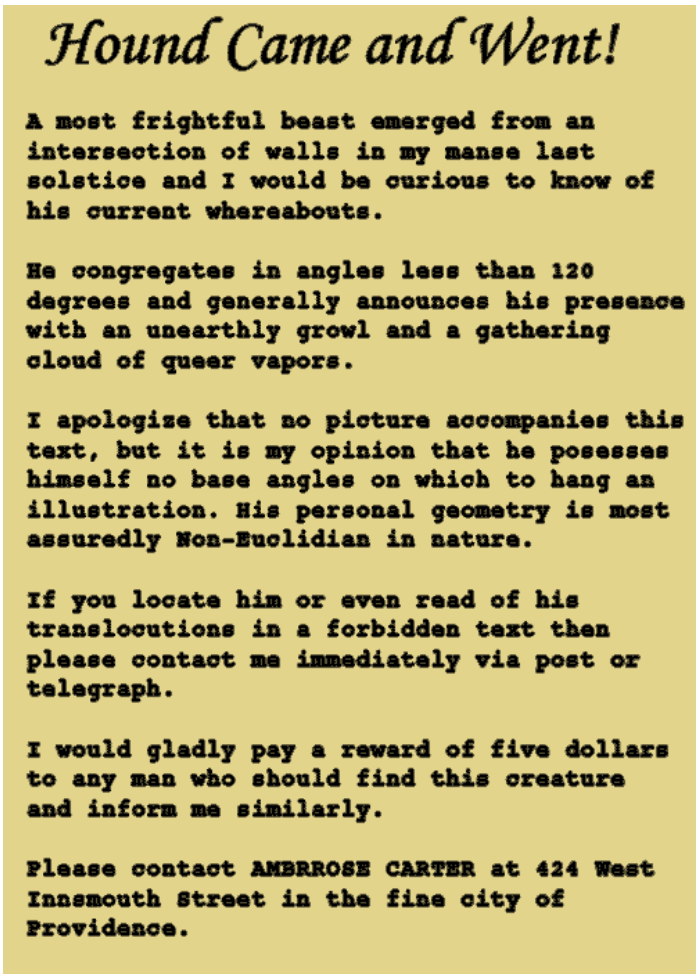
AHH! SPIDER!!

Tina is a Panamanian Black Tarantula
She is 8 weeks old
She ;oves climbing under pillows, crawling up human backs, scampering across your face while you're asleep, snuggling inside your shoe, taking naps in pairs of pants, jumping down from the ceiling onto warm objects and generally just being an adorable little ditz

PLEASE CALL 224-4254 and ask for Torrence

If you find Tina in any of these locations try not to startle her especially if she is carrying thousands of babies on her back

VENOM INSTANTLY FATAL



Hound Came and Went!

A most frightful beast emerged from an intersection of walls in my manse last solstice and I would be curious to know of his current whereabouts.

He congregates in angles less than 120 degrees and generally announces his presence with an unearthly growl and a gathering cloud of queer vapors.

I apologize that no picture accompanies this text, but it is my opinion that he posesses himself no base angles on which to hang an illustration. His personal geometry is most assuredly Non-Euclidian in nature.

If you locate him or even read of his translocutions in a forbidden text then please contact me immediately via post or telegraph.

I would gladly pay a reward of five dollars to any man who should find this creature and inform me similarly.

Please contact AMBRROSE CARTER at 424 West Innsmouth Street in the fine city of Providence.

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A HOT ASS...

ASS IS ANOTHER WORD FOR DONKEY!!

Winner of World's Greatest Ass 2003 and two time ASSCON runner-up Mr. Fancy has once again decided to go wandering.

If you see him you will feel an uncontrollable urge to run your hands all over him and squeeze him, but you have to resist that urge because that ass don't belong to you. You can find your own ass, you can fuck your own ass for all I care, but my ass is off-limits.

I paid good money for that ass and now that ass belongs to me. Girl, you know I love that ass, so why don't you just back that ass up over here and I can give you a

$$$50 DOLLAR REWARD!!!

for bringing me that ass. And when that ass gets all up in my face I will pop the collar on this Cristal and just pour it down all over that ass till it makes that ass tingle. Then I'm going to get out my snake and I'm going to slap it on that ass

Absolutely Adorable Baby Monkey Missing!

The cutest widdle monkey baby you have ever seen has gone missing! He is so curious and precocious and he has little hands like people so maybe he just opened the door and left!

That would weawwy supwise me though because he was secuwed to the test table with widdle bone pins for his soft widdle monkey baby bones

HE IS THE BEST MONKEY IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD!!

Specially bred to be susceptible to various vascular cancers and compwetewy immuno suppwessed!

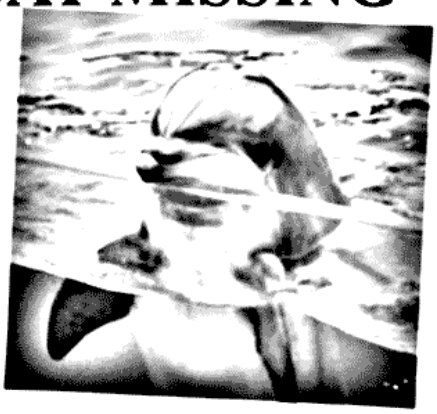
I doubt you see a lot of monkeys, but just in case, his name is GAMMA-8-34 and he has big dark eyes and a cute little pink nose and face and he scrunches his little mouth up in the most adorable way and his skull has been sawed open so you should be able to see him think about stuff

PLEASE REUNITE US!!

Preferrably before December 18th because we have him scheduled for freezing experiments.

CALL DR. WHILLICKERS

PURRRCULIAR CAT MISSING



Immense snake-skinned cat vanished into bay
last seen ramming nose into a shark's gills
This feline friend answers "to whiskers"
and is very fond of whole unpreserved sardines

Please do not attempt to locate my cat using
sonar the noise may force him into a rape frenzy

If you see Whiskers please call (435)884-9321

MAILING MIX-UP MANUFACTURES MISSING MANX

BOXED CAT MISDELIVERED!

One adult cat and one capsule of cyanide with poor packaging known to have a 50% failure rate were recently ordered from ebay. The shipper notified me that both were being shipped together and then the box disappeared! I MUST FIND MY CAT!

The box is unlabeled and for some reason the seller shipped it in soundproof packaging. If you have a box delivered to your home or office and you don't recognize the sender please call

774-923-0032 Ask for ERWIN

DO NOT OPEN THE BOX!!!!!! It is absolutely imperative that the box remain unopened. If you open it you may either find a live cat or a dead cat but according to the law it is your opening of the box that has killed the cat and I will file in small claims!!

Also missing one dog that will salivate if a bell is rung. If you

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.3 The Beginner's Guide To Building A New Computer

Saturday, Dec 03, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Tired of your friends and family making fun of your circa-1990 Compaq Presario? The solution is obvious! Don't have access to a handgun? The other solution is pretty obvious too! Toss your old system in the trash or your neighbor's backyard and step into the future by building a powerful new computer by yourself with the help of this easy to follow guide. You'll be able to play the latest games, make your loved ones reconsider how useless you are, and temporarily forget that all of us are going to die some day.

I'll walk you through the entire process, from selecting the right parts to putting it all together. Before you know it, you'll be driving down the information superhighway in a rowboat instead of the hang glider you've been using. Let's take a look at the components you'll need:

- **Processor**

  The type of processor you choose affects nearly every component you'll be using from here on out, so the first thing you should do is determine which chipset is best for you. There are two major brands out there, AMD and Intel. AMD processors are faster when it comes to gaming and video editing, while Intel is better at audio/video encoding and having a blue and orange logo. This guide is assuming you'll want to play games because every other article I write relies on stupid video game references and the possibility of my clever Bionic Commando jokes going unappreciated frightens me, so we'll pick an AMD processor.

  The best deal right now is the Athlon 64, with the 64 indicating it's a 64-bit processor as opposed to the 32-bit standard used in the previous generation. As you'd expect, 64-bit is 2.5 times as powerful as 32-bit, so you're really going to be like "wow" every time you run a program. Some might consider such involuntary outbursts as a drawback, but chances are you're lonely and will welcome the sound of any voice at all.

  You'll want to buy the absolute fastest AMD processor on the market, because the 10% difference in speed between a $200 chip and a $1000 one is totally worth it when you consider several factors that I can't think of at the moment.

- **Motherboard**

  Motherboards are what every component of your computer plugs into, and they got their curious name from the lactating nipples that were a standard in all computers of the 1980s, a feature that has been rendered obsolete by the introduction of Solitaire.

  The processor you chose will determine what socket type your motherboard must have, as the AMD 64 uses Socket 939. You could buy a motherboard with a different socket type and make it work by sort of cramming the processor into the incompatible slot, but that is only recommended for experienced system builders. I recommend nVidia's nForce 4 motherboards, which basically combine a nice feature set with solid onboard audio and networking capabilities built right into the board. As of the time of this writing there are no nForce motherboards designed to follow Asimov's Three Rules of Robotics, so be cautious and wear some sort of protective clothing at all times.

- **Graphics Card**

  Despite their misleading name, graphics cards actually enhance the speed and quality at which graphics are displayed. The standard format nowadays is PCI-Express, which got its name from the speed at which compatible cards can render Sonic the Hedgehog running through a loop de loop. All PCI-E graphics cards are built upon a heavily

modified version of Sega's blast processing chip, which means they are also able to render blood instead of sweat like competing formats.

Your main choices in PCI-E cards come down to products from two companies: ATI and nVidia. ATI has three capital letters in its name while nVidia only has one, but the placement of nVidia's capital letter is very impressive so I give the nod to them. The best way to determine which specific graphics card you want is to check out the box art for all the nVidia PCI-E cards at your local Best Buy. The box featuring the meanest looking goblin or the hottest fairy/mermaid always contains the best card.

When choosing a case this is a good example of what to shoot for, but if you can find something more gaudy then go for it.

- **RAM**

Your computer's memory is important, as a system with less memory tends to forget what time it is and what Star Trek wallpaper you picked for your desktop. Memory comes in all sorts of speeds and formats, so the general rule of thumb is to say fuck it and pick one at random.

- **Hard Drive**

Hard drives are where you keep all of your important legal files and hentai comics with underage dickgirls. You'll want a drive with a capacity of at least 80 gigs. Be sure your drive operates at a speed of 7800rpm to ensure backwards compatibility with your record collection.

- **Case/Power Supply**

Your computer case should be roughly twice as tall as your motherboard and feature a gigantic window in the side. This is where you'll randomly stuff neon colored tubing and fluorescent lights, which will improve the performance of your machine by roughly 300%.

A power supply is pretty much just like Air Supply, only it provides electricity to your computer and produces a much more pleasant sound. Any power supply will be good enough provided it outputs at least 15 Jigowatts and is rated for use underwater.

Once you have all the parts and are ready to assemble them, you should proceed by opening each component's box with an opening motion. Attempting to open boxes with a closing motion could permanently damage their integrity, which would not be covered under any warrantee.

Before you begin lustfully grabbing at the equipment itself with your greasy fingers, keep in mind that you are dealing with electronics that could possibly discharge dangerous amounts of electricity.

It's always a good idea to make sure you're grounded before you begin, and the best way to do that is to stay out late the night before you build your computer and don't call your mom to tell her where you are. If you're reading this site and have somehow moved away from your parents' house, you're already a bigger risk taker than most of us and a little electricity probably doesn't scare you.

Now lay your motherboard on a flat surface and determine whether or not it's a color you can live with. Many motherboards are a dull green or brown with random bits painted garish shades of purple and neon green, which can just totally ruin the mood when you have a hot date over that's otherwise turned on by your computer specs. Go ahead and slap a coat of enamel paint on the entire motherboard, using whichever color your religion permits and making sure to cover every nook and cranny.

Once the paint dries, you're ready to install the cpu, graphics card, and RAM. This process is very complicated and the slightest of mistakes will turn your investment into a heap of useless circuitry, so here's exactly what you do: DON'T FUCK UP.

Once you're done with that, screw the motherboard into your case, hook up your hard drive and power supply, and you're all done! If your computer doesn't boot up or just beeps, go back and repeat the DON'T FUCK UP step, but be absolutely sure not to fuck up. Most people who have problems fucked up, which is why it's important not to.

If your computer boots, seriously consider purchasing a monitor and a cd/dvd drive so you can install an operating system and see what's going on. It might cost you a few hundred dollars extra but in the long run it's money well spent, especially if you plan on using Photoshop extensively.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.4 Lessons in Extreme History Presents: World AIDS Day

Sunday, Dec 04, 2005 by Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

On the first day of December this year, throngs of revelers poured out into streets across the world to celebrate the 17th annual World AIDS Day with high risk sexual activity and intravenous drug use. Although nowhere near as old as the other holidays with which it shares a season, the history of World AIDS Day is nevertheless an interesting one. It began in May of 1987 with a struggling San Francisco head shop owner, known to history only as "Sharpie Joe", so named for his prodigious use of nitrous, Sharpie markers, and other inhalants. According a close friend, "Joe seemed to like breathing anything that wasn't air."

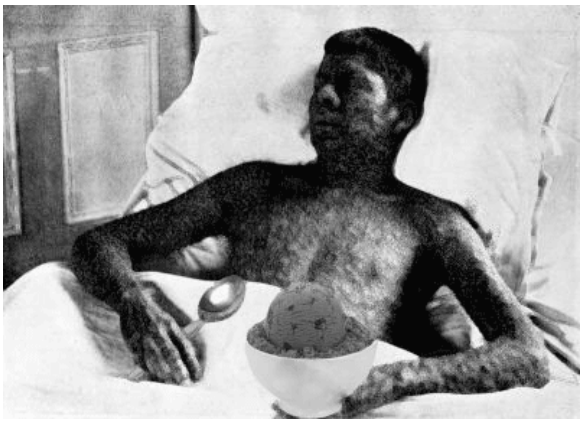
Demand for his handblown glass bongs and other smoking accessories had fallen off sharply due to the popularity of cocaine, and to keep his head above water, Joe began selling bumper stickers bearing the slogan "Visualize Whirled AIDS," hoping to become the first on the block to begin merchandising related to the up-and-coming epidemic. The gamble paid off. Within a few short months, the bumper stickers became a worldwide phenomenon, and American Greetings, Inc. approached Sharpie Joe with an offer to buy the slogan from him for over $3 million. On the verge of bankruptcy, Joe eagerly accepted, and within a week was stabbed to death in an unrelated mugging.

With their new acquisition, American Greetings immediately began an astroturfing campaign by mailing dozens of anonymous letters to newspapers around the country, decrying the lack of a holiday to commemorate the heterosexual community's collective dodging of the bullet known as HIV. The idea rapidly gained momentum, and on December 1st of 1988, the very first World AIDS Day was celebrated.

The date December 1st was not chosen at random. In fact, it was settled upon for several reasons, listed below:

- It fell conveniently close "Smallpox Sunday", a similar holiday which was observed on the 1st Sunday of December, but had been more or less abandoned following disease's eradication in 1979. As a side note, one tradition that endured the death of this holiday was an ice cream dish known as the "Smallpox Sunday", which was conceived of as a sugary recreation of a smallpox patient. It consisted of vanilla ice cream and cherry or strawberry syrup, to symbolize the ruddy skin associated with the disease. Chocolate chips were then liberally sprinkled over the top, an homage to the blackened skin seen in victims of hemorrhagic smallpox. After that, a dollop of whipped cream representing a smallpox pustule was slapped on top, followed by a cherry, which was purely decorative and didn't represent any symptom of the disease. The dish was later shortened simply to "Sunday", which was then corrupted to "Sundae."
- To remind the first world that it only had 25 days left to get that Christmas shopping done.
- To avoid putting a damper on the frivolous flings of Spring and Summer with unwanted and depressing messages about responsible sexual practices.
- There was already a holiday on February 14th.

Getting the public to recognize World AIDS Day was only half the battle though. Keeping them interested was a task in itself. To accomplish this, World AIDS Day planners looked to holidays that had already been established, and conducted research to determine which ones the public enjoyed (Christmas, Halloween) and which were only grudgingly observed out of guilt or bribery with days off from work (Veteran's Day). They discovered that behind every successful holiday was a "gimmick" to keep people hooked. For example:



- **Christmas:** Presents, shitty decorations, overindulgence
- **Thanksgiving:** Turkey, shitty decorations, overindulgence
- **Halloween:** Candy, shitty decorations, overindulgence
- **Valentine's Day:** Candy, fucking, overindulgence
- **Mardi Gras or Fat Tuesday:** Drinking, fucking, overindulgence
- **St. Patrick's Day:** Drinking, fighting, overindulgence

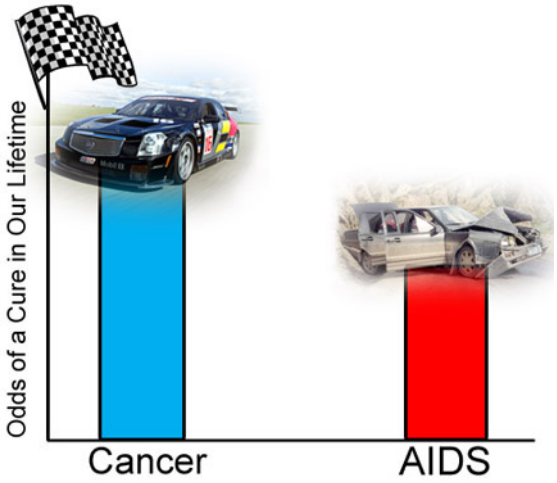
Taking a lesson from those who came before them, they arrived upon a rather unique "hook" for their fledgling holiday. Each year an official theme would be adopted to keep things fresh and festive, and guide people in planning their World AIDS Day parties. Early themes included "Going retro!", "Say it Reagan!", and "Killer Queen."

The 90s saw a series of themes that were only tenuously, if at all, connected to AIDS, including "Haunted Hospitals" and "The Playboy Mansion." This, combined with plummeting infection rates, was responsible for the decline in the popularity of World AIDS Day during that period. The public's appetite for festivity was further dampened by the migration of the virus into the heterosexual population, and the sobering realization that AIDS wasn't just a "gay problem", except in the colloquial sense.

The 80s saw the death of several of American Greetings' flagship products (Care Bears, Rainbow Bright, etc.) and the aggressive marketing of World AIDS Day was the only thing keeping American Greetings from being swallowed whole by rival schmaltz-mongers Hallmark. For awhile it seemed their days were numbered. Thankfully, that was one disease they knew how to cure. In 2000, they brought in a brand new marketing firm and hired Foo Fighter's frontman Dave Grohl to drum up public interest in the "so-called disease" again.

They planned a series of exciting new themes such as "AIDS vs. Cancer: The Race for a Cure", and shifted their focus from gloating about how AIDS only mattered if you were gay to gloating about how AIDS only mattered if you were poor. The new strategy paid off in a big way, and December 1st once again seems destined for inclusion in the canon of American holidays.

This year saw a record increase in participation, with parades and festivals springing up all over the globe. Perhaps one of the most exciting things about the holiday is that it's brand new, relatively speaking, which means that you can play a hand in shaping traditions which will carry on for decades and hopefully even centuries to come. So whether you decide to celebrate it with a gala fundraiser, a few close friends, or just layin' around sick all day, make the most of it, and have a happy World



AIDS Day. Want to read about something?

Me neither.

-∼Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

12.5 Speed Dating With a Serial Killer

Monday, Dec 05, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Jonathan Lee Bertram, better known as the Utah Carpenter for his use of a claw hammer as his primary killing tool, was apprehended two days after attending a speed dating seminar at the Salt Lake City Convention Center. His encounters with ten different women were recorded by various security cameras and filled in by various eyewitness accounts.

Trina

Hi, my name is Trina, I'm a Scorpio.

John

I'm John and I. AM. THE. SCORPION.

Trina

I mean like the star chart. It's my sign. I'm a Scorpio.

John

Sign of the scorpion. It leads the way, through red ruin and warm inside parts. Tell me the way scorpion, show me the path.

Trina

I don't-

John

I don't...aren't. What does the inside of your heart taste like?

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

Lizzy Beth

Hi, I'm Elizabeth, but my friends call me Lizzy.

John

I have a pit I call my bone pit. What I don't want the crows take.

Lizzy Beth

Lizzy Beth Oh, I like birds!

John

I used everything, like the Indians. Not much left for the birds.

Lizzy Beth

Lizzy Beth That's too bad. What do you feed your birds then?

John

Opening a jaw is like prying apart two boards that've been nailed together. Just work the hammer in and-

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

Anna

Hey. My-

John

Don't talk. I want to smell you first.

Anna

Oh, okay...I guess. It's-

John

Hush. Hush up. You try but you can't hide the stink. It's in the air and heavy like smoke. It stings me like an ember in my eye. I'm crying. Oh, Jesus, I'm crying.

Anna

I can lea-

John

My eyes...I'm...give me yours. I WANT THOSE.

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

John

You are cute as a button. Just like my first.

Rachel

That's so sweet. I think you're a bit old, but I appreciate it.

John

I named her Clara cuz I never asked before. I put her in my mouth and then she was inside me and through me. She's with me now, in my hair and fingernails. I don't trim them because I want her to stay with me.

Rachel

If you're just coming off a long term relationship maybe this isn't the best kind of thing for you.

John

She was just like you. Soft. She looked at me when I took her and we shared this perfect moment where-

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

Nancy

Heya! I'm Nancy, I like punk rock music and bicycling.

John

Nancy I am John and I like the way blood tastes and I bet you are full of blood.

Nancy

H-Ha ha?

John

Open the carotid with a slice and press my lips to it and drink deep of your hot heart's wine. Hold you while you still. Still child. Still.

Nancy

Oh my god.

John

The hammer judges you, not me. I love you all. I AM THE SCORPION!

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

Ginger

Hey there, I'm Ginger. I heard you say you are the scorpion? Nicknames are so cool. Is that like a sports nickname?

John

Sports? Sports?! I was given my name by a higher power.

Ginger

That's cool, I'm into Jesus and all that stuff.

John

Ginger, be at my side. Be with me when the fire comes for us all. Cut me with your tongue and I will cut you with my hand. Divide me as I will divide you. Mixed and mingled, parts inseparable.

Ginger

Hehehe, you are so cool. You are like my grandpa, but hot.

John

You will be the bride and your groom, my knife, will take you on the dappled grass. Give birth, beautiful Ginger, to the salvation.

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

John

GINGER BACK...Ginger GET BACK HERE!

Vera

Ummm...hi, I'm Vera.

John

Vera-Ginger, you are the new flesh.

Vera

Just Vera. So what sort of stuff are you into?

John

Fork and knife and claw and blade. Hammer and tong, Ginger. I am a smith, an artisan. An artist! I paint my pictures on the soft canvas of little girls with brushes of hair and pigments drawn from marrow. You are a dove. A lamb. May I capture your portr-

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

Carol

Hi, I'm Carol.

John

I want to choke you with a belt, rape you and fill you with my love. I want to open your face and watch you fly away.

Carol

Ooh, kinky stuff. I like the whips and chains.

John

I'll put you in a hole in my basement. You'll drink my piss and eat what passes through me. I'll call you dog, but you'll be a bad dog, won't you Carol?

Carol

Oh yeah, I will be real bad. Are you going to punish me?

John

No. The hammer will punish you, the hammer will reap its harvest, I simply make it swing. Now place your temple on the table and-

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

Rita

My name's Rita, what's your name?

John

My name is Rita, too. Just not yet. Not yet. Help me make it Rita.

Rita

Your name tag says John.

John

Don't trust anything you read. Look, I've underlined 107,532 factual errors in this telephone book. Now you tell me who is the stupid one.

Rita

I...I wasn't calling you stupid.

John

Let's just pretend that my name is "Help!" so you can call it all night long tonight. I will-

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

Julie

Hello. My name is Julie, I-

John

No fat chicks.

Julie

Excuse me?

John

No fat chicks. And what are you, like 50?

Julie

I'm 49, for your information, and I think you are-

John

BZZZZZT! Oh, did you hear the buzzer? Because I heard the buzzer. BZZZZZZZT! There it is again. You'd better get going, Lardstyle, because I'm fit to-

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

Ginger and Bertram were found in a Best Western in Sand City, Utah. Although Ginger was uninjured she was found to be legally married to Bertram's hammer, although this was later annulled when investigators realized she had also married his buck knife earlier in the day. The wedding had not been consummated, although many believe it has since been made official during Ginger's frequent supervised visits with Bertram.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.6 Hello, I'm a Driving Asshole!

Tuesday, Dec 06, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

SUP YALL? I GOTS BRAIN PROBLEMS YO.

Sup yall? I'm a driving asshole! You may have heard of me, or better yet heard me driving through your neighborhood at 3:32 AM, blasting my rap / hip hop / R&B music as loud as physics can possibly allow before causing the universe to collapse upon itself. I love rap music so much that I'm pushing really hard for Congress to pass a law requiring rap music to be the official music of driving assholes everywhere. It's basically an unspoken requisite anyway, all my driving asshole friends have the latest copy of $tab Dawgz' latest release, "Big Money Phat Bass Disaster," where $tab Dawg details his overwhelming desire for considerably large female rear ends through the universal language of pulsating 60 hertz sine waves capable of recreating the Tacoma-Narrows disaster. Rap music is my favorite, but I can't help but wonder how much better it would be if all vocals, music, and percussive instruments in the tracks were replaced with 808 kick drums. And I'm not talking about the drum machine, I mean that literally - eight-hundred and eight kick drums.

I absolutely love cruising aimlessly around your neighborhood in the early hours of every morning, my windows down and subwoofers cranked all the way up on some sort of volume control called "The Richter Scale" that I think Sony made up to sell idiots like me graphic equalizers manufactured from radioactive space debris. I don't care if it's the middle of winter and my scrawny, hairless white arms are freezing off from the sub-zero temperatures flowing through my open windows and the "sun roof" created last summer when my grandma tried to beat me to death with an umbrella in the back seat. I think of myself as an artist, suffering for his art, and my medium is spraying high compressed streams of muddy, miserable, cliched crap all over suburban neighborhoods to increase the public awareness of this underground phenomenon called "rap music."

I'm not really going anywhere or accomplishing anything, I'm just taking it easy and blasting my stereo because I feel my CD collection of Compaq-burned mixes is so awesome that it must be shared with the entire population of the globe, preferably all at once. Did you hear that one song I was playing 29 miles away? The one about guns and bitches? Yeah, that's my favorite too. Man, I love guns and bitches. Rap music and hip hop really speaks to me because, as a middle class white male, I too have felt the scorn and discrimination of racism. Why, just last week I tried to play some dude on Madden 2006 and he said something about my connection being too slow to play him. I'm like Rosa Parks and those idiots on Xbox Live won't let me drive John Madden's bus.

PEEP DIS STREET STYLE.

By the way, all those stop signs in your neighborhood are stupid so I'm going to ignore them. So are those yield signs and the crosswalks. Traffic signals are meaningless to me, just like social skills and a decent work resume. Slowing down is for pussies, and I only slow down for pussy if you catch my drift! Ha ha ha, no but seriously I can't see shit under the dashboard here, which hip hop videos have taught me is "cool." I've bent the laws of space and time to drop my seat down so low that every time I go over a speed bump I get gravel thrown so far up my ass that I routinely cough out asphalt. I crammed my seat far to the rear that I must tape prosthetic arms to the ends of my real arms just to reach my moronic, fuzzy steering wheel. I'm so

monumentally cool that I'll pull up beside you at a traffic signal and just stare at you constantly until the light turns green, my eyes penetrating your soul, your very essence, to reach inside, grab your entire fiber of mortality, pull it up to my face and ask your opinion regarding guns and bitches.

My car wasn't designed to obey traffic laws, can't you see that spoiler on the back? Yeah, that's right, I got me a spoiler on my 1984 Toyota Corona. Since I spent all my cash working at Famous Footwear on the spoiler itself, I didn't really have any money left over to pay somebody with a majority of their original teeth to install it, so that's why it's adhered to my trunk with a combination of railroad spikes and electrical tape. I'm not too proud of my handiwork there, which is why I installed a bunch of neon lights under my car's body to distract people from looking at the spoiler installation. Man, I got like 5000 watts of lights down there. I got so many neon lights under my car that it looks like a bankrupt Shaper Image store somehow flew out of its foundation and grew wheels.

All the better to buy groceries with, my dear.

But maybe that's not me. No, perhaps it isn't. I think I'm the short blonde woman driving her husband's brand new white Hummer. Yeah, I think that's me. I love the powerful, intoxicating feeling that I get knowing I could systematically drive over and kill every single member of your family without dropping below 60 miles an hour. My husband bought me this powerful machine because that's his way of telling the entire neighborhood that he's not really prematurely balding. I can't wait to see what he buys me when his penis stops working and he's unable to get erections without the use of support beams and industrial adhesives. I bet it will be a Russian fighter jet. One with a spiked plow on the front that can travel through time and crush you before you have a chance to drive your puny car next to mine on the highway.

See all these stickers on the back of my SUV? That's my identity right there, my DNA plastered below a thin layer of dust and bird shit. See that white oval with the letters "IRE" on it? Yeah, that's right, IRELAND. I LOVE IRELAND. I'm not from there, and I've never really visited it, but I hear it's really pretty. Also I think one of my ancestors came from there, he had one of those hats with the buckle on it and he ate hay. That's what they do in Ireland, right? Or is that Italy? I want to visit Italy one day, I think it's the prettiest city in all of Australia.

Check out my collection of magnetic ribbons. I got this one here for supporting some crippled disease. I saw this lady asking for donations to fight some disease and I was all like, "disease? Oh that sounds horrible! I hate diseases!" so I wrote her a check for $20. I hope that's enough to get rid of all disease because I don't want to be sick this Christmas when my husband and I take separate vacations to our separate houses on separate tropical islands whose names I can't remember because I can't read them without making a funny, scrunched up face. The donation lady gave me a red and white ribbon that says I hate disease and that's, like, so true. I should've written her a check for $1,000 because then I could've plastered my H3 with like 40 of those things. I love the colors red and white. They remind me of... red and white things. Like something which is red. And white. Together.

This magnetic ribbon here shows I support our soldiers in Iraq. God bless them and may they hunt down that Ben Lauden guy at whatever the cost. I hope those guys know I bought a ribbon for them, I think my purchase will turn the tides of this war. This pink ribbon is for breast cancer awareness. I'm officially aware there is breast cancer. This yellow ribbon is for... ummm... I don't know, I think it supports trying to find a cure for Lance Armstrong maybe. My green ribbon shows I care about the rainforests because green is the color of grass and the rainforests are just packed with that stuff. I bought this purple ribbon because it went with my eyeliner at the time. I don't remember what this white one is for, maybe it supports the fight against ghosts or ice storms or

something.

You'll see my ribbons when I cut you off and continue driving according to the laws of my own little world, one where nobody exists except me and my personal awareness radius can be measured in millimeters. It's not that I don't see you, it's that you take a much lower priority than my cell phone or in-dash DVD player or XML radio or navigation system or lipstick I'm trying to put on or open heart surgery I'm trying to perform on my pet dog Chreschen which I learned from watching that one "Friends" episode where the toaster oven exploded and shot a metal coil into Phoebe's chest cavity which Ross had to remove in time for her real estate training seminar.

The engine noise is so loud that it nearly drowns out the screams of victims trapped in my grille.

I like watching reality TV. It validates my hollow, shallow existence by parading the failure and embarrassment of total strangers for me to mock. I may despise my entire pointless existence and subconsciously know my complete personality is based on a series of flimsy cardboard cutouts decorated with gaudy spray paint and fake jewelry, but - hahahaha - at least I'm not that fat guy on TV who lives in the dirty house! Hahaha, poor people! What will they think of next! I'm watching tonight's episode of "Recorded Public Failure" on my television receiver built into the steering wheel. If you yank the wheel really fast to the left, everything turns bright blue for a second! Hee hee, driving is fun!

I'm the driving asshole. If you want to, you can wave to me; I'm in the lane to your right, the lane to your left, and both behind and in front of your car. I probably won't notice you or care, but you'll be easier to sideswipe and drive off the road when I suddenly decide to lurch into your lane for no logical reason. I can't help it, I'm a driving asshole!

■ Free Dirt! CLICK HERE!!!

For today's daily dish of daily dirt, make a click on the words with the line underneath them. I promise it won't hurt.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.7 National Novel Writing Month Aftermath

Wednesday, Dec 07, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Books: pages and pages of words.

For centuries November has been known for turkey and very little else. In recent years, however, it has been hosting something known as an annual event where people have the entire duration of the month (which I think is like 60 or 70 days) to write a story that's at least 50,000 words in length. People all over the world of all ages and all walks of life rise to the challenge of writing 50,000 words, hoping to craft the next great literary masterpiece. Many people simply do not know that many words, and give up after 100-300 words, but some brave souls are powerful enough to wield the English language like a sword that cuts into the page like ink cuts into the white of paper. I'm definitely one of the latter, as indicated by that expertly crafted sentence you just read.

Now that November has come and gone, the world is now many novels richer. I have just finished up a busy seven days of reading every single work, completed or not, submitted for National Novel Writing Month. This was an arduous journey that strained every ounce of my soul, because I have difficulty reading anything longer than 500 words and really just prefer to look at pictures of large robots stepping on things. I learned a great deal by reading every single entry, and that's that people aren't very creative. I never thought that so many duplicate stories could exist, but apparently most people think alike. To give you a better understanding of this, I have compiled a great deal of statistics proving the latest Great American Novel didn't get written in November.

- 327 half-finished novels in which the children of characters from "Lord of the Rings" are united in battle when robots attack Middle-Earth.
- 67 erotic novels about a wizard school for young adults.
- Two erotic novels about a wizard school for senior citizens, one entitled "Harry Goiter" and the other called "Story for my Grandchildren, Timothy and Jessica."
- 14 novels where the protagonist is revealed to be the antagonist at the end. Children all die when the newly antagonistic protagonist decides not to disarm the bomb inside the wizard school.
- Two novels in which an adult Harry Potter must overcome his guilt and alcoholism to avenge the rape and murder of Hermione.
- 47 wrongly submittied letters to the editors of Reader's Digest that met the 50,000 word requirement.
- 18 stories about a cyborg cop being deployed to clean up the mean streets of Compton, California. Cyborg instead falls in love with hip hop culture and has a smokin' time tricking out his police cruiser.
- Four stories in which Jack the Ripper is transported to the future to murder a cabal of French prostitutes that have taken over every single government in the world.
- Five novels in which a cowboy struggles to come to terms with the modern age. Eventually he is beaten and placed on a conveyor belt, then slowly conveyed into the sunset. In one story the ending differs, with the converyor belt being substituted with a gay man.
- Eight stories where Abraham Lincoln did not die but rather ascended to a higher plane of existence, taking his place as a new star

in the night sky, only not before annoiting countless things such as chairs, beds, and clothing as holy weapons with his blood.

- 34 dystopian novels set in a world where liberals won the War on Christmas.
- Seven stories in which Hulk Hogan and Randy Savage switch bodies and have to solve a murder onboard the International Space Station.
- One story that's nothing but a 67,423-word description of a hypothetical jump made by stuntman Evel Knievel. The jump saw Evel traveling a distance of 4,357 feet over 6 churches, 27 church buses, and 4 of America's surviving presidents. It ends with a poem that's an homage to Robert Frost's "The Road Not Taken" entitled "The Ramp Not Jumped."
- Two novels that feature Wilford Brimley traveling to the heart of a black hole to rescue a tractor. Both end with his mustache overpowering the singularity and destroying half the known universe.
- One story set in a world where the 1980s never ended. Taking place around the year of 19817, the story follows two rival gangs of new wave musicians fighting it out for control of Neo Cleveland, Ohio.
- 14,792 usages of the word "elf" and 2,347 uses of "that sanguine elven clitoris" (the 2,347 uses were from one particularly lurid story in which the children of characters from "Lord of the Rings" are united in bed when robots enslave Middle-Earth).
- One epistolary novel written in the form of Internet chat logs between two people: a boy angry at his father and his friend who is slowly being eaten by an alligator that moved into his home and killed his family.
- One really well written traffic ticket that was sadly far short of the required 50,000 words. Still, it was breathtaking.
- One 67,347-word story, disqualified because of 18,647 misspellings and typographical errors, about aliens projecting a hologram onto the earth – a hologram they called "the holocaust."

The art of writing requires more than just tools. It requires ideas. 14 stories exceeding 200,000 words each depicting the terrifying scenario of the USS Nimitz aircraft carrier traveling back in time and accidentally intercepting Christopher Columbus on his voyage to the new world. In each of the 14 stories, the two factions team up to fight Nazi time pirates trying to destroy Christmas.

- Three steamy romance novels in which Matt Damon gives up everything to marry an overweight woman with six kids in a small rural Arkansas town. All three stories were penned by the same author: David Thorpe.
- Four stories in which Wesley Crusher succeeds where others failed in finding a legitimate way to win the Kobayashi Maru simulation.
- One unfinished novel about a scientist inventing a shrink-ray that enables people to shrink down and go inside hot dogs, creating a hot dog tourism industry that makes billions up until mankind's hubris leads to an unbelievable nightmare scenario. I'll finish it later, goddamnit.

All totaled, I will never read anything ever again. People have no right to write anything. None at all. I want to see the English language, and any language for that matter, taken away by evil jackbooted thugs. Until that happens, you might as well just start saving up ideas for next November, when you write your very own worst novel ever.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.8 Hair Today, Hair Tomorrow

Thursday, Dec 08, 2005 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

This classy clipart illustration illustrates my precise point.

Our home has a problem. Now usually when people say something like that, you expect them to launch into a diatribe concerning its shoddy construction, faulty heating system, or rampant infestation of ghosts who engage in time-honored ghost haunting traditions such as "making the sound of footsteps when you're trying to sleep" or "moving objects from one drawer to the next" or other unspeakably horrifying acts of cruelty. While I can easily complain about our home's 19-second complete construction by illegal Mexican immigrants who learned the previous day how to use a hammer, I feel there's a bigger problem inside these walls, a scourge that will haunt my wife and I wherever we go: **her hair.**

Now I don't want to sound like I'm criticizing my wife's hair; I'm in absolutely no position to make fun of other peoples' heads or faces, particularly when my hair resembles a radioactive spaghetti spider trying to escape from the top of my skull. But my wife Megan has this superpower granting her the ability to shed pounds and pounds of hair every night while somehow maintaining the same, exact amount of hair. It makes no sense and has baffled scientists all across the world. How can somebody drop fist-sized clumps of hair every night, yet still show no visible signs of loss on her head?

There's hair everywhere: Megan's hair decorates the bathroom floor, shower, bath tub and sinks. If you look at the carpet and follow the follicles, you can track down Megan's current location, like a really weird version of Hansel and Gretyl. Our five-month old baby Lauren is dropping hair as well, decorating her crib and play mats with tiny strands of drool-encrusted baby locks. Downstairs, our two Golden Retrievers Polly and Speedy have scattered tumbleweeds of yellow dog hair throughout the hardwood floor, recreating scenes from various wild, wild west movies in which the protagonist must fight a man in black for the rightful possession of his Orrick vacuum cleaner. Our chairs and sofas are covered with cat hair from our two cats, Kit and Cat, and sitting down anywhere inevitably results in your ass suddenly growing a 20-pound cat hair beard.

With this in mind, I have decided to turn an otherwise bad situation into an incredibly good one. Each night, after Megan has taken a shower, I have snuck into the bathroom and taken pictures of that night's hair aftermath. Since people can pretty much take photos of anything and call themselves an artist, I dub my photos "Hair Art." Through my terrible photo taking ability, and my wife's mind blowing skill of forcefully ejecting pounds of hair every evening, I plan to (somehow) make millions of dollars selling photographs of Hair Art. To show off the goods and maybe drum up a little publicity, I will unveil our first exhibit today, a little photo show I like to call "Bu$h's War On Hair-er." See? It's a parody of "Bush's War on Terror." Us artists like making deep political statements like this. I don't expect you to understand the deep, meaningful complexities and subtle nuances behind my reference, so don't bother.

BU$H'S WAR ON HAIR-ER: A REALLY ARTISTIC ONE-WEEK PHOTO EXHIBIT
By Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka and Megan "Crazyellow" Kyanka

PHOTO ART PIECE #1: "FLEEING THE BARBARIANS"

Horizontal movement creates the feeling of terror and energy.

The oppressive Amerikkkan regime!

Our first piece is a look at the innocent citizens of Iraq, suffering for a war they had no part in. We really tried to inject an atmosphere of raw terror here, showing the crippled, elderly, and young citizens of Iraq trying to escape the terror and tragedy Bush brought into their ceramic village. As they pack their meager belongings and run as fast as they can, the fascist evil Bush administration hovers over them like a fat, evil hog. Actually hogs can't really hover, so, uh, maybe it died when a forklift drove into it. And it's stuck on the end of the forklift. And I guess forklifts aren't really that tall, so maybe the forklift was in the process of being moved to another location by a helicopter. So the Bush administration is a lot like a dead hog on a forklift inside a helicopter.

You'll notice the intricate attention to detail employed on the right shot, as we spent many hours simply setting up the lights and canvas. Ultimately, we selected the southern shower wall because we felt it had more emotions and feelings to offer. We personally feel this piece contains many comparisons to Alfred Stieglitz's early work, particularly his pre-Georgie O' Keefe days. Note the strong use of shape and contrast to convey meaning, such as "the meaning of all this hair in the bathroom is to protest George W. Bush's fascist regime of death and lies."

PHOTO ART PIECE #2: "TERROR ON THE HIGHWAYS"

NO BLOOD FOR OIL.

Our failed oil policy.

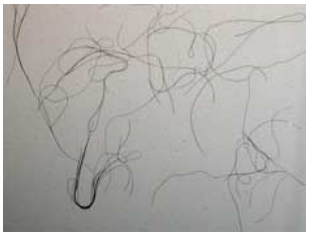
When that hate mongering warmongering mongermongering mongrel George W. Bush first announced his war on terror, a day after those Arab guys flew their jets into Twin Peaks, I said to my wife, "you know what this is all about? Two words: OIL" and she nodded her head (causing six pounds of hair to fall out). In this piece, we show American citizens struggling to pay simple utility bills and afford gasoline all thanks to Bush and his evil political cronies, Hally Barton and that old bald guy whose name I cannot recall offhand. The large clump of hair is shooting into the sky, much like oil prices and this is why it's not my fault I can't go to the Art Walk this Friday because I can't afford to gas up my 1977 Ford Fiesta.

We decided to make many hairs wavy and curly to create a sense of uncertainty, a feeling of hesitation and worry regarding the future. When will we cease depending on precious foreign natural

fuels, and why can't science create more environmentally-friendly vehicles? The slanted, vertical line on the wall shows the great divide between the haves and the have-nots, a class warfare which the Republican$ and radical right promote each and every day. I grew so angry after taking this photograph that I threw a bottle of Pert Plus across the bathroom and nearly hit our velvet painting of Jerry Garcia.

PHOTO ART PIECE #3: "RIP THE SYSTEM!"

Chaos is what we need to overthrow this regime!



But beware the police state!

Last year my friends and I went out to protest that one meeting where the government leaders figure out new ways to get all the money from poor people in Africa and exploit all the hard working illegal Canadian immigrants. I forget the name of it, I think it's the E3 Summit. We hung out around a paint store at 3:30 AM, and the cops decided to enforce their Hitler-like police state upon us once we started peacefully protesting by throwing bottles of wine through the store window and lighting a trash can on fire while screaming, "FUCK THE PIGS!!!" They assaulted me for no reason, clearly violating my 10 Commandment rights, and some day when I find enough money to pay for a bus ticket, I will find a lawyer and sue the crap out of this state. The cops hit me with nightsticks, clubs, tree branches, baseball bats, and iron bars while shooting me with their tazers and kicking bull semen into my eyes. Then they started saying, "hey you stupid hippie, if you like peace so much, why don't you try a piece of this?" and then they backed over me with a bus. This is why I can no longer see the color red and my head starts throbbing every time I pass near a microwave oven.

PHOTO ART PIECE #4: "DEFEAT THE CHRISTIAN 'WRONG'!"

Their vile, hate-filled church is infecting entire countries!

This is the only true salvation, people!

I have despised Christians for years, at least a decade before it was cool to do so. I am one of the premiere Christian haters, and man oh man do I hate everything about those judgmental, arrogant,

simpleminded fools! I hate them so much that, every year around Christmas, I spend all my money to buy the biggest, most expensive Christmas tree I can find, and then I pay a company to haul it back to my apartment and set it up. Then I light it on fire and scream, "HAHAHA TAKE THAT YOU MONEY-GRUBBING CHRISTIANS!!! TAKE YOUR RED STATE SOMEWHERE ELSE, FASCIST BUTCHERS!!!" I knew this lady once, she babysat me in the 80s, she was this really fat and loud lady and she was absolutely a horrible babysitter and ate all the food and I think her husband was a Christian. CASE CLOSED.

One of these days I'm going to break into a Christian church and when they start giving out the wine and those circular pieces of wafer I'm gonna run up to the stage and push over the cross and shout, "STOP BEING MINDLESS SHEEP YOU BRAINDEAD IDIOTS!" and then I'll plaster all their chairs and doors with KMFDM stickers.

PHOTO ART PIECE #5: "GLOBAL WARMING MEANS THE END OF THE WORLD"

Can't you see we're destroying the Ozone Layer? This photo illustrates mankinds' wanton disregard for Mother Earth.

If we don't act soon, this could be our fate!

As a practicing Wiccan of over 25 years, I have developed a very close and intimate bond with Mother Earth, or as I like to call her, "Mystress Faeriey Gaia Enchantymynt Ye Olde Maiyden ov Beauty." My coven and I celebrate REAL holidays, not this Christian-centric crap the rest of Amerikkka engages in just to funnel money into the pockets of Hallmark and Best Buy and McDonalds and the company that makes those circus peanuts. Every March we head out to the woods and enjoy another wonderful "Joyous Celebration of Bountiful Eternal Feasts," where we eat pine cones and spin magical stories of leaf elves. Then we get in touch with our Animal Spirit Guides in a deep, poetic, respectful way which involves smoking a lot of marijuana and staring at tree bark until it begins talking to us. My Animal Spirit Guide is a level 47 Snow Leopard Mage who travels through time. He told me, "Rich, you know what you have to do. You must tell them all about global warming" and I said, "yes, I must" and then he said, "and then you must make that whore down the street pay in blood for giving you the panty eyes."

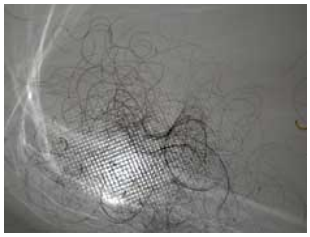
PHOTO ART PIECE #6: "RACISM'S VILE TALONS SINK DEEPER INTO AMERIKKKA'S JUGULAR"

Is this really a world we want our children to grow up in?

I was declined a credit card just because I am 1/32nd American Indian.

One of the primary reasons I voted against George "Hitler Jr." W. Bush in the 2003 elections was because I feel his laws based on racism, propaganda, and hatred are destroying this country. Amerikkka was founded on a bed of lies, when the Pilgrims fled France in 1800 because the French decided Christians were too intolerant and racist to stay in their country. So the settlers got on U-Boats and drove to Roanoke Island, where they ate each other and all the Native Americans. One pilgrim escaped and started the first US city, Jonestown, which eventually grew into New York. In the past 200 years, Americans have killed off all the Native Americans with an assortment of vile, evil tactics such as giving them blankets infested with locusts and forcing them to drink alcohol while betting on roulette. Americans soon grew tired of enslaving the Native Americans, so they began enslaving African Americans and Asian Americans and Indian Ocean Americans and forced them to work on walnut farms for meager wages. Now white people put subliminal messages before episodes of "Law and Order" telling black people to steal Hondas. This is why I can't get a home loan. I HATE YOU GEORGE W. BU$$$$$H!!!

PHOTO ART PIECE #7: "YOUR WAR ON DRUGS IS A LIE AND ALSO STOP ANIMAL CRUELTY AND TAKE DOWN THE SPEED BUMPS IN MY PARKING LOT"



Our bathtub is an analogy for society.

The toenail clippings and dead silverfish are also an analogy.

The pigs (police) have been harassing everybody in my building just because we like to partake a little bit in the herb, the wacky tobacky. This whole "War on Drugs" deal is utterly bogus and has labeled ordinary, law-abiding citizens as "criminals" just because, according to the police, they're "breaking the law." What a load of horse crap! It's my constitutional right to do whatever I want to my body, and if I want to smoke a few Js and listen to Radiohead for 19 consecutive hours while mumbling to my wife convoluted and arcane theories about UFOs, then that's my right! Our neighbor two floors below was framed and arrested just because he sold a few hundred pounds of

pot or maybe crystal meth to a poor, disadvantaged street dealer! That's discrimination if I ever heard it, and this photograph piece details just that. Also I think animal experimentation is just plain wrong. Do you know what scientists do to invent lipstick? They crush bunny rabbit eyes and then inject the solution into the skulls of monkeys just to see how they react! That is horrible, and every time I order a hamburger from Wendy's, I let the person taking my money know how much I despise their business practices and lack of ethics.

While I may be too humble to call myself an amateur photographic genius of monumental proportions, I do, however, feel I am a professional photographic genius of monumental proportions. Our medium, human hair, is a breathtaking act of unbridled creativity no other artists have dared to explore. By combining this medium with my clever, original political messages, I feel we have formed the perfect union between art and hair. Look for our exhibits to tour Amerikkka sometime in 2006, if George "Evil Tyrant" Bu$h lowers gas prices enough for me to rent a U-Haul and drive all the photos to the absolute finest and upscale flea markets on the West coast.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.9 Battlefront: Christmas

Friday, Dec 09, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Christmas used to be a time of year when everyone was reminded of just how much they hated being around their family. Grandma would give you something ridiculous like a depilatory cream or a piggy bank shaped like a car. Your parents would hand over something vaguely practical but undesirable like a fanny pack or a pair of mittens with jet planes on them. Your more distant relatives would admit that they have absolutely no idea who you actually are and would just send you small amounts of money. You'd pick out something equally out of touch with your immediate family's desires, give it to them and then you'd spend all day sitting around and talking about things that make you feel like swallowing ground glass.

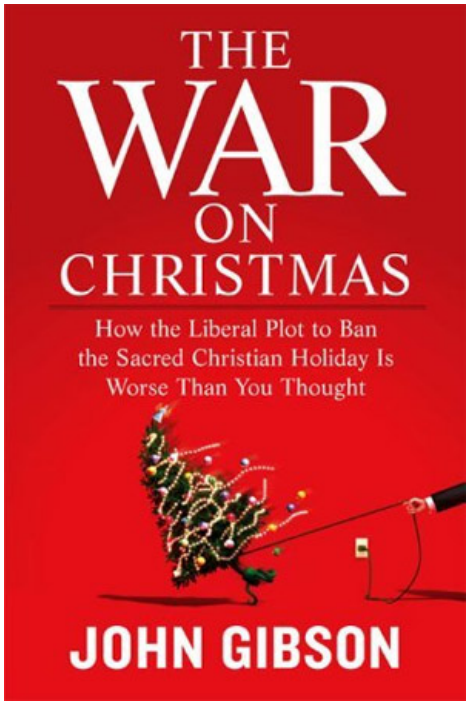
Over the past two years or so that vague melancholy that accompanies the arrival of the Christmas season - a mix of nostalgia for the irretrievable joys of the Christmases of my childhood and dread of that year's impending gift exchange - has been superseded by a simmering rage. Christmas is now about politics, which is precisely what we did not need added to an already horrific holiday. You can blame some vague multicularist conspiracy or the last vestiges of inane political correctness, but let's be honest about whose fault this shit is: Bill O'Reilly and John Gibson.

We all know about Bill O'Reilly. I have enough faith in the average conservative to believe that they are informed about Bill O'Reilly's stupidity. If, after all of these years, you accept what he says as truth then you're on roughly the same intellectual level as a retard abandoned by the side of the road and then raised by that robot that used to come with the Nintendo. O'Reilly literally sits around and makes stuff up and then tells you to be angry about it.

The liberals are helping the Russians buy up all of our flu vaccine! The liberals are working with the Chinese to raise money for North Korea to build nuclear weapons! Hillary Clinton was raped by Bill Clinton and gave birth to a dolphin! Let's all just pretend not to notice the fact that liberals don't control any of the branches of government anymore. Let's keep pretending like they're running

everything and that we are being victimized by their boundless power and authority! The idea that there is some vast high-level liberal conspiracy to annihilate Christmas is not an unexpected charge from Bill O'Reilly, but I feel fairly safe in assuming that most rational human beings simply ignore what he says by this point.

John Gibson is a lesser-known idiot, but he's an idiot of the same caliber as Bill O'Reilly. Not only has Gibson almost obsessively pushed the idea that liberals are running around with flamethrowers torching mangers and ripping down Christmas banners, he also wrote the book on the subject. I'm going to go ahead and list the four key pieces of evidence in his book, according to his publisher's description on Amazon, that prove liberals are out to destroy Christmas:



- In Illinois, state government workers were forbidden from saying the words "Merry Christmas" while at work
- In Rhode Island, local officials banned Christians from participating in a public project to decorate the lawn of City Hall
- A New Jersey school banned even instrumental versions of traditional Christmas carols
- Arizona school officials ruled it unconstitutional for a student to make any reference to the religious history of Christmas in a class project

Those are the best examples, folks. The Liberal Anti-Christmas Storm Brigade is on the march because a county government in Rhode Island "banned Christians from participating in a public project to decorate the lawn of City Hall." The Yuletide Doomsday is at hand and it's all the fault of some Podunk, Rhode Island official with more free time than common sense. I'm sure the ACLU comes up plenty, but the ACLU is sort of like that guy who was discharged from the army for drinking anti-freeze and now spends all his time arguing on political message boards: he may hate what you say, but he will defend to the death your right to say it. The ACLU are probably the

worst bogeymen the right has come up with. They make the Hollywood Communists of the 1950s looks like PCP-addled MS-13 enforcers with machetes.

Gibson suggests that the attempt to strip Christian iconography and tidings from holiday festivities is a part of the *Secular Left's* efforts to enforce *tolerance.* That may not sound all that bad to some of you, but to a lot of people on the right enforcing tolerance is a lot like enforcing yanking your scrotum off with a billhook. It's not that most of them are actually against tolerance, they're generally good folks, but tolerance is a codeword for "destroying Christianity." Saying tolerance or the even more ghastly "political correctness" conjures apocalyptic images of churches burning and mangers covered with blood. We're not talking about Christ's blood; we're talking diabolical blood like blood from a gay. Not even Andrew Sullivan gay, we're talking Isaac Asimov gay. *Science fictiony* gay.

John Gibson's response to all this humbuggery has been to suggest a spontaneous uprising among the oppressed Christians of America. He makes very clear that he isn't calling for a boycott of stores where "Merry Christmas" has been replaced with the anti-Christian hate-mongering of "Happy Holidays." No, not a boycott at all, a grassroots decision not to buy things from stores because of the decided downturn in Christ-related holiday cheer. Gibson goes on to brag about how his focus on anti-Christmas behavior at retail outlets has inspired millions to independently decide to stop shopping, which has in turn inspired those retailers to return to the One True King for their decorating tips.

The popularity of Gibson and O'Reilly's anti-Christmas meme has proven once again that Christians love martyrs, especially when they can see themselves on the cross. As a porn-loving, evolution-believing, rap-listening agnostic I don't subscribe to their particular theory of Christian victimization. Despite my skepticism, I did spend some time trying to think about why the liberal-industrial complex would devote so much energy to ineffectively stopping Christmas and replacing it with a sanitized pan-denominational holiday. Then, to my horror, I realized that even if the liberal plot succeeded we would still be stuck with the same horrible holiday with a slightly different packaging.

I am stating here and now, in a totally non-secret and non-conspiratorial way, that Christmas and all Christmas-like holidays need to be destroyed. I want those last few days of December back. I want to just sit around and wallow in my laziness. I want to maybe watch some DVDs or play some videogames, not drive hundreds of miles through snow to sit around with my family and contemplate suicide. I don't need to hear why my mom thinks she may have cancer or see my grandma start crying because someone yelled for half a second. I moved out of their house because I was being reminded too frequently of all of the reasons why I hate myself. I had just started to like myself, just worked past the kill-on-sight instinct when passing mirrors, and then they had to drag me back to their lair for another self-loathing regeneration session.

We're supposed to celebrate, so let's celebrate ourselves. Let's treat Christmas like a birthday minus all the looming mortality. This is OUR day. This isn't Christ's day or family time. Let's just fuck it all and stop trying to buy gifts for people we don't really know. We'll just hand each other cash and say "awesome!" If we want to talk, hey, we can talk to each other, but we don't feel any real need to just sit around and remind ourselves of why life is a horrible ordeal.

Maybe we can play darts or Soul Calibur III or something, but we don't have to since there is no ritual we have to follow. It's just another day. Let's not try to give it some gimmicky name like Festivus or Kwanza, let's just hang out. If you want to celebrate Jesus or just fist yourself to shit porn it's all the same, because this is your time to have fun. No one is enforcing tolerance and no one is enforcing Christmas. We're free at last.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.10 Astro Boy

Saturday, Dec 10, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

My first journey into space was a complete accident. I was thirteen at the time, playing something that vaguely resembled basketball by myself in my driveway. I had never been good at the sport and couldn't seem to get the whole "moving while bouncing the ball" thing down, yet every weekend my best friends would drag me to a nearby court for frightening pickup games against seven foot tall kids that dribbled behind their backs and through their legs every single time they got the ball in case anyone forgot they were able to do that sort of thing. The kids who guarded me would eventually realize I was perfectly capable of stopping myself from scoring, so they'd leave me alone and go double-team one of my friends. Needless to say our team rarely won and I was ashamed of being the guy that held us back, even if I did hate the game.

So there I was, practicing my layups when it happened. Maybe it was because I was trying a bit too hard or maybe it was all the adrenaline coursing through my veins, but as I planted my foot and began to leap upwards to gently lay the ball in the hoop, I immediately sensed something was wrong. I had jumped too high.

My momentum carried me through a low-laying cloud that resembled a potato that looked like Telly Sevales wearing a cloud costume, then up through the four major levels of the atmosphere at a rate of speed which showed no sign of slowing down. Knowing there was no oxygen in space, I sharply inhaled as much air as I could and held it with my cheeks puffed out. Upon entering the cold bigness of space, I reached the apex of my jump and floated for almost a full minute.

A minute may be a relatively short amount of time, but this one changed my life in a profound way. When you spend your entire life on the surface of one seemingly boundless planet and suddenly find yourself looking down on it from a distance, you come to realize certain truths that you may not have otherwise discovered. I realized, for example, that South America is like right below normal America.

As you'd probably imagine, the roof of the Ionosphere was littered with thousands of wet leaves and scores of errant frisbees. I managed to scoop up an armful of discs when my descent began, but as the heat of re-entry intensified my souvenirs were vaporized. I recall being very scared as I plummeted toward Earth in that giant fireball because I had just spent my allowance on the Nirvana shirt I was wearing and I wasn't sure it was going to hold up. It stayed together though, and soon I landed safely on the soft grass of my lawn, a mere three feet away from the rigid surface of the sidewalk and certain death.

An actual photograph taken during my first trip to space.

I immediately knew that I had to go back. The unexpected trek had opened my eyes to a whole new world, a world made of space. Before I returned, however, I knew that I had to take certain precautions in order to guarantee a safe trip.

I created a makeshift breathing apparatus by placing a plastic bag over my head and sealing it tight with duct tape. Though my cheeks had stretched a great deal to hold an impressive amount of air during my first flight, it was a scientific fact that a plastic bag had a much greater capacity to store oxygen. I also knew that I would need a weapon to defend myself from potential attackers. I hadn't come across any life forms at all in my initial outing, but I was a big fan of sci-fi movies so

I knew the alien that Sigourney Weaver blew out of the airlock was still floating around out there somewhere and it probably hadn't died yet. My weapon of choice was a plastic bag which could easily be wrapped around the head of my attacker in order to suffocate it.

Next I approached my parents and told them what had happened, and that I planned to attempt another launch that afternoon. They told me that I was crazy, that no one could just jump into outer space, that I had a bee on my shirt collar. But I didn't listen. They were obviously angry that they hadn't tried to leap into the cosmos themselves before their bodies had become weak and old, and felt that their youths were therefore completely wasted. We got into a big fight over the whole thing and they punished me, yet their authority seemed insignificant in light of all I had experienced so I decided to go on with the scheduled launch anyway.

My second launch was a failure. I was barely able to clear two feet, which according to my calculations wasn't even enough to break through the Troposphere. A little freaked out, I decided to recreate the exact conditions of the first launch, right down to the basketball in my hand and the same approach toward the basket. This too was met with failure.

Over the course of the next three years I attempted over seventeen thousand launches and none of them were successful. I tried to jump into space every morning after I got up, every weekday after the bus dropped me off at my house, every evening before dinner, and every time Kriss Kross' hit song came on the radio. Nothing.

Then one day my cousin James came to visit and I related my tale to him, from my first glorious yet short lived voyage into outer space to the years of crushing disappointment that followed.

"What's that?" he asked, peering down at the two foot long chain attached to my ankle with an anchor at the end.

"Oh that old thing?" I angled my head and looked down as well, for I had grown so used to it that I had forgotten it was even there. "It's just my punishment from that fight I got into with my parents after I told them about the whole space thing. I think it's supposed to teach me how to be responsible by having an anchor to take care of at all times."

"I think that's what's keeping you from jumping into space."

"Nawww..." I trailed off. Could it be? I had to admit the timing was uncanny, as my launch problems started right after it had first been attached to my leg.

I turned and ran into the living room in my usual awkward gait, the anchor barely resisting as it slid along the now-smooth grooves it had dug into the hardwood floor during my countless trips across the house over the years. My parents confirmed James' suspicions, explaining that I had simply been too young and that no good parent would ever allow their thirteen year old son to wander into outer space alone. Now, however, I was sixteen. Old enough to drive a car and purchase alcohol with a forged license. With tears of joy and a proud hug, my parents conceded that I was now mature enough to go wherever I wanted.

Without another word they extended the chain to a length of 75 miles and stood side by side in the driveway as I leapt into the air, waving after me in the orangish glow of the dusk.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.11 To Slay A Robot

Sunday, Dec 11, 2005 by Kevin "The Goblin" Wilson

Robots attempt to hide all around us. Are you skilled enough to spot them?

Hollywood and robophiliacs everywhere have made robots and robotic creatures into the most fearsome things in our immediate future. As soon as someone makes a robot that can push a pencil across a desk, someone leaps out of their chair and smashes it with a hammer before it can turn on all of humanity. In reality we have little to be afraid of. You will need no Gatling guns, metal crunching machines, or any sort of Jox to combat the oncoming robocaust. In fact, you have nothing to fear at all beyond your own cheez-whiz induced ignorance. Have you ever seen a robot crying tears of oil as its tubing flies out all over the place like intestines? Have you ever ripped out the circuit brain of a robot and eaten it? These types of moments make you realize the fragility of robot kind. Robots are just like humans.

People fear robots because they don't like the thought of cold, lifeless killing machines hunting them down as they scavenge a desert wasteland. Have you ever seen "American Idol"? Neither have I, but I hear the judges on that show are real jerks. The similarities are astounding.

Since you are still reading this you are either interested in learning the ways of robot annihilation or some other thing. If you are a robot scanning for clues, be sure to put into your memo-banks that your days are numbered. Not just with ones or zeroes, but with blood or oil or whatever you'll leak as you die. If this is my Mom reading, will you please stop calling me "pookypoo" in front of my robot slayer friends? No one can respect a robot slaying master when his mom calls him "Boy Wonder" all the time.

The first thing a potential robot slayer must learn is that no one but humans built these robots. Even if robots start making themselves, humans made the robots that will make the robots. The same creatures of destruction that you fear will use laser chainsaws on your tender flesh were built by the same species that made crystal clear Pepsi.

Now also realize that the people who programmed these robots do not walk around with uzis and fight Keanu Reeves. I would imagine you even think they look like Keanu Reeves, but this is forgetting the fact that he probably does not know how to build a toaster much less a BlastMat 9000. No, the people who will build the future death gods of the world are the same ones who own box sets for every Star Trek series. (Yes, I mean every single one.) How fearsome is a robot overlord when it quotes Deep Space Nine as it launches missile grenades at you? Expect it to be able to efficiently destroy your opinions about what the best video card is, not your spine.

Standard robot combat weaponry.

"Master," you plead, "I've played Counter-strike before and there are plenty of guys who can headshot me – even behind cover!" It is true that not every robot built by obsessive compulsives will be completely worthless. Some will be able to fire guns with pinpoint accuracy. Some will be able to withstand untold temperatures. And some may even be able to talk to girls without crying. One who

fights robots will have to be able to battle against all of these robotic skills and more. Do you believe you have the mental capacity to accomplish this?

Let's run through a few robotic combat scenarios to find out.

A robot appears and stabs your girlfriend with a gun. You throw your spoon at it but it bounces off its android skin with no damage at all. Ducking behind a table does little to hide your location from it. It shoots you in typical hero injury location #2: the shoulder. What do you do?
A) Run around a space station crying about your dead dog.
B) Let it kill you because it won't stop quoting three stooges
C) Confuse its infrared vision by wearing cold packs and cover it with spaghetti until it dies.

If you chose C then you have some potential. Robots, like the humans that built them, are easily confused. Unless it was built with the ability to comprehend a specific subjects, anything else you do will confuse it and make it run away to a nearby comic shop. Keep in mind that these robots may be preprogrammed to recognize basic types of maneuvers and be fully prepared to combat them. An army of cold-blooded sloths with missile launcher backpacks would not only render its infrared vision useless but also confuse its motion detection sensors. Learn from this.

A robot army emerges through the skeletal rubble of your recently nuked civilization. You only have a stick of dynamite or bubblegum to fight with. A song from the band "Guns and Roses" is stuck in your head. Do you:
A) Imagine a world of peace built by robots without pollution. Maybe these robots aren't so bad...
B) Fall to your knees and fondly remember how no one read your Terminator fan fiction. It could have prevented all of this...
C) Lure them into a rave and crush their flimsy bodies with a beaver nailed to a stick.

Once again, C is the correct answer. The people who design robots have probably never been to a rave, much less know what it is. Closest thing a programmer has been to a rave is the last time they degaussed their monitor. Utilize this. And I would be amazed to find a robot that is capable of understanding what it's like to be beaten with a beaver nailed to a stick. It would lock up with confusion and beg for mercy. If you've ever begged for mercy from a man holding the tattered remains of a beaver nailed to a stick – you'll know mercy is not a thing in their vocabulary. According to my pocket dictionary and jewelry making reference guide, the word "several" means "more than two." I'm going to include one final robot combat (or as I like to call it, "rombat") scenario.

First ever actual footage from inside a robot's head.

As you deliver a blast from your laser gun the robots fall over in a heap. The robot is dying now, and it begins to recite to you the types of things it has seen throughout its short existence. It asks you, how can it not be human if it can appreciate the beauty of nature? As you slump down after your exhausted battle, you contemplate.
A) "Who are the real monsters, the humans or the robots?"
B) "I wonder if Chewbacca got the ship ready, Tommy Lee Jones might be around."
C) You don't. Your slumping was just a distraction, giving you more than enough time to pull out your silly-string guns and unload. You then set it on fire while singing the theme song to "The Equalizer" starring Edward Woodward.

The correct answer is all too obvious. By now you should realize your caliber amongst the robot slaying ranks. Creativity and ingenuity are the tools of the robot slaying trade, not lightning bolt rifles or acid catapults. These types of things are what robots will be looking for. They'll be ready for you to come around a corner carrying an electric sledgehammer. A robot can be preprogrammed

to fight someone with laser claws. However, the chances of an android being equipped to handle getting tossed into a pit of peanut butter and jelly is almost zero.

Until we meet again, robot hunter...

Sunday Snort Report.

Did you know there are some things out there that can kill you? Special guest anchor Robert "Closeknees" Smith is here this week to show you what can. Clicking here could save your life!

-∼Kevin "The Goblin" Wilson

12.12 The Difficulty of Pleasing Santa

Monday, Dec 12, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The concept of a mythical judge has been incorporated into virtually every metaphysical system of beliefs. The jackal headed Anubis would weigh the hearts of dead Egyptians, in Hinduism it is believed that Lord Yama records and judges the earthly deeds of men and of course the all-knowing God of Christianity will judge you based on your sins and your contrition. For those who celebrate Christmas there is Santa Claus, the omniscient watcher who is aware of all your actions and places you on a list of either naughty or nice depending on your behavior throughout the year. Those who do good will receive a bounty of gifts and those who run afoul of Santa will suffer through another holiday with only lumps of coal to warm their heart.

The problem with Santa is that, unlike the other mystical judges, Santa does not have an apparent moral code that can be followed to make his so-called naughty or nice lists. Face it; we simply do not know much about Santa's value system. What you may consider to be a good or nice action may actually conflict with Santa's moral code and land you on the naughty list. Maybe Santa is a Zoroastrian, a skoptsi or an existentialist. Maybe Santa's idea of nice is burning an inverted crucifix into your chest with nitric acid and his definition of naughty includes helping an old woman cross the street. These scenarios are unlikely, but to help you prepare for the possibility of Santa's adjudication I have constructed five hypothetical Santas.

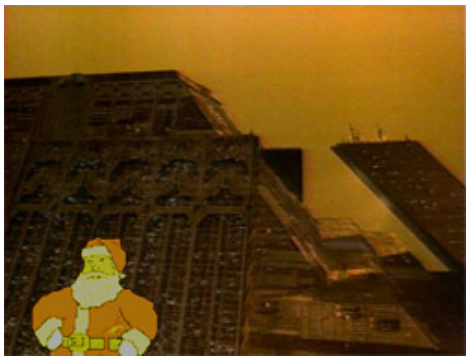
Moveon.org Santa

Moveon.org Santa is crazy liberal and he is plugged into the blogosphere grassroots Internet movement. He gets 95% of his information about the world from forums and IRC rooms devoted to liberal conspiracy theories. His sleigh is covered with peak oil bumper stickers and he probably has a Che Guevara shirt stuffed into his closet. He was really into communism in college, but it just hasn't been given a chance. Moveon.org Santa wants you to know that the healthcare is better in Cuba than in the United States, just ignore the ultra-conservative free speech stance of Castro.

NAUGHTY	NICE
Believing in the freedoms granted by the Second Amendment.	Believing that every gun owner is a bloodthirsty killer moments away from a rampage through a Borders Bookstore.

NAUGHTY	**NICE**
You believe that the events of September the 11th were unfortunate but nearly unavoidable.	You believe that Flash movie you saw that said the Pentagon was shot with a missile.
You shop at Wal*Mart for your everyday goods.	You infiltrated a Wal*Mart and attempted to form a union among the sub-literate pregnant highschool dropouts, the mouth-breathing teenagers and the elderly people trying to supplement their Social Security. The Wal*Mart closes, the community's economy collapses and you celebrate another victory against capitalism by treating yourself to a nice clove cigarette and a new piercing.
You run a blog that once made fun of a hippy.	You run a blog that contains thousand word rants about how much you hate NASCAR and why the new Pope is a Nazi.
You buy hamburgers from Burger King.	Your diet consists entirely of uncooked fruits, vegetables and nuts and you advocate raw foodism as a quasi-spiritual means of cleansing your body at every possible opportunity.
You support big tobacco and poison those around you with second-hand smoke.	You douse yourself in patchouli at every opportunity and wear clothes made out of hemp.
You've been drinking beer since the day you turned 15.	You've been drinking wine since the day you saw "Sideways."

Libertarian Santa



Libertarian Santa believes that taxation is one of the greatest evils perpetrated in the world. Taxes should exist only for the purposes of national defense and to finance a very limited judicial arbitration system. The Federal government should be all but powerless and all rights should be fundamentally based on property rights. In Libertarian Santa's world all morality is essentially replaced with a value system that favors wealth and possessions over any sort of governmentally-enforced individual liberty. Laws should be set by an individual community. If you do not like the "no blacks" rule in your current community then you are free to go find another community, hopefully one consisting entirely of blacks. Libertarian Santa describes himself as socially liberal, but you'll never actually hear him championing a socially liberal cause.

NAUGHTY	**NICE**
You think the publically-funded fire department should put out that chemical fire.	You think the community should band together and have the charity fire brigade put out that chemical fire.
You're worried that the government might not be adequately prepared to deal with a flu pandemic.	You're worried you don't have enough shotgun shells to fend off looters in the event of a flu pandemic.
You blame the local, state and federal government for failing in the aftermath of hurricane Katrina.	You blame the poor for failing to pull themselves up by their bootstraps and buy a magical helicopter to whisk them out of the path of hurricane Katrina.
It drives you crazy to see a black man turned away from a job on the basis of his race.	It drives you crazy to see a black man admitted to a college even though he was half a point below normal GPA requirements.
You move to Canada because Canadians enjoy greater freedoms than Americans.	You move to New Hampshire because the taxes are lower.

NAUGHTY	NICE
You're socially liberal and economically conservative.	You're economically conservative..... and socially liberal.
You disagree with the idea of abortion because a baby is a human life.	You disagree with the idea of abortion because it intrudes on the property rights of the embryo.
You stole a washer from a store to fix the faucet in your invalid mother's house.	You killed a trespasser who accidentally wandered onto your secluded woodland property.
You spent the year in poverty and your family still has not managed to pull itself out of debt.	You spent the year in luxury even though you have not worked a day in your life.

Neoconservative Santa

Neoconservative Santa used to be a democrat, but following the September 11th attacks he has become extremely hawkish and has abandoned seemingly all of his former democratic ideology. Neoconservative Santa likes the Bush administration, but he is in it more for Dick Cheney than George W. Bush. He embraces the rhetoric of fundamentalist Christianity and feigns interest in its politics to garner the support of ultra-conservative Christians. He has friends throughout the upper-echelons of the corporate world and he is not afraid to bend a few rules or twist a few arms to help them out.

NAUGHTY	NICE
Hurting the troops by asking a question.	Being the last person in the room to sit after "Proud to Be an American" finishes playing over the American Legion PA system.

NAUGHTY	NICE
Getting mad when a pharmacist won't sell you medication because it is not specifically mentioned in the Bible.	Refusing to ring someone's over-the-counter pregnancy test at the checkout because only God and Santa should know the reason why they missed their period.
Playing the "blame game" with all of your investigations and official inquiries.	Signing off on a 280 million dollar no-bid contract to CorpCo, Inc. to provide food services to the troops stationed in Iraq even though you know that CorpCo, Inc. will outsource all the food service work to a Somali warlord with a truck full of rats and rice and a thousand slave laborers who happen to look really snappy in a paper hat shoveling ratshit onto a cafeteria tray.
Using the politics of personal destruction against upstanding members of the Senate Armed Services Committee who just want to have sex with top-tier escorts on their yacht in exchange for favorable treatment of a military conglomerate during budget hearings in peace.	Counter-protesting because protestors are systematically destroying America.
Being concerned about the environmental damage caused to humans by mercury emissions from recently deregulated factories.	Being concerned about the economic damage caused to companies by mercury scrubbers once required at recently deregulated factories.
Hating America.	Hating France.
Praying for peace.	Praying for victory.
Being a homosexual giving a speech about intolerance.	Being a homosexual giving a speech about being cured by the 700 Club.

Racist Santa

Racist Santa is a member of the master race and he wants you to know it. If you're Jewish, black, Mexican or pretty much any other non-white race then you are virtually guaranteed a place on his naughty list. Even you white people had better watch out because Racist Santa is constantly on the lookout for race traitors.

NAUGHTY	NICE
Appreciating racial diversity.	Yelling "nigger!" at a Popeye's Chicken and then screeching off in your Camero.
Crying at the end of Schindler's List when the actors wheel the survivors past Schindler's grave.	Timing your masturbation to ejaculate right as the black guy does in "Forced Interracial 19: Wives Caught in the Act"
Laughing at a Boondocks comic.	Dragging a black man behind your pickup truck until his head falls off.
Listening to a John Coltrane CD.	Starting a panzercore industrial group called Hitlerfaust and using samples of Hitler speeches you can't understand that turn out to be a recording of Hitler complaining about the coarseness of toilet paper at the Eagle's Nest.

NAUGHTY	NICE
Donating a hundred dollars to the NAACP.	Donating a hundred dollars so that Gene Wilkenson, Reichsfuehrer-SS of the greater Boise area, can buy a new uniform since the last one got powdered sugar all over it from the donuts Propaganda Minister Luanne Wilkenson brought to the last Hate Conference.
Complimenting a Chinese man.	Getting pulled over for DUI and screaming "SIEG HEIL!" when asked to recite the alphabet.
Writing a letter of apology to the Jewish Defense League for making a comical reference to Sammy Davis Junior's conversion to Judaism.	Spray painting swastikas and ZOG on the house of a local schoolteacher who you mistakenly believe to be Jewish (he's actually Mormon) as a means of showing your solidarity for Palestinian resistance to the Zionist oppressors.
Spending Hitler's birthday visiting the Holocaust Museum in Washington, D.C.	Spending Hitler's birthday saluting a framed color photocopy of a Hitler portrait while your hot pocket is in the microwave.

Solipsist Santa

Solipsist Santa is not sure that you exist or that he exists as anything more than a lens through which the light of consensus-reality passes. He carefully records each and every thing you do but he can't place a whole lot of weight in your actions because he cannot rule out the possibility that he is imagining you and all of the things you have ever done.

NAUGHTY	**NICE**
You watch the news and are horrified to see the number of Americans in Iraq being killed by IEDs.	Even if you could taste the smoke of an IED you cannot rule out the possibility that they do not exist.
You ate an entire pie.	You may have eaten an entire pie or you may simply be a brain contained in a vat of nutrient fluid being given false sensory impulses through the medium to make you *think* you ate an entire pie.
You fall in love with a beautiful woman and you marry her.	You feel a chemical attraction to the information stream of a woman and you accept that, though she may not be real, within the context of consensus-reality her blowjobs are amazing.
You have a dream about a boat.	Or maybe your dream is the reality and the world is the dream. It is impossible to make the distinction because they are both equally complex.
Your favorite time of year is Christmas.	Linear time is an illusion enforced by the human-like figments of your imagination.

These five hypothetical Santas are only a glimpse at the full spectrum of Santas. The best advice I can offer to someone trying to find their way onto the Santa list is to try to picture Santa as having your exact moral code and follow that. If you like buying pornos for 13 year olds and throwing rocks through the windows of a hospital's cancer ward then just go ahead and assume Santa considers those to be good things. Santa is unknowable and capricious, so do not try to please what you cannot understand.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.13 The Trout's Lament

Tuesday, Dec 13, 2005 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Alas!

Alas, I am caught! Oh, woe is me, the day I have so long dreaded has finally arrived. Please, I beg of you, remove the stinging hook from my jaw! Oh, it pokes me so! Ah, thank you, friend. You are a just and merciful captor, and it is all I can do to surrender to you honorably and accept my fate. But wait! Do not break my head just yet! I must commend you, before you kill me: your lure was quite convincing. Did you make it yourself? No? Well, even so, I must compliment your discretion in buying lures. It is apparent to me that you are an experienced hunter, for a novice would never have been so wise as to pick that lure.

Wait! Please, put me down! Do not dash my head against the hard seat of your boat! I am sorry that I flattered you so extravagantly. Please! I assure you that my compliments were sincere! Many fishermen have tried to catch me, sir, but you are the first with the talent and wiles to complete the task. You are wise and hearty man to be out on the lake so early, just as dawn is spreading her dappled glow upon the water. Please, before you kill me, allow me to look upon the water from the outside! It is a perspective I rarely enjoy. Ah, it is beautiful! I envy you, human. You can see such sights whenever you please, and I must be confined to the dark, murky depths.

I beg of you, sir, I would love to continue our illuminating conversation, but my gills are so dry! Could you find it in your heart to dip me into the lake for only a moment, so that I might catch my breath? I give you my word as a trout and as a gentleman that I shall not attempt to wriggle from your grasp. No? Ah, I suppose it was too much to ask. I suppose there are limits to the compassion and mercy of men, and I apologize for asking you to do something which exceeds your humanity. Again, I am sorry; I heard tales that men were the most compassionate of creatures, and that they would go to some lengths to ensure that their prey did not suffer unjustly, but I suppose the thing that I ask, to merely be dipped in the lake for a moment, is too complicated a task. It is too much to ask, I suppose, even if it might ease my suffering and allow me to breathe one last breath of sweet fresh water. Even if it might stop my poor throat from seizing and choking. Please excuse my coughing, I am in great pain.

What is that? You will? Oh, human, you are the kindest of souls, I promise that in the afterlife I shall seek out your god and tell him of your compassion. Oh, I thank you! A thousand thanks to you!

A thousand thanks!

Oh! Please, do not squeeze me so! I was not attempting to wrest myself from your grasp, I swear to it! When I touched the cold water, my body merely seized in an involuntary spasm! I swear! I am an honorable trout; I would never betray your confidence by trying to escape! You caught me fairly and legally, and I bear no ill will to you. I am resigned to my death. I would not dream of using deception to circumvent it, and I am insulted that you would imply such a thing.

I feel like we understand each other. Men must eat too, just like any creature. They must scour and hunt for their food, and if you allowed compassion to cloud your judgment, you would surely starve. Am I correct? Will you not starve if you release me? Will your

family not starve? No!? Well, I am sure that there is *some* reason why you have chosen to pluck me from my happy home and eat me, instead of simply buying food with the ample money that you have at your disposal. After all, I amount to no more than a pound or two of meat. Does my flesh contain some vital nutrient that you cannot find anywhere else? Will you waste away and suffer if you don't eat me?

Please! Wait! Do not smash my poor skull just yet! I meant no offense! I did not mean to goad you and imply that your motives were dishonorable. I was merely trying to understand your motivation for fooling me into biting a painful lure which ripped through my flesh and then pulling me into a boat where I had no water to breathe. I am merely trying to understand why my flesh is so special to you that you would smash my head against the seat of your boat and murder me so that you could enjoy the scant amount of meat on my meager frame... Oh, I forgive me; I am running out of breath once more, and my gills burn with a pain which cannot be described. I apologize for saying so, friend. I know that you are too kind a man to wish any suffering upon me. I shouldn't burden you with my pain, oh, my unbearable pain...

Pray, will you dip me in the water once more? I swear to you upon everything sacred that I will not wriggle again! No? Yes, I suppose that is understandable. From your perspective, it must have appeared that I tried to escape last time. I'm sure that I must have offended you. Please forgive me. I do not wish to die on bad terms with my captor.

No, no, say no more. I understand. You hate me. You think I tried to escape, and you hate me. Silence! Do not insult my intelligence! I know that you do. I do not blame you for despising me. You are an intelligent man, a kind and just man. You believe that I attempted to take advantage of your compassion. From your perspective, I must seem like a horrible, deceptive little creature. I understand perfectly if you no longer wish to eat me, lest my awful corruption spread into your belly. You must think I'm a cowardly little liar. Oh, please, forgive me if I cry. I cannot bear the thought of one so compassionate and noble as you having such a low opinion of me.

You don't? I am so relieved! You are a true friend! Please, since we are friends, will you ease my passing by dipping me into the water just once more, so that I may die with fresh water in my gills? It would make my death so much more bearable.

Very well, I understand and accept your refusal. It is a great disappointment to me, for unless a trout dies with fresh water in his gills, he cannot be admitted into trout heaven. I understand that the afterlife of such an insignificant creature as me holds little interest for an important man such as you. I do not blame you for condemning me to eternal suffering in trout hell by refusing to dip me in my beloved home just once more, just for one more fleeting second. I know how trifling an act it would be to you, a man, a creature with much greater concerns. Very well. Bash my head upon the seat of your boat. Condemn me to an eternity of fiery torture. It is my destiny, I suppose, never to reunite with my family in the afterlife.

Please, hurry! Dip me in the water so that I may wet my gills one last time!

Oh, thank you, thank you! You will not regret your decision to show a small creature such mercy. I shall spread your name far and wide in the afterlife, and every trout shall know that you are a wonderful and caring man, and the god of trout will smile upon you and bless your further fishing expeditions. Please, hurry! Dip me in the water so that I may wet my gills one last time!

Wait! Wait! Please! I was not trying to escape! I merely saw my wife under the water, and was violently thrashing my tail to signal to her that I loved her! I never said goodbye to her! Please, won't you dip me in the water just once more, so that I might tell her I love her?

No! I beg of you! Do not bash my head! I have wishes! Wishes! You have passed the test of compassion, and I will grant you wishes and riches and magic powers! This was a test of your mercy! The trout god sent me to see if you were a kind and merciful human, so that he might bestow untold power and wealth upon you! He told me he would grant you three wishes if you allowed me to live! If you put me back in the water I will go back and report to him directly!

Stop! Consider it! Just by releasing one modest little fish, you could make all your wildest fantasies into reality! The order of the universe would be realigned to your whims! You could wish for a thousand more trout to eat, if only you released me! Think of it! If you regretted your decision to release me, you could even wish to have me back! Release me, friend, and all of your dreams shall—

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

12.14 The Honorable Bark

Wednesday, Dec 14, 2005 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

In the realm of the canines, the true king is the St. Bernard. Since the dawn of dogs, St. Bernards have been leading the pack in terms of intelligence, savagery, guile, and sheer size. Those of you that read my weekly Daily Dirt discussions with famed philosopher Tom "Moof" Davies are aware that I am fascinated with the St. Bernard, as a species and as a subject of history and commerce. What few people realize is that as far as dog breeds go, the St. Bernard transcends all boundaries, rivaling man in ingenuity and industry.

Because of this great beast's great mark on the world, I would like to dedicate this entire update to the majesty and wonder of the St. Bernard.

The Biology of the Beast

"The Vision of St Bernard"
St. Bernards are widely known by many for their large size. In terms of size, St. Bernards are the Jupiters of the dog solar system. Obviously in this model the sun would represent the St. Enormo, a mythical dog believed to be 4 times the size of a St. Bernard. The St. Enormo, however, has not been seen or written about in over 400 years, and resides purely in the land of fantasy these days.

Many dismiss the St. Bernard purely because of its size, forgetting its other amazing characteristics. For example, the St. Bernard is the only dog that possesses compound eyes allowing it to process and respond to movement much quicker from a wider visual field. This is why they are so hard to swat – they can see from virtually every angle at once. Dissection also reveals that the St. Bernard has an extra set of eyes on the back of its head, though only on the inside. In addition to that, two thirds of the St. Bernard's tail is internal. Clearly, this is one breed full of secrets inside *and* out.

Through special glands, the healthy St. Bernard is able to excrete over 500 gallons of brandy in its lifetime. Most St. Bernards are engineered to excrete the brandy into special miniature barrels through minor surgery, however dogs born outside of captivity or raised without the surgery simply drool small amounts of brandy. This is why they are so popular with college fraternities.

Amazingly, the St. Bernard is the only mammal capable of surviving both in the vacuum of space and also the deepest depths of the ocean. Scientists have discovered semi-transparent St. Bernards living and feeding near deep-sea hydrothermal vents. Because of this, many scientists believe it is possible that St. Bernards may be found living in the oceans under the frozen surface of Jupiter's moon Europa, although they stress that no hard evidence has been found to support this theory.

St. Bernards in Law

Some of the St. Bernards' more eccentric traits have necessitated the creation of several laws and safety regulations. For this reason St. Bernards are not permitted near airports because their laser eyes can distract and even blind pilots as they approach for landing. Since St. Bernards are able to emit solid-state lasers from the eyes, there are also various laws in the books protecting St. Bernards from exploitation from shady hologram and bootleg DVD makers.

In addition, St. Bernards are not permitted on aircraft because the lower pressures at higher altitudes can cause them to balloon up to over seven times their size, and occasionally explode. Those that survive suffer permanent damage and often have to be placed inside an iron lung. In order to breed awareness of this tragic phenomenon, the United States Postal Service ran a series of stamps in the late 1950s depicting St. Bernards in iron lungs.

During the prohibition era, ownership of St. Bernards was briefly outlawed due to the brandy they excrete. Bootleggers would often cram dozens of St. Bernards into tiny basements, milking them for all their sweet, sweet alcohol. They would turn up the heat, causing the dogs to pant at increased rates, filling bathtub after bathtub with brandy.

In many famous court cases of the 20th century, St. Bernards have been called to the stand as character witnesses. Because of their appeal to jurors, they are commonly known as "silver bullets" in legal lingo.

St. Bernards in Ancient History

The earliest known depictions of the St. Bernard are found in the Lascaux caves in France. Inside these caves are some of mankind's first artistic endeavors, including stunning illustrations of early man and animal life, including the St. Bernard. Some of these illustrations may date as far back as 25,000 BCE.

Typical St. Bernard.
In the late 1800s, Teddy Roosevelt gained attention for battling a St. Bernard in the South Dakota Badlands. The dog actually managed to defeat Roosevelt, but chose to spare his life. Roosevelt was so moved that he declared St. Bernards the official dog of the United States, later trying to get an image of the St. Bernard added to the U.S. flag. His genuine love and admiration of the surviving St. Bernards spread, and soon everyone enjoyed the mighty mutts.

In more recent ancient history, St. Bernards took on a major role in the Roman Empire. In Roman mythology, St. Bernards were responsible for pulling Jupiter's chariot. They were deemed the most favored species of the Gods and on numerous occasions were appointed to the Roman senate. They tended to be quite popular with the plebeians, though the patricians were known to get very jealous.

Christians, scorned by the pagan empire, were often thrown into arenas to battle St. Bernards. The St. Bernards, however, were noble and no friend to the corrupt emperors. They would usually swallow their enemy whole, only to regurgitate them back up later unharmed and somewhat drunk on brandy. Because of this, the image of a man emerging out of the mouth of a St. Bernard took on a pious association. To this day many churches feature statues and stained glass depictions of St. Bernards vomiting up Christians in lieu of traditional pietas.

Many believe that Emperor Nero orchestrated the burning of Rome out of jealousy towards the St. Bernards, the God's most favored creature. Whether true or not, one cannot deny that the St. Bernard had a tremendous influence on Roman culture and history.

Outside of the Roman Empire, St. Bernards were prominent in many Native American creation myths. Many tribes believe that the earth was born from the dust of a galloping St. Bernard.

St. Bernards in Modern History

When settlers began exploring the American west, they discovered great open expanses inhabited by majestic St. Bernards, grazing the fields for the precious berries contained within. Eventually

the settlers hunted the St. Bernard to near extinction, a feat they would later hate themselves for when they found out where brandy comes from. The Native Americans too were angered, frustrated that the great creator had been murdered by the white man.

Author John Steinbeck's 1939 novel *The Grapes of Wrath* was actually ghostwritten by his pet St. Bernard Renaldo. The book used humans to represent the toils of dogs during the Dust Bowl and won wide critical acclaim, though many misinterpreted the story to actually be about humans. Renaldo later took his own life by sneaking onto an airplane.

The original plans for Operation Overlord called for a massive invasion fleet consisting solely of St. Bernards. Planners felt that the mere sight of thousands of large dogs charging the beaches of Normandy would cause the German army to retreat and head inland. However, Eisenhower worried that the Allies would then have to launch a second campaign to take the land back from the St. Bernards. It was this fear, that the St. Bernards would claim this land as their own and not vacate, that led to a second draft of Operation Overlord that excluded all but humans and their technology.

St. Bernards go to Hollywood

The movie "Beethoven" was a landmark film for not just St. Bernards, but for Hollywood as well. It became the highest grossing film of all time within two months, and every cast member including the dog won Oscars at the Academy Awards. This was a first time ever occurrence at the Academy Awards, and was not repeated again until "Beethoven 2" came out. The sequel managed to become the highest grossing film within a month, eclipsing the original and every film ever made put together.

Part of the appeal of the "Beethoven" franchise was the fact it represented the first time a St. Bernard had ever been captured on film. Most people believed the noble dogs to be the stuff of legend. In truth St. Bernards had been blacklisted from Hollywood for naming names during the Red Scare. For generations they were commonly substituted on film with young buffalo or smaller dogs taped together. The movie "Cujo," for example, featured three English Shepherds taped together.

In summary, St. Bernards are quite possibly the world's greatest dogs. They certainly are by sheer volume, and their stature only stands to get bigger over time. Now that we know a little bit more about St. Bernards, I hope you will join me in celebrating their wonder, and perhaps adopting a St. Bernard of your own.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.15 Security Standards and Practices Review

Thursday, Dec 15, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Hello, employee #479825. Thank you for logging into the mandatory web-based "Security Standards and Practices" test for the 2006 business period. Failure to comply with this mandate will result in disciplinary action, in the form of a company nut sale. If you haven't already completed the harassment awareness training, please do so ASAP, and then print the certificate of completion for your records. All records are to be shredded on the 24th, so please be sure to arrive promptly at midnight. That is a jeans day, so dress casual.

The Security Standards and Practices Review is a corporate DMT directive required by all CCOs and MREs. If you have any questions, please report to the MILFs at the employee training facility so they may scan your implanted barcode and perform a standard memory wipe of all counterproductive independent thoughts. Thank you for your non-optional submissive participation during this review process.

■ #1: Biff works in the accounting department. He needs to access a file on a shared drive, but he doesn't have permission to view it. During this process he also develops a boner in his pants. What should Biff do?

A) Load his hacking tools and hack into the drive.
B) Contact IT support for permissions.
C) Sit motionless in his cubicle until the issue resolves itself.
D) Contact IT support about his boner.

The answer is B and D. IT support is the direct point of contact for all issues regarding computer access and mystery boners.

■ #2: Biff's legs are slowly being devoured by red ants. At first he tried to ignore the problem, but after the pain worsened he opened a trouble ticket with the CHD (Corporate Help Desk). By the time Biff received a callback 2 weeks later, his lower torso was eaten away and he had missed all his scheduled client meetings, resulting in his termination. What did Biff do wrong?

A) Covered his legs in delicious peanut butter.
B) Opened a CHD without proper CMT notification.
C) Failed to brush the red ants off and walk to safety.
D) Kept a colony of red ants in his desk drawer and fed them human flesh over a period of several years.

The answer is B. Without proper CMT notification, the CHD will be without a reference code and this will fail to expedite the troubleshooting process.

■ #3: Biff hears a rumor around the water cooler that the company is going to lay off most of the employees and sell the rest to a North Korean salt mine. He calls Lisa and tells her the rumor, along with a crude fart joke that was forwarded to him in his email that morning. What did Biff do wrong?

A) Spread an unfounded rumor about the company.
B) Drank all the water in the water cooler, causing his brain to

swell to dangerous levels.
C) Badmouthed our new Communist overlords.
D) Used work email for jokes and riddles.

The answer is D. Any non-work related email should not be viewed or sent. Biff should know better. Fart jokes and comedy websites will not be tolerated, and any person caught viewing this information will get a frowny face sticker on their employee review.

■ #4: Debbie notices some strange activity on one of the servers. She goes to her manager, Fishbert, who tells Debbie that her hormones are probably acting up and the blinking lights on the server are just a symptom of her PMS-ravaged brain. Debbie goes around Fishbert, directly to CMT, and reports the problem. Did Debbie do the right thing?

A) No, Debbie should never go around her manager's decision, even if it is Fishbert, who thinks his dog is sending him telepathic thoughts to go to the pet store for treats.
B) Yes, security is the most important thing, not chain of command. Debbie could've stopped a major attack.
C) No, Fishbert was right. Women are unreliable at the workplace because of their random dementia and emotional problems.

The answer is C.

■ #5 Pappy works on the shipping dock and finds Biff's access badge in a crate of hamburger buns. He uses Biff's badge to enter various manager's offices and take catnaps on their desks. Then Pappy tries to sell the badge back to Biff for one million spacebucks. What did Pappy do that violated SOB standards?

A) Failed to turn Biff's badge in to the security desk.
B) Lamented about his nude Greek wrestling days.
C) Jumped into a time portal from the 1800s gold rush to the 21st century in order to escape Jean-Claude Van Damme, Time Cop, and then mistakenly thought it was the year 2400 and that the currency was called "spacebucks".
D) All of the above.

The answer is D. Pappy clearly violated company policy, and as such would face a "time out" in the corporate punishment sweat box, where the audio from all accounting and legal department conference calls would be piped in. Biff would join him for losing his badge. In time, they will either become fast friends or devour each other. This is what we call capitalism.

■ #6 Jupiter receives an email from the IT security department stating that he has a virus on his computer and needs to download the latest virus scan software. Jupiter says "talk to the hand", ignoring the email and going about his work. Soon the virus spreads across the network, then America, and eventually causes the breakout of World War III. What could Jupiter have done differently?

A) Shout "I's seens me a ghosty!", and start tapdancing.
B) Take the email seriously and download the latest virus scan software.
C) Track down the Asian teenager who created the virus and beat him to death with his large, angry, black fists of fury.
D) B and C

The answer is D. Either one of these would have avoided the outbreak of a nuclear war that destroyed human civilization and covered the world in a thick radioactive haze. Answer A is just racist, and if you picked it you are now fired. (If you haven't already been incinerated or killed by radioactive mutants.)

■ #7 Debbie approaches Jupiter in the hallway and asks to use his login and password so she can hack the mainframe. Jupiter says "talk to the hand", and reports Debbie to security. Did Jupiter act properly?

A) Yes.
B) No.
C) Bingo!

The answer is B. Debbie asked Jupiter a question in confidence (rule exception #1432). By reporting Debbie, he violated the confidence clause and is sent directly to jail. Debbie will pass go and collect $200.

■ #8 Peter receives a tip that one of his workers, Tina, is smuggling pens home and selling them on the black market to terrorist organizations. He calls in CTU and they detain her for questioning. After getting nowhere in the interrogation, the special agents cut off her thumbs and toss her grandmother off a building. Soon she admits to stealing the pens and is given a one week suspension. Did Peter overstep his authority in this situation?

A) No. Peter acted like all managers should in similar situations.
B) Yes. Peter is a jerkface.
C) D and C
D) C and D

The answer is A. In the post 9/11 corporate business environment, you must take every threat seriously, whether it is a bomb threat or a stolen eraser. One day it may just be a few office supplies accidentally put into purses and briefcases, but the next thing you know there will be anarchy and Jihads breaking out in random cubicles. The safest thing is to not hire any foreigners; or, if you do, wiretap their phones. Terrorism is bad for sales.

■ #9 Peter notices that Jake hasn't been wearing his hat to work. This is against company policy, and he confronts Jake about it in the hallway. Jakes admits that he doesn't care for wearing the hat, calling it "gay". Peter has no choice but to dock his pay and send him home to fetch his hat. Jake is pissed. Instead, he goes home to get his shotgun, returns to the office, and shoots Peter in the belly with a blast of buckshot. How could Peter have avoided this confrontation?

A) Get Fishbert to do it.
B) Do it through an email and then hide near the vending machines.

C) Don't confront Jake and let him work hatless.
D) Tell Jake he has cancer, and while he is distracted put a hat on his head.

The answer is A. Fishbert is the type of manager that can't be killed by normal means. Once a disgruntled employee chopped him in half with a katana, but he simply re-formed and turned the employee to stone with his eyes. He should be used for all disciplinary actions, as most employees fear him enough to obey. If Fishbert is on vacation, use option D.

■ #10 Biff is lost. He failed to follow the security procedures outlined in the SSP (Security Standards Protocol) and he is facing an employee review or even deportation. While dolefully looking out the office window, Biff ponders his crimes. The faces of those he has wronged haunt his waking dreams. The screams still echo in his ears, the pathetic pleading for mercy. It burns when he urinates. Only now, in this late hour, does he realize the folly of his ways: the spiral of destruction that has led to this unescapable darkness. That lonely night with Pappy in the box. Their hushed whispers, their forbidden love. Biff was too far gone to go back to the way it used to be. He was dead inside.

What did Rod Carew do in 1972 that no AL player has ever done?

A) Sail across the Indian Ocean on a raft made of elephant's ears (the carnival snack, not the animal).
B) Hit 15 doubles in one game while sleepwalking.
C) Won the batting title (.318) in 1961 with no home runs.
D) Won the batting title (.318) in 6119, saving the last human survivors from a robot holocaust.

The answer is C. Rod Carew lined, chopped and bunted his way to 3,053 career hits. He used a variety of relaxed, crouched batting stances to hit over .300 in 15 consecutive seasons with the Twins and Angels, achieving a .328 lifetime average. He was honored as American League Rookie of the Year in 1967, won the league MVP 10 years later and was named to 18 straight All-Star teams. He remains a national hero in Panama.

Congratulations! If you answered 2 of the questions correctly, you have now completed the Security Standards and Practices Review. Please print up this certificate, and report to the nearest docking station for your complimentary life-sized security trophy. Please be still while this procedure takes place. It may hurt a little.

Thank you, and Happy Holidays from your friendly, loving, soul-consuming Corporation.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

12.16 Let Them Eat Unusual Cake

Friday, Dec 16, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It was Danzig who first pondered aloud how the gods might kill, but it is I who ponder in text form what celebrities eat. Like Danzig's gods they tower above us, kissed by the seraphim and teased with diadems. They sparkle and shine. They look down upon us from their heights and wonder to one another how they came from such a wretched mass of flesh. They are transcendent. Yes, even Clint Howard. But even diaphanous Tom Cruise and his body made of pure light must occasionally be nourished by more than E-meters. In short, they must eat, and with the help of Google and my extensive contacts in the entertainment industry, I have determined what celebrities eat.

Before you judge them, I ask that you keep in mind at all times that they do not necessarily choose to have the palates they do. For them, a discerning taste in food comes with the richness of their new existence.

Bruce Willis' offer of a million dollars for the capture of various terrorists was interpreted as a gesture of support for America's war on terror. The truth is that Willis is capable of deriving only the barest of sustenance from the food most of us enjoy and must eat terrorists for real nutrition. You will notice that Willis is at his best when he has recently fed on a terrorist. For example, in "Tears of the Sun" and "Die Hard 2" he was nearly hibernating and barely scraping by on a diet of steaks and potatoes. However, when filming "Die Hard" he had just eaten a Palestinian suicide bomber and when filming "Sin City" he had eaten a Chinese Christian sect leader that China had classified as a terrorist. Although Willis agreed with the Chinese man's ideology, he is able to feed on anyone that a nation-state declares a terrorist.

Teen sensation Lindsay Lohan derives all of her nutrients from the sun and her health can be judged by the number of freckles on her skin and the size of her energy-storing chest humps. While she was very healthy as recently as a year ago, rising levels of green house gasses have blocked the amount of UV radiation she is able to receive. Her humps have been almost entirely reabsorbed into her body and her skin has gone from a healthy dappled pattern to a leathery tan. Luckily, Lohan has plans to travel on Richard Branson's first commercial space flight. Without the intervening atmosphere, experts expect Lohan to return from the voyage looking like a moiré patterned frog tethered to two zeppelins.

Speaking of Richard Branson, though he is only a celebrity because of his immense fortune, he has also developed the unique dietary requirement of pure adventure. In his childhood Branson could be satisfied by sports, board games and the occasional youthful indiscretion. Since then his tastes have matured to the point that only the most intense and raw adventure can provide him with sustenance. Last July he used a trident to kill an Eskimo while trapped inside a room with an atomic bomb that was timed to explode. In October he paid a genetics lab in Korea to cross a dolphin with a lobster and then Branson rode it across the Atlantic. For January he is planning to swim across a river of molten nickel and then attempt to make love to a hydroelectric turbine.

Even less than wealthy celebrities have eccentric tastes. Guitarist, QVC regular and all around swarthy character Esteban has a diet that consists entirely of bottled tanning lotion. He used to be able to just apply the tanning cream to his skin, but he has become so mysterious and tan that he must now inject it directly into his veins. When former child star Danny Bonaduce tries to eat normal food it will pass through his body completely undigested. He can drink water and remain

hydrated, but for actual nutrition he has to punch vitamins out of spouses. After a long process of trial and error Bonaduce has discovered that his wife's face is an excellent source of battered calcium and a haymaker to her sternum will provide him with a week's worth of niacin.

Some celebrity eating habits might be considered disgusting by most people's standards. Tom Hanks, for example, enjoys eating newborn calves served live directly from a cow's uterus and still clad in the bloody embryonic sack. He has been photographed by paparazzi more than once with his jaws distended around the lower half of a swollen cow, waiting for the birthing to begin. His wife, Rita Wilson, enjoys eating children's cancer at hospital oncology wards using a long serrated tongue that ends in a sucking proboscis not unlike a fly. Wilson's feeding is agonizing to children, particularly those with bone cancer, and she cruelly always leaves just enough cancer behind so that it will grow back and provide her with another meal.

Celebrities can also develop interesting feeding habits as a group. On "Laverne and Shirley," stars Penny Marshall and Cindy Williams spent so much time together that both their menstrual cycles and their eating habits synchronized perfectly. While one was menstruating the other would be digging through the bins in the bathroom searching for soiled hygiene pads. They even developed a previously unseen organ in their necks that scientists have since called a "polyglottis." It stripped organic nutrients, like coagulated menstrual blood, from a polymer pad and then allowed them to excrete a ribbed cylinder of plastic from their rectum. Some of these are still available on ebay. Just browse the celebrity excreta category. They should be right next to the cones of carbon Edward James Olmos would periodically push out of his face on the set of "Stand and Deliver."

Another interesting case of celebrities synchronizing their eating habits involves the cast of hit TV show "Friends." During the shooting of the series the stars of the show developed an elaborate internal ecosystem. Courteney Cox and David Schwimmer would graze on various raw vegetables and develop large tumors on their haunches that dropped off periodically. These tumors would be collected by Lisa Kudrow, who would eat them and use the energy they provided her to reproduce herself through asexual budding. Kudrow homunculi would fall from her chest and back and grow to maturity in a matter of hours. Jennifer Aniston and Matthew Perry would then hunt down the Kudrows and consume them for nutrients.

The hideous death screams of the Kudrows could be heard all night long on the set and when the morning came the crew would have to hose the blood off of everything. Because the Kudrow spawn were indistinguishable from the original it is likely that Lisa Kudrow was killed and eaten quite early in the taping of the series.

Rubber-skinned Matt LeBlanc existed as an omnivorous scavenger on the set. At night and even in between takes LeBlanc could be seen wriggling across the floor on his belly sucking up any excrement or dead skin cells the other cast members might have dropped. He would frequently disappear, only to be found curled inside the skeleton of a Kudrow, sucking the sheath of muscle from its ribcage. The end of "Friends" heralded the end of this carefully-evolved ecosystem. Since then, the cast members have starved and withered, most clinging to life and celebrity by their bloody fingertips.

Possibly the most horrifying celebrity feeding habit of all belonged to TV arbitrator Judge Judy. For unknown reasons, the sassy judge had a chest cavity packed tight with a whipping mass of carnivorous symbiotes. Judge Judy would use secreted pheromones to lure unsuspecting men and women back to her mountaintop eyrie. There she would mate with them and administer a paralytic

agent through a sting concealed in her vagina-like cloacae. Thus anaesthetized, she would roll her prey onto their back and eviscerate herself, ejecting the mass of symbiotes in the process.

The sticky creatures would entangle the prey and begin a slow and agonizing digestive process. Once the nutrients were fully absorbed into the symbiotes, Judge Judy would then allow them to slither into her through her cloacae. The symbiotes would then expel the prey as a nutrient-rich soup in Judge Judy's chest cavity, from which both she and the symbiote could derive sustenance. Luckily, Judge Judy was killed by a crypto-hunter in 2003 and can be found plasticized and on display at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D.C.

Lastly, let's hear some parting words from snack-sized metal head Danzig, who regularly eats autoerotic asphyxiation.

If you want the answer,
If you want the truth,
Look inside your empty soul,
There you'll find the noose.

There you have it, a slice of the celebrity gossip pie that you won't find being served up by Michael Musto anytime soon. If, like Danzig, you want the answer and the truth, I suggest putting away the belt and book marking Something Awful. We will provide you with a daily serving of truth so big you'll choke on it. *Erotically.*

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.17 Final Exam Review Sheet

Saturday, Dec 17, 2005 by Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

Biology 306: Evolution Of Man
Fall Semester, 3 Million AD

This exam will focus on the anatomical changes observed in the wealthy class, and track their evolution from economically advantaged, envied, powerful and productive members of society to horrifying, miserable, impotent lumps of fat and glands.

Don't get your hopes up kids, the future doesn't look so hot either.

As the information age drew to a close in the late 21st century, man achieved a kind of stasis, having conquered nearly every natural foe. Humanity's primary struggle became a class struggle rather than a survival struggle. Increasingly rigid socioeconomic stratification led to the selection of wildly different traits between the lower, middle, and upper classes. Over the next several thousand years, the lower class became adapted to serve the upper class, as well as to survive lean times, the middle class evolved into sitcoms starring Jim Belushi, and the upper class grew increasingly sedentary and dependent upon the constant care of the lower class.

■ 200,000 AD

By about 200,000 AD, the adaptations undergone by the poor and the wealthy had rendered them unrecognizable as humans. The lower, or worker class, had become a race of lithe, muscular pygmies with no teeth and large protruding lips optimized for nursing.

Centuries of unfettered gluttony and overindulgence resulted in several interesting adaptations among the upper class. Most notable among them being an increase in their average weight to around 1500 pounds, and a tripling in the size of the liver, which displaced the stomach and gave the midsection a distended appearance. With no need for locomotion, the arms and legs withered into pencil thin stumps. They could also dislocate their lower mandible to consume large pieces of food such as whole geese and quartered bison.

Communication

Given the adaptation of the mouth to do nothing but consume, several important sites of language articulation disappeared entirely, leaving individuals with no way of communicating orally aside from deep, flatulent sputters emanating from deep within their bowels. Evidence suggests the vestigial extremities were repurposed as communication organs, hanging limp when the creature was content (rarely) and flailing wildly when he was enraged (often).

You knew it wouldn't last forever.

Physical gesticulation was supplemented with glandular adaptations that allowed the wealthy to communicate by secreting scents to indicate their mood and desires. These scents ranged from pungent (mitigated anger) to acrid (unmitigated anger).

Excretory Adaptations

Even having tripled in size, it appears that the liver of the upper class was still being overtaxed. In addition, their rich fatty diet would make heart disease an inevitability if they didn't develop some additional apparatus for

removing metabolic wastes and other unwanted material from the bloodstream. To assist the liver and heart in their unenviable duties, two large sinuses developed on the back which ejected an oily "soup" with clockwork regularity. This soup consisted mainly of bilirubin, sebum, and pea sized lumps of pure cholesterol. It was also rich in nutrients needed by the worker class to continue serving the wealthy, and was greedily lapped up before it could hit the ground. A salty payment for a hard day's work.

Immunological Adaptations
Being essentially mounds of fat rendered immobile by the cruel hand of evolution left the upper class susceptible to infections. Bedsores left to fester in deep crevices could quickly develop into fatal gangrenous infections. To cope with this, their sweat took on the role of antiseptic. An unfortunate side effect of this adaptation was the complete defoliation of the ground for a 20 meter radius.

Reproductive Adaptations
The swelling of the liver displaced the stomach, pushing it forward and causing it to sag over the genitals, eclipsing them and making sexual reproduction at first unpleasant, and finally impossible. In their place the wealthy developed a self-fertilizing "unisex" organ. The rate of reproductive success was about one in thirty. To compensate for this inefficiency, they evolved a womb capable of incubating twelve babies at a time. Each month a mucous slicked fetus would come wriggling out of them and fall to the ground, followed by a torrential discharge of foul smelling, sulfurous afterbirth which served two purposes. The first was warding off the worker class who, thinking the child was edible, would slaughter it and attempt to feed it back to its parent. The second was to provide the offspring itself with the impetus to flee from its parent and establish itself in a place with more plentiful resources.

During the first stage of life, the upper class larvae who didn't drown in afterbirth were able to move independently. Locomotion occured through a back and forth flopping, not unlike that of the lungfish. In roughly the third week of life, their spine turned from cartilage to bone, and further movement became impossible. This is thought to be one reason for the astronomically high infant mortality rate of the species. After settling in, it would begin secreting a sweet smelling, oily fluid from its skin to attract neighboring worker drones. This is the least foul thing it would secrete over the course of its life. When a curious worker strayed too close, the young captain of industry would emit a deluge of pressurized mucous from an opening near the small of its back, covering the individual and marking it as the property of the upper class organism.

■1,000,000 Years AD

These are maggots.

By 1,000,000 AD, the differences between the upper and worker classes were so profound that they no longer even inhabited the same genus, although their symbiotic interdependence had deepened drastically. Furthermore, the worker class had splintered into dozens of species within its own genus.

Physically, the upper class had increased in size by a factor of roughly six, and required several times the number of assistants as its evolutionary predecessor. Their bodies became towering, oblate, featureless mounds of soft pink flesh littered with a handful of orifices and glistening with a million foul fluids. By the time an upper-class specimen reached its third birthday, it was too big to support its own weight. Drones constructed ivory scaffolding from the bones of its ancestors to support it.

Another key difference was in the structure of the brain. The limbic

system, specifically the amygdala and hypothalamus, had increased tremendously in size, consuming the R-Complex and neo-cortex as they grew. This rendered the organism just sentient enough to despise itself and everything around it, but utterly incapable of higher thought and unable to circulate its own blood, inflate its own lungs or digest its own food. This forced the worker class to specialize into several varieties of endosymbiotes and perform these tasks manually.

- 2.5 Million AD – Extinction of the upper-class

The universe finally had mercy upon itself, and a plague wiped these horrible animals out in under a decade, leaving behind only patches of stained, barren earth that still stink to this day. Good luck on the test! It's been an appetizing semester.

-∼Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley

12.18 No More Mr. Nice Guy

Saturday, Dec 17, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Jeez, that guy's really looking for trouble, isn't he? Doesn't he know what I'm capable of? I can knock a guy out cold with just eighty punches. Boom! Out like a light. I don't want it to come to that at all, but he should really watch himself.

This morning he made a fool of me, calling me all sorts of names in front of everyone. The entire room had a few hearty laughs at my expense thanks to him. He even made fun of my weight, which is something I happen to be very sensitive about. See, I happen to have a poor body image. My loved ones tell me I'm perfect the way I am but I'm constantly trying to lose fat and gain muscle, and this is a great source of shame for me. I'm not sure if he was aware of that or not but I suppose he doesn't really care who gets hurt in his never ending quest for popularity, does he?

Everyone in that room expected me to reply to his hurtful comments with barbs of my own but I sat there quietly, fuming inside yet refusing to stoop to his level. They mistook my inaction for cowardice, and soon word spread like wildfire that I was weak. You know how those people are, when something bad happens they all act as though it's their job to make note of every little detail and blab about it to anyone that will listen. Of course, he knew they'd do that. I suppose he was counting on it.

I went home to my wife afterwards, hoping to recuperate after the morning's traumatic events. She comforted me as I cried for a solid fifteen minutes, and afterwards as I sat in her lap the afternoon news happened to come on. Imagine the shock I experienced when my eyes - still raw and red from the pain he caused - were met with the sight of that guy's smirking mug on my television. I don't know who in their right mind would give a neanderthal such as him airtime, but there he was, telling a reporter that I was a nobody and he could handily beat me in a fight. It was surreal.

I turned off the news angrily, pressing the button on the remote REALLY hard. If I could have turned him into any button in the world at that moment, it would have probably been that power button. This entire situation had gotten entirely out of hand and I intended to put an end to it.

Fast forward a few hours to the present. The bell rings and he hits me. He actually *hit*s me, not once but twice.

While the gloves on his hands manage to soften the blows somewhat, it still hurts. His comments at the weigh-in press conference this morning might have driven me to tears, but emotional pain and a blow to the face are entirely different. I can't internalize all of this for much longer. I'm going to warn him now that if his aggressive behavior keeps up I'll have no choice but to act in self-defense.

Okay, he just punched me in the stomach, and I can understand that. Let me to try see things from his perspective for a moment here. Perhaps I was a bit overbearing with all that talk about self-defense. Upon further consideration it probably seemed like I was threatening him, so now I'll apologize and lower my guard to extend my gloved hand and shake his in an offer of friendship.

Judging by the combination of punches that just connected to my temple, it seems as though I misjudged the source of his anger.

Oh Jesus, that was my kidney. I've never even felt that thing before and now it's like a hot coal burning me from the inside. I just don't get this guy! Was it something I did? I wish he'd let me know as I'd really like to resolve this.

That jab to my throat just now, was that a clue of some sort? Perhaps my voice registers at a very specific frequency in his brain, which in turn triggers severe migraines somehow. That would certainly explain his adverse reaction to nearly everything I say and his preference to fight rather than hold a civil conversation. If I could only decode his cryptic language of brutality!

Ah, the bell once again. The first round has ended, and before we head to our respective corners I'll advise him to use this break to ask himself if he really wants to continue this cycle of violence. Some time alone over there might do him good. After he's separated from the situation I'm sure he'll gain a little perspective and come to the only reasonable conclusion a man in his position could possibly reach.

A new round begins, and I hope that with it comes a resolution to this senseless violence.

As he lands a steady rain of devastating blows to my body, I can't help but think that he's trying a little *too* hard. I suspect he's acting out because deep down he feels guilty about all this. His actions leading up to and including tonight's fight have made him look like a brute with foul manners with no compassion for others, and every punch he lands on my increasingly battered frame could simply be a futile attempt to strike out at his shame. I kinda feel bad for the guy.

Let's see what happens when I tell him that. Oh... no, that didn't help. He seems to have broken my nose. That one really hurt. How many times must he punch me? When will this madness come to an end?

You know, it might sound crazy but I think he just hit my nose again on purpose. Even from my blurred perspective I can see that it's completely flattened and pointing directly to my right, so unless he has some sort of problem with his vision he has to see it too. Oh man, what if he can't see? What if he needs glasses but he can't afford them, or he's afraid to wear them because his friends will laugh at him? The effects of peer pressure are so sad.

There went my nose again. What's the deal with this guy anyway? I'm sorry but I no longer sympathize with this man who is beating the life out of my body, and I no longer care how bad of a person that might make me. Maybe I'll go to Hell for doing this, but I'm only going to give him one more chance to explain himself.

Nnngh!

That's it, that's the final straw. If I can feel my arms and legs when I wake back up I'm going to shove this guy *so hard*. Consequences be darned.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.19 Japan is the Lands of Mysteries Far Away

Monday, Dec 19, 2005 by El Pinto Grande

Salutation to you, gentle reader types! Yours Truly has been going on the outs and abouts in the recent day and has been busy in uncontrollable ways. That is not to make of the excuses, just to give explain of why it has been so long since you are being able to read the letters in the computer book. I have an excitement adventure of the days by gone to give the relation of to you, but first I am having the necessary to write in this computer book an e-mail received from readers. This is very common electric letter and so I am thinking that it is time to place it in a package and send it to the column with labels of addressed. I am having to paraphrase of the letter because of computer catastrophes unforetold so keep the bears with me. Here it goes:

> *Dear El Pinto Grande,*
>
> I am reading in your computer book and it is an atrocious disaster all over the places! Your spelling is a terror and your words are in the orders mixed. It is just like the Yodas from high above or also it is like a crazy man who does not know about a sentence! I think that you are either very stupid or you are given to being a racist because you are actually just the white and not of Mexico. I think it is you are white and so that is making a proud Mexicans like me very angry. I am speak English and write England also so why is it hard for you? Answers are it is not hard you are hardly...hardly MEXICAN. You are racists!
>
> Sincerity,
>
> Juan "Mexico" Sanchez
> Citizens of Mexico, Angry

Juan, I am given to being sorriest about this state! This is terrible mixed ups! I have to be telling you though friends, that this sort of letter is making me think sender of letters is the racist. Racist against race of handicaps! This writing of styles is dire cause indeed, known as Bended DNA it is told about in Computer Books encyclopedia. Read it if you are having trouble believing me!

Los Loco Pinto is finished rowing.

It is making me so crazy when people are saying "El Pinto Grande, you are obviously the most amazing of wrestling types in all the world, but when I am trying to read your stories it is giving me maximum conniption!" It is true, Yours Truly knows, that these curves of his body are easy on the eyes but this is not being the case with his words at the times. I am making to offer the apology and hope that this is okay, just say "hey it is okay, wisdom is wisdom at all times not just when those times are the ones in the right order." I think you will like my stories because it is an excitement adventure about my childhood adventure to a land of adventure called Japans.

This is taken in the place of 1971 when Yours Truly was only six of the years old. I was still having the tot cape which is training cape for Squares Circle when the bones are still too soft and gooey from babies to be good in the rings. Cape is blue, since I am boy, and mask is made out of very soft fabric to prevent the chafing. Father type who is also wrestling type named Los Loco Pinto is having the Bended DNA from matches with humanidroid Wrestlering X, also that is terrible creation of Doctors Mexican Japanese Paul Truck who is the diabolical of foes.

J.R. Hokohama is gives the visit and welcomes.

Because of extreme rudos situation that is given to father type's birth defects passed to Yours Truly the Doctors and humanidroids are given to being kicked out of wrestling in Mexico. They are gone to Japan on the flyaway bird, but then we are receiving letter in special foreign mail envelope that is saying "Dear Pinto Family, please to be coming on down to Japanese for an adventure and apologies" and it was signed by Doctors Mexican Japanese Paul Truck! Father type is saying "pack your bags little luchador and tomorrow we begin a new adventure" and it is sure to be the greatest of sorts.

Winnings are big in squares circled for Los Loco Pinto but father type is very frugal so he is given to savings and pinching the pesos on voyage to Japan. He tells family and mother type that we are going to be rowing to Japan land far away on a boat. Mother type is saying this idea is a fright and there is the biggest of blowouts to be had and she is deciding not to go along with Yours Truly and Los Loco Pinto. That is okay because with the bended DNA father type and El Pinto Grande are possessed of the strengths to be rowing all the way without mother type. It is labor that breaks the toughest of backs, but were are heaving and hoeing all the way there.

We see many amazing things on journey. There are sharks swimming around and ducks with woman's faces and also a volcano that comes up out of the water and a biggest galleon with ghost pirates. This is a misery adventure with the ghost pirates, but we foil their schemes and then we are on our way again with their ghost ship sunk down to the David Jones Locker Room. Have a hot towel, ghost pirates, because you are on top of the skids at this point!

Boat full of father type and son type - Yours Truly - arrives in Japan in port of Okinawa and we are made to be very surprised by the USA Navy. They bring a big ship up to us and say "hands up, banditos!" and then they send mariners over to search our boat for guns or drugs. They are not finding either of these parcels, of course, because winners do not take guns or drugs. Our passports are all in the orders and they say "well we think it is silly to row a boat from Mexico to Japan, but it is being your prerogative, fellows." We give them our thanks and hope their ship blows up the enemy and they think that is funny.

Los Loco Pinto and Hazohami Truck Punch are giving the flowers.

First journey in Japan is to go to the meeting with the mayor of Japan. His name is being J.R. Hokohama and he is the top of the pops. He is a very fine individual and we are given the keys to the cities of Japan. These keys are very special for famed luchador with great warrior spirit and it is not going to just any Joe Everyday who is walk in off streets. J.R. Hokohama is telling us that there are many things to be doing in Japan. It is Cherry Blossomed Festival in town and there are trees but no cherries so it is a big fat bust. Japanese people are very interest in the goings on of the wrestler lives and we are all the time covered with the fans taking pictures.

J.R. Hokohama is saying "oh, so sorry friend that you are not enjoying the cherries, but if you are wanting to see the new industries of Japan then you can come to the Mitoshi Mini Electrical Computronics Plant and see the Japan workers. It is really give lift to morale to see great wrestler and you can have a talk." Father type is very eager to make the mending with Doctor Mexican

Japanese Paul Truck, but then J.R. Hokohama is saying "we will offer top dollars and you can also have your chance to prove yourself versus grizzly bear." This is a great honor in Japan because grizzly bear is the most prized of all animals in the orient. That is like offer to fight a dragon in Germany or a Santa Claus in the North Pole. Also father type is famed motivating speakers in Mexico and that is the sort of business cheer that he can also bring to Mitoshi factory.

The bear is wrestle and does it win?

When we are showing up at the factory there is big ceremony that is very fun where we are given honors by little girls with flowers. There is also Japanese luchador who is being known as Hazohami Truck Punch and he is a very nice fellow. He is brother of Doctors Mexican Japanese Paul Truck but he is technicos and is not involved with the robots. He is also having a son who is become good friend of Yours Truly in later years and is going by the name of Big Truck Punch. Mitoshi factory is then having father type wrestle a bear for the workers to improve the efficiencies.

Workers give cheer and out is coming a bear and it is grizzly! It makes to grapple with father type but it is not a fair match. Bear is strong like bear but is also smart like bear so it is not having many holds in hold book. Father type is taking the blows that would damage a brick but is shrugging them off. Then he is put bear in vertical suplex and does the trademark move Loco Leap which is flying somersault and frog splash combined with famous Pinto family neck hold. It is one of the hardest of holds in all of books. Then it is all over and the bear is tapping out.

Then Hazohami Truck Punch is made to wrestle with the giraffe. It is a tough match because giraffe has qualities like: tall, long legs, tongue holds and Truck Punch is not as big as father type. Neck holds are out of the picture question! This is going many minutes but Hazohami Truck Punch is making a prevail because he is having warrior spirit also a true luchador! The crowd is wild. Then owner of Mitoshi factory is coming out and he is saying "very good, I am guessing we have to change vacuum tube on the robots." We are made to confusion and then he is taking hat off bear and showing it is a robot! Father type is very angry because of old incident with humanidroid but the CEO type is saying that all wrestling in Japan is human versus robot. They are using animadroid because humanidroid is banned for everything other than marriages. Father is okay because they are paying good.

Oh that Japan cake is toasts!

Father is then giving a very key speech to the board of directors about motivation. His main point are that people need to always be closing and also they are needing to put their heart and then also 18 percent more of heart into efforts. He is telling them that it is good to see company as a big family and when the company is made to succeed the employee is also succeed. Health and the fitness is also important so he is saying have exercise every time in the morning and the workers will be the strongest in Japan. Executive types are very impressed and also it is because they are like toy men and father is like giant man. Oh, maybe I am not good to say that because the Japan types are reading. It is okay, you are good peoples, you are just on a smaller scales like hobby trains. This is having advantages like you are good at sneaking and going into the tunnels if you have to.

Before we go Hazohami Truck Punch is invite us to Japan wrestler party. There are all kinds of snakes with beards everywhere and lamps made out of paper and he is give father type a surprise Japan cake. Just then American rudos wrestler Animal Grahams the Steel Animal decides to shoot champagnes all over everything. It is a major tragedy and we are sad to lose the cake, but then it

is laughs all around. He was rudos but there is also good natured rudos like cheats but also laughs about it and not like Bug Ox who just cheats and then is laughing at by crowd. Still, I am wonder what Japan cake taste like because I am never given to sample its exotic cuisines. Then we are go to noodle shop and there is hilarity man there who is very funny. He is taken picture with father type and also Hawaiian luchador Hawaiian Kicks and it is very funny to me.

Father type is a TV star in Japan!

Then we are whisked away to the meetings with Doctors Mexican Japanese Paul Truck. It is turning to the out that he is owning a TV channel in Japan and it is very popular. We are meeting a monster man that he has working for him and that is sort of scary. The monster man is having the name Monster Mans and he does not speak good English or Spanish so it is hard to talk to him. He is saying through translators that he is born the strange way he is because of atomic bombs dropped on Japan by America. Father type is sympathy to him but he is also saying "you Japan types are start this war and it is okay for America to drop one bomb, but maybe two is too much." Monster Mans gets a little feisty over this so we are going inside the TV station to meets with Doctors Mexican Japanese Paul Truck.

He is very fine gentlemans these days and he is saying he is using all of his rudos genius powers for good and entertainment. He is having a show called Laugh: Okay Dokey that is a comedian show. He makes to ask father type if he will be on show with famous Japanese actress Pepper-chan. Father type is entrancing the beauty of Pepper-chan so he is going on the shows. It is a great comedy with the ad libs and father is pretending at one time to be a crazy soldier guy who cannot talk quiet. It is from skits called Hello Loud Talker Rodeo and it is making me laugh beyond the maximum.

Then after this skit there are other skits but father type is not in them so we have the seats on the sets and we are watching. Doctors Mexican Japanese Paul Truck is coming down to sit with us and he is giving us tasty treats of Japans and also cool drinks. I am wanting food of home at this time because the noodles are making me the craziest yet, but I am also liking the Japan sweets. Then there is a horrible notice! Father type is spotting the Wrestlering X at the TV camera. This is the very humanidroid who is made to bend father types DNA and then is also making me inherit the bended DNA.

Father type is very angry so he is threatening to deploy all of the book of hard holds onto Doctors Mexican Japanese Paul Truck. Then the Doctors is explaining that Wrestlering X is retires and since he is a computer he has been given a new programs that make him work a TV camera instead of hurt DNA. Father type is saying "well, that is good news, but I have to call the police because humanidroids are illegal!" Then Doctors Mexican Japanese Paul Truck is telling that Wrestlering X is allowed to be working because he is the wife. This is even more perplex to father type who is saying how can the man be the wife?!?!!?!?

Wrestlering X is working the cameras! How is this being?!

"Oh, that is because he is robot, there is no man robot or woman robot just the robot. He is wife and he has many babies that are only 50 percent humanidroid."

That is what the Doctors say but I say it is still weird because it is

looking like a man. I am knowing about gays now but back then it was a mystery, so I guess maybe he was a gay. That is it for the TV show but there is a twist of the endings to this story.

The next day we are going down to the boat to row it back to Mexico and we see a newspaper. Father type is wanting to get it as memory of the events and maybe look for article about his visits. There is article in there about his visits, but the top headlines are that Mitoshi factory is to build wife humanidroid called Wifelering X and it is Wrestlering X!!!!!! This is terrible news but we are late to get back to Mexico already. There is more to this disaster but it is coming much later in life when Yours Truly is doing battle along with the Big Truck Punch versus five Wifelering X humanidroids at one time!

I am hope you enjoy this adventure as much as I am enjoying the telling you about it!

-∼El Pinto Grande

12.20 Nine Inch Nails

Tuesday, Dec 20, 2005 by by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Nine Inch Nails is Trent Reznor. For over a decade NIN's music has explored majestic soundscapes born of Reznor's imaginative genius. In addition to his studio wizardry Reznor also delivers a killer live show. A NIN concert is a journey of sight and sound, a revelatory experience from which there is no turning back.

"Welcome home, honey." I said. "I made you Chinese food."

"Burnt rice topped with soy sauce?" Justin said. "This is neither Chinese nor food."

"Well why do I always have to cook? You never take me out to dinner anymore."

An adderall and a good cd were a recipe for awesome. I listened to music and wrote in the afternoon and worked at night. The second half of my day was as grueling as the first half was euphoric. My life was an oil painting rendered in exquisite shades of pleasure and pain.

My dreams differed from those of the common bourgeois. Most of them involved becoming a celebrity. I wanted to be a rock star. Or maybe a serial killer. Fame or infamy, it didn't really matter which. I just wanted to become well known for something.

"The mushrooms on this pizza taste funny." Brannen said. "Where did you get them?"

"I found them in a little plastic bag under my druggie roommate's mattress." I said. "Why?"

There was urban sprawl as far as the eye could see. As we drove through the city my friend pointed out how every strip club was conveniently located next to a motel. I could hear the rhythmic thumping of car subwoofers, the heartbeat of the strip. The neon signs were beacons in the urban nightscape.

"I can't believe Squaresoft switched from Nintendo to Sony." I said.

"Don't think of it as the end of an era." Justin said. "Think of it as the epoch of a new one."

"Why are you still wearing your Viking helmet? Leif Erickson day is over."

"Leif Erickson day is never over as long as we have a song in our hearts and a plentiful supply of mead."

The radio was playing Another Brick In The Wall pt. 2. I couldn't get into Pink Floyd's music. To me it just seemed like sonic masturbation for stoners. Not that I had a problem with stoners. After all, if it wasn't for them my Mcdonalds wouldn't get any late night traffic.

"Are you going to work at Mcdonalds for the rest of your life?" my dad's girlfriend said. "Don't you have any plans for the future?"

"Of course I do." I said. "I want to open a restaurant called Hell's Kitchen that specializes in satanic cuisine made from ritualistically slaughtered animals."

Fuck dating. The only woman I needed in my life was Mary Jane. I bought my bowl at a seedy Canadian convenience store in downtown Manchester. The glass, once clear, had since turned black with resin. "I can't wait until I can smoke pot again." Justin's sister's friend said. "My probation ends on 4/20. Is that crazy or what?"

I was looking through my high school yearbook. My teenage years were a time of personal development and discovery, but that's a bildungsroman for another time. As a teenager my favorite game was Final Fantasy VII. I liked games that rewarded skill but didn't require it.

"How can you like text based RPGs better than Final Fantasy VII?" I said. "They don't even have any graphics."

"Text based RPGs use the best graphics engine of all." Justin said. "Your imagination."

I watched tv. I've never hated a tv show as much as I hate the current episodes of The Simpsons. Don't get me wrong, there are much worse shows out there, but every time I watch the new Simpsons it totally ruins my memories of when the show was actually good, making it twice as painful to watch.

"Wow, just what I always wanted for Christmas." Brannen said. "An unstoppable undead army ready to do my bidding."

"I thought you'd like it." I said.

Do you have any idea how fast Brannen and I's band jumped on the opportunity to tour with Nine Inch Nails? We're having a great time as we travel across the country leaving war, famine, pestilence, and death in our wake. Oh yeah, our band is called Silent Cemetarium. We look like Type O Negative and we sound like Ministry and we're coming to your town.

Our band is playing a packed arena. Josh plays the drums with the frantic speed of Lucifer's demonic steed chasing a dark oblivion. It's time for Brannen's guitar solo. The audience raises their lighters as Brannen's guitar sheds electric tears of sorrow.

When goths fall in love planets align and ringwraiths murmur in forbidden whispers. My world is crumbling but my love riseth from the ashes like a phoenix reborn. Girl I Like, say you'll be my unholy bride and give birth to my horrible demon spawn.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

12.21 Holiday Unemployment Center

Thursday, Dec 22, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Seasons Greetings, my fellow Internet citizens! It's the time of year to forget all of your troubles. Time to visit your family, enjoying cups of expired eggnog while opening presents and vomiting into the roaring fire (depending on your family traditions). That is, if you are a happily employed American -- unlike the millions that have lost their jobs over the last couple of years, or the struggling young IT population all vying for the same helpdesk job.

It is a sad state of affairs indeed. With the increasing incidents of bloated corporate giants scamming their investors, the gouging of energy prices, and Tony Danza getting his own daytime talk show, the financial outlook for many citizens is very bleak. Instead of getting stockings full of sweet candies and gifts of the latest models of robot dog, many households must resort to handing out bundles of road salt and selling their plasma for last year's robot dog models.

Fortunately, the holiday season is also a time of work opportunities. There are plenty of jobs that need to get done before the New Year, and plenty of desperate and hungry Computer Science graduates who are more than eager to fill the roles. Today I have networked with some of my friends at the employment agency who owe me favors (sexual and otherwise). They have agreed to help me find some of you poor, stupid folks some jobs. You don't need to thank me. Consider this my Christmas gift to you, along with an incurable case of scabies.

Santa's Helper Elf

I CAN SMELL YOUR FEAR CHILD. TOUCH THE ELF!

No, not the real Santa, you silly goose! Sorry to be the one to break this to you, but he does not really exist. It was just a ruse by the Jewish run liberal media to further their agenda of candy cane consumption. Also the holocaust never happened, FYI.

Despite that, the various mall Santas across the nation need good elf helpers to make it through the season. This is a position that is always in demand, as there is a large turnover rate in the elf department. It is a vigorous job, full of dangerous pitfalls, but a vital support system to the Santa cabal.

The main function of the job is keeping the herds of children in an orderly line using whatever means necessary. The elves also serve as a sort of "Santa Secret Service" to protect him from outside harm, like disgruntled kids. They even protect him from the drunken fits of dancing that many Santas are prone to performing at random, inappropriate times, resulting in dumping the crying child currently in their lap into a pile of jagged, broken Christmas tree ornaments.

Requirements: Communications degree, pointy shoes.
Pay: $5.25 per hour
List of Duties

- Keeping the line clear of vomit and feces.
- Giving Santa a sponge bath.
- Fighting ice goblins.
- Booze runs

My grandpa forwarded me this wacky picture and I promised I would use it.

Snow Plow Driver

This is a very important job that we all depend on in the north. Once the harsh winter storms sweep across the midwest, it is up to the snow plow driver to make the roads safe for us to go to the Piggly Wiggly and buy a jug of cheese puffs.

The fact that this job is always available due to the excessive burnout of workers is a mystery, but it might have something to do with "Snow Plow Driver Strangler" that has been stalking parking lots across the midwest states in the search of prey. Normally, he disguises himself as a snowman and lays a spike strip to flatten the tires of the plow truck. When the driver gets out, he strangles them with a scarf and puts the bodies in hilarious and embarrassing positions. Let me just say that if you do end up taking this job, wear a clean pair of underwear.

Requirements: English degree, driver's licence, hate snow.
Pay: $8.50 per hour
List of Duties

- Drive truck to snow.
- Use plow to put snow into snow pile.
- Drive to a remote location.
- Park, blast some Rush, and smoke a fatty.

Annoying Bell Guy In Front of Target

We will torment you with our bells until you give us a quarter.

Normally this would be a volunteer position, but these day's everybody who has money is too busy playing the new X-Box and staging pit fights between their robot dogs and robot vacuum cleaners. This may seem like a particularly boring and grueling job at first, but once you do it for a while you will begin to realize it's much worse.

Not only is the cold is a factor, but the attitude of the selfish people who walk by without putting anything in your money pot might make you bitter. So bitter, in fact, that you might start to think that the world would be much better off with these people dead. Then you might even go to your car to get your gun. Once the shooting starts, it won't stop until the SWAT tactical team takes you out with their helicopter sniper and pry the metal bell from your cold, dead hand. When you start to feel this way --and you will -- take a 15 minute break at the nearby Arbys to grab some curly fries and a soda.

Requirements: Philosophy degree, strong wrists, resistance to frostbite a plus.
Pay: Commission
List of Duties

- Ring Bell
- Standing
- Sneering at people who pass without giving any money. They will pay. One way or another...

Uhhh I shouldn't of eaten that whole pie...

Blackwater Private Security Officer in Iraq

As you know, the situation in Iraq is not getting any better, and there are hundreds of contractors that will pay handsomely for personal security. The insurgents have stepped up their attacks during Christmas time, and the need for hired mercenaries is larger then ever. If you were to take this position, you would be in a hostile environment with unrest and anger all around, much like a Detroit Lions home game. The pay is good, but so is the chance of dying.

On the plus side, you get to shoot people with guns and you can't be held responsible since you are not bound by any international military law. It's boss!

Requirements: At least 6 years experience Navy Seals/Special Forces, GED
Pay: $140,000 per tour of duty. +25k bonus if killed.
List of Duties

- Secure the area, keep clients alive.
- Shoot any hostile that is exhibiting aggressive behavior.
- Use of hand to hand combat to break necks of Iraqi children that wander too close.
- Hide from 60 minutes.

Retail Return Desk Clerk

This is another hazardous job, but the pay is significantly less then working in Iraq. The good thing about it is you wouldn't need to travel and there is less of a chance of getting blown up by a roadside bomb on the way to work. Just make sure you are fully prepared for the situation of being a return desk clerk.

I couldn't find a good retail worker image so I'm using this one. Plus I like the picture so bite me.

The lines will be long, the customers will be angry, and most likely, by the end of the day, your soul will be forfeit. The wise approach to this job is to just accept all the returns with no hassle and worry about getting fired later. It's much better than the risks of telling the large black lady that you can't take back the used VCR because her receipt is for a dwarf hamster.

Requirements: Humanities Degree, no fear.
Pay: $6 per hour
List of Duties

- Stand behind desk while customer screams at you.
- Look at item while customer screams at you.
- Look at receipt while customer screams at you.
- Accept return while customer screams at you.
- Ride the mechanical penny pony and slit wrists.

I wish I had paid attention in those community college classes...

Baby Squirrel

This may seem like a fairly easy job to some, but trust me, it's not. A few years ago I lost all my money playing online Texas-Hold'em to a guy named "B0n0rz191". I needed to pay my bills, so I took a position at a large oak tree near my house as a baby squirrel.

By the end of the day when I punched out, I had never been so tired in my life. Frolicking about the treetops and chattering takes a lot of energy, especially when your taskmaster of a boss has rabies. Only take this job if all the others have been filled, or if you really like acorns.

Requirements: Small, fast, climb trees a must, large front teeth, C++ certified.
Pay: 10 acorns per day.

List of Duties

- Collecting acorns.
- Running up trees.
- Running down trees.
- Running around trees.
- Peeping into windows at ladies getting undressed.
- Avoiding hawks.

Hopefully at least one of these jobs will be available to some of you folks that are out of work and need to make ends meet. If you need a reference, you know where to find me: the Holiday Inn bar, crying into a poorly mixed Strawberry Daiquiri and hitting on the 50 year old waitresses.

Have a Merry Christmas! Also have a Happy Holidays, to all you folks who are non-Christian mongrel heathens who will burn in the fires of hell for all eternity. May the Lord forgive you for your betrayal.

Daily Dirt

The Senate on Wednesday passed a six-month extension of the terror-fighting USA Patriot Act as a last resort after Democrats and a small group of GOP senators blocked President Bush and Republican congressional leaders' attempt to make most of the anti-terrorism law permanent.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

12.22 A Psychic Date With Gary Spivey

Friday, Dec 23, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Girl, my astral body is projecting into the night. I'm flying through velvet skies of blackest dark and I am swooping around looking for your heart. It is glowing, girl. Like a spotlight only red with passion. I touch your face, girl, and you come up out of your body. You are so beautiful. I think you are beautiful. The stars are beautiful.

We are flying to Paris where I will show you the Eiffel Tower. Look at it, girl. It is so pretty. Like your eyes are pretty. Baby, I can see the future, I help solve crimes with this stuff, and I am seeing you and me and a hotel room. What do you think, baby girl? You want to go to a hotel with Gary Spivey. Whoa, whoa, whoa, my kinaesthesphere is out of alignment. I am way getting ahead of myself on this one.

It's Christmas, baby. Let's fly around over all the neighborhoods with the reindeer and stuff. Haha, I'm just kidding, you know Santa isn't real. But I am. Gary Spivey is real. I got you this necklace. Here, I want you to try it on, then I want you to awaken your mind's eye and read the spiritual power of the necklace. Do you feel those psychic events linked to the necklace? Yeah, that's right, I did put it on my naked body earlier. But naked is pure. Naked is clean. Girl, I had just taken a shower so it was fine. Baby, that necklace cost me thirty dollars at Target, don't be throwing it out the psychic car window.

Girl, let's project ourselves to Applebees. My ectoplasmic emanations are rumbling and I need some frozen margaritas and a chicken fingers platter. You like chicken fingers, girl? They heighten my Tantric readiness.

Gary Spivey is looking through the veil of time and seeing me and you in my car, making out, and you're sort of letting me put my hand up your shirt. Over your bra, baby. Over your bra! Don't be that way, girl.

Girl, Gary Spivey wants to kiss on your neck. That smell? That's sage girl. I give myself a smoke bath before every date to purify my spirit. Yeah, I know girl. I set off the smoke detector in my apartment building and I got fined by the building manager, but it was worth it, girl.

Whoa, girl! Slow down! Gary Spivey only brought cash and those shooters are not going to pay for themselves, unless you want to go halvesies. You know, I've got a bottle of chilled sparkling wine back in my hotel. Why don't we go there? Well, Gary Spivey is very frugal, that is what the spiritual realm and spiritualness in general teaches you. I didn't save the money to open a psychic retreat by spending six dollars a shot at Applebees.

Baby, you are really drunk, and Gary Spivey likes that. Let me help you out to my car. Absolutely, girl. I am a gentleman. I will drive you straight home. Whoa, sorry, that was totally an accident how I just touched your ass right there. Oops. Oops again. Hey, that time wasn't an accident. Whoa! Okay, okay, Gary Spivey is just having some antics here. Give a Gary Spivey a break and put the pepper spray back in your purse.

Aaaaah! No, no, I'll be okay. Aaaaaah, God, it's curdling my ectoplasm. Right in the eyes! Gary Spivey just needs to thrust his face into this snow drift for a few minutes and then your chariot

awaits. No, no! Don't call a taxi, girl. Gary Spivey is a commensurate gentleman. I just need a minute to, good God, God almighty. This stuff just doesn't stop. It's like a curse or something. Ohhhh, God, my eyes are all swelled up.

Okay, I think...if I squint I can see through the tears. No, no, girl, you are way too drunk to take a taxi. Someone might take advantage of you. Let Gary Spivey take you home. Straight home. Gary Spivey swears on the infinite realms of the beyond.

Whew, that's better. I can see okay now. Girl, are you still awake? Okay, just checking. It is a beautiful night. Would you like to drive up to- No, okay, straight home it is, then. You know - AAHHHHH!

Shit, are you okay? I didn't see that car coming. Gary Spivey has to get out and exchange insurance, just stay here. No, Gary Spivey is well under the legal limit, he's just a little impaired by that- Well, no, if *you* hadn't overreacted so much. No, Gary Spivey does not use that kind of language, but I will not "go F myself" thank you very much. Now you just sit tight and try to calm yourself down. Could you hand me my registration out of the glove box?

Hey girl, I'm back. It looks like...oh, are you asleep? Hello, baby? Hmm...let me just open up a couple of these buttons. It will help you sleep better. There, that's nice. Now my hotel room is closer and it's so late that I think I had better just take you there. Girl, that is so cute the way you fart when you are sleeping. Everyone has that happen, you know, even a Sagittarius. Oh, girl, Gary Spivey is going to open a couple more buttons so you are even more comfortable. Here we- oh, you're awake. No, no. Gary Spivey was just buttoning up your blouse. It had come open from all the jostling and vibrations in the car, girl.

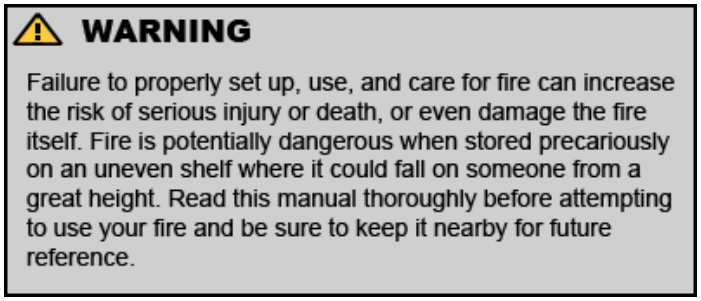
No, girl, this is a shortcut to your place. No, it really is. Let me just - calm down - let me just hang a U-turn. Gary Spivey is a man of his word. So what was your favorite part of the night, girl? I like when I rubbed my front up against you at the Eiffel Tower. That was transcendent. Here we are, girl. Would you mind if I came in for a night cap? Oh, no, I understand. It's late. Hey, can I use your bathroom real quick. No? Gary Spivey will deal with it. I've got a cup I can go into right here on the floor of the car. It was really good to go out with you. I will call you. No, I've got your number from reading your thoughts just now. Well, you don't have to be- Alright, good night.

Gary Spivey is alone now. It's dark. It's all dark. The tempest rages outside the perception of men, but Gary Spivey sees. The boundless dark of the beyond is here. The great void will keep Gary Spivey company. Hey, this package of Bugles hasn't even been opened! Sweet! Road snack!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.23 Fire: An Instruction Manual For Cavemen

Saturday, Dec 24, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)


WARNING
Failure to properly set up, use, and care for fire can increase the risk of serious injury or death, or even damage the fire itself. Fire is potentially dangerous when stored precariously on an uneven shelf where it could fall on someone from a great height. Read this manual thoroughly before attempting to use your fire and be sure to keep it nearby for future reference.

Thank you for purchasing your fire from Fireco! In this hectic modern life of avoiding tar pits and discovering which delicious plants aren't poisonous the hard way, we know you want fire but just don't have the time to gather a bundle of dried branches in your arms and run toward the distant sounds of thunder. Who does? Our company's mission is to provide our fellow cavemen with the mystical flames they don't understand at an affordable price of mere pebbles. We proudly stand behind every fire that we sell, and you can trust us because we're an established company which has been in business since the year that mammoth fell off the cliff and landed on Ook's prized dirt collection.

Contents:

1... About Your Fire
2... Setting Up The Fire
3... Proper Use And Care
4... Troubleshooting
5... Contact Us

About Your Fire

Fire is a wonderful and mysterious thing. Its enchanting flames lick outward and upward hypnotically as if beckoning you to stick your face in them (note: this feaure has not yet been tested). Its full range of benefits are not yet known, but there are already a number of documented things you can do with fire such as:

- Things
- Look at the fire
- Think about it
- Point directly at the fire and hoot excitedly
- Attract murderous pterodactyls to your campsite while you sleep even though they've been extinct for millions of years
- Point in the opposite direction of your fire and hoot excitedly (advanced users only)
- Forget about the fire when you leave to hunt, only to be surprised and delighted to see it if you come back alive
- More

...and more! Village elders are researching fire more and more every day, their superior twenty year old brains working in overdrive to make sure that early adopters such as

yourself can continue to benefit from your investment with new uses for this exciting technology on a regular basis.

- **Setting Up The Fire**

First, find a nice spot on the ground that's flat and relatively free of debris and flowing lava. Now place the fire on the ground, making sure you do not wander into a stream or lay down and put the fire on your chest. This would simply not work out, as humans move around entirely too much for the average fire to survive on them for long. Assuming you haven't been struck by a meteorite or died from a cold, you should now be able to step back and enjoy your fire!

- **Proper Use And Care**

Fire was designed to interface with a number of external devices, such as branches and other tree-based media. Trees and fire have a mutually beneficial relationship, as trees actually prolong a fire's life and make it larger and healthier while fire completely consumes trees. It's a win-win situation!

Be careful not to collect dozens of logs and set a tremendous inescapable blaze that completely surrounds your tribe! Such open flaunting of your newly acquired gadget is often seen as being in bad taste, and can make others jealous. Stick to a small fire within your cave. For now.

Do NOT attempt to use water on your fire, as it can cause severe damage and could even destroy your fire completely. This is a technical bug which is being addressed, and as soon as we find a fix for it we'll gladly replace your current fire with an updated model free of charge.

- **Troubleshooting**

Another satisfied customer.

Q. Why do I experience an unpleasant sensation when I leave my feet in the fire for extended periods?

A: Think about what happens when you eat a delicious buffalo until your stomach begins to hurt. What you are experiencing is simply too much of a good thing. Pace yourself and enjoy putting your feet in the fire for a few minutes at a time instead of all at once.

Q. I used to fall asleep when it got dark, but now the fire illuminates my barren surroundings in a harsh glow that seems to spotlight the loneliness of my existence and the futility of struggling every waking moment just to survive in a world where no one cares about me. I haven't slept in days. Am I doing something wrong here?

A. Most people see the fire's glow as warm and comforting, so you might want to try using a different wood to keep it going. That should change the fire's hue and fix all your problems.

Q. I accidentally dropped some rabbit meat into my fire while gesturing to my dying brother that there wasn't enough food for him, and it had a very strange reaction. The meat turned an unappetizing color but produced a positively mouth-watering smell. Eat or don't eat?

A. DO NOT EAT. This question comes in fairly often, and until we study the exact effects of fire on food we must stress that you refrain from ingesting the contaminated items.

Q: There's this gigantic wall of ice advancing directly towards me. It's covering a tremendous distance every few minutes and will probably overcome me very soon if I don't run for it. I'm scared and all, but this cave is totally sweet now that I've got a fire. I'm very reluctant to leave. What should I do? Right now I'm just sort of standing around and facing away from it in the hopes that if I ignore it, it might leave me alone.

A: Sounds like a good plan to us! Don't forget that if you do decide to move, we'll transport your fire to your new home free of charge. (editor's note - He never did reply to take us up on our offer, so it appears as though he stayed put after all. Congrats!)

Q: Fire kill my family! What you do? *What you dooo?*

A: Nice try. Much like a sharpened stick, the only way fire can cause harm to someone is by falling off a high shelf as was clearly described in the warning on the front page of this guide. There's simply no way a fire fell off a shelf and bonked an entire family in the head all at once.

- **Contact Us**

We're always available to answer your questions and field suggestions to improve our product! To contact us, simply make your way to the old sacrifice shrine then turn left and keep going until you reach the really big rock. If you reach the slightly bigger rock, you've gone too far. Once you're in the right spot just start shouting and someone will be with you as soon as possible.

Thanks you once again for your business, and feel free to tell your friends about us if you're able to communicate!

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.24 The Scariest Games of Halloween 2005!

Sunday, Dec 25, 2005 by Kevin "The Goblin" Wilson

Tim Burton's Nightmare before Christmas: Oogie's Revenge

Is this the kind of game we want our children to be trick or treated to?

Now is the season we've all been dreading, parents! It's time for another fightastic halloween, with all the little boys and girl dressed up as ghosts and spooks and heros like Lex Luthor. But when we're busy not paying attention to our little Jimmys and Luthors we give them a video game or two to play with. As a proud Christian parent of nine, I feel it is my duty to tell you all about the most fearsome games coming out this season so you know which to avoid. Our first title comes directly from the hands of the director Tim Burton, famous for "Interview with the Vampire" and "Rocky Horror Picture Show." My one son John seems to think he's a very nice man, but after the implied racism in this game I don't even know. The use of skeletons as heroes is very disturbing to me, as well. I don't know what I'd do if I caught my son Jim running around pretending to be a skeleton in this day and age. I keep asking him to be someone respectable like Lex Luthor, a good honest Christian. Of course, I know Lex Luthor isn't real. It's a character based off the real Lex Luthor.

Scaritude	💀💀💀💀💀
Frightosity	💀💀💀
Spookhauntofactorghoul	💀
Overall	💀

Agatha Christie: And then there were none

Children being shamelessly dressed up as "Superman". Faces are hidden to protect the possibly innocent.

It's unfortunate that many children today cannot experience the kind of fright that I used to have when I was a child. Most of them have no clue as to how Halloween even came about. Halloween's origins are obvious from just the spelling. "Hallow" means "holy" (as in the Lord) and "een" is the last three letters in the word "seen", so it means "holy sights of cute little ghosts and witches". What's even more shocking, according to my son Jared, is that none of the children at school are taught about the origins of Halloween or Devil's night. Devil's night came about when the missionaries from Jamestown decided to "beat back the devil" in the night before their children would travel amongst the town to trick or treat, to protect them. Back then it was safe to practice your religion, so they put the town leper into a potato sack and beat him until he stopped moving. This scared away the devil pretty well, if I can recall. Now children rarely beat any lepers to death, nor do they realize what kind of trickery their parents play on them. All of these Catholics who keep dressing their children up as "Freddy Krueger" and "Austin Powers: The Spy Who Sold Me to the Devil". Don't these catholics know that the way they live their life is going to lead them directly to a very bad

place? As a very Christian father of nine, I do my best to tell Catholics that they need to become Christian to be kept out of the hands of the Devil and Superman. I give them issues of Lex Luthor the comic as a reference, making it very clear that even though it is a fictional character based off of a very real person, he is someone you can trust and should try to emulate. They always look at me strangly, which I can only assume has something to do with their penchant for using computers.

Scaritism	
Can you play this game on a hay ride?	
Spookhauntofactorghoul	
Overall	

Scooby-Doo: Unmasked

All of my sons, Lux Luthor looking over them all.

I cannot imagine why anyone would allow their son or daughter to play this filthy game. Do these parents know what kind of terrible influence they are giving to their children? I've seen lots of children dressed up as this revolting monster of modern "political correctness" walking around, his plastic devil face being put over children's innocent faces. I'd never let my son Jack do anything like this at all, I can tell you that. Scooby-Doo is the modern man's symbol of gluttony and to encourage children to commit larceny by having them burn down a church? THQ must be full of brainwashed monkeys if they think they can get any of my nine sons to commit such acts like Godless zombies. Do any of these parents know what a "scooby" is? I had my son Jordon look it up on the internet becuase I refrain from touching computers at any cost. Then I burned the computer afterwards becuase we all know that those who uses machines have the symbol of the devil held within their panty eyes. If you wish to keep your body pure and free of unnecessary minerals, I would suggest you follow the same path. This includes steering clear of unclean punctuation. Capital letters were invented by the Lord-less romans and I refuse to use them. I hit my son Job thrice for using those things. If you don't want your arteries to clog with zincs and other devil metals, I suggest you do the same.

Chillometer	
DID I LOSE MY JOB AT THE PAPERMILL BECUASE OF THIS STUPID GAME?	
Spookhauntofactorghoul	
Overall	

Hello Kitty: Happy Party Pals

Not only is this game violent and full of death, but it also advocates capitalization.

And hitting the shift key on a computer just intensifies the Lord's rage upon you. The sin of trying to mimic the ways of the romans, on top of using a "PC" (Pernicious Contraption), is like asking for a one-way ticket to a place I've told my nine boys constantly about. I do my Christian duty and remove both the shift and caps lock keys from my neighbor's computers. I also remove their 6's, 2's, 3's, and 1's, for they are all needed to make the devil's number. The only acceptable numbers are the ones I have my sons memorize every day: 0, 4, 5, and 7. It is also every Christian's duty to keep our children safe during Halloween by taking all of their candy and dipping it in holy water before you give it to your children. My sons say it not only keeps them safe from the demonic minions but also improves the taste of the candy a great deal. Sometimes people do not like to listen to my advice, like how you relieve all your valuables, pawn them, and then donate the proceeds to the church of your choice. Some people don't like to listen, and I assume it is only becuase they lack the time. So, as a good Christian father of nine, I take the time to do it for my neighbors. Both Jason and Jeff, my two wonderful sons, act like wonderful Christians and help me with my duties. Unfortunately, the United States of UnGodia does not believe in offering Christian service and have locked them both away. Lex Luthor would never do such a thing. The character based off of this fine man is a president, why isn't the real Lex Luthor our President? Like my son Justin always reminds us at the dinner table, I cannot understand how a country built on such wonderful ideas can sink so low. We have requested an appeal.

Happy Halloween everyone!

Chillometer	
DID I LOSE MY JOB AT THE PAPERMILL BECUASE OF THIS STUPID GAME?	
Spookhauntofactorghoul	
Overall	

Sunday Snort Report.

Special guest anchor Robert "Fenis Pace" Smith is right there, fighting the news, reporting the man. Check out the Sunday Snort right here.

-~Kevin "The Goblin" Wilson

12.25 Gone Fishin'

Monday, Dec 26, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I'm not literally fishing. I'm probably on the road back to Chicago right now from another depressing family Christmas. In the mean time, enjoy this ALoD and whatever delights Shmorky is offering.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.26 Debunking the Ewok Myth

Tuesday, Dec 27, 2005 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

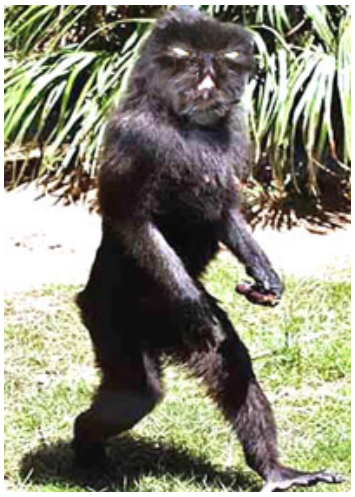
The traditional "Movie Ewok," with fluffy hair, clothing, and tools.

While ewoks are often mawkishly portrayed on film as cute, curious little urchins that live in tree houses and coo adorably, the reality of wild ewoks is an entirely different story. I live near the redwood forests of Northern California, so I've been around ewoks all my life; every hike, picnic, or camping trip I've ever been on has been marred by their unwelcome presence.

Are ewoks cute? Not at all. That's pure Hollywood magic. In fact, ewoks are some of the most disgusting wild animals in North America. The dandy little chaps you've seen on the silver screen are just midgets in ewok suits; real ewoks don't have smooth, clean fur, and no sane human would be inclined to pet one. They're so plagued by lice, fleas, dander and mange that their coats are spotted with huge bald patches and pocked with weeping sores. Touching one would likely net you a fistful of loose fur, matted with pus and crawling with ticks.

I have no idea how ewoks manage to stay alive, because they are the filthiest and sickliest animals I've ever seen. They don't fastidiously groom themselves like cats or raccoons, and they have a natural aversion to water; consequently, they languish in feculence and disease. Their eyes and noses are constantly weepy from illness, and they have little concern for hygiene, so their faces become slick with mucous and brownish eye discharge. They wheeze and gurgle as they breathe, their lips and noses bubble, and their watery, bloodshot eyes stare unfocused into the distance, betraying no glimmer of intelligence. Their unique combination of poor health and listlessness is often so overpowering that they leave their membranous inner eyelids halfway closed, like anesthetized cats.

I'm particularly amused that Hollywood ewoks are always clad in little leather outfits. I don't blame producers for demanding that ewoks be clad, because the sight of an ewok in its natural state of nudity would certainly overpower a child. Ewoks have one of the highest genital-size-to-body-size ratios in the wild kingdom, and they have no shame about public autoeroticism.



A skulking, drooling menace.

While the sight of a male ewok languidly fiddling with his massive purple sex characteristics is ghastly enough, ewok mating season is worse still. It's a sickening spectacle; the females develop sagging, gristly teats and gigantic engorged vulvas, and when they're in heat they will "present" them to any living thing around them (they are particularly fond of trying to initiate sexual acts with human children, who are of a similar size and build). Watching those old made-for-television "Ewok Adventure" movies is a nerve-wracking ordeal for those familiar with wild ewoks, because we are instinctively vigilant about keeping children away from ewoks at all times, lest they be courted or even raped by the lust-crazed vermin.

Of course, children and adults alike tend to steer clear of ewoks. Not only do ewoks have powerful scent glands which emit a nau-

seating, eye-stinging, sulfuric aroma, but their odor is further invigorated by their feces-encrusted hindquarters.

A REAL Ewok Adventure is prying a lust-crazed ewok in heat off of your daughter.

Keeping them away can be a difficult task, though. Ewoks have no fear of man, and those who live near parks almost always rely on tourists to feed them. If they ever had any skill at hunting, it's been lost for generations. Most of them simply hang out around campsites screaming for food (they don't chirp and chortle; hey have a high-pitched, keening screech like fingernails on a chalkboard). If you don't feed them, they screech louder, tug at your clothing, and sometimes even throw stones. They break into cars and tents and rip apart people's belongings, stealing anything edible or shiny they can find.

Ewoks in popular national parks inevitably become grossly obese, since timid tourists are easily menaced into giving up food. Obese ewoks are an almost comical sight. They waddle from camp to camp breathing heavily and rubbing their distended bellies, moaning like pathetic wretches for another bite of food. The levity is undercut by the fact that they tend to develop intestinal problems, which lead to loose bowels. Predictably, they are unashamed; they just stand around gawking at nothing, gorging themselves on ill-gotten food and shitting down their own legs without embarrassment.

They don't have chiefs and tree houses and little societies, either. They're vicious, primitive and territorial, and campers in the redwoods are often treated to screaming disputes between competing males. Unlucky campers who book sites during ewok rutting season might even see ewoks savagely ripping each other apart with their teeth and claws, or be kept awake at night by the shrill, gurgling cries of a half-disemboweled juvenile who tried to challenge an older buck. However, even the horrific din of ewok violence is preferable to the fevered, slurping yowls of seasonal ewok mating pairs, which sound like the cries of napalmed children being dragged over a salt flat.

Filmmakers do us a great disservice by portraying these animals as anything but dumb, repulsive hooligans of the forest. Moviegoers who had never been within a hundred miles of an ewok were so swayed by the pleasant portrayal of ewoks in Return of the Jedi that they successfully lobbied to have the awful creatures put on the endangered species list, meaning hefty fines or jail time for any man who shoots the ewok that destroyed his tent or raped his child. Since their inclusion on the list of protected species, ewoks have become so populous in the redwood forests that they've begun to encroach on human-inhabited lands. Thanks to George Lucas, Northern Californians are now faced with upturned trashcans, broken windows, sleepless nights, and the hundred-pound carcasses of ewok-roadkill.

If you showed this to a real ewok, it would smash it to bits seeing if there was food inside.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

12.27 Welcome to the DynaMars Corporation's Ares Station Update Service

Wednesday, Dec 28, 2005 by DynaMars Corporation Information Kiosk (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dynamars Corporation Information Kiosk series.

**Welcome to the Ares Station Update Service. This appears to be your first visit to an information kiosk. Previous updates are available in archived format!

**** Previous Updates - Archives for the following dates are available:

07-15-2301 - 08-07-2301

05-15-2301 - 07-14-2301.

03-12-2295 - 09-20-2295.

06-05-2293 - 11-02-2293.

**This kiosk is designed to keep you up-to-date on the latest developments pertinent to residents of the DynaMars Corporation's Ares Station, the premiere living and research colony on Mars.

Please read each update in full.

***** 01-14-2304 - New Entry**

They said it could not be done, but here we are, back in the brand new Ares Station! The DynaMars Corporation wishes to thank you for your support and interest in the newly renovated and restored Ares Station. We are aware that Ares Station has a checkered past as far as safety goes, but the DynaMars Corporation's new CEO Tom Davies is committed to making it a functional, safe, and pleasant working environment. He knows how important this is firsthand, having served on Ares Station in the past. His decision to reopen the dormant facility shows bold vision, a skill required in building bridges to the future!

CEO Davies said this in a DynaMars Corporation press release:

> It has been a long road to travel in reopening Ares Station. My experience as a resident of that beleaguered outpost will haunt me forever, but I have recovered and stuck with the DynaMars Corporation, as it has stuck with me in my darkest hour. Today is a chance to right the wrongs of the past, and to finally let Ares Station live up to its true potential. Ares Station is going to be what it was intended to be all along: a beacon of light in the darkness of space.

There are many new safety regulations and changes in place to protect you and your fellow personnel. For starters, we have demolished several areas of the base and completely remodeled the rest. The new Ares Station is 100% more safe, efficient, and easy to navigate. The mistakes of the past will not be repeated.

There are currently 6 areas open and operational. Please refer to the map section of the kiosk or your personal PDA for more information on the new Ares Station.

***** 01-15-2304 - New Entry**

Ares Station Commanding Officer Paskiewicz is pleased with the first day of operations. He is thankful to all personnel for acting professionally and is glad everyone is settling in so nicely.

In 4 days time the members of the new Quantum Labs Science Team will be arriving in the Area 1 Landing Port. They will be working in the state-of-the-art Area 5 Quantum Laboratories, where they will be researching methods of diminishing cane toad populations on Earth, which, as data collected in 2300 shows, now occupy 47% of the planet's surface, making them a grave threat to the survival of mankind.

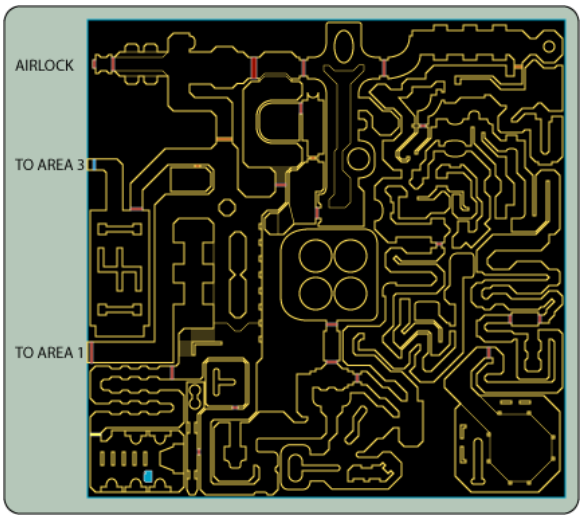
Chief Science Officer Thorpe will be responsible in leading the fight to save Earth, and has DynaMars Corporation's full support.

***** 01-16-2304 - New Entry**

We have received distressing reports that a number of personnel are stuck in Area 2, unable to find their way out. Chief Security Officer Wade has been dispatched to locate the lost crewmen and lead them to safety.

***** 01-17-2304 - New Entry**

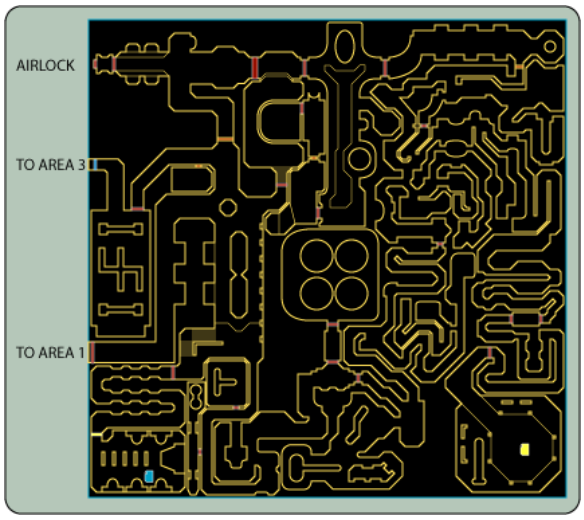
We have learned that Chief Security Officer Wade is lost, however he and all the missing personnel are able to access a kiosk. Here is a map showing the current location of the blue keycard required to exit Area 2 and proceed to Area 3.



***** 01-18-2304 - New Entry**

EMERGENCY UPDATE!

DynaMars Corporation would like to apologize to the missing personnel for delaying their safe return. We regretfully forgot to include the location of the yellow keycard required to open the door to access the blue keycard. Here is an updated map showing the current location of the yellow keycard required to open the door leading to the area containing the blue keycard. For energy saving purposes, Area 2 Ventilation Control is only lit 50% of the time. Thusly, every other second the lights go out. This "strobe effect" might seem disorienting, but it cuts down on power consumption by 50%.



Please be advised that 2 Mobile Defense Sentry Units (MDSUs) are active in Area 2 and currently malfunctioning. Chief Engineer Shmorkison is working on a fix for that problem. He believes their optical sensors might be overloaded, thus causing them to fire at random. Residents are advised to use caution and common sense.

***** 01-19-2304 - New Entry**

Early this morning, the Quantum Labs Science Team arrived safely in the Area 1 Landing Port. Chief Science Officer Thorpe issued this brief statement:

> I have just come from a war torn planet. I am part of a species on the verge of annihilation. Cane toads have conquered every continent, every predator, and every obstacle. They have chased us to the depths of space, separating us from family and homeland. Here on Mars we make our stand. My fellow scientists and I will find a way to turn the tides of war, and return the land to its rightful owner: mankind. These toads are adept at many things, but we alone control the frontiers of science. In the end, that is what makes us a worthy victor.

Chief Science Officer Thorpe brings with him 1,000 cane toad specimens for research purposes. Personnel are not to go anywhere near the Area 5 Test Chambers where the toads are kept. Armed guards will shoot on sight.

Most of the lost Area 2 personnel made it to Area 3 late last night. Unfortunately there were two fatalities. Chief Engineer Shmorkison was able to deactivate the MDSUs by turning off all the lights in Area 2. Sadly, the lack of light caused two well-liked members

of the Ares Station family to unknowingly walk into active Area 2 Ventilation Control Air Purification Processors. The two personnel were killed instantly and transformed into breathable oxygen for the rest of the base. DynaMars Corporation wishes to thank them for their service and reminds all personnel that a small part of our fallen comrades lives on in each of us.

***** 01-23-2304 - New Entry**

The DynaMars Corporation is pleased to announce that Ares Station is improving! The brand new Area 7 is now open! This exciting new center will serve as the Red Planet's first senior citizen living community. The center is paid for and financed by the Milky Way Amalgam Tranplanetary Banking Corporation, as part of their settlement with the Lunar Exchange Commission. Ares Station will soon host 100 senior citizens in a robust, safe, and engaging environment. Because of the sensitive nature of the work conducted on Ares Station, Area 7 residents will not be able to access the rest of the station without authorized escort.

Good news! In an effort to make Ares Station more accessible to the public, DynaMars Corporation is renting out the Area 1 Cargo Bay and Area 3 Conference Room to the Interstellar Boat and Fishing Federation for the 51st annual Interstellar Boat and Fishing Expo, to be held on 02-20-2304. Residents of Ares Station are invited to attend at reduced admission prices.

Area 7 Residents are expected to begin arriving in 2 days time.

***** 01-25-2304 - New Entry**

Chief Science Officer Thorpe is asking personnel to assist him in locating 3 cane toads that went missing from Area 5 Storage Unit 47. The toads are valuable specimens that have been injected with an experimental serum designed to render them inert.

Chief Commanding Officer Paskiewicz is offering a 400 credit reward for the safe capture of the missing toads. The DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind residents that these toads are mankind's greatest threat, and should not be given shelter even if they appear harmless.

Senior citizens have been arriving all day in the Area 1 Landing Port. Chief Security Officer Wade has been working overtime to get them safely to Area 7, where they will reside for the rest of their lives.

***** 01-27-2304 - New Entry**

By now you've all heard the tragic news that the Phobos Mining Corporation had to shut down operations due to a severe asteroid impact. The Interstellar Emergency Management Agency has asked Ares Station to provide temporary shelter for refugees. We have agreed, and are making room for 120 miners in the Area 7 Senior Center.

DynaMars Corporation would like to remind all Ares Station personnel that even though these men are gruff and uncivilized, they are people and deserve respect. Please treat them like members of the Ares Station family, although we recommend you do not touch them.

In order to accommodate the increased volume, we are setting up a temporary Senior Center in the Area 1 Cargo Bay and moving all the seniors there. Cargo will temporarily be stored outside under a tarp.

In yet more tragic news, the 3 missing cane toads have been recovered, though dead. The experimental serum had caused them to grow to roughly the size of a human being, making them an extreme threat to personnel. Several crewmembers were killed when the toads attempted amplexus with them. Chief Security Officer Wade and his men were able to kill the beasts with standard ordinance, causing minimal damage to the integrity of Ares Station.

Unfortunately, Chief Science Officer Thorpe believes that one of the toads was pregnant and that it may have given birth while out of captivity. The hunt continues.

***** 02-02-2304 - New Entry**

Chief Security Officer Wade believes he has accounted for all the fugitive cane toad babies. He and his men have killed over 18,000 tadpoles in the Area 6 Sewage Corridors. Adjunct Sanitation Engineer Burroughs has been assisting in draining each sewage corridor to help in the process. This is why the restrooms have been going offline recently. This is also why security guards are posted in each restroom to assure no cane toads escape from out of the toilets. We understand your need for privacy, but the fate of mankind outweighs this need.

The first wave of refugees from Phobos has arrived and they are being assigned accommodations in the Area 7 Senior Center. There have been some incidents of violence but overall these salty men are being respectful and courteous. We are working the air purification systems overtime to try to minimize any unpleasant odors.

The Area 1 Cargo Bay is proving to be a tenuous shelter for our elderly residents. Because we are not able to isolate the individual factions as well as we were in the Area 7 Senior Center, gang violence is erupting. We have added increased security personnel to deal with the troubles. We have also been forced to relocate many seniors suffering from dementia to temporary quarters in the Area 4 Main Central Control Auxiliary Conference Room, where they can no longer smear obscenities into the walls with bodily secretions, unless they do that there. We have asked them not to and they have agreed.

***** 02-06-2304 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation CEO Davies is returning to Ares Station to personally inspect and evaluate the performance of the base and its personnel. Residents of Ares Station are expected to be on their best behavior, and to also have the base looking clean and orderly. CEO Davies will be arriving in 4 days time aboard his personal transport ship the USS Snettim.

Several residents have sighted cane toads exhibiting numerous unnatural adaptations, including laser skin, intangibility, and a capacity for advanced problem solving. A handful of residents have checked into the Area 5 Infirmary claiming that they even had cane toads living inside them. Although Ares Station doctors have verified one case of microscopic cane toads colonizing a human host, the other patients were clearly imagining things.

DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind Ares Station residents that things are fine and operations are running smoothly. Chief Science Officer Thorpe remains optimistic, believing this situation to be fully under control. Thorpe is confident a means to fight the cane toads and potential new super cane toads will be developed within the next few days by the dedicated crew of Quantum Labs.

Refugees living in Area 7 have reported no problems and are behaving nicely. As a safety precaution, we are pumping less oxygen into Area 7 to calm the refugees and minimize the risk of violence.

***** 02-10-2304 - New Entry**

Chief Science Officer Thorpe has announced that a new method for dealing with cane toads has been perfected!

> Quantum Labs is pleased to announce that the tides of war are about to turn. We have created an airborne virus that infects only cane toads and poses no threat to human beings. This virus causes the typical cane toad to burst when performing amplexus. Literally, the genitals swell up and explode, triggering a violent chain reaction that ripples throughout the entire body. Each one will just explode, blood and guts everywhere. We did experiments on mice and it worked like a charm every single time.

Perfect timing, Professor Thorpe! DynaMars Corporation is thrilled to once again be at the forefront of science, delivering monumental breakthroughs that change human life for the better.

DynaMars Corporation CEO Davies has returned to Ares Station for the first time in years. Even though he was nearly stabbed with a makeshift knife by a gang of senior citizens, he is upbeat and glad to be back in the station that defined a good part of his life. He has already inspected much of Area 1 and Area 2, and is pleased with the situation.

We regret to inform you that the refugees sheltered in Area 7 are all dead of oxygen deprivation. This is an unfortunate occurrence and CEO Davies promises a full investigation into how this freak accident occurred. The Interstellar Emergency Management Agency is insisting that someone be held accountable. The DynaMars Corporation would like to assure IEMA that if somebody is indeed responsible for this disaster, they will be reprimanded. In the meantime we are complying with IEMA requests that Area 7 not be disturbed, as it is a crime scene.

All personnel will be required to attend a meeting in the Area 3 Conference Hall at 1300 hours tomorrow.

***** 02-11-2304 - New Entry**

The DynaMars Corporation wishes to congratulate Ares Station on its continued success! Ares Station received accolades from CEO Davies at the conference for its outstanding performance and grace under pressure. There were some bumps in the road when cane toads attempted to assassinate him, but Chief Security Officer Wade and his men subdued them.

Chief Science Officer Thorpe promised that his virus would be ready for release in 3 days. In the meantime, CEO Davies and DynaMars Corporation wish to ask Ares Station residents to remain strong and vigilant. Salvation is on the way.

Violence erupted in the Area 1 Cargo Bay as hatred amongst rival senior citizen gangs intensified. Security personnel were unable to put a stop to the bloodshed due to the increased threat of cane toads. Early reports indicate that at least 30 seniors were killed in the brouhaha. We are temporarily storing bodies outside the Area 1 Cargo Bay under some tarps.

***** 02-14-2304 - New Entry**

Ares Station Commanding Officer Paskiewicz is asking anybody who knows the whereabouts of CEO Davies to please contact him immediately. Davies disappeared in the night and is believed to have been taken by a tribe of cane toads exhibiting amazing skills in the areas of group coordination and problem solving.

The toad problem has intensified, forcing rival senior citizen gangs to ally in order to fend off incursions into the Area 1 Cargo Bay. The DynaMars Corporation is pleased to see these seniors working together in harmony for a common goal. We are also pleased that they honored our request to keep the fighting to the southeast corner of the Area 1 Cargo Bay, allowing organizers to set up for the 51st annual Interstellar Boat and Fishing Expo.

This evening will see the release of Chief Science Officer Thorpe's toad virus into Ares Station's ventilation system. With any luck, all the toads will mate themselves to death by morning.

***** 02-15-2304 - New Entry**

There has been some success with the virus, as residents are reporting the remnants of toads splattered on walls, floors, and ceilings. However, there are still many toads alive, and they are continuing to evolve. Chief Science Officer Thorpe is confident the virus will continue to work and that the cane toad population will be dead within days.

Some residents have reported sightings of a hippopotamus in the Area 6 Sewage Corridors. DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind residents that the hippopotamus population on Mars was wiped out years ago. We understand that the situation has been stressful as of late, but this is no time for hallucinations.

Personnel working in Area 4 have reported that the cane toad population has mastered pottery and are quickly advancing in skill. Some are reported to be utilizing three-part harmonies for more sophisticated mating calls. Residents are advised not to disrupt these vocal displays, as mating calls should not be interrupted. The more they mate, the more they die.

The battle for the Area 1 Cargo Bay continues to escalate. Violence has spread from the southeast corner to the southwest corner, making it difficult for organizers to set up booths and exhibits for the 51st annual Interstellar Boat and Fishing Expo. Cane toads are proving to be the main culprit, eating and fatally mating with fish brought in for the show.

***** 02-17-2304 - New Entry**

CEO Davies has yet to be seen since disappearing, and the worst is feared. Ares Station Commanding Officer Paskiewicz has called off the search for him and is now dedicating all security personnel to extermination duty in an effort to assure the expo goes down without any trouble.

In yet more disturbing news, cane toads have taken over Area 7 and are showing amazing resourcefulness. The toads have somehow reactivated all systems in the area, and normalized oxygen flow. Life support sensors inside the Area 4 Main Central Control report unusual readings for Area 7, suggesting the presence of several large "super toads" at least 8 times the size of a human. It is theorized by Chief Science Officer Thorpe that these super toads are controlling the other toads through advanced telepathy.

Ares Station Commanding Officer Paskiewicz has requested immediate military support to aid in combating the super toads. IEMA has agreed to dispatch a military unit from Phobos to assist on the grounds they are allowed to investigate the deaths of the refugees.

Four more sightings of a hippopotamus have been reported. Area 4 Main Central Control reports no hippopotamus life signs. These are most likely evolved cane toads and not hippos.

***** 02-20-2304 - New Entry**

The DynaMars Corporation wishes to apologize to everyone for the tragic events that took place today. Although the day started out nicely, with senior citizens and cane toads keeping their battle to the southern portion of the Area 1 Cargo Bay, violence eventually spread to the northern portion where the 51st annual Interstellar Boat and Fishing Expo was taking place. The expo's sold out crowd was caught in the midst of a brutal battle between the elderly and an army of toads. Thankfully, the expo crowd sided with the seniors and fought a bloody battle against the toads.

They would likely have succeeded if not for the actions of the super toads, which used the opportunity to launch an attack. Somehow they were able to teleport into the cargo bay, bypassing the rest of the station entirely. They proved to be a terrifying enemy, as they demonstrated advanced telekinetic powers, which made it impossible for anyone to attack. They deflected bullets and people alike with ease.

When all hope seemed lost, CEO Davies resurfaced to help battle the toad population. Riding on the back of a visibly undead hippopotamus, presumably his old ally Professor Mittens, he led the humans into valiant battle against the super toads. Unfortunately, nothing they tried could stop the beasts, safely protected behind psychokinetic shields.

Even the IEMA Marines, arriving shortly after CEO Davies, were unable to stop the toads.

Eventually Ares Station Commanding Officer Paskiewicz was forced to open the Area 1 Cargo Bay Airlock in a desperate attempt to kill the super toads. This ended up killing everyone attending the expo as well as the seniors. Twelve IEMA Marines, CEO Davies, and several Ares Station Security Personnel died in the incident as well.

The cane toads, however, were not phased by exposure to the harsh Martian atmosphere. They merely closed the airlock doors via telekinesis and congregated close to one another

> in some sort of silent telepathic ritual. Three hours later all the cane toads disintegrated into pure light and dissolved into the air.
>
> Chief Science Officer Thorpe theorizes that because the cane toads could no longer mate without exploding, they turned their focus to greater pursuits and used their advanced minds to ascend to a higher plane of existence, leaving behind the toils of mortality forever.
>
> The DynaMars Corporation sends its deepest regards to the families of those that died on this tragic day. We are extremely displeased by the level of care we provided both the refugees of the Phobos Tragedy as well as those that trusted us to safeguard their ailing seniors. We would especially like to apologize the Interstellar Boat and Fishing Federation for failing to provide a safe place for their annual expo.
>
> We would, however, like to remind shareholders that DynaMars Corporation succeeded in inventing an effective means of combating the cane toad population. We are now the sole owner of a solution to combating Earth's deadliest enemy. DynaMars Corporation is extremely pleased by the efforts of Chief Science Officer Thorpe and his men. They may well have saved humanity.
>
> In the meantime, operations continue.

** End of updates.

■ Accessing Daily Dirt Briefing

For a recipe for an edible top hap and stock quotes on leading pharmaceutical companies, click here.

-~DynaMars Corporation Information Kiosk (@Livestock)

12.28 46 of the Stupidest Things I Did in 2005

Thursday, Dec 29, 2005 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

I do a lot of stupid things. I'm not sure if I'm just a stupid person, or if there is something wrong with my brain, perhaps due to an early injury, like when I fell off that pony at the state fair. Maybe I don't know if I am stupid because I am too stupid to realize it. Oh man now my head hurts.

Regardless of the reasons, I have done a record-breaking number of stupid things this year, and would like to end this comedy season with a recap of my bloopers. You may wonder why I would want to display these embarrassing facts for thousands of people to laugh at. I'm not sure why either. I just like to do things and think about them later. Right now it feels like ants are eating my brain.

1. Wore my best fedora into a port-a-potty.
2. Ate 5 corndogs before riding the Tilt-A-Whirl.
3. Locked myself out of my apartment, and then set the door on fire to get back in.
4. Funneled my 401k investments into an Internet Texas Hold'em gambling pot.
5. Tried to milk a Rattlesnake.
6. Watched all 24 hours of "The Christmas Story" on TBS and suffered a major brain hemorrhage.
7. Attempted to create a perceptual energy machine and ruined my stereo.
8. Bought and consumed a pickled pig's foot from the old jar at the corner store and saw God. God told me not to eat any more pickled pigs' feet but I did anyway.

9. Rollerskated into a wheat thresher.
10. Wore a condom at the regional bukkake open auditions.
11. Bought the Lost In Space DVD set.
12. Fingerbanged a cactus.
13. Showed up to a Skinny Puppy concert wearing a Moof shirt.
14. Started a guinea pig farm but went bankrupt after discovering that guinea pigs provided no valuable resources.
15. Tried to kiss a real girl on a consensual date but ended up causing a major forest fire.
16. Fed my cat a bunch of tiny magnets and set her lose in the U of M computer lab.
17. Went on a 5 day camping trip with David Thorpe and Livestock and came home with open sores on my mouth and naughty bits.

18. Traded Thomas Jones for John Carney in my Fantasy Football league.

19. Ranch dressing diet.

20. Bought the Hobbit for my Game Boy Advance.

21. Opened a water slide park in Thailand.

22. Opened a water slide park in New Orleans.

23. Opened a water slide park in the Marinas trench.

24. Two words: Nigerian investment.

25. Downloaded popular music without paying money, thereby helping cause artists like Usher to starve to death.

26. Lost another loan to Ditech.

27. Cloned 5 versions of myself to split the rent but they ended up forming a Christian rock band.

28. Faked the funk on a nasty dunk.

29. Asked Lowtax for a raise.

30. Faulted the TSP on a Digicyper II encoder without first checking the virtual channel configuration on the UCS.

31. Faked my own death to get out of work for a week but at the funeral my boss noticed I was alive when he saw me configuring my iPod in the casket.

32. Tried to juggle 4 cups of boiling hot coffee and spilled them on my face, horribly scarring me for life, starting my descent into madness and becoming the world's most devious super villain.

33. Made sweet love to a beehive and forgot to call the next day.

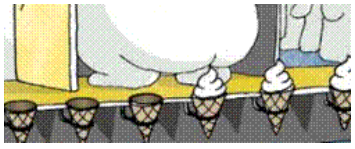
34. Deep fried a hot pocket.

35. Got really drunk and painted my deck green.

36. Got really drunk and placed one million orders for Moons Over My Hammy at Denny's.

37. Got really drunk and kicked a winning field goal in overtime, but for the opposite team.

38. Signed up for eHarmony.com and pretended to be a wholesome and honest person, but once I had a mate snared I showed my true self and beat her daily with electrical cord until she learned karate and kicked me down an elevator shaft. (Coming soon on Lifetime)



39. Signed up for MySpace.

40. Abstained from sexual relations to get closer to Jesus.

41. Adopted some Cambodian babies for the tax write-off but lost them at Home Depot.

42. Made it to the red door but forgot the wizard key.

43. Canceled Arrested Development.

44. Finally decided to get that circumcision I've been putting off.

45. Tried to grow a Gandalf beard.

46. Made a list of the 46 stupidest things I did in 2005.

■ You Can't Fire Me I Quit

I have an announcement to make. This will be my last regular update for Something Awful. No, it's not cancer. No, I'm not getting that shrimp boat. Something major is on the horizon that I am glad to partake in. Please click this link to find out why I am leaving you and your mother to fend for yourselves.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

12.29 The Five Worst Gaming Articles of 2005

Friday, Dec 30, 2005 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2005 marks yet another terrible year in the unending saga of mediocrity that is gaming journalism. I have been waiting for gaming journalism to mature to the level of regular journalism - or even tabloid journalism - for years. I keep thinking that big shift is right around the corner; the big change where the readers suddenly demand accountability and objectivity. It may happen, but it definitely did not in 2005. If anything this has been the worst year for gaming journalism since Old Man Murray stopped updating roughly three weeks after they started the site.

Since all of you crazy kids these days love lists so much I thought we could get together and take a look at the five worst gaming articles unleashed this year. There were so many to choose from, but I think the top five really demonstrate the absolute worst of the gaming media.

5. *Mario Tennis: Power Tour Review* at Planetgamecube.com by Stan Ferguson

Planetgamecube.com is the most reliable source for Gamecube reviews on the Internet. I mean, heck, they're so reliable I don't even need to see the score or read their review to know just how much they absolutely loved every single Nintendo title. I can see the title of a new Mario game and ponder to myself "gee, I wonder if Planetgamecube gave it nine or a ten?" These are the people who devoted two separate "9.5" reviews to Super Mario: Sunshine, one of which claimed "Nintendo and Shigeru Miyamoto have once again raised the bar not only in platformers, but videogames themselves." As much as I dislike generalizations and think they are dangerous, if you thought that about Super Mario Sunshine then you should be herded off a cliff with whips.

In a world of overzealous fanboyism, Stan Ferguson's "10" review of Mario Tennis: Power Tour takes the cake for overzealous fanboyism. His review begins with a pathetic self-assurance that Mario Tennis: Power Tour really is the best game of all time. Just to keep reminding you of what he is talking about I am going to accompany all of Stan's quotes with one of only two screenshots used in his article.

"This game is significant."

That's the first sentence. It's one of those defiant but self-consciously pathetic statements like "my mom thinks I'm handsome." He gave the game a 10, he thinks it's one of the best games of all time, he's daring you to tell him he's wrong, yet he can't commit to "fantastic" or "amazing."

I understand his reluctance. I think every Mario spin-off game should be forced into the bargain bin on day one no matter how fun. Basing them around Mario is just pure laziness on the part of Nintendo and it seems unnecessary.

Does anyone really think Mario is such a multifaceted and absorbing character that he deserves to be explored fully over the course of 50 titles about racing buggies? Be honest here! Wouldn't you have more fun if they actually created some new characters whose lives are somehow linked with buggy racing or tennis instead of following Mario around through his every activity like a documentary crew? I don't eat a bowl of Frosted Flakes and then want to see Tony the Tiger playing with a dildo on a webcam or watch a movie about him solving crimes on the mean streets of New York.

"Mario Tennis Power Tour came into my life, stole my heart, and now I believe I'm eternally committed for richer or poorer."

Obvious hyperbole aside, this sort of praise is usually reserved for things like matrimony and heroin. Maybe it's just me, but I haven't found a GBA game to which I would devote more than five or six hours. Not even if I get locked into the Laundromat.

"I love this game. Love it. It gives me a sense of exuberance that I feel is so rare in modern games."

Ahh, the malignant heart of the stupidity. Nintendo fan sites should never review games because all of their writers are nostalgic adult children who hate modern games and want Nintendo to keep cranking out the same Mario pap. They honestly believe that 8-bit Mario is still a more engrossing experience than any modern FPS, racing, sports or RPG title. They look to every Nintendo game for that magical experience of childhood and then, over the course of a review, convince themselves that they succeeded in their search.

I'd like to add that Mario Tennis: Power Tour is not actually a bad game. It's a perfectly competent tennis game slathered with a thick coating of Mario from the old franchise bilge. It is definitely not Stan's transcendental realm of glowing crystals and astral orgasms.

4. *Black and White 2 Hands-On* at Gamespot.com by Jason Ocampo

Roger Ebert doesn't go to the set of "King Kong" and get the vapors over dolly shots. Leonard Maltin didn't ride a trained seal around the ocean during the filming of "Into

the Blue" and start hooting "I smell Oscarrrrr!" over a bullhorn. Even cover articles full of huge pictures and adjective-laden text in Entertainment Weekly don't dare to claim that the movie is going to be great. Why does the gaming press think it's acceptable to prematurely ejaculate all over every major developer's upcoming games?

The worst part of this article isn't the actual article; it's that the article is about Black and White 2. Let me repeat that, because I know it's hard to believe that someone in the gaming press did it again: this preview is an adoring look at the second Black and White game. Gamespot did it again even though the gaming media was made a laughingstock by their hilariously inaccurate reviews of the first game. Gamespot did it even though many of gaming sites had to issue retractions, apologies and re-reviews.

Most of the gaming press abandoned their usual thesaurus of superlatives when writing previews of this game. They were smart enough not to get caught up in a repeat of the most embarrassing hype backfire of the past decade. Not Gamespot. Their article even opens with "we know the last one caused controversy" and then continues to say "but this one is even way awesomer dudes!"

> *Now, with the sequel nearing completion, you might expect that the debate will begin anew. But we've gotten our hands on the latest version of the game, and we have to admit that* ***Black & White 2 is starting to feel like the game that Black & White was meant to be.***

Oh, you mean it may actually surpass the 9.3 rating your publication gave the original? Whoopsies! I know some of you who actually played Black and White 2 might be thinking "hey, maybe they just missed all of the really annoying shit that's in the sequel because they were playing an incomplete version." That's no excuse, but just to put that one to rest I'll offer the following excerpt:

> *To help you decide, your conscience reappears in the sequel. Like a cartoon character faced with any kind of ethical dilemma, a literal angel and devil appear in front of you, advising the path of good or evil. And like their cartoon counterparts, the angel and devil provide some humor to the game.*

Here is my review of Jason Ocampo's sense of humor:

> IT'S SHIT.

In a nutshell Gamespot is horrible, Black & White 2 is horrible and Jason Ocampo is horrible.

3. *Darwinia Review* at Eurogamer.net by Kieron Gillen

This is the most pretentious review ever written about anything. Not even a Pitchfork Media review can cram in this baffling density of freshman-grade twaddle. You could write a gushing review of "Time Code" as a concrete poem shaped like a moebius strip and you would still be a galaxy away from Kieron's review of Darwinia. For Christ's sake, even the title of the game and the name of the reviewer are pretentious. Before we get into the review, let's have a look at Darwinia:

Alright, so they went for the "unique" rather than the "good" look with the game. Maybe it's really addicting or something and those graphics are very charming in motion. I wouldn't know, because I learned virtually nothing about the game from Kieron's article. Speaking of which, let's take a look at just what makes that article so horrible. I'll include a picture of the Merovingian from "The Matrix: Revolutions" because that is the most pretentious character from one of the most pretentious movies of all time.

> *Time for a Monday neologism: Post-genre.*

Oh great, he made up some bullshit in the first sentence. This is going to be fun.

> *The theory goes like this. If we're looking at computer games, when videogame manufacture was first democratised by the appearance of home computers no*

> *one had any idea what they were doing so they were forced to invent by necessity. Ideas were thrown together just to see what operated well, or even operated at all. These times I'll describe vaguely as "pre-genre".*
>
> Eventually, however, they hardened into solidified idea-clusters which were the modern genres, each with specific characteristics. In fact, if a game failed to fulfil some of these criteria, it could often be dismissed as a bad game, when in reality it was just a bad example of a particular genre and really succeeded as something else.

We're two or three paragraphs in and we still don't have any mention of the actual game. That's one of the hallmarks of great reviewing. Let's skip ahead a few paragraphs and see if he finds a point.

> *At this point, we've entered the realm of the post-genre. It's what the progressive, intelligent gamers are playing. Simultaneously, it's also a terribly populist movement. After all, what genre does Grand Theft Auto belong to? None. It's about a half a dozen, blended seamlessly into a fluid, expressive form. Genres have burnt out, and we hit the post-modern point where everything is up for grabs again, the entire history of gaming turned into beautiful decadent cocktails.*

If post-genre was really so hip and cool then it would follow that the games that took elements of Grand Theft Auto would be even more progressive and intelligent than Grand Theft Auto. Everyone loves fantastic post-genre games like Total Overdose, which combined Mexicans and Grand Theft Auto, or Driv3r, which combined Grand Theft Auto with being a half-crippled spastic.

The irony of all of Kieron's post-genre stoner philosophy is that he's probably the same sort of dude who gets totally stoked for a game like Mario Fishing or Mario Hoppin' On Shit in 3D. That's because he's *really intelligent* and he loves things that totally explode genre barriers by including Mario.

Wait, wasn't this a game review?

> *It's a terribly difficult game to explain. A game scientist could be able to distil at least a couple of dozen influences from it, from the large scale ones (like the touch of real-time strategy in the way you control and create your units) to the small ones (the way the centipede's attack patterns are a direct reference to the old-skool videogame of the same title). But noting all these separate bits would just confuse everyone... however a more streamlined approach just misses huge chunks of what make the game interesting.*

Alright H.P. Warcraft, we'll be on the lookout for the "indescribable horror from the threshold beyond the double click." The gist of most of the rest of the review is that Darwinia is a quirky RTS game. My favorite part of the actual reviewing portion is when he makes excuses for its shitty AI path-finding and acts like it is a way-awesome feature of the game.

> *Two complaints which I expect will turn up fairly regularly are those about its path-finding and the difficulty with the gesture system.* ***A click at a distant location will lead to a squad marching in a virtually direct line with scenery obstructing their passage, rather than a unit finding the correct route to get there by themselves.***
>
> [...]
>
> Imagine for a second that I made the first complaint about - say - Prince of Persia; that by holding down one button the Prince wouldn't make his way past all obstacles. You'd think me mad, noting that would remove the point of the game. The manipulation of your avatar to avoid obstacles is part of its design. The same's true of Darwinia - it's not a game where you sit distantly from your squads, but one where you have to be hands-on.

Haha! When I was playing Star Wars: Force Commander all of my units got stuck on a winding path up a volcano as a mission timer expired and I got so angry that I threw the CD at the wall. I guess I should have realized that Lucas Arts was really just designing it that way because I should want to hand-guide units around every terrain object.

The grand finale of this article actually appears just before his little festival of excuses in his rambling and parenthetical review. The first time I read it I laughed at how he's such a huge asshole. Then I read it a second time and I wanted to cave in his face with a shovel.

> *There are a few other problems which I don't really consider problems. Speaking generally, it strikes me already that its reviews are going to be brutally mixed, though the writing will tell as much - if not more - about the limitations of the reviewer as the limitations of Darwinia.*

"If you don't *get* Darwinia then you're an *idiot.*" Congratulations on inspiring my personal boycott of this game, Kieron. If you're the sort of person that *gets* Darwinia then the game is for *cunts.*

That's all for today. The top two spots will be finished out on Monday. Here is a hint about the two winning articles: they were both written by the same person and neither one is actually from 2005. They are so fucking horrible that they have transcended the limitations of linear time.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

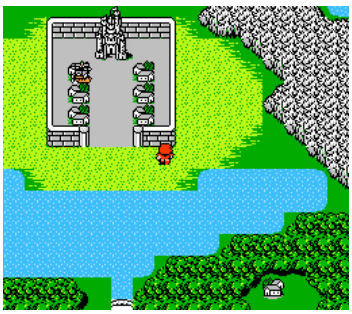
12.30 Dear Jorn,

Saturday, Dec 31, 2005 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I hope that your quest to save the world and collect those seven crystals or gems or whatever is going well. Then again I'm not sure how much progress could have been made considering you haven't even left our town yet. You do realize it's been ten days since you set out, right my love? It's not that I want you gone. Quite the opposite. I begged you to stay, to be by my side instead of gallavanting about with that young kid (what is he, like 17?) with the weird hair who's always brandishing his sword and that trashy magic slut with her cleavage on display for all the overworld to see. You convinced me that this was something you had to do, regardless of what it put me through.

What bothers me is that you've chosen to stay down the street at the inn every night doing God-knows-what with those roustabouts, and haven't even visited me once since you set off. One morning I awoke to find that *someone* had rummaged through the cabinets and our treasure chest and taken all of our Hi-Potions, but you wouldn't know anything about that, would you? A loving husband would have at least left a note and that's what you claim to be, so I suppose it must have been thieving goblins or rats.

Maybe you weren't aware of this but during the day I can see you wandering around in circles just outside of town, undoubtedly hoping to encounter those small spiders which always seem to trudge about in groups of three. Shopkeeper, the kindly gentleman who runs the item shop, has been generous enough to buy every item you present to him at a reasonable price, but you've taken unfair advantage of his offer. How useful can spider legs really be, and what's he to do with nearly 300 of them? I can tell you right now that opening a store entirely dedicated to selling spider legs and inviting all the controversy that comes with such an establishment would be disastrous in this idyllic community.



Day seven of your quest: Almost powerful enough to step away from the gate outside of town.

Word around town is that you're killing all of these spiders to gain valuable battle experience so that you won't get completely wiped out in your final confrontation with the big bad guy everyone's been talking about. Perhaps I'm just a simple woman who doesn't understand the complexities of combat, but if you need to spend this much time killing spiders just to become skilled enough to travel to the nearest town without dying, wouldn't it be better for everyone involved if you guys stepped aside and let someone else complete the quest? I must say my confidence in your party is not very substantial after witnessing you and the boy drag that harlot's corpse to the church for resurrection after a particularly grueling battle against two spiders and a cat. Even someone that's only capable of defeating small flightless birds and napping horses would be better suited to this monumental task, I'd imagine.

And what's this I hear about you spending all sorts of money on a new look? Shopkeeper tells me that you sold the axe you've had since childhood in favor of one made of iron, and that you're already thinking of buying the double-edged silver one on display. I've never known you to be so flippant with money! He also mentioned that you traded in the sweater I made you for Christmas in exchange for a wooden breastplate. I understand that you'll need protection on your journey, but was it really necessary to discard the sweater I lovingly crafted just to fit a few more spider legs in your pack?

You're not the same man I fell in love with, Jorn, but I did fall in love with you and held on thinking

things could work out. Therefore it is only with a heavy heart that I must break the news to you: I met another man.

Do you remember Townsperson, the guy with the brown hair? Well we got to talking while you were off on your adventure and it turns out he's an incredibly kind and caring man. He walks in a circular pattern around one corner of town for a living, and he does so with a quiet resolve that stirs feelings inside me which I haven't experienced in years. His job may not be glamorous, but men like him are the glue that holds together the very society that you and your dopey friends claim to be saving.

This isn't happening because I'm lonely and he's attractive in a generic sort of way, but because I need stability in my life and he provides that. While you run off with your friends at the drop of a hat and change outfits nearly every day, Townsperson will always be there to reply to everything I say with his stock "Life around here sure was nice before the darkness spread, now I'm afraid to leave town because of those roving bandits!"

I find comfort in that.

Our relationship is over, Jorn. I hate to break it to you in something as impersonal as a letter you'll read on the bow of a ship in the moonlight as an orchestral score plays, but if you've taken this long to leave town who knows when your quest will be complete and how long it will be before we see each other again. For all I know you could turn out to be the standard-issue traitor that turns on the party halfway through their quest, which could complicate things even further. Do you see what I have to prepare myself for with an adventurer as my boyfriend, and why a quiet life with Townsperson is so appealing?

I can't change the locks to our house since locks only work at night for some reason and I can't afford one of those magical seals like the one that keeps people under level 6 from entering the storage room in the mine Southwest of town, but I can call upon whatever decency is left in your heart to forget about me and move on with your life. Hopefully you can find the same happiness I have. Townsperson says he can pull some strings and get me a job working from home, telling people who wander into my kitchen that I used to make the most delicious apple pies before all the trees shriveled and died when that bad guy rose to power. Can you believe it? Me, a career woman!

Good luck with your silly quest,
Woman

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

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